

Fiji and the Fijians / by Thomas Williams and James Calvert ; edited by George Stringer Rowe.

Contributors

Williams, Thomas, 1815-1891.
Calvert, James, 1813-1892.
Rowe, George Stringer.
National Library of Medicine (U.S.)

Publication/Creation

New York : D. Appleton, 1859.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/qdb4twpc>

License and attribution

This material has been provided by This material has been provided by the National Library of Medicine (U.S.), through the Medical Heritage Library. The original may be consulted at the National Library of Medicine (U.S.) where the originals may be consulted.

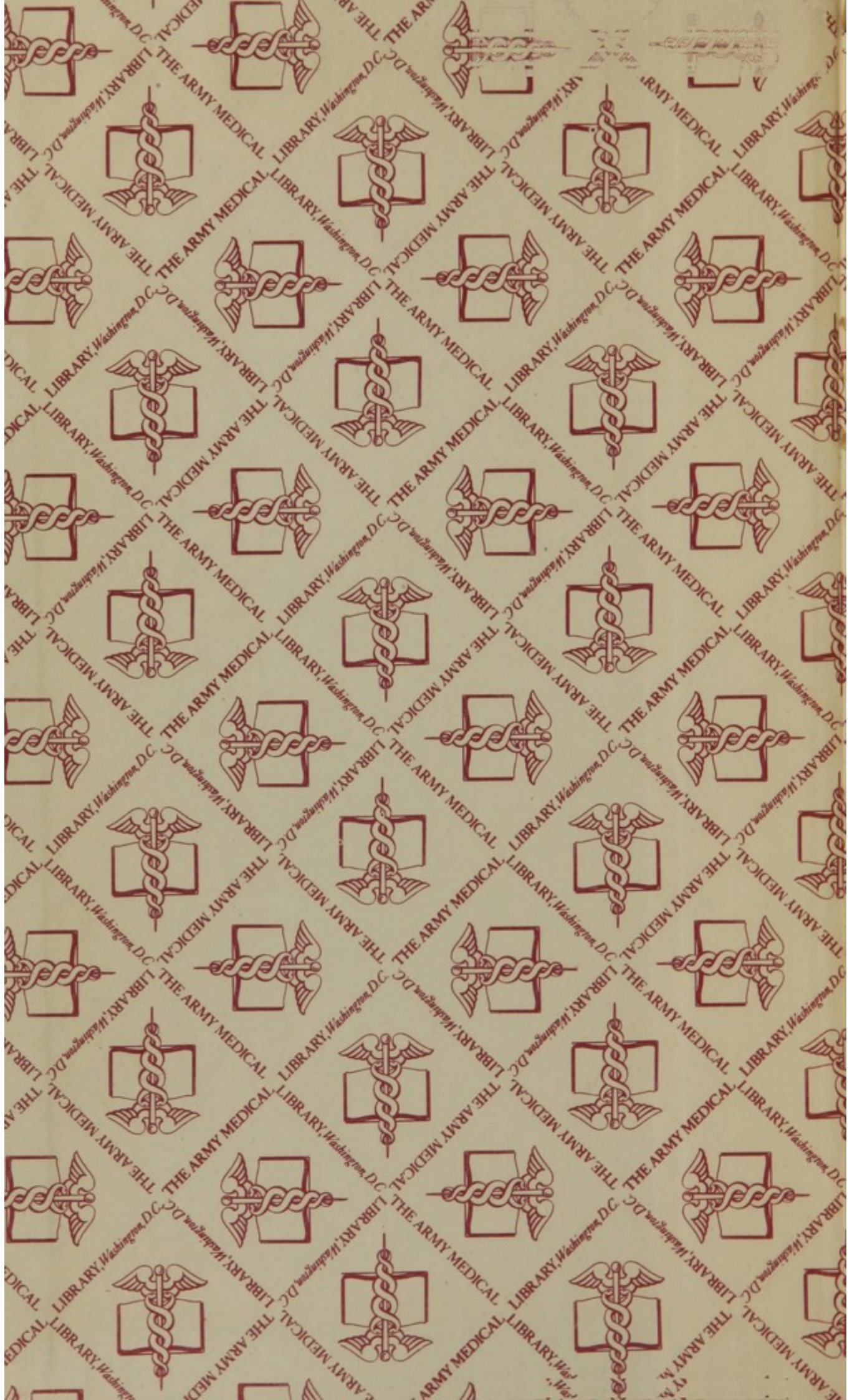
This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

**wellcome
collection**

Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>





DUE TWO WEEKS FROM LAST DATE

JUN 7 1957

GPO 16-71341-1

MADE BY I.C.O.



THAKOMBAU, VU-NI-VALU,
KING OF MBAU FIJI.

Copied by permission, from an original portrait in the possession of Captain Denham, R. N.
made during that Officer's survey of the Fiji Islands in H. M. S. Herald.

✓

FIJI AND THE FIJIANS.

BY

THOMAS WILLIAMS AND JAMES CALVERT,

LATE MISSIONARIES IN FIJI.

EDITED BY

GEORGE STRINGER ROWE.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
1859.

1859

Annex

Du

600

W 719 f

1859

0000

1850

PART I.

THE ISLANDS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

BY

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

THE SPEECH

PART I

The information contained in Part I of this volume is the result of the patient and laborious work of the late Thomas Wilson of Edinburgh, the first of the great philologists of the English language, and the first of the great philologists of the English language. As to the spelling and pronunciation of Latin words, some few remarks are necessary. The general practice has hitherto been to retain the original spelling of the words of the Latin by English letters, and the sound of the words all Latin words; but in the time of the English language had not been reduced to a written form. Now, the fact had been altered in most instances, the pronunciation of words necessarily had to undergo a change of sound.

The philologists who have given to the Latin language a fixed orthography, have not adopted the Latin alphabet, and a system of words having the Latin origin, which was the arrangement of the case for letters that the almost universal sound of the English words.

In regard to accents, the philologists have not the same distinct system as the Latin language, and the sound of these words has been written with a vowel sign, and it is now no longer necessary to retain the original sound of the words, they have given the necessary signs to express the soft sound.

There are no sounds in the English language which are not in the Latin language, and the sound of the words is the same in both languages.

P R E F A C E .

PART I.

THE information contained in Part I. of this volume is the result of the patient and intelligent research of the Rev. Thomas Williams, of Adelaide, during his thirteen years' residence as a Wesleyan Missionary in Fiji. Some additions have been made of facts which have transpired since Mr. Williams gathered and arranged the fruit of his own personal observations and inquiries.

As to the spelling and pronunciation of Fijian words, some few remarks are necessary. The general practice has hitherto been to represent—often very imperfectly—the sounds of the Fijian by English vowels. Captain Cook used this method with all Polynesian words; but, in his time, the Oceanic languages had not been reduced to a written form. Now that this has been effected in many instances, the practice just named must necessarily lead to misconception and confusion.

The Missionaries who have given to these languages a fixed orthography, have wisely adopted the Roman alphabet, and a system of vowels having the Italian power, which met the requirements of the case far better than the almost exceptional sounds of the English vowels.

As regards the consonants, the Missionaries found that the Fijian did not require all the characters used by ourselves: some of these were therefore rejected, while some were employed where we have recourse to a clumsy combination. Thus, for instance, they have taken the unnecessary *C* to express the soft dental *Th*.

There are no sounds in the Fijian peculiar to itself; but it has characteristic compound consonants. These are *Mb*, *Nd*, *Ng*

and *Ng-g*. That is to say, the *b* is never pronounced without *m* preceding; the *d* never without *n*, and so on.

In this work, therefore,—

1. The vowels in Fijian words have the Italian pronunciation: *a*, as in *father*; *e*, like *a* in *mate*; *i*, as in *machine*; *o*, as in *pole*; *u*, as *oo* in *pool*. All the vowels are sounded.

2. The consonants have the same power as in English; except the following: *c* represents *th*, as in *that*; *B—mb*; *D—nd*; *G—ng*; *Q—ng-g*. Thus *Cama* is pronounced *thama*; *Bole—mbole*; *Dalo—ndalo*; *Gaga—nganga*; *Qia—nggia*.

3. In *proper names* only these peculiar combinations have, throughout the book, been represented by their English equivalents. Thus, *Bau* is spelt *Mbau*; and the name of its King, *Cakobau*, is written *Thakombau*.

For further information on these points, the reader is referred to the Chapter on Language, for which he is indebted to the Rev. John Dury Geden, of Didsbury.

This work also owes much to Miss Elizabeth Farmer, whose clever pencil has prepared most of the engravings which embellish its pages.

G. S. R.

PART II.

The material of Part II., embracing the Mission History, has been supplied by the Rev. James Calvert, who laboured in Fiji for seventeen years. For the facts alone is he responsible. It is necessary to state this, as there are remarks made with reference to himself in these pages, to the insertion of which his own modesty would never allow him to consent.

A large amount of circumstantial detail has been left out, in consequence of the limited space at the Editor's disposal. In some cases it has been found difficult to give the whole of even the necessary outline.

G. S. R.

LONDON, *November*, 1858.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

THE ISLANDS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—FIJI.....	1
Discovery—Early History—White Settlers—Paddy Connor—General Description—Yathata and Vatuvava—Vulanga—Mothe—Lakemba—Totoya, Moala, Nairai, Koro, Ngau, Mbengga—Matuku—Mbau—Taviuni—Kandavu—Vanua Levu—Na Viti Levu—Comparative Extent—Volcanic Formation—Soil—Reefs—Coral Formation—Natural Havens—Bays—Winds—Climate—Temperature—Rain—Divisions of the Group.	
CHAPTER II.—ORIGIN AND POLITY.....	13
Eastern Origin—Government—Supremacy—Na Ulivou—Tanoa—Mbau—Qali and Batl—Legend of Somosomo—Homage by the Somosomans—Power despotic—Council of State—Oppression—Kings—Succession—Induction to Royalty—Sacredness of the King's Person—His domestic Life—Marks of Royalty—Instances of Despotism—Officers—Mata ni Vanua—O na Mata—Retirement and Election of a Mata—Adherence to Forms—Justice—Punishment—Execution of the Vasu of Vuna—Cases of Cruel Punishment—Vicarious Suffering—Soro—Its five Kinds—Its Abuse—Social Grades—Rank—Polygamy of the Kings—Native Vanity—Distinctive Titles—Tui Viti—Inferior Chiefs—Vasu—Reception of a Vasu—Jealousy between Persons of Rank—Homage to the Chiefs—The Tama—Etiquette—Bale Muri—Tax-paying— <i>Tribute</i> —Presentation of a Canoe.	
CHAPTER III.—WAR.....	33
Incorrect Notions on the warlike Disposition of the Fijians—Causes of War—Preparation—Offering to the Gods—Gathering an Army—Diplomacy—The Military—Singular Custom—Taga—Bolebole—Incentives to Bravery—Fastnesses—Fortresses—A Siege—Assault—Sally—Flight—Ngoneseuseu—Taunts exchanged—Drewai Sasa—Native Agility—Stratagem—Wangkawai—Naingani and Namosimalua—Numbers killed—Bloodshed at Rewa—"The Chieftain's Leap"—Sacking a Town—Concealment of Property—A pitched Battle—Diminution of War in consequence of Fire-arms—Cruelty to Captives—Return of the Conquerors—Horrible Scenes—Treating for Peace—Expensive Friends—Honorary Names—Ceremony of Anointing—Arms—Clubs—Spears—Bows—Slings—Ulas—Titles of Clubs—True Bravery rare—Tui Wainunu—Pride a Cause of War—Empty Boasting.	
CHAPTER IV.—INDUSTRIAL PRODUCE, ETC.....	46
Agriculture—Yams—Kumera—Kawai—Dalo—Ti-tree—Banana and Plantain—Sugarcane—Yaqona—Malo—Implements—Manufactures—Native Cloth—Printing—Likus—Mats—Baskets—Nets—Sinnnet—Pottery—Salt—Canoe-building—Carpenters—Respect for their Chiefs—Canoes—Velovelo—Thamakau—Tambilai—Ndrua—Methods of Building—Binding—Deck—Dimensions—Copied by the Tongans—Arms—Pillows, etc.—Bowls, Dishes, etc.—Wigs—Tools—Houses—Quickly built—Thatch—Thatching Scene—Sailors—Not adventurous—Rigging—Navigation—Inconveniences and Pleasures of Canoe-sailing	

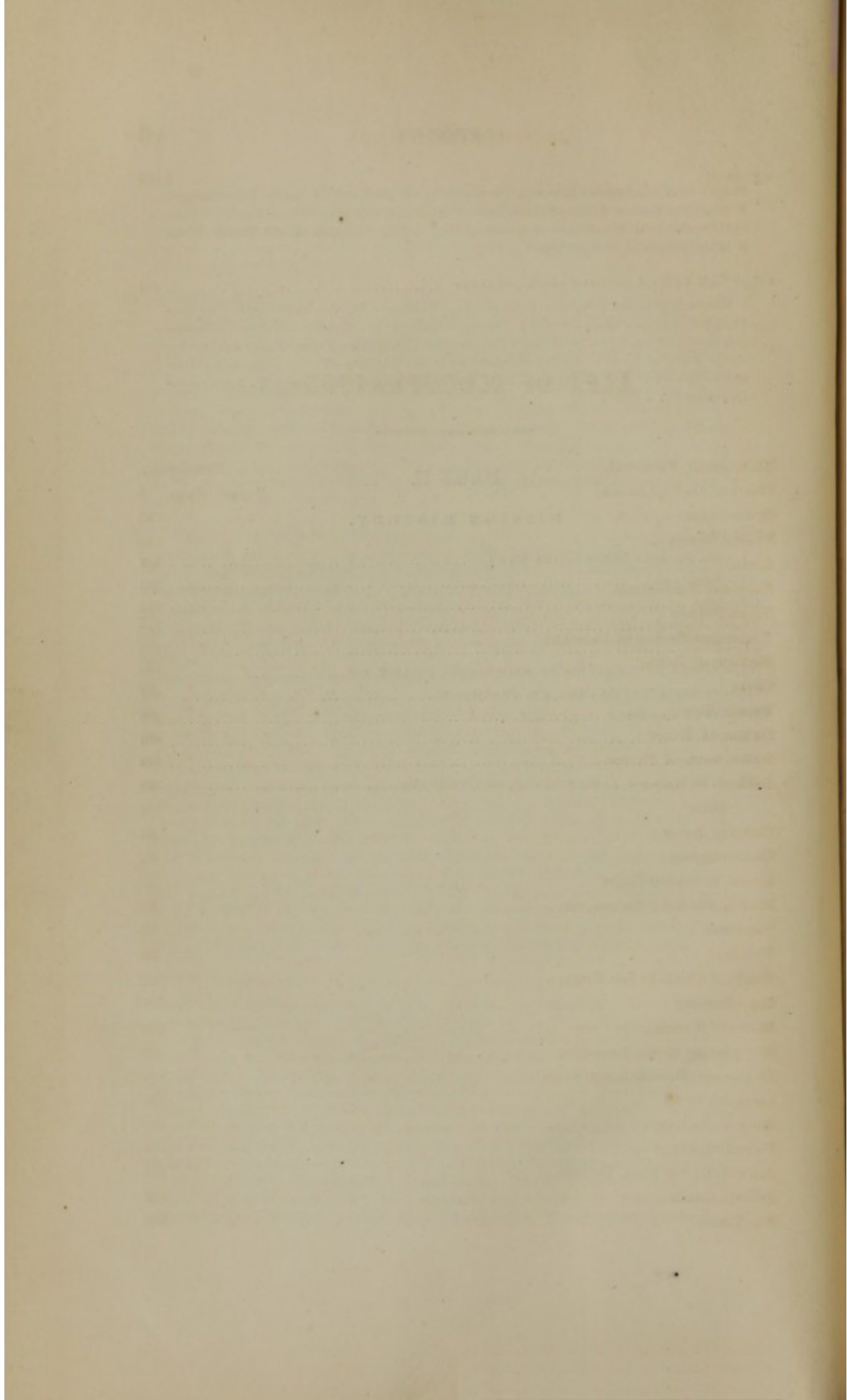
	PAGE
—Superstition of Sailors—Fishermen—Nets, etc.—Turtle-fishing—Heathen Custom—Dangers—Sharks—Shell—Tui-kilakila and the Priestess—Commerce—Barter—Trade with the Friendly Islands—Its Evils—Trade with the civilized World—Biche-de-mar—Dyes—Native Bread—Arrowroot—Uncultivated Produce—Pandanus—Cocoa-nut—Timber—Undeveloped Resources—Fijian Year.	
CHAPTER V.—THE PEOPLE.....	80
Population—Mountaineers—Decrease—Physical Character—Thakombau—Albinos—Mental Character—Tact—Self-command—Tui Wainunu—Proverbs—Conversation—Mechanical Skill—Art—Insensible of Beauty—Cruelty—Language—Poetry—Poets—Meke—Rhyme and Metre—Legendary Songs—Wonderful Crab—Tutuwathiwathi—Dialogue—Dulena—Missionaries' Motives for discountenancing the Native Dance—Sacred Poetry—Chanting—Poetic Phraseology—Epigrams—Promise of better Poetry—Moral Aspect—Pride—Somosomo Priest—Amusing Cure—Pride of Country—Crying—The Injured—Mata—Another Instance—Self-control—Rage—Suicide—Boasting—Lying—Theft—Envy—Ingratitude—Tui-thakau—Malignity—Vows of Revenge—Leletaka—Assassination—Attempt frustrated—Treachery—Tumbai-valu and Koroi-tamana—Cowardice—Prevalence of Murder—Affection—Maternal Love.	
CHAPTER VI.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.....	107
Unsocial Restraints—Dirt—House-furniture—Cooking Apparatus—Superior Comforts—Bill of Fare—Drinking—Etiquette—Yaqona—Preparing the Grog—Mariner's Description—Invocation—Saying Grace—The Place of Honour—Female Drinking Parties—Various Yaqona Ceremonies—Toasts—Rare Intemperance—Preparations for a Feast—Cooking—Ovens—Serving up—Profusion—Vast Pudding—Serving out—Strict Etiquette—Questionable Hospitality—Politeness—Salutation—Fijian Kiss—Visiting Ceremonies—Respectful Titles—Flattery—Forms in Giving and Receiving—Parting Ceremonies—Dress—Masi—Liku—Turban—Hair-dressing—Painting—Various Ornaments—Tattooing—Sleep and Tobacco—Sports—Swinging—Games—Water-sports—Music—Dancing—Puns—Story-telling—Family Discipline—Circumcision—Betrothal—Low Estimate of Women—Their Degradation—Courting Observances—Marriage—Wedding Feasts—Family Observances—Fidelity—Going to be Married—Presentation of a Girl—Marriage by Force—Proposing—Birth of a Child—Tongan and Fijian Contrast—Naming—Nursing—Early Lessons—Women's Work—Fishing—Polygamy—Its Results—on the Wives—on the Children—Murder—Adoption—Severe Discipline—A runaway Wife—Swearing—Treatment of the Aged and Infirm—Anecdote—Parricide—Treatment of the Sick—The Mulamula—Burying alive—Dying Words—Mourning—Laying out—Loloku—Wake—Funeral Ceremonies—Graves—Unburied Children—Mausoleum of the Queen of Somosomo—Death of Tuithakau—Horrid Scene—Burial—Mourning Observances—Lakembau Custom—Remarks on Strangling—Reasons why the Victims seek their Fate—Escape—Sa Ndrungu—Decline of the Custom—Statistics of Mortality—Superstitions about Death—Traditions concerning Death—Cannibalism—Occasions when it is practised—Dreadful triumph—Further Particulars—Vakatotoga—Famous Cannibals—Strange Register.	
CHAPTER VII.—RELIGION.....	169
Difficulty of obtaining clear Information—No actual Idolatry—Kalou—Two Classes of Gods—Ndengei—Divine Dialogue—Ndandavanua—Rokomoutu—Thangawalu—Roko Mbatindua—Various other Gods—Inferior Deities—Tutelary Gods—Shrines—Sacred Crab—Sacred Stones—Bures—Priestesses—Offerings—Sigana—Consulting a God—Inspiration—Godlike Boasts—The mortified Bete—Decisive Threat—Priesthood—Shakings—Divination—Various Kinds—Seers—Dreamers—Consulting Ndengei—Sacred Observances—Thank-offering—Divine Diet—Cannibalism as connected with Religion—Asceticism—Painful Pilgrimage—Superstitious Observances—The Tabu—Imposing a Tabu—Removing a Tabu—Punishment for violating a Tabu—Capricious Imposition—Other Observances—Kalou rere—Pilgrimages—Nai Thombothombo—Lewa Levu—Objects of Superstition—Fairies—Ndrudru Sambo—Apparitions—Immortality—Duality of the Soul—Fate of the Spirits of Animals, etc.—Future State—Hades—Passage to Mbulu—Thimbathimba—Takiveleyawa—Hard Fate of Bachelors—Nangganangga—Nambangatai—Samuyalo—	

	PAGE
Plunge into Murimuria—Mburotu—Occupations of Mbulu—Few reach Immortality—Witchcraft—Various Spells—Preventions—Punishment—Ordeal—Simple Conceit—Various Superstitions—Traditions—Creation of Man—Other Accounts—Great Flood—Fijian Babel—Translation of Kerukeru.	
CHAPTER VIII.—LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.....	200
Malayo-Polynesian Tongues—Their principal Features—Fijian—Its Dialects—Vowels—Diphthongs—Consonants—Articles—Nouns—Diminutives—Gender—Number—Cases—Adjectives—Pronouns—Remarkable Peculiarities—Numerals—Verbs—Tense and Mood—Other Parts of Speech—Syntax—Distinction in the Genitive—Verbal Resources—Literature—Grammar and Dictionary—Rev. David Hazlewood—Rev. John W. Appleyard—Hopes for the Future.	

PART II.

MISSION HISTORY.

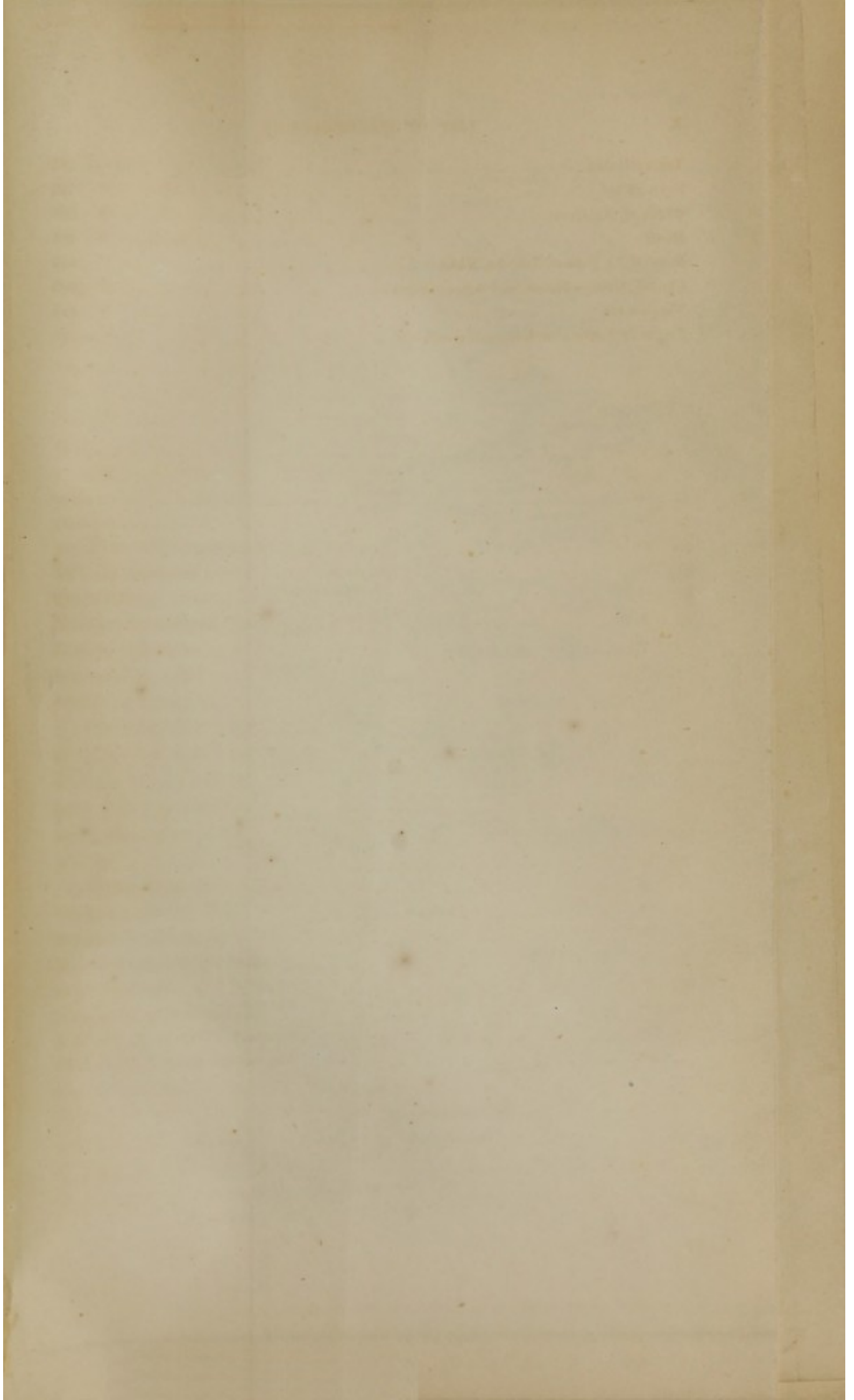
CHAPTER		
I.—BEGINNINGS—LAKEMBA AND REWA.....		213
II.—SOMOSOMO.....		238
III.—ONO.....		252
IV.—LAKEMBA.....		282
V.—REWA.....		330
VI.—MISSION SHIP, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, COLLEGE, ETC.,.....		376
VII.—PRINTING, TRANSLATION, AND PUBLISHING.....		384
VIII.—VIWA AND MEAU.....		393
IX.—MBUA.....		493
X.—NANDL.....		530
XI.—1. ROTUMA.—2. NATIVE AGENTS.—3. CONCLUSION.....		545



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Thakombau, Vu-ni-valu	<i>Frontispiece.</i>	
Chart of the Fiji Islands	<i>to face</i>	Page 1
Spear-heads	—	44
Priests' Bowls	"	46
Likus	—	51
Fans and Sun-screens	"	52
Fijian Pottery	"	54
Transverse Section of Camakau	"	55
Sections of Joints	"	57
Clubs	"	59
Priests' Bowl	"	60
Section of House	"	61
Sinnet work of Fences	"	62
Sections of House	"	62
Ditto	"	64
Sleeping Bures	"	64
Canoe-rigging	"	66
Drura, or Double Canoe	"	67
Mast-heads and Pilasters, etc.	—	68
Pandanus	"	76
Veindovi	"	80
Heads of Chiefs in full Dress	—	123
Hair-dressing	"	124
Modes of Painting the Face	—	128
Girl playing on the Nose-flute	"	129
Drums and Musical Instruments	"	129
Cannibal Forks	"	166
Bure of Na Ututu	"	169
Sacred Stones	"	173
Bure of Na Tavisara, Taviuni	"	174
Priest's Comb	"	179
Nat Tabus	"	184

Takiveleyawa	Page	191
Savu Falls	"	198
Grave of Mr. Cross	"	238
Mbau	<i>to face</i>	" 393
Bure of Na Vata-ni-Tawake, Mbau	—	" 439
Chapel, Mission-House, and School, Mbua	—	" 483
Nambekavu	—	" 493
Fright of Natives on first seeing a Horse	"	530





Published by D. Appleton, New York.

FIJI AND THE FIJIANS.

CHAPTER I.

FIJI.

THE Fiji group includes the islands lying between the latitudes of $15^{\circ} 30'$ and $20^{\circ} 30'$ S., and the longitudes of 177° E. and 178° W., comprising, among others, what were named by Tasman, "Prince William's Islands," and "Heeniskirk's Shoals," extending over about 40,000 square miles of the South Pacific, and forming a connecting link between the abodes of the Malayan and Papuan races which inhabit the widely-spread Polynesia.

The way of writing the name of this group is so remarkably varied as to deserve notice. Beetee, Fegee, Fejee, Feegee, Feejee, Feeje, Fidjee, Fidje, Fidgee, Fidschi, Fiji, Feigee, Vihi, Viji, and Viti, are forms that have come under my own observation. *Fiji* and *Viti* are correct; *Fiji* being the name in the windward, and *Viti* in the leeward, parts of the group.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since the discovery of these islands by Abel Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, since whose voyage in 1643 they remained unvisited until Captain Cook lay-to off an island in the windward group, naming it "Turtle Island." In 1789 Captain Bligh, in the "Bounty's" launch, saw a portion of the group, and passed through other parts of it when commanding the "Providence" in 1792. In 1796 the "Duff," under the command of Captain Wilson, seems to have followed the same course as Tasman, and was nearly lost, just touching the reef of Taviuni. About the year 1806 Fiji began to be visited by traders for the purpose of procuring sandal wood to burn before Chinese idols, or biche-de-mar to gratify the palate of Chinese epicures. It was only from the men engaged in this traffic that anything was heard about the islands or their inhabitants; and,

beyond the scanty information supplied by Captain Cook, neither standard geographies nor Admiralty charts deserve confidence. Recent visits by British ships of war, added to the elaborate survey of the group by the United States Exploring Expedition, have resulted in more correct information.*

The early history of Fiji is necessarily obscure. Whether the first stranger who gazed upon its extent and beauty was a Tongan or European, is doubtful. If it can be admitted that up to the time of Captain Cook's visit to the Friendly Islanders, in 1772, they were unused to war, and were then only beginning to practise its horrors as learned by them in Fiji, the probability is in favor of the latter. But whether these islanders, age after age, enjoyed the peace implied in the above supposition, is more than questionable. The evil passions "whence come wars and fightings" are, in Tongan nature, of ruling power; and to suppose these at rest in a thousand heathen bosoms for a single year, is extremely difficult,—a difficulty which grows as we increase either the number of persons or the length of time. Tongan intercourse with Fiji dates far back, and originated, undoubtedly, in their canoes being driven among the windward islands by strong easterly winds. More than a hundred years ago the recollection of the first of such voyages was lost, which seems to put back its occurrence even beyond Tasman's visit in 1643.

About the year 1804 a number of convicts escaped from New South Wales and settled among the islands. Most of these desperadoes lived either on Mbau or Rewa, the chiefs of which allowed them whatever they chose to demand, receiving, in return, their aid in carrying on war. The new settlers made themselves dreaded by the natives, who were awed by the murderous effect of their fire-arms. The hostile chiefs, seeing their bravest warriors fall in the battle without an apparent cause, believed their enemies to be more than human, against whom no force of theirs availed, whose victory was always sure, while their progress

* The following works contain reliable information concerning the islands and inhabitants of Fiji:—

Wilkes's Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842. New York. (Two abridged editions have been published in England.)

Captain Erskine's Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific. London. 1853.

Life in Feejee: or, Five Years among the Cannibals. By a Lady. Boston. 1851.

First and Second Missionary Visits to the Friendly and Feejee Islands. By the Rev. Walter Lawry. London.

Journal of a Deputation to the Southern World. By the Rev. Robert Young. London. 1855.

H. M. S. "Herald," under the command of Captain H. M. Denham, R.N., F.R.S., has now been engaged for some time in exploring and more accurately surveying the islands, from which expedition the most valuable results may be expected.

invariably spread terror and death. No thought of improving and consolidating the power thus won seems to have been entertained by the whites. Had such a desire possessed them, the absolute government of the entire group lay within their reach; but their ambition never rose beyond a life of indolence, and an unrestrained gratification of the vilest passions. Some of them were men of the most desperate wickedness, being regarded as monsters even by the ferocious cannibals with whom they associated. These lawless men were twenty-seven in number on their arrival, but in a few years the greater part had ended their career, having fallen in the native wars, or in deadly quarrels among themselves. A Swede, named Savage, who had some redeeming traits in his character, and was acknowledged as head man by the whites, was drowned and eaten by the natives at Weilea, in 1813. In 1824 only two, and in 1840 but one of his companions survived. This last was an Irishman named Connor, who stood in the same relation to the King of Rewa as Savage had done to the King of Mbau. His influence among the natives was so great, that all his desires, some of which were of the most inhuman kind, were gratified. The King of Rewa would always avenge, and often in the most cruel manner, the real or fancied wrongs of this man. If he desired the death of any native, the chief would send for the doomed man, and direct him to make and heat an oven, into which, when red hot, the victim was cast, having been murdered by another man sent for the purpose.

Soon after the death of his patron, Paddy Connor left Rewa. He was thoroughly Fijianized, and of such depraved character that the white residents who had since settled in the islands drove him from among them, being afraid of so dangerous a neighbour. At the close of life his thoughts seemed only occupied about rearing pigs and fowls, and increasing the number of his children from forty-eight to fifty.

These men are thus mentioned because of their close connexion with the rise of Mbau and Rewa, which two places owe their present superiority to their influence, the former having long been the most powerful state in Fiji.

The entire group comprises not fewer than two hundred and twenty-five islands and islets, about eighty of which are inhabited. Among these, every variety of outline can be found, from the simple form of the coral isle to the rugged and often majestic grandeur of volcanic structure.

The islands in the eastern part of the Archipelago are small, and have a general resemblance to each other: towards the west they are large and diversified. The two largest are superior to any found in the

vast ocean-field stretching thence to the Sandwich Islands ; while the ever-changing beauties of scenery enable the voyager, as he threads the intricate navigation among reefs and islands, to share the feelings thus expressed by Commodore Wilkes : " So beautiful was their aspect, that I could scarcely bring my mind to the realizing sense of the well known fact, that they were the abode of a savage, ferocious, and treacherous race of cannibals."*

When each island of so large a group has a claim to be noticed, selection is difficult, and the temptation to detail strong. It must not, however, be yielded to, a few examples sufficing to give a general idea of the whole.

YATHATA and VATUVARA are placed by geologists in a class that has long been in high favour as the fairy-lands of the South Seas. They are composed of sand and coral *débris*, covered with a deep soil of vegetable mould. Yathata is hilly and fertile. Of this class there are few in Fiji. They are from two to six miles in circumference, having the usual belt of white sand, and the circlet of cocoa-nuts with their foliage of " pristine vigour and perennial green." Such islands have generally one village, inhabited by fifty or one hundred oppressed natives.

The other islands to windward are of volcanic formation, their shore only having a coral base. VULANGA is one of this class, and appears as though its centre had been blown out by violent explosions, leaving only a circumferent rim, which to the west and south is broad, and covered with rocks of black scoria rising to a height of nearly two hundred feet ; but to the northeast is narrow and broken. This rim encircles an extensive sheet of water of a dark blue color, studded with scoriaceous islets, enamelled with green, and worn away between the extremes of high and low water until they resemble huge trees of a mushroom form ; thus giving a most picturesque effect to this sheltered haven of unbroken calm.

My first entrance to this lagoon was made at the risk of life ; and the attempt would be vain to tell how welcome were its quiet waters after the stormy peril outside. A mountainous surf opposed the strong current which forced its way through the intricate passage, causing a most terrific whirl and commotion, in the midst of which the large canoe was tossed about like a splinter. The excitement of the time was intense, and the impressions then made were indelible. The manly voice of Tubou Toutai, issuing his commands amid the thunder of the breakers, and the shrieks of affrighted women ; the labouring of the

* " United States Exploring Expedition," vol. III., p. 46.

canoe in its heaving bed of foam ; the strained exertions of the men at the steer-oar ; the anxiety which showed itself on every face ; were all in broad contrast with the felt security, the easy progress, and undisturbed repose which were attained the moment the interior of the basin was reached. Vulanga, although having its own beauty, is so barren that little except hardy timber is found growing upon it. Its gullies are bare of earth, so that neither the yam nor the banana repays culture. Smaller roots, with fish, which abound here, and *yavato*,—a large wood maggot,—give food to the inhabitants of four villages.

MOTHE, lying to the N. E. of Vulanga, is very fruitful, having an undulating surface much more free from wood than the island to the south. A fortress occupies its highest elevation, in walking to which the traveller finds himself surrounded by scenery of the richest loveliness. A sandy beach of seven miles nearly surrounds it. There are many islands of this size in the group, each containing from 200 to 400 inhabitants.

LAKEMBA, the largest of the eastern islands, is nearly round, having a diameter of five or six miles, and a population of about 2,000 souls.

TOTOYA, MOALA, NAIRAI, KORO, NGAU, MBENGA, exhibit on a larger scale the beauties of those islands already named, having, in addition, the imposing charms of volcanic irregularities. Among their attractions are high mountains, abrupt precipices, conical hills, fantastic turrets and crags of rock frowning down like olden battlements, vast domes, peaks shattered into strange forms ; native towns on eyrie cliffs, apparently inaccessible ; and deep ravines, down which some mountain stream, after long murmuring in its stony bed, falls headlong, glittering as a silver line on a block of jet, or spreading, like a sheet of glass, over bare rocks which refuse it a channel. Here also are found the softer features of rich vales, cocoa-nut groves, clumps of dark chestnuts, stately palms and bread-fruit, patches of graceful bananas, or well tilled taro-beds, mingling in unchecked luxuriance, and forming, with the wild reef-scenery of the girdling shore, its beating surf, and far-stretching ocean beyond, pictures of surpassing beauty.

MATUKU is eminent for loveliness where all are lovely. These islands are from fifteen to thirty miles in circumference, having populations of from 1,000 to 7,000 each.

MBAU is a small island, scarcely a mile long, joined to the main—Viti Levu—by a long flat of coral, which at low water is nearly dry, and at high water fordable. The town, bearing the same name as the island, is one of the most striking in appearance of any in Fiji, covering, as it does, a great part of the island with irregularly placed houses of

all sizes, and tall temples with projecting ridgepoles, interspersed with unsightly canoe-sheds. Here is concentrated the chief political power of Fiji. Its inhabitants comprise natives of Mbau and the Lasakau and Soso tribes.

TAVIUNI—commonly called Somosomo, from its town of that name being the residence of the ruling chiefs—is too fine an island to be overlooked. It is about twenty-five miles long, with a coast of sixty miles, and consists of one vast mountain, gradually rising to a central ridge of 2,100 feet elevation. Fleecy clouds generally hide its summit, where stretches a considerable lake, pouring through an outlet to the west a stream which, after tumbling and dashing along its narrow bed, glides quietly through the chief town, furnishing it with a good supply of fresh water. A smaller outlet to the east discharges enough water to form a small but beautiful cascade. This lake is supposed to have as its bed the crater of an extinct volcano, an idea supported by the quantity of volcanic matter found on the island. However wild and terrible the appearance of the island once, it is now covered with luxuriance and beauty beyond the conception of the most glowing imagination. Perhaps every characteristic of Fijian scenery is found on Somosomo, while all the tropical vegetables are produced here in perfection. It has only a land-reef, which is often very narrow, and in many places entirely wanting, breaking, towards Tasman's Straits, into detached patches.

KANDAVU is another large and mountainous island, twenty-five miles long, by six or eight wide. It has a very irregular shore, abounds in valuable timber, and has a population of from 10,000 to 13,000.

A good idea of the general appearance of these islands is obtained by regarding them as the elevated portions of submerged continents. The interior is, in many instances, a single hill or mountain, and, in many others, a range, the slopes of which, with the plains mostly found at their feet, constitute the island.

There yet remain to be noticed the two large islands, which, when compared with those stretching away to the east, assume the importance of continents.

VANUA LEVU (Great Land) is more than one hundred miles long, having an average breadth of twenty-five miles. Its western extremity is notable as being the only part of Fiji in which sandal-wood can be produced. The opposite point of the island is deeply indented by the Natawa Bay, which is forty miles long, and named by the natives, "the Dead Sea." The population of Vanua Levu is estimated at 31,000. Its scenery much resembles that of

NA VITI LEVU (the Great Fiji) which measures ninety miles from

east to west, and fifty from north to south. A great variety of landscape is found in navigating the shores of Great Fiji. To the S. E. there is tolerably level ground for thirty-six miles inland, edged, in places, by cliffs of sandstone five hundred feet high. The luxuriant and cheerful beauty of the lowland then gives place to the gloomy grandeur and unbroken solitude of the mountains. To the S. W. are low shores with patches of brown, barren land; then succeed narrow vales, beyond which rise hills, whose wooded tops are in fine contrast with the bold bare front at their base. Behind these are the highest mountains in the group, bleak and sterile, with an altitude of 4,000 or 5,000 feet. Westward and to the east, high land is close to the shore, with only narrow strips of level ground separating it from the sea. Proceeding northward, some of the finest scenery in Fiji is opened out. The lower level, skirted by a velvety border of mangrove bushes, and enriched with tropical shrubs, is backed, to the depth of four or five miles, by hilly ground, gradually reaching an elevation of from 400 to 700 feet, with the lofty blue mountains seen, through deep ravines, in the distance. Great Fiji has a continuous land or shore-reef, with a broken sea-reef extending from the west to the north. The Great Land also has in most parts a shore-reef, with a barrier-reef stretching from its N. E. point the whole length of the island, and beyond it in a westerly direction. Great Fiji is supposed to contain at least 50,000 inhabitants.

Scanty and imperfect as is this notice of some of its chief islands, enough has been said to show the superiority of Fiji over most other groups in the Pacific, both in extent of surface, and amount of population. This superiority will be made clearer by the following statement of their relative importance:—

The islands composing Viti-i-loma (Middle Fiji) are equal to the fine and populous island of Tongatabu together with the Hervey Islands.

The Yasawas are equal to Vavau.

The eastern group is equal to the Hapai Islands.

The Somosomo group equals the Dangerous Archipelago and the Austral Islands.

The Great Land is equal to the Marquesas, Tahiti, and Society Islands.

Great Fiji alone surpasses the Samoan group; while there still remains over, the Kandavu group, with a population of about 12,000.

Without pretending to write the natural geography of Fiji, occasional notices of its geology, botany, and zoology will be introduced where such notices are likely to prove peculiarly interesting or instructive.

The volcanic formation of these islands has already been intimated,

and the indications of craters alluded to ; but as no lava in a stream has been found, the very remote construction of the group seems almost certain. Volcanic action has not, however, entirely ceased ; violent shocks of earthquakes are at times felt, and at Wainunu and Na Savusavu, on Vanua Levu, and also on the island of Ngau, there is enough volcanic heat to produce warm and boiling springs. The high peaks and needles on the large islands are mostly basaltic. Volcanic conglomerate, tuffaceous stones, porous and compact basalts, are found of every texture, of many colours, and in various stages of decomposition. In several places I have seen very perfect and distinct columns of basalt some feet in length.

The soil is in some places gravelly and barren ; occasionally a stratum of reddish clay and sandstone is found ; but a dark red or yellowish loam is most common : this is often deep and very rich, containing, as it does, much decayed vegetable matter. Decomposed volcanic matter forms a very productive soil, especially in those vales where such *débris* mingles with deposits of vegetable mould. Portions of the large flats covered with rank grass, treacherously hiding the soft, adhesive mud beneath, would baffle the skill of the British husbandman, although much prized by the natives, who find in them just the soil and moisture needed for the cultivation of their most valued esculent, the *taro* (*Arum esculentum*). These swamps would perhaps answer well under efficient management for the cultivation of rice.

The lee side of a mountain generally presents a barren contrast to that which is to windward, receiving as this does on summit and slopes the intercepted clouds, thus securing regular showers and abundant fertility, while to leeward the unwatered vegetation is dying down to the grey hues of the boulders among which it struggles for life. To this, however, there are some marked exceptions.

In some places a surface of loose rubble is found. I have heard on good authority that, about thirty years since, a town within a few miles of Mbua was buried by a land slip, when so much of the mountain face slid down as to overwhelm the whole town and several of its inhabitants.

From the shore we step to the reefs. These are grey barriers of rock, either continuous or broken, and of all varieties of outline, their upper surface ranging from a few yards to miles in width. The seaward edge over which the breakers curve, while worn smoother, stands higher than the surface a few feet within, where the waves pitch with a ceaseless and heavy fall. Enclosed by the reef is the lagoon, like a calm lake, underneath the waters of which spread those beautiful subaqueous gardens which fill the beholder with delighted wonder.

Shore or attached reefs, sea or barrier reefs, beds, patches, or knolls of reef, with sunken rocks and sand-banks, so abound in Fiji and its neighbourhood as to make it an ocean labyrinth of unusual intricacy, and difficult of navigation.

The coral formation found here to so vast an extent has long furnished an interesting subject for scientific research, and proved a plentiful source of ingenious conjecture; while the notion has found general favour, that these vast reefs and islands owe their structure chiefly to a microscopic zoophyte,—the coral insect. Whether by the accumulated deposit of their exuvia, or by the lime-secretion of their gelatinous bodies, or the decomposition of those bodies when dead, these minute polypes, we are told, are the actual builders of islands and reefs; the lapse of ages being required to raise the edifice to the level of the highest tide; after which, the formation of a soil by drifting substances, the planting of the island with seeds borne by birds or washed up by the waves, and, lastly, the arrival of inhabitants, are all set forth in due order with the exactness of a formula based upon the simplest observation. A theory so pretty as this could not fail to become popular, while men of note have strengthened it by the authority of their names. Close and constant inspection, however, on the part of those who have had the fullest opportunity for research, is altogether opposed to this pleasingly interesting and plausible scheme. Wasting and not growth, ruining and not building up, characterize the lands and rock-beds of the southern seas. Neither does the ingenious hypothesis of Darwin, that equal gain and loss—rising in one part, and depression in another—are taking place, seem to be supported by the best ascertained facts; for the annular configuration of reef which this theory pre-supposes, is by no means the most general. “In all the reefs and islands of coral that I have examined,” writes Commodore Wilkes, “there are unequivocal signs that they are undergoing dissolution;” * a conclusion in which my own observation leads me entirely to concur.

The operation of the polyps is undoubtedly seen in the beautiful madrepores, brain-corals, and other similar structures, which, still living, cover and adorn the surface; “but a few inches beneath, the reef is invariably a collection of loose materials, and shows no regular coralline structure, as would have been the case if it had been the work of the lithophyte.” † These corals rarely reach the height of three feet, while many never exceed so many inches. The theory stated above assumes that the polyps work up to the height of a full tide. Such is not the

* “United States Exploring Expedition,” vol. iv., chap. viii.

† *Ibid.*

case. I am myself acquainted with reefs to the extent of several thousands of miles, all of which are regularly overflowed by the tide twice in twenty-four hours, and, at high water, are from four to six feet below the surface; all being a few inches above low-water mark, but none reaching to the high-tide level.

But whatever may be the origin of the reefs, their great utility is certain. The danger caused by their existence will diminish in proportion as their position and outline become better known by more accurate and minute survey than has yet been made. To the navigator possessing such exact information, these far-stretching ridges of rock become vast breakwaters, within the shelter of which he is sure to find a safe harbour, the calm of which is in strange, because so sudden, contrast with the stormy sea outside. In many cases a perfect dock is thus found; in some large enough to accommodate several vessels, with a depth of from three to twelve fathoms of water. Besides these, a number of bays indenting the coast of the large islands, afford good anchorage, and vary in depth from two to thirty miles. Into these the mountain streams disembogue, depositing the mud flats found in some of them, and rendering the entrance to the river shallow. Still the rivers, furnishing a ready supply of fresh water, increase the value of the bays as harbours for shipping. By these Fiji invites commerce to her shores; and in these a beneficent Creator is seen providing for the prospective wants of the group, ready built ports for the shelter of those "who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." To such persons the winds are a subject of prime interest. During eight months—from April to November—the prevailing winds blow from the E. N. E. to the S. E., when there is often a fresh trade wind for many successive days, mitigating to some extent the tropical heat. These winds, however, are not so uniform as elsewhere. During the rest of the year there is much variation, the wind often blowing from the north, from which quarter it is most unwelcome. This—the *tokalau*—is a hot wind, by which the air becomes so rarified as to render respiration difficult. The months most to be feared by seamen are February and March. Heavy gales sometimes blow in January; hence these three are often called "the-hurricane months." The morning land breezes serve to modify the strong winds in the neighbourhood of the large islands.

Considering the nearness of these islands to the equator, their climate is neither so hot nor so sickly as might be expected, the fierceness of the sun's heat being tempered by the cool breezes from the wide surface of the ocean around. The swamps are too limited to produce much miasma; and fever, in its several forms, is scarcely known. Other dis-

eases are not so numerous or malignant as in other climes, especially such as lie between the tropics. The air is generally clear, and in the spring and autumn months the climate is delightful. In December, January, and February, the heat is oppressive: the least exertion is followed by profuse perspiration, and no ordinary physical energy can resist the enervating influence of the season, begetting a fear lest Hamlet's wish should be realized, that—

“Solid flesh would melt—
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.”

The temperature is nearly uniform; the greatest extremes of heat and cold being experienced inland. My meteorological journal kept at Lakemba in 1841, and ten years later at Vanua Levu, shows 62° as the lowest and 121° as the highest temperature noted. The low temperature here recorded I ascribe, in part, to a river running close by my house. The mean temperature of the group throughout may be stated at 80° . Very hot days are sometimes preceded by very cold nights.

No resident in Fiji having ever possessed a rain-gauge, it is impossible to speak with accuracy about the quantity of water which falls. I find the following entry in my journal: “1850, March 14th. We have had forty-five days in succession rainy, more or less. These were preceded by four or five dry days: before these again we had twenty-four rainy ones. On many of these days only a single shower fell, and that but slight; so that the real depth of rain might not be unusual.”

Against the number of rainy days here given, must be placed the long duration of uninterrupted dry weather, often extending over two or three months. At times the burdened clouds discharge themselves in torrents. The approach of a heavy shower, while yet far away, is announced by its loud beating on the broad-leaved vegetation; and when arrived, it resembles the bursting of some atmospheric lake.

This glance at the discovery and general aspect of the Fiji Islands may be fitly closed by a few remarks on their division and classification, as described on some maps and globes of modern date.

The division of the group, as laid down in the account of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, viz., into seven districts, under as many principal chiefs, is objectionable, as disregarding the divisions made by nature, and those recognised by the natives, while it excludes Lakemba and its dependencies, which form a district very much more important than either Mathuata or Mbua.

The peculiar character and relative rank of the several authorities in Fiji render an accurate political division impossible.

The natives use terms equivalent to Upper, Lower, and Central Fiji, excluding the two large islands; thus making five sections, which though well enough for general use, are far from having fixed boundaries. More minute distinctions are therefore made by the people, to enable them to refer with precision to the several parts of the group. I would submit six divisions; or eight, if the eastward islands are viewed as composing three sections, which certainly ought to be the case. They are virtually thus divided by the United States surveyors, who give a distinct name to those forming the north end, (Ringgold's Isles,) but exclude Ono—the extreme south—from their chart of Fiji.*

A division of the group into eight compartments would—following the course of the sun—be as under:—

THE ONO GROUP; comprising Ono, Ndoi, Mana, Undui, Yanuya, Tuvana-i-tholo, and Tuvana-i-ra.

THE LAKEMBA GROUP; beginning with Vatoa, and ending with Tuvutha and Thithia: thirty-three islands and islets.

THE EXPLORING ISLES, with Mango, Kanathea, Naitaumba, Vatuvara, Yathata, and a number of islets, form the third group.

MIDDLE FIJI; containing Matuku, Totoya, Moala, Ngau, Nairai, Koro, Ovalau, and a few smaller islands.

VANUA LEVU and Taviuni, with their contiguous islands—about fifty—form the fifth group in order, and the second in importance.

GREAT FIJI, with the fifty islands on its coasts, is the sixth and most important division.

THE KANDAVU GROUP numbers thirteen islands, several of them small.

THE YASAWAS form the eighth group, and include more than thirty small islands.

This mode of division embraces every island properly belonging to Fiji, while it facilitates a reference to each individually.

Modern geographers class Fiji with the Tonga group, entitling them all, "The Friendly Islands." There is no good reason for such a classification; but there are several which show it to be erroneous, and demand its discontinuance. Geologically considered, the groups are different. The inhabitants also belong to two distinct types, having between them as much difference as between a Red Indian and an Englishman. Their mythologies and languages are also widely diverse. These facts protest against the confounding of the two groups in one.

* Native tradition speaks of Ono as being formerly near to Ongea, and ascribes its present position to a lady of Lakemba, who expatriated herself, selected Ono for her adopted land, and then pushed it with her foot thus far from Lakemba, in order to escape the pursuit of her friends.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN AND POLITY.

IN considering the origin of the present inhabitants of Fiji, we seek in vain for a single ray of tradition or historical record to guide us through the darkness of a remote antiquity. The native songs are silent in the matter, and no hint of a former immigration is to be heard: the people have had no intercourse with other nations, except as visited by them; and the popular belief is, that they never occupied any country but that on which they now dwell. Hence can only be inferred that the period of the Fijians' residence in their islands is to be placed far back at a very early date, probably as remote as the peopling of the American continent. Uniformity of customs and habits, resemblance of religious belief and practice, and, still more, philological affinities, together with physical analogies, supply the data whence may be argued with some degree of precision the branch of the human race to which the Fijian belongs, and perhaps conjecture may be supplied with a surer footing in endeavouring to track the path by which he came to his present home.

Differences of colour, physical conformation, and language, combine to form a separating line between the East and West Polynesians sufficiently clear, until we reach Fiji, where the distinguishing peculiarities seem to meet, and many of them to blend, thus betokening a confluence of the two races. At the east end of the group the Asiatic peculiarities are found marked, but die away as we go westward, giving place to such as are decidedly African, but not Negro. Excepting the Tongans, the Fijian is equal in physical development to the islanders eastward, yet distinct from them in colour, in which particular he approaches the pure Papuan Negro; to whom, in form and feature, he is, however, vastly superior. Many of his customs distinguish him from his neighbours, although he is by language united to them all.

Directed by such facts, there can be little doubt of the Fijian's connection with the darker races of Asia. His ancestors may be regarded

as the original proprietors of his native soil ; while the race has been preserved pure from the direct admixture of Malayan blood, by the hitherto strict observance of their custom to slaughter all shipwrecked or distressed foreigners, who may have been cast on their inhospitable coasts. The light mulatto skin and well-developed muscles seen to windward, are chiefly the result of long intercourse with the Tongan race. These evidences of mixture are, however, feeble, compared with those marks which indicate a long isolation from other varieties of mankind.

Murray, in his "Encyclopædia of Geography," speaks incorrectly of the invasion and subjugation of this people by the Friendly Islanders, and seems to have copied the mistake from the account of the voyage of the "Duff." * The Fijians have never acknowledged any power but such as exists among themselves.

The government of Fiji, before the last hundred years, was probably patriarchal, or consisted of many independent states, having little intercourse, and many of them no political connexion, with each other ; mutual dread tending to detach the various tribes, and keep them asunder. The great variety of dialects spoken, the comparative ignorance of some of the present kingdoms about each other, and the existence until now of a kind of independence in some of the smaller divisions of the same state, countenance the above supposition. At this day there is a close resemblance between the political state of Fiji and the old feudal system of the north. There are many independent Kings who have been constantly at war with each other ; and intestine broils make up, for the most part, the past history of Fiji. Still, though to a much less extent, civil dissensions abound, and it is not uncommon for several garrisons on the same island to be fighting against each other. The chiefs have ever been warring among themselves, though the advantage of the victor is but precarious, often involving his own destruction.

The chiefs of Mbengga were formerly of high rank, and still style themselves *Gali-cuva-ki-lagi*, which means, "Subject only to Heaven." They do not now stand high, being subject to Rewa. On the matter of supremacy nothing is known further back than 1800, at which time, it is certain, Verata took the lead. A part of Great Fiji and several islands of importance owned its sway. At this date Na-Ulivou ruled in Mbau. He succeeded Mbanuvi, his father, and the father also of Tanoa. Na-Ulivou was an energetic Chief, and distinguished himself in a war with the sons of Savou, numbering, it is said, thirty, who contended with him the right of succession. He overcame his enemies, and was hon

* 4to., p. 274.

oured with the name of Na Vu-ni-valu, that is, "The Root of War," a title which his successors have since borne. Aided by the white men named in the preceding chapter, and employing the new power supplied by fire-arms, this Chief made war on Verata, took possession of its dependencies, and left its sovereign little more to rule over than his own town. Na-Ulivou died in 1829, and was succeeded by his brother Tanoa. He died at an advanced age, a heathen and cannibal, December 8th, 1852. His reign of twenty-three years was not happy or peaceful. Rebellious subjects and rebellious sons filled it with anxiety. Once he had to fly his chief city; and for a number of years his fear of Raivalita—one of his sons—kept him a close prisoner. Several years before his death, old age disqualified Tanoa for the discharge of the active duties of his position, which were attended to by one of his sons acting in the capacity of Regent. Tanoa was a proud man: when grey and wrinkled, he tried to hide these marks of old age by a plentiful application of black powder. He was also cruel and implacable. Mothelotu, one of his cousins, was so unhappy as to offend him, and sought with tears and entreaties for forgiveness; but the purpose of the cruel Chief was fixed, that Mothelotu should die. After having kissed his relative, Tanoa cut off his arm at the elbow, and drank the blood as it flowed warm from the severed veins. The arm, still quivering with life, he threw upon a fire, and, when sufficiently cooked, ate it in presence of its proper owner, who was then dismembered, limb, by limb, while the savage murderer looked with pitiless brutality on the dying agonies of his victim.

At a later period, Tanoa sentenced his youngest son to die by the club. The blow given by the brother who was appointed as his executioner, was not fatal. The father knowing of his entreaty for mercy, shouted angrily, "Kill him! Kill him!" and the horrible act was completed. Nearly the last words spoken by this man of blood were formed into the question, "How many will follow me?" meaning, "How many women do you intend to strangle at my death?" Being assured that five of his wives would then be sacrificed, he died with satisfaction. The name of the tribe from which the Kings of Mbau are taken is Tui Kamba. The four chief personages or families in this state are the Rokotimbau, the Tunitonga, the Vusarandavi, and the Tui Kamba.

Mbau, as has been already intimated, is the present centre of political power in Fiji. Its supremacy is acknowledged in nearly all parts of the group. The kingdoms named as subject to it are so but nominally, rendering it homage rather than servitude. The other leading powers are, Rewa, Somosomo, Verata, Lakemba, Naitasiri, Mathuata, and Mbua.

Two kinds of subjection are recognised and distinguished in Fiji,

called *Qali* and *Bati*. *Qali* represents a province or town that is subject and tributary to a chief town. *Bati* denotes those which are not so directly subject: they are less oppressed, but less respected, than the *Qali*. Hence arises an awkwardly delicate point among the Fijian powers, who have often to acknowledge inferiority when they feel none. The Chiefs sometimes lay the blame of the annoyance on some one of their gods. The Somosomo chiefs supply a ludicrous instance of this.

Of all who visit Mbau, the people of Somosomo have most to abase themselves, and all, say they, "through a foolish god." Ng-gurai—one of their gods—wished to visit Mbau; Vatu Mundre supplied him with a bamboo, as a conveyance, and, as he was ignorant of the course, engaged to direct him. Having entered into a rat, Ng-gurai took his club and started. Vatu Mundre had to direct his friend past several islands at which the latter felt disposed to call, and, although many miles from him, told him when he had reached his destination. Most pitiable was poor Ng-gurai's condition; for he had fallen off his bamboo through weakness, and was floating about at the mercy of the waves, when a woman of Mbau found him, took him into the Chief's house, and placed him on the hearth with the cooks, where he sat shivering four days. In the meantime the Vuna god sailed up to Mbau in style, and was received and entertained in godlike sort by the Mbau god, who urged that his visitor should become tributary to Mbau, but without success.

The day having come for the visiting gods to return home, he in the rat went back cold and hungry to Thakaundrovi,* chagrined at the miserable figure he cut, and the corresponding reception he had met with. He of Vuna returned well fed and gaily dressed. After a short time the Mbau god, Omaisroniaka, returned the visit from the god of Vuna, who then retaliated and demanded tribute from his guest. But first he had made the path slippery, so that when Omaisroniaka grew animated, his heels flew up; at which moment the crafty Vuna god seized the opportunity to press his demand, to which the humbled deity yielded consent, agreeing to be called *Qali* to Vuna, but refusing to make food or do more than give up his club; whereupon the matter ended. In consequence of this, the Mbau people pay the Vuna people, who are subject to Somosomo, great respect, but exact from the latter a servile homage.

When a Somosomo canoe visits Mbau, the sail must be lowered while yet at a great distance, and the canoe sculled by the men in a sitting posture; for to stand might cost them their life. At short distances they have to shout the *tama*.† Arrived at Mbau, they are kept

* The island on which the Somosomo Chiefs formerly resided.

† The *tama* is described towards the close of this chapter.

in the open air four nights, before being allowed to go to their inn; all which time they have to move in a creeping posture, and at intervals to say the *tama*, with a trembling voice, in imitation of the shivering rat. After four days, they may go about and wear better dresses, but must still walk half doubled, with their hands on their breasts. When a Mbau man meets one of them, he says, "*Vekaveka, sa sa (sere) ko Qurai?*" "Ho! ho! is Ng-gurai set at liberty?" to which the other replies, "*Io, vaaca, sa sa o Qurai,*" "Yes, respectfully, Ng-gurai is allowed liberty."

Parties from other places are spared these degrading formalities, which the Somosomans are also partially evading by the aid of the Tongans and the boats of the white men.

The character of the rule exercised by the chief powers mentioned above is purely despotic. The will of the King, is, in most cases, law, and hence the nature of the government varies according to his personal character. The people have no voice in the state; nevertheless, the utmost respect is paid to ancient divisions of landed property, of family rank, and official rights. "There exists," says Captain Erskine, "a carefully-defined and (by the Fijians themselves) well understood system of polity, which dictates the position the different districts hold with respect to each other, as well as the degree of submission which each dependent owes to his principal."* Men of rank and official importance are generally about the person of the Sovereign forming his council, and serving to check the exercise of his power. When these persons meet to consult on any grave subject, few speak; for few are qualified. In the councils, birth and rank by themselves are unable to command influence, but a man is commended according to his wisdom. A crude suggestion or unsound argument from a Chief of importance would at once be ridiculed, to his confusion. Assemblies of this kind are often marked by a respectable amount of diplomatic skill. In deliberations of great consequence, secrecy is aimed at, but not easily secured, the houses of the people being too open to insure privacy.†

* "Islands of the Western Pacific," p. 214.

† When the stone Mission-house at Viwa was finished, it became the wonder of the day, and was visited by most of the Mbau Chiefs. It comprised a ground-floor of three rooms, a first floor, and an attic. This was the first house in Fiji that had been carried so high, and elicited great admiration from the delighted Chiefs. They gazed around at the even walls, and above at the flat ceiling, and exclaimed, "*Vekaveka! Vekaveka!*" increasing the emphasis as they ascended the stairs, until they trod the attic floor, when their delight was expressed by a long-repeated "*Wo, wo, wo,*" very strongly accented, and having a *tremolo* effect caused by striking the finger across the lips in Arab fashion. The uppermost thought in their minds was evident: this chamber was so high and so private that they all envied its possessor, "because it was such an excellent place for secret meetings, and for concocting plots."

No actual provision is made for the security of the life and possessions of the subject, who is regarded merely as property, and his welfare but seldom considered. Acts of oppression are common. The views of the chiefs do not accord with those of the wise Son of Sirach ; for they are not "ashamed to take away a portion or a gift ;" but will seize not only the presents made to an inferior, but, in some cases, appropriate what a plebeian has received in payment for work done. So far from this being condemned as mean and shameful, it is considered chief-like !

The head of each government is the *Tui* or *Turaga levu*, a King of absolute power, who is, however, not unfrequently surrounded by those who exert an actual influence higher than his own, and whom, consequently, he is most careful not to offend. I have seen some Kings who only retained their position by laying aside the independent action of their own will.

When rule is strictly followed, the successor of a deceased King is his next brother ; failing whom, his own eldest son, or the eldest son of his eldest brother, fills his place. But the rank of mothers and other circumstances often cause a deviation from the rule. I am acquainted with several cases in which the elder brother has yielded his right to the younger, with a reservation as to power and tribute, becoming a man second only to the King.

In the induction to royalty there are two stages. First is the nomination, when the leading men drink *yaqona* with the King elect, presenting the first cup to him, and with it the royal title : this is generally done a few days after the death of the late King. The second stage, which is equivalent to coronation, is the anointing or bandaging, and may not take place for several months or even years. An unfolded *sala* or turban is bound, at one end, round the upper arm of the King, leaving the rest pendant. This ceremony is performed by a chief priest, while another gives various advice to the new Monarch, who is presently anointed by a coat of red paint on his shoulder. Large quantities of food are presented to the King, with some good advice from the aged men on his public entrance upon the regal office.

The person of a high-rank King (for the title is often given to the head of a village) is sacred. In some instances these Fijian Monarchs claim a divine origin, and, with a pride worthy of more classical examples, assert the rights of deity, and demand from their subjects respect for those claims. This is readily yielded ; for the pride of descent which runs so high among the Chiefs is equalled by the admiration in which their lofty lineage is held by the people who are its sincere and servile

worshippers. Republicanism is held in contempt by the Fijians, and even the United States have a King when American citizens speak of their President to a native of the islands. The King is supposed to impart a degree of sacredness to whatever he may wear or touch. Hence arise some amusing scenes. A poor man was ordered to carry a chair on which Tuithakau was accustomed to sit; he first encased the palms of his hands with green leaves, then, taking the chair by two of its legs, lifted it above his head to avoid further contact, and ran off at full speed, as though in so doing lay his only chance of completing the journey alive. One day on leaving the house of the same Chief, I held in my hand a ripe plantain which I gave to a child outside; but an old man snatched it away with a countenance expressive of as much anxiety as if I had given the child a viper. His fear was, that the fruit had been touched by the King, and would therefore cause the child's death. This King took advantage of his hallowing prerogative in an odd way. He used to dress an English seaman in his *masi* (dress), and send the man to throw the train over any article of food, whether dead or alive, which he might happen to come near. The result was that such things were at once conveyed to the King without a word of explanation being required.

The duties of a King allow him abundant leisure, except when he is much engaged in feasting or fighting. Like potentates of ancient times, he knows how to reconcile manual labour with an elevated position and the affairs of state. With a simplicity quite patriarchal, he wields by turns the sceptre, the spear, and the spade; and, if unusually industrious, amuses himself in-doors by plaiting sinnet. Should he be one of the rare exceptions who see old age, he exists, during his last days, near a comfortable fire, lying or sitting, as his humour may prompt, in drowsy silence.

Royalty has other distinctions beside the name. In Somosomo, as in eastern countries, the King only is allowed to use the sun-shade: the two high-priests, however, share the privilege by favour. In Lakemba none but the King may wear the gauze-like turban of the Fijian gentleman during the day-time. In Mbua he only may wear his *masi* with a train. A particular kind of staff—*Matana-ki-lagi* (point-to-the-sky)—used to be a mark of royalty. Certain ornaments for the neck and breast are said to become Kings alone. Invariably His Majesty has two or three attendants about his person, who feed him, and perform more than servile offices on his behalf. A thumb-nail an inch longer than is allowed to grow on plebeian digits is a mark of dignity. An attendant priest or two, and a number of wives, complete the accompani-

ments of Fijian royalty. Instances of stoutness of person in these dignitaries are very rare. The use of a throne is unknown: the King and his humblest subjects sit on the same level—on the ground. There was one exception in the case of Tuithakau, who used a chair.

The Chiefs profess to derive their arbitrary power from the gods; especially at Verata, Rewa, and Somosomo. Their influence is also greatly increased by that peculiar institution found so generally among the Polynesian tribes,—the *tabu*, which will be further noticed hereafter. The following examples, to which many more might be added, will serve to show how really despotic is Fijian government. A Rewa Chief desired and asked for a hoe belonging to a man, and, on being refused, took the man's wife.

The King of Somosomo wished to collect the people belonging to the town in which he lived, that they might be directly under his eye. The officer to whom the order to that effect was intrusted, was commissioned to *bake* any who refused compliance.

Towards the close of 1849, I called on the young Chief of Mbau, and found him evidently out of temper. Some villagers had cut him fewer reeds than he expected, whereupon he dispatched a party to burn their village; which was accordingly done, a child perishing in the fire.

Those who surround the person of the King are generally of various grades, some of whom, however, are merely privileged idlers, the flatterers of their Chief, and makers of mischief and cigarettes.

The *Mata-ni-vanuas* are exceedingly useful men, whose office is described by their title, which signifies either "the eyes," or "the face, of the land," and may intimate the supervision which these men maintain; or that, through them, the chiefs see the state of affairs—the face of the land. They are the legitimate medium of communication between the chiefs and their dependencies, and form a complete and effective agency. Taking the kingdom of Lakemba as an instance, the system is worked thus. In each island and town under the rule of Lakemba there is an authorized *Mata ki Lakemba*, "Ambassador to Lakemba," through whom all the business between that place and the seat of government is transacted. Then again at Lakemba there is a diplomatic corps, the official title of each individual of which contains the name of the place to which he is messenger and to which all the King's commands are by him communicated. When on duty, these officials represent their Chief, after the manner of more civilized courts, and are treated with great respect. When they have to take several messages, or when one communication consists of several important parts, they help memory by mnemonic sticks or reeds, which are of various lengths. The Mata, having reached his

destination, lays down one of these before him, and repeats the message of which it is the memorial. He then lays down another, proceeding in the same way, until the sticks are transferred from his hand, and lie in a row before him, each message having been accurately delivered. I have seen men of this class practise their lesson before setting out, and have heard them give the answers on their return.

In some parts there is one of the Matas who is more immediately attached to the person of the King, and is styled, *O na Mata*. It is his business to be in attendance when tribute or food is brought to the Sovereign, and to go through the customary form of acknowledgment, to receive and answer reports of all kinds, doing so in the King's presence and under his direction, and to officiate at the *yagona* ring, with other similar duties.

Beside the Mata, there are other officials, of various duties and degrees of importance. All these, except in extreme cases, go about their duties most deliberately, as every appearance of haste in such matters is supposed to detract from true dignity. A careful observance of established forms is deemed very essential.

In some parts of Fiji the Mata holds his post for life, in others for only a few years. In the latter case, when tired of public life, he presents a large quantity of provisions to his Chief, asking for permission to retire. On Vanua Levu the election of a successor has the appearance of being done by surprise. The leading men having assembled and consulted awhile, one of their number advances to the person chosen, and makes him their Mata by binding a blade of the red Ti-tree leaf round his arm between the shoulder and elbow. It is the fashion for the man thus bandaged to weep and protest against his election, asserting his incompetency, and pleading low birth, poverty, indolence, ignorance of official phraseology, etc.; all which objections are, of course, met by the others declaring their choice to be good. The feast on such an occasion is prepared with extra care.

Public business is conducted with tedious formality. Old forms are strictly observed, and innovations opposed. An abundance of measured clapping of hands, and subdued exclamations, characterize these occasions. Whales' teeth and other property are never exchanged or presented without the following or a similar form: "*A! woi! woi! woi!! A! woi! woi! woi!! A tabua lēvu! woi! woi! A mudua, mudua, mudua!*" (Clapping.)

Whoever asks a favor of a Chief, or seeks civil intercourse with him, is expected to bring a present.

Justice is known by name to the Fijian powers, and its form sometimes adopted; yet in very many criminal cases the evidence is partial and imperfect, the sentence precipitate and regardless of proportion, and its execution sudden and brutal. The injured parties, headed by the nearest Chief, form the "bench" to decide the case. If the defendant's rank is higher than their own, an appeal is made to the King as chief magistrate, and this is final.

Offences, in Fijian estimation, are light or grave according to the rank of the offender. Murder by a Chief is less heinous than a petty larceny committed by a man of low rank. Only a few crimes are regarded as serious; *e. g.*, theft, adultery, abduction, witchcraft, infringement of a *tabu*, disrespect to a Chief, incendiarism, and treason.

Punishment is inflicted variously. Theft is punished by fine, repayment in kind, loss of a finger, or clubbing. Either fine, or loss of the finger, ear, or nose, is inflicted on the disrespectful. The other crimes are punished with death, the instrument being the club, the noose, or the musket. Adultery taxes vindictive ingenuity the most. For this offence, the criminals may be shot, clubbed, or strangled; the man may lose his wife, who is seized on behalf of the aggrieved party by his friends; he may be deprived of his land, have his house burnt, his canoe taken away, or his plantations destroyed.

Young men are deputed to inflict the appointed punishment, and are often messengers of death. Their movements are sudden and destructive, like a tropical squall. The protracted solemnity of public executions in civilized countries is here unknown. A man is often judged in his absence, and executed before he is aware that sentence has been passed against him. Sometimes a little form is observed, as in the case of the Vasu to Vuna. This man conspired against the life of Tuikilakila; but the plot was discovered, and the Vasu brought to meet death at Somosomo. His friends prepared him according to the custom of Fiji, by folding a large new *masi* about his loins, and oiling and blacking his body as if for war. A necklace and a profusion of ornaments at his elbows and knees completed the attire. He was then placed standing, to be shot by a man suitably equipped. The shot failed, when the musket was exchanged for a club, which the executioner broke on the Vasu's head; but neither this blow, nor a second from a more ponderous weapon, succeeded in bringing the young man to the ground. The victim now ran towards the spot where the King sat, perhaps with the hope of reprieve; but was felled by a death-blow from the club of a powerful man standing by. The slain body was cooked and eaten. One of the baked thighs the King sent to his brother, who was principal in the plot,

that he might "taste how sweet his accomplice was, and eat of the fruit of his doings." This is a fair sample of a Fijian public execution. Those who are doomed to die are never, so far as I know, bound in any way. A Fijian is implicitly submissive to the will of his Chief. The executioner states his errand; to which the victim replies, "Whatever the King says, must be done."

Injured persons often take the law into their own hands; an arrangement in which the authorized powers gladly concur. In such cases justice yields to passion, and the most unlicensed cruelty follows. For a trifling offence a man has been tied to a log, so that he could not move a limb, and then placed in the sun, with his face fully exposed to its fierce heat for several hours.

One who had removed an article which he believed to be his own, was cruelly pelted with large stones. In another case, a man threw at a duck, supposing it to be wild: it proved, however, to be tame, and the property of a petty Chief, who regarded the act as done to himself. A messenger was accordingly sent to the Chief of the offender to demand an explanation, which was forthwith given, together with the fingers of four persons, to appease the angry Chieftain. He, however, not being yet satisfied, caused the delinquent to be shut up in a house with the lame duck, informing him that his life depended upon that of the injured bird. If he restored the use of the limb, he was to live; but to die if the duck died.

Some offences are punished by stripping the house of the culprit: in slight cases, much humour is displayed by the spoilers. The *sang froid* of the sufferer is an enigma to the Englishman.

The virtue of vicarious suffering is recognised, and by its means the ends of justice are often frustrated. On the island of Nayau the following tragedy took place. A warrior left his charged musket so carelessly that it went off, killing two persons, and wounding two more; whereupon the man fled, and hid himself in the bush. His case was adjudged worthy of death by the Chiefs of the tribe; but he was absent, and, moreover, a very serviceable individual. Hence it was thought best, in point of expedition as well as economy, to exact the penalty from the offender's aged father, who was accordingly seized and strangled. Still later, a white man was killed on the island of Nukulau. The commander of the U. S. ship "Falmouth" inquired into the case, and sentence of death was passed by him on an accused native, who, when he understood his position, proposed that the Americans should hang his father in his stead.

Persons liable to punishment often escape by the aid of a *soro*, or

“atonement,” or something offered to obtain forgiveness. This is a provision acknowledged throughout Fiji, and in constant use. There are five kinds of *soro*. 1. The *soro* with a whale’s tooth, a mat, club, musket, or other property, is in request for every kind of offence, from stealing a yam to running away with a woman, or the commission of adultery. 2. The *soro* with a reed, called *mata ni gasau*. This is not commonly resorted to in private affairs, but by civil functionaries and small Chiefs, when accused or convicted of unfaithfulness to the duties of their position. It is more humiliating than the first. 3. The *soro* with a spear, *mata nimoto*, is used to secure forgiveness in cases of civil delinquency of a graver sort. It is still more humiliating than the second kind. He who presents the spear, generally some one of importance, will stoop or nearly prostrate himself; the whole act is supposed to imply that he, and those whom he represents, have deserved to be transfixed by a spear to the earth. 4. The *soro* with a basket of earth, *a kau vanua*, is generally connected with war, and is presented by the weaker party, indicating the yielding up of their land to the conquerors. Sometimes, however, the ceremony may be an expression of loyalty by parties whose fealty is suspected. 5. The *soro* with ashes, *bisi dravu*, belongs to an extreme case, involving a life or lives. A Chief or *Mata-ni-vanua* disfigures himself by covering his bosom and arms with ashes, and, with deep humiliation, entreats that the aggrieved person will compassionately grant the life of the offender or offenders.

On the part of the offerer, the presentation of the *soro* is a serious thing, and his faltering voice and trembling body testify the emotion within.

When a *soro* is refused, it is repeated, it may be five or even ten times; until the property given, or the importunity shown, gains the desired point.

Whatever may have been the origin of this custom, and however beneficial its right use might prove to the innocent, or the unintentional offender, its operation in Fiji seems too generally to avert deserved punishment from the criminal, and in many cases is but legalized corruption. No small proportion of the misdemeanours brought under the notice of Chiefs are deliberate acts, in which a balance has been previously struck between the fruit of the crime and the *soro* which must follow, and the commission of the act has been accordingly determined on.

In some cases those who are in danger of punishment place themselves under the protection of an influential Chief of another tribe, who receives servitude in return for the shelter thus afforded.

Fijian society is divided into six recognised classes, in the distinctions of which there is much that resembles the system of caste.

1. Kings and Queens.
2. Chiefs of large islands or districts.
3. Chiefs of towns, priests, and Mata-ni-vanuas.
4. Distinguished warriors of low birth, Chiefs of the carpenters, and Chiefs of the fishers for turtle.
5. Common people.
6. Slaves by war.

Rank is hereditary, descending through the female ; an arrangement which arises from the great number of wives allowed to a leading Chief, among whom is found the widest difference of grade. The dignity of a Chief is estimated by the number of his wives, which is frequently considerable, varying from ten to fifty or a hundred. It is not to be supposed that all these are found in his domestic establishment at the same time ; for rarely more than a half or fourth are there together. Some have been dismissed on account of old age, others have returned to their parents to become mothers, others again are but infants themselves.

No people can be more tenacious of distinction than are these Fijians, and few fonder of exaggerating it. When on their guard, and acting with the duplicity so strongly marked in the native character, they will depreciate themselves, as well as when surprised into a feeling of inferiority by unexpected contrast with some refined nation ; but only let something occur to throw them off their guard, and they instantly become swollen with an imaginary importance which is not a little amusing. Lofty aspirings and great meanness are often found united in the same Chief, who will be haughtily demanding, one moment, why the Monarch of some great nation does not send a ship of war or large steamer to gratify *his* curiosity, and the next be begging tobacco of a shoeless seaman.

Tribes, chief families, the houses of Chiefs, and the wives of Kings, have distinctive appellations, to which great importance is attached, and by means of which the pride of the owner is gratified and the jealousy of neighbours aroused. Before the death of the King Tanoa, the whites residing in Fiji wrote to General Miller, H. B. M. Consul-General at the Sandwich Islands, complaining of their ill-treatment by Thakombau, the young Chief of Mbau and heir of Tanoa, but already exercising virtually the kingly power. General Miller sent a letter about the matter to the Chief, addressing it, "To the King of Fiji." When this letter arrived, a Tonga Chief, who had visited Sydney and could read English,

was staying with Thakombau, to whom he interpreted the Consul's dispatch, translating the address, "Tui Viti." This title, till then unknown, thus became fixed, and proved of great use to the young Chief during his regency, though a cause of bitter jealousy to other Chiefs, some of whom I heard comforting themselves by saying, "It is without authority: foreigners gave it to him." At the death of the aged King, however, this proud appellation was laid aside, and Thakombau received the high hereditary title of Vu-ni-valu, though frequently addressed still as Tui Viti—a name to which his widely-spread ascendancy gives him a real claim. An old Chief on Na Viti Levu, known to few, boasts that the Chiefs of Mbau and Rewa are his children; thus putting them far below himself. Common men, though esteemed for superior prowess, and rewarded with an honorable name, do not rise in rank, their original grade being always remembered. There are many inferior Chiefs, but they have little authority. Observing that the land-breeze blows most strongly in the bays, the natives have thence made a proverb, alluding to the fact just stated: *Sa dui cagi ni toba*, "Every one is a wind in his own bay."

Most prominent among the public notorieties of Fiji is the *Vasu*. The word means a nephew or niece, but becomes a title of office in the case of the male, who, in some localities, has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating whatever he chooses belonging to his uncle, or those under his uncle's power. Vasus are of three kinds: the *Vasu taukei*, the *Vasu levu*, and the *Vasu*: the last is a common name, belonging to any nephew whatever. *Vasu taukei* is a term applied to any Vasu whose mother is a lady of the land in which he is born. The fact of Mbau being at the head of Fijian rank gives the Queen of Mbau a pre-eminence over all Fijian ladies, and her son a place nominally above all Vasus. No material difference exists between the power of a *Vasu taukei* and that of a *Vasu levu*, which latter title is given to every Vasu born of a woman of rank, and having a first-class Chief for his father. A *Vasu taukei* can claim any thing belonging to a native of his mother's land, excepting the wives, home, and land of a Chief. Vasus cannot be considered apart from the civil polity of the group, forming as they do one of its integral parts, and supplying the high-pressure power of Fijian despotism. In grasping a dominant influence the Chiefs have created a power which, ever and anon, turns round and gripes them with no gentle hand. However high a Chief may rank, however powerful a King may be, if he has a nephew, he has a master, one who will not be content with the name, but who will exercise his prerogative to the full, seizing whatever may take his fancy, regardless of its value or the

owner's inconvenience in its loss. Resistance is not thought of, and objection only offered in extreme cases. A striking instance of the power of the Vasu occurred in the case of Thokonauto, a Rewa Chief, who, during a quarrel with an uncle, used the right of Vasu, and actually supplied himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores. But it is not in his private capacity, but as acting under the direction of the King, that the Vasu's agency tends greatly to modify the political machinery of Fiji, inasmuch as the Sovereign employs the Vasu's influence, and shares much of the property thereby acquired. Great Vasus are also Vasus to great places, and, when they visit these at their superior's command, have a numerous retinue and increased authority. A public reception and great feasts are given them by the inhabitants of the place which they visit; and they return home laden with property, most of which, as tribute, is handed over to the King. When thus "on commission," a Vasu is amenable for his conduct, and, should his personal exactions affect the revenue, incurs the displeasure of his King, which can only be removed by a *soro* of the most costly kind, such as a first-class canoe; and this he may have to load with riches before it is deemed a sufficient atonement.

The reception of one of these important personages, as witnessed by myself at Somosomo, may be worth detailing. The Vasu, who was from Mbau, had arrived with a suite of ten canoes, six days before. On the seventh day, several hundreds of people were assembled in the open air to give the important visitor a greeting worthy of his dignity. After waiting a short time the Vasu and his suite approached them, and performed a dance, which they finished by presenting their clubs and upper dresses to the Somosomo King; after which they retired, seating themselves at a distance, opposite to him. Two Matas were then sent by the King, holding by either end a coarse mat, and passing over the ground with a motion compounded of squatting and crawling, until they reached the Vasu and spread the mat before him, upon which he and another Chief forthwith seated themselves. An Ambassador, near the King, now shouted, in a high key, the proper greeting, "*Sa tio!* (He sits.) *Sa tio! Sa tio! Sa tio!*" repeating the cry with increasing rapidity and in descending tones for about a dozen times. Having rested long enough to recover breath, the man shouted again, "*Sa tawa!*" ("Inhabited:" a compliment to the Vasu, intimating that before his arrival it was empty.) "*Sa-ta-wa! Sa-ta-wa!* He comes, nobly descended from his ancestors! *Sa tawa!*" (Repeated many times quickly.) After a short pause, an aged Mata left the King, advancing towards the Vasu in a sitting posture: when he had gone about two yards

from the King, a second Mata followed in the same style, and so on, until there were six of them in a line, at equal distances from each other. They now faced to the S. W., but, turning as they sat, simultaneously swung themselves half round, thus facing the N. E., having managed at the same time, by help of their hands, to advance a yard; repeating the painful evolution, until the front man was within six feet of the Vasu. Whereupon the sitting Matas bowed themselves sideways, so as to make their beards touch the earth: again they rose, and gently inclined their heads from the Vasu, clasping their beards with both hands, and crying out several times, "Furled are your sails! (*Sa uru.*) Furled are your sails!" ("A! woi! woi! woi!") This done, they returned to their places. The Vasu then walked up to the King, having two whales' teeth in his hand, which—after a short speech, referring to his coming and its object—he presented, receiving in return an expression of the King's wishes for prosperity and peace. All the people then clapped their hands several times, and the ceremony was concluded. Such then is the *Vasu levu*; such is the power he exercises, and such the honours paid him. Where else shall we find his parallel?

Descending in the social scale, the Vasu is a hindrance to industry, few being willing to labour unrewarded for another's benefit. One illustration will suffice. An industrious uncle builds a canoe, in which he has not made half-a-dozen trips, when an idle nephew mounts the deck, sounds his trumpet-shell, and the blast announces to all within hearing that, the canoe has, that instant, changed masters.

There are Vasus to the gods; or rather to the basket in which the god's share of food is kept. But these have no power.

Persons of rank generally manifest a strong feeling of jealousy towards each other, and studiously avoid meeting unnecessarily. On more than one occasion I have had a Chief of rank in my house, when another has been seen approaching the door; whereupon the first would at once retire into a private room. After the last arrival had sat a few minutes, I intimated to him the position of affairs, at which he smiled and made his visit very short. Their conduct is often a strange mixture of vanity, cupidity, and liberality. When, however, they do meet, and are not too reserved, they display a courteous demeanour, which betokens a recognition of rank in others, as well as a consciousness of it in themselves.

The Chiefs demand a large amount of homage from the people, expressed both by language and action. As in the Malayan, so in the Fijian, there exists an aristocratic dialect, which is particularly observable in the windward districts, where not a member of a Chief's body, or the

commonest acts of his life, are mentioned in ordinary phraseology, but are all hyperbolized. Respect is further indicated by the *tama*, which is a shout of reverence uttered by inferiors when approaching a Chief or chief town. The *tama* varies in different places, and the women have a formula distinct from that of the men. Sometimes, in uttering this shout, the people place their hands behind them, and stoop forward. Chiefs look for the *tama* from those they meet, whether on land or sea, and expect it when inferiors pass their houses. At the close of the day, or when a Chief is superintending the making or repairing of a sail, and in some other cases, the *tama* is improper, and would be answered by a laugh, or regarded as an insult. In some districts the *tama* is "long drawn out," and in others half sung, so as to produce a somewhat pleasing effect, when raised by fifty or a hundred voices at once. Generally the Chiefs acknowledge courteously the salutation of one of the lower orders of the people.*

Equally expressive of respect are many of the actions prescribed by Fijian etiquette. An armed man lowers his arms, takes the outside of the path, and crouches down until the Chief has passed by. When a person has given anything, say a cigar, to a Chief, he claps his hands respectfully. The same form is observed after touching a Chief's head, or when taking anything from a place over his head; on receiving any trifle from him; always at the close of his meals, and sometimes to applaud what he has said. In some parts the men do not crouch, but rub the upper part of the left arm with the right hand. Some take hold of their beards and look to the earth: this is very common when conversing with a Chief, or begging; hence great beggars are called "beard-scratchers." The speaker also intersperses his address with respectful expletives, of which they have many. If any one would cross the path of a Chief, or the place where he is sitting or standing, he must pass before, and never behind, his superior. Standing in the presence of a Chief is not allowed: all who move about the house in which he is, creep, or, if on their feet, advance bent, as in an act of obeisance. As in some other countries where the government is despotic, no one is permitted to address the Chief otherwise than in a sitting posture. Seamen are cautious not to sail by a Chief's canoe on the outrigger side,

* The following are specimens of the *tama* :—

PLACE.	MEN.	WOMEN.
Mbau.	Muduo! wo!	M-a-i-n-a-v-a-k-a-d-u-a!
Lakemba.	O-o! Oa!	N-i-q-o!
Somosomo.	Duo! wo!	M-a-i-n-a-v-a-a-d-u-a!
Vanua Levu.	Dua! dua! dua!	M-a-i-n-a-v-a-a-d-u-a!

which would be considered worse than a person on land passing behind the back of his Sovereign.

Most singular among these customs is the *bale muri*, "follow in falling," the attendant falling because his master has fallen. This is to prevent shame from resting on the Chief, who, as he ought, has to pay for the respect. One day, I came to a long bridge formed of a single coconut tree, which was thrown across a rapid stream, the opposite bank of which was two or three feet lower, so that the declivity was too steep to be comfortable. The pole was also wet and slippery, and thus my crossing safely was very doubtful. Just as I commenced the experiment, a heathen said, with much animation, "To-day I shall have a musket!" I had, however, just then to heed my steps more than his words, and so succeeded in reaching the other side safely. When I asked him why he spoke of a musket, the man replied, "I felt certain you would fall in attempting to go over, and I should have fallen after you;" (that is, appeared to be equally clumsy;) "and, as the bridge is high, the water rapid, and you a gentleman, you would not have thought of giving me less than a musket."

The best produce of the gardens, the seines, and the sties in Fiji, goes to the Chiefs, together with compliments the most extravagant and oriental in their form. Warrior Chiefs often owe their escape in battle to their inferiors—even when enemies—dreading to strike them. This fear partly arises from Chiefs being confounded with deities, and partly from the certainty of their death being avenged on the man who slew them. Women of rank often escape strangling, at the death of their lord, because there are not at hand men of equal rank to act as executioners. Such an excess of homage must of course be maintained by a most vigorous infliction of punishment for any breach of its observance; and a vast number of fingers missing from the hands of men and women, have gone as the fine for disrespectful or awkward conduct.

In Fiji, subjects do not pay rent for their land, but a kind of tax on all their produce, beside giving their labour occasionally in peace, and their service, when needed, in war, for the benefit of the King or their own Chief. Tax-paying in Fiji, unlike that in Britain, is associated with all that the people love. The time of its taking place is a high day; a day for the best attire, the pleasantest looks, and the kindest words; a day for display: whales' teeth and cowrie necklaces, orange-cowrie and pearl-shell breast ornaments, the scarlet frontlet, the newest style of neck-band, white armlets, bossed knee and ankle bands, tortoise-shell hair pins, (eighteen inches long,) cocks' tail feathers, the whitest *masi*, the most graceful turban, powder of jet black, and rouge of the deepest

red, are all in requisition on that festive day. The coiffure that has been in process for months is now shown in perfection; the beard, long nursed, receives extra attention and the finishing touch; the body is anointed with most fragrant oil, and decorated with the gayest flowers and most elegant vines. The weapons also—clubs, spears, and muskets—are all highly polished and unusually gay. The Fijian carries his tribute with every demonstration of joyful excitement, of which all the tribe concerned fully partake. Crowds of spectators are assembled, and the King and his suite are there to receive the impost, which is paid in with a song and a dance, and received with smiles and applause. From this scene the tax-payers retire to partake of a feast provided by their King. Surely the policy that can thus make the paying of taxes “a thing of joy” is not contemptible.

Whales' teeth always form a part of the property paid in. Those smooth and red with age and tumeric are most valued; and the greater the quantity of these, the more respectable is the *solevu* (tribute). Canoes, bales of plain and printed cloth, (*tapa*), each bale fifteen or twenty feet long, with as many men to carry it, musquito curtains, balls and rolls of sinnet,* floor-mats, sail-mats, fishing nets, baskets, spears, clubs, guns, scarfs or turbans, *likus*,† pearl-shell breast-plates, turtles, and women, may be classed under the head of tribute. In some of the smaller states, pigs, yams, taro, arrow-root, tumeric, yaqona, sandal-wood, salt, tobacco, and black powder, are principal articles.

The presentation of a canoe, if new and large, is a distinct affair. Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba, gave one to Thakombau in the following manner. Preliminaries being finished, Tui Nayau approached the Mbau Chief, and knelt before him. From the folds of his huge dress he took a whale's tooth, and then began his speech. The introduction was an expression of the pleasure which Thakombau's visit gave to Tui Nayau and his people. As he warmed, the speaker proceeded: “Before we were subject to Mbau, our land was empty, and no cocoa-nuts grew on its shore; but since you have been our Chiefs, the land is full of people, and nuts and food abound. Our fathers were subject to Mbau, and desired so to be; and my desire, and that of my friends and my subjects, is towards Mbau, and it is very intense.” The sentences here strung together were picked out from among a great number of petitions, praying that “Tui Nayau and his people might live.” Neither was this

* Braid or flat string made with the cocoa-nut fibre, and in general use for every kind of fastening. An average roll of sinnet, wound with beautiful neatness, is three feet six inches high, and five feet in circumference.

† Women's dresses or girdles.

omitted in the peroration: "Therefore let us live, that we may chop out canoes for you; and that we may live, I present this earnest" (the whale's tooth) "of the *Ta ivee*" (the name of the canoe) "as our *soro*, and the *soro* of our friends." On receiving the tooth Thakombau expressed a wish, almost like an imperial permission, that all might live; whereupon all present clapped their hands. Custom required of the receiver a form like this: "Woi! Woi! Woi! The sacred canoe! Yi! Yi! Yi!" and a long shrill shout in conclusion.

All love to make as much display as possible on these occasions; food is provided in abundance, and on all hands is seen a liberality approaching to a community of goods: but where there exists anything like equality between those who give and those who receive, the return of similar gifts and entertainment is anxiously expected, and calculated carefully beforehand.

Sometimes the property or tribute is taken to the King; sometimes he chooses to fetch it. In the latter case, he makes those he visits a small present, the time of so doing being made the opportunity for his public reception, after which he and his attendants dance. Such visits are very burdensome to the people thus honoured; for the King's fleet may comprise twenty or thirty canoes, the crews of which, as well as the King's attendants, have to be fed by the visited, however long they remain.

When the tribute is carried to the King, those who take it—varying in number from fifty to three hundred—are detained several weeks, well fed the first few days, and, in some parts, left to live as they can the remainder. By means of them and their canoes the King verifies the native proverb, "Work is easily done when strangers help." The strangers voyage and garden for the Chiefs of the place, receive a present, and are then sent home.

Chiefs of power exact largely and give liberally, only a small portion of what they receive remaining in their own hands; which fact will help to explain the following speech of a Mata on the occasion of one of these presentations of property: "We have a wish for eternal friendship: see this in our labours to procure cloth for you: we are wearied: we have left ourselves without clothing, that you may have it all. We have a Chief who loves peace: we also love it. War is an evil: let us not fight, but labour. Do not let difficulties or jealousies arise out of sharing this property. Our minds regard you equally. You are all our friends. Any difference in the quantity shared to each tribe is to be referred to the proportion of service rendered by the tribe. There has been no partiality."

CHAPTER III.

WAR.

ANOTHER and most strongly marked feature in the political aspect of Fiji has yet to be noticed : it is war. Much has been set forth on this subject, with which my own long and close observation forbids me to agree.

It is said of the Fijians, as of most savage nations, that they are warlike ; and they have been pictured as fierce, ferocious, and eager for bloodshed and battle. But this is a caricature, resulting from too hasty and superficial an estimate of the native character. When on his feet, the Fijian is always armed ; when working in his garden, or lying on his mat, his arms are always at hand. This, however, is not to be attributed to his bold or choleric temper, but to suspicion and dread. Fear arms the Fijian. His own heart tells him that no one could trust him and be safe, whence he infers that his own security consists in universal mistrust of others. The club or spear is the companion of all his walks ; but it is only for defence. This is proved by every man you meet : in the distance you see him with his weapon shouldered ; getting nearer, he lowers it to his knee, gives you the path, and passes on. This is invariable, except when the people meet purposely to fight, or when two enemies come unexpectedly together. Such conduct surely is the opposite to offensive, being rather a show of inferiority, a mere point of etiquette.

Nevertheless Fiji is rarely free from war and its attendant evils. Several causes exist for this, such as the pride and jealousy of the Chiefs, and the fact of there being so many independent governments, each of which seeks aggrandizement at the expense of the rest. Any misgiving as to the probability of success proves the most powerful motive for peace ; and superstition asserts the cackling of hens at night to be a sure prognostic of fighting. The appearance of restless haste for war is often assumed, when no corresponding anxiety is felt. When war is decided

upon between two powers, a formal message to that effect is interchanged, and informal messages in abundance, warning each other to strengthen their fences and carry them up to the sky. Councils are held, in which future action is planned. Before going to war with men, they study to be right with the gods. Ruined temples are rebuilt, some half-buried in weeds are brought to light, and new ones erected. Costly offerings are brought to the gods, and prayers presented for the utter destruction of the enemy, and every bowl of yaqona is quaffed with an expression of the same wish. *Kanakanai yarua*, to eat with both contending parties, is very *tabu*, and punished, when discovered, with death. On one occasion I saw offered to the god of war forty whales' teeth, (fifty pounds of ivory,) ten thousand yams, thirty turtles, forty roots of yaqona, some very large, many hundreds of native puddings, (two tons,) one hundred and fifty giant oysters, (*chama gigas*,) fifteen water melons, cocoa-nuts, a large number of violet land-crabs, taro, and ripe bananas. Much confidence is placed in the god's help thus purchased. On remarking to a small party on their way to war, "You are few;" they promptly replied, "Our allies are the gods."

Frequently the men separate themselves from their wives at such times, but sometimes the wives accompany them to the war. Orders are sent by the Chief to all under his rule to be in readiness, and application is made to friendly powers for help. A flat refusal to comply with the summons of the Chief, by any place on which he had a claim, would, sooner or later, be visited by the destruction of the offenders. Efforts are made to neutralize each other's influence. *A* sends a whale's tooth to *B*, entreating his aid against *C*, who, hearing of this, sends a larger tooth to *B*, to *bika*—"press down"—the present from *A*; and thus *B* joins neither party. Sometimes two hostile Chiefs will each make a superior Chief the stay of their hopes: he, for his own interest, trims between the two, and often aids the weaker party, that he may damage the stronger, yet professing, all the time, a deep interest in his welfare.

When many warriors are expected to help in an expedition, slight houses are built for their accommodation. Tongans who may be visiting the Chief at the time are expected to assist him; to which they rarely object, their services being repaid in canoes, arms, mats, &c. In some rare cases Tongan Chiefs have had small islands ceded to them.

When an appeal for help to a superior Chief is favourably received, a club or spear is sent to the applicant with words such as these: "I have sent my club: by and bye I will follow." This form of earnest, I understand, is modern: the old fashion was to return a spear with a

floating streamer, which the successful petitioner planted conspicuously, to indicate his fair prospects.

The military in Fiji do not form a distinct class, but are selected from every rank, irrespective of age or size; any who can raise a club or hurl a spear are eligible. At the close of the war, all who survive return to their ordinary pursuits. During active service, a faithful follower owns no tie but that which binds him to his tribe, and the command of the Vu-ni-valu—General—is his only law.

Instances of persons devoting themselves specially to deeds of arms are not uncommon. The manner in which they do this is singular, and wears the appearance of a marriage contract; and the two men entering into it are spoken of as man and wife, to indicate the closeness of their military union. By this mutual bond the two men pledge themselves to oneness of purpose and effort, to stand by each other in every danger, defending each other to the death, and, if needful, to die together. In the case of one of the parties wishing to become married, in the ordinary style, to one of the other sex, the former contract is duly declared void. Between Mbetelambandai and Mbombo of Vatukarakara such a union existed. The former was slain in war. Mbombo, on hearing that his friend was in danger, ran to the rescue; but, arriving too late, died avenging his comrade's death.

Forces are gathered by the *taqa*, a kind of review. Of these there is a series,—one at every place where the army stops on its way to the scene of action. If any part of Fijian warfare has interest, it is this; and to the parties engaged, it is doubtless glorious. They defy an enemy that is far away, and boast of what they will do on a day which has not yet come; and all this in the midst of their friends. The boasting is distinct from, though associated with, the *taqa*, which means, "ready, or on the move," namely, for challenging. The challenging is called *bolebole*; and the ceremony, when complete, is as follows. If the head of the party of allies just arrived is a great Chief, his approach is hailed with a general shout. Taking the lead, he conducts his followers to a large open space, where the Chief, to whose help he comes, waits with his men. Forthwith shouts of respect are exchanged by the two companies. Presently a man, who is supposed to represent the enemy, stands forth and cries out, "Cut up! cut up! The temple receives;"* intimating, probably, that the enemy will certainly be cut

* "*Sai tava! Sai tava! Ka yau mai ka yavia a bure.*" Several Chiefs of whom I asked the precise meaning of this sentence, acknowledged that they could not tell, saying, "It has come down to us from past ages." Nor is this the only instance I have noticed of language having out-lived thought,—the form being preserved when the primitive idea is lost.

up, cooked, and offered to the gods. Then follow those who *bole*, or challenge. First comes the leader, and then others, singly at the beginning, but afterwards in companies of six, or ten, or twenty. It is impossible to tell all that is said when many are speaking at once; but there is no lack of bragging, if single challengers may be taken as specimens. One man runs up to the Chief, brandishes his club, and exclaims, "Sir, do you know me? Your enemies soon will!" Another darting forward, says, "See this hatchet, how clean! To-morrow it will be bathed in blood!" One cries out, "This is my club, the club that never yet was false!" The next, "This army moves to-morrow; then you shall eat dead men till you are surfeited!" A man, striking the ground violently with his club, boasts, "I cause the earth to tremble: it is I who meet the enemy to-morrow!" "See," exclaims another, "I hold a musket and a battle-axe! If the musket miss fire, the hatchet will not!" A fine young man stepped quietly towards a King, holding a pole used as an anchor for a canoe, and said, "See, Sire, the anchor of Natewa!* I will do thus with it!" And he broke the pole across his knee. A man, swinging a ponderous club, said, "This club is a defence, a shade from the heat of the sun, and the cold of the rain." Glancing at the Chief, he added, "You may come under it." A fiery youth ran up, as though breathless, crying out, "I long to be gone! I am impatient!" One of the same kind said, "Ah, ah! these boasters are deceivers! I only am a true man: in the battle you shall find me so." These "great swelling words" are listened to with mingled laughter and applause. Although the speeches of the warriors are marked with great earnestness, there is nothing of the horrifying grimace in which the New Zealander indulges on similar occasions. The fighting men have their bodies covered with black powder; some, however, confine this to the upper part only. An athletic warrior thus powdered, so as to make his skin wear a velvet-like blackness, has a truly formidable appearance, his eyes and teeth gleaming with very effective whiteness.

Fijians make a show of war at the *taqa*, but do no mischief, and incur no danger: and this is just what they like. The challenging is their delight; beyond it their ambition does not reach, and glory is without charms.

Notwithstanding the boasts of the braves, the Chief will sometimes playfully taunt them; intimating that, from their appearance, he should judge them to be better acquainted with spades than clubs, and fitter to use the digging-stick than the musket.

* The place against which they were going to fight.

Incentives to bravery are not withheld. Young women, and women of rank, are promised to such as shall, by their prowess, render themselves deserving. A woman given as a reward for valour is called, "The cable of the land;" and the Chief who gives her is esteemed a benefactor, his people testifying their gratitude by giving him a feast and presents. Promises of such rewards are made in a short speech, the substance of which is the same in all cases: "Be faithful to my cause; do not listen to those who call you to desert me. Your reward will be princely."

The forces collected for war rarely exceed in number a thousand men. An army of four or five thousand is only assembled by an immense effort. Sometimes flags are used, but they are only paltry affairs.

When all is ready, the army is led probably against some mountain fastness, or a town fortified with an earth rampart, about six feet thick, faced with large stones, surmounted by a reed-fence or cocoa-nut trunks, and surrounded by a muddy moat. Some of their fastnesses well deserve the name. One was visited by myself, where ten men might defy a host. After wearily climbing up a rugged path, hidden and encumbered with rank vegetation, I reached the verge of a precipice. This was the end of the path, and beyond it, at the distance of several yards, in the face of the cliff, was the entrance to the fortress. To get to this opening it was necessary to insert my toes in the natural crevices of the perpendicular rock, laying hold with my hands on any irregularity within reach, and thus move sideways until a small landing at the doorway was reached. Some of these strongholds have, in addition to their natural difficulty of access, strong palisades and stone breastworks pierced with loopholes. Sometimes a fortress has only one gateway, with a traverse leading to it; but from four to eight entrances are generally found. At the top of the gateway, on the inside, there is sometimes a raised and covered platform for a look-out. The gates are formed by strong sliding bars inside: without, on either side, are substantial bastions. Visitors capable of judging give the Fijians credit for skill in arranging these several parts, so as to afford an excellent defence even against musketry. The garrisons are often well provisioned, but ill watered.

Since the introduction of orange and lemon trees, some fortifications have a row of these in lieu of the wicker-like fence, and the naked natives fear these prickly living walls greatly. It is in garrisons that drums are used, and, by various beats, warning is given to friends outside of the approach of danger or an attack. By the same means

they defy the foe, as also by banners, and gaudy kite-like things which, when the wind favours, are flown in the direction of the enemy.

If a place, when attacked, is likely to hold out, an encampment is formed and a vigilant guard kept by the besiegers, and by each party the steps of the other seem to be counted. Such a position is not liked; but great advantages and easy conquest best suit the aggressors. An attack being decided upon, a command to that effect is issued by the Vu-ni-valu, who names the order in which the several companies are to advance, and specifies which is to have the honour of the first assault. The assailants then join in a sort of slogan and set off. If the country be favourable, they prefer a stealthy approach, and when a little beyond gun-shot from the fort, each man acts as though his chief duty were to take care of himself. Not a stone, bush, or tree, but has a man behind it, glad of anything to come between him and the fort; whence a strict watch is kept, until some straggler—perhaps a child—is exposed, and falls a victim. If the defenders of the place remain obstinate, the besiegers repeat the war-cry, to encourage each other and alarm the enemy. Numerous shots are now exchanged; and if those within are many and valorous, they make a sally, each man singling out his antagonist, and so the battle resolves itself into a number of single combats. Should the first detachment shoot and shout themselves tired, without drawing the enemy out, they are relieved by a second, who, if they succeed no better, are followed by a third, and so on. A rush from within generally makes the assaulting party run. This conduct is excused by a native proverb, which, in some shape or other, is to be found in almost every language, and which in Fiji, in the form of a couplet, waits ready on every warrior's lip.*

" 'Tis certain death to brave it out;
And but a jest to join the rout."

Nevertheless, obstinate resistance is sometimes made. Death or victory was declared in a striking way by the Chief of Mbua, Ngoneseuseu, at the beginning of the present century. He and his second in command—Ndungawangka—ordered the heads of two stately nut-trees to be cut off, and sent a messenger to the enemy, the Chief of Raviravi, to tell what was done, and defy him to do his worst. Both sides exerted themselves to the utmost, and a bloody battle ensued. The symbolic act of the Mbua Chiefs proved ominous of their own fate; for their own heads and hundreds more of their followers (an eye-witness says, a

* "*A vosota, na mate:*
A dro na ka ni veiwale."

thousand) were cut off and placed in a row, and desolation was spread by the victors over all the western coast of Vanua Levu.

Sharp and irritating remarks are exchanged by hostile parties previous to an engagement. Thus a commander will cry out loudly, so that both sides may hear, "The *men* of that fort have been dead a long while; those who occupy it now are a set of old women." Another, addressing his followers, says derisively, "Are they gods who hold yonder guns? Are they not mere men? They are only men. We have nothing then to fear; for *we are truly men*." Such speeches elicit others of like kind from the enemy. "You are men! But are you so strong that, if speared to-day, you will not fall until to-morrow?" "Are you stones, that a bullet will not enter you? Are your skulls iron, that a hatchet will not cleave them?"

Under the excitement of the time, indiscreet men have been known to utter special threats against the leader of the enemy. Shouting his name, they declare their intention to cut out his tongue, eat his brains, and make a cup of his skull. Such boasters become at once marked men: orders are given to take them alive, and woful is their lot, if captured. On Vanua Levu, the punishment awaiting such is called *drewai sasa*, after the manner in which women carry fuel. A large bundle of dry cocoa-nut leaves is bound across the shoulders of the offender, so as to pinion him effectually. The ends of the bundle, which project several feet on either side, are then ignited, and the bearer of the burning mass is turned loose to run wherever his torment may drive him. The exultation of the spectators rises in proportion as the agony of the sufferer becomes more intense.

Wars in Fiji are sometimes bloodless, and result only in the destruction of property; but in cases where the contest is of a purely civil kind, fruit-trees are often spared until the obstinacy of the enemy exhausts the patience of the rest, and a general destruction takes place. An opinion has frequently been expressed that the natives are sharp enough to dodge the bullets; which means that they watch the flash of the gun, and instantly fall flat on the ground. Of their ability to dodge stones, thrown thickly and with good aim, I am a witness.

Open attack is less esteemed in Fiji than stratagem or surprise, and to these their best men trust for success and fame. Their plots are often most treacherous, and exhibit heartless cruelty, without ingenuity.

A Rakiraki Chief named Wangkawai agreed to help the Chief of Na Korovatu, who was engaged in war. Of course Wangkawai and his party must *bole*; and the ceremony was finished joyously. As the earnest for payment was being presented by the Na Korovatu Chief,

Wangkawai struck him dead with his club ; at which preconcerted signal his armed attendants attacked and murdered the friends of the fallen Chief,—a catastrophe which the treacherous ally had been meditating for years.

Mbau wished to take the town on Naingani, but could not. The Viwa Chief, Namosemalua, being applied to, readily undertook the task. He went to the people of Naingani as their friend, offering to place them out of the reach of Mbau, by removing them to a place under his own power. They assented, and followed him to the seaside, where he helped the Mbau people to murder them. Other similar instances might be related. Relatives within a garrison are often bribed to befriend the besiegers by burning the town or opening the gates. By the use of such means, far more than open fighting, wars are sometimes very destructive. Old natives speak of as many as a thousand being killed in some of the battles when they were young men ; but I doubt whether the slain ever amounted to more than half that number. From twenty to a hundred more commonly cover the list of killed. The largest number, within my own knowledge of Fiji, was at Rewa, in 1846, when about four hundred—chiefly women and children—were slain. Horrific beyond description is the scene when a town is taken, and instances are narrated of the inhabitants seeking deliverance from such horrors by self-destruction. A remarkable shelf of rocks is pointed out on the island of Wakaya, whence a Chief, unable to resist his enemies, precipitated himself. Many of his people followed his example. The shelf is called, "The Chieftain's Leap." In sacking a place every man regards what he can pick up as his own. The spoil is generally small ; for nearly every town and village has a natural magazine, where they store everything valuable on the slightest alarm. I have several times been myself the cause of towns being thus emptied. The sight of my canoe in the distance suggested the thought of oppressive Chiefs or cruel foes, and the wisdom of secreting property. On one occasion, I met a string of laden women thus employed, whose undisguised terror was soon followed by every mark of joy, when assured that we were only friends. Once I saw a Chief with seven balls of sinnet, several dogs, and five female slaves, as his share of spoil ; but I believe that part of this was pay, and part plunder.

In a pitched battle comparatively little mischief is done. Flesh wounds are inflicted by spears or bullets, until one of the combatants falls, when his friends run away with him, the enemy following for a short distance ; when, if the wounded or dead man is not cast away, they return to exaggerate their own prowess, and the numbers of killed

and wounded on the other side. Yet, altogether the total loss of life in consequence of war, amounting probably to 1,500 or 2,000 *per annum*, has hitherto told heavily on the population of Fiji; and perhaps the number here stated does not include the widows who are strangled on the death of their lords. The introduction of fire-arms has tended to diminish war. The fact that bullets are so promiscuous in their work, striking a Chief as well as commoner men, makes the people less disposed than ever to come to fighting, while their faith in the diviner qualities of their commanders is much shaken.

Captives are sometimes taken, and are treated with incredible barbarity. Some have been given up to boys of rank, to practise their ingenuity in torture. Some, when stunned, were cast into hot ovens; and when the fierce heat brought them back to consciousness and urged them to fearful struggles to escape, the loud laughter of the spectators bore witness to their joy at the scene. Children have been hung by their feet from the mast-head of a canoe, to be dashed to death, as the rollings of the vessel swung them heavily against the mast.

The return of a victorious party is celebrated with the wildest joy; and if they bring the bodies of the slain foes, the excitement of the women, who go out to welcome the returning warriors, is intense. This custom of the women greeting the conquerors at once suggests a comparison with eastern, and especially Hebrew, usage. But among the Fijians, all that could be admired in the other case is brutalized and abominable. The words of the women's song may not be translated; nor are the obscene gestures of their dance, in which the young virgins are compelled to take part, or the foul insults offered to the corpses of the slain, fit to be described. And who that has witnessed the scene on the canoes at such a time, can forget it, or help shrinking with horror from the thought of its repetition? Dead men or women are tied on the fore-part of the canoe, while on the main deck their murderers, like triumphant fiends, dance madly among the flourishing of clubs and sun shades, and confused din. At intervals they bound upon the deck with a shrill and terrible yell, expressive of unchecked rage and deadly hatred. The corpses, when loosed, are dragged with frantic running and shouts to the temple, where they are offered to the god, before being cooked. On these occasions, the ordinary social restrictions are destroyed, and the unbridled and indiscriminate indulgence of every evil lust and passion completes the scene of abomination.

Modes of treating for peace vary. In some instances a woman of rank is dressed in highest Fijian style, and presented, with whales' teeth in her hand, to the hostile Chief, to procure peace. More generally

an ordinary Ambassador is deputed, who offers a whale's tooth, or some other *soro*, in the name of the people. The terms dictated to the conquered are severe, including, generally, the destruction of their town and its defences, and the abject servitude of its inhabitants. In the Mbua district, hostilities are closed very appropriately. On a set day, the two parties meet, and throw down their arms at each other's feet. At the time, dread of treachery often makes them fear, as they give up their weapons; but afterwards a security is felt which nothing else could produce.

Fijian warfare is very expensive, especially when foreign aid is called in; for the allies have not only to be fed, but enjoy full licence to overrun the territory of their friends, and appropriate whatever they choose, beside committing everywhere acts of the most wanton mischief and destruction. "O!" said an old man to me after the departure of a host of such subsidiaries, "our young men have been to the gardens, but the sight dispirited them, and they have returned home to weep."

It is customary throughout Fiji to give honorary names to such as have clubbed a human being, of any age or either sex, during a war. The new epithet is given with the complimentary prefix, *Koroi*. I once asked a man why he was called *Koroi*. "Because," he replied, "I, with several other men, found some women and children in a cave, drew them out and clubbed them, and then was *consecrated*." If the man killed has been of distinguished rank, the slayer is allowed to take his name; or he is honoured by being styled the *comb*, the *dog*, the *canoe*, or the *fort* of some great living Chief. Warriors of rank receive proud titles; such as, "the divider of" a district, "the waster of" a coast, "the depopulator of" an island; the name of the place in question being affixed. A practice analogous to this is recorded frequently in both sacred and classical history. I had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of consecration, as carried out in the case of a young man of the highest rank in Somosomo. The King and leading men having taken their seats in the public square, fourteen mats were brought and spread out, and upon these were placed a bale of cloth, and two whales' teeth. Near by was laid a sail mat, and on it several men's dresses. The young Chief now made his appearance, bearing in one hand a large pine-apple club, and in the other a common reed, while his long train of *masi* dragged on the ground behind him. On his reaching the mats, an old man took the reed out of the hero's hand, and dispatched a youth to deposit it carefully in the temple of the war-god. The King then ordered the young Chief to stand upon the bale of cloth; and while he obeyed, a number of women came into the square, bringing small dishes

of turmeric mixed with oil, which they placed before the youth, and retired with a song. The *masi* was now removed by the Chief himself, an attendant substituting one much larger in its stead. The King's Mata next selected several dishes of the coloured oil, and anointed the warrior from the roots of the hair to his heels. At this stage of the proceedings one of the spectators stepped forward and exchanged clubs with the anointed, and soon another did the same; then one left him a gun in place of the club; and many similar changes were effected, under a belief that the weapons thus passing through his hands derived some virtue. The mats were now removed, and a portion of them sent to the temple, some of the turmeric being sent after them. The King and old men, followed by the young men, and two men sounding conchs, now proceeded to the sea-side, where the anointed one passed through the ancients to the water's edge, and, having wet the soles of his feet, returned, while the King and those with him counted one, two, three, four, five, and then each threw a stone into the sea. The whole company now went back to the town with blasts of the trumpet-shells, and a peculiar hooting of the men. Custom requires that a hut should be built, in which the anointed man and his companions may pass the next three nights, during which time the new-named hero must not lie down, but sleep as he sits: he must not change his *masi*, or remove the turmeric, or enter a house in which there is a woman, until that period has elapsed. In the case now described, the hut had not been built, and the young Chief was permitted to use the temple of the god of war instead. During the three days, he was on an incessant march, followed by half a score lads reddened like himself. After three weeks he paid me a visit, on the first day of his being permitted to enter a house in which there was a female. He informed me that his new name was *Kuila*, "Flag."

In some parts of Fiji, after each conflict, the parties tell each other of their losses; but more generally they conceal them. If a valiant man has fallen, his friends place his *masi* on a pole in sight of the enemy, thereby declaring their intention to be revenged. If an enemy come by sea, he is defied by men running into the water and striking it with their clubs.

The arms chiefly used by the Fijians are the club, the spear, the battle-axe, the bow, the sling, and the musket. The club is the favourite weapon, and has many varieties, some of which, however, answer more to the mace, and others, of very hard, heavy wood, wrought with a broad blade-like end and sharp edge, are more fitly classed with the battle-axe. A variety of the *dromo* resembles the spiked mace of the

Scythians; the *dui* approaches the double axe of the Phrygians, and the *totokea* is like a spiked hammer, while very many are like the club described by Spenser, as

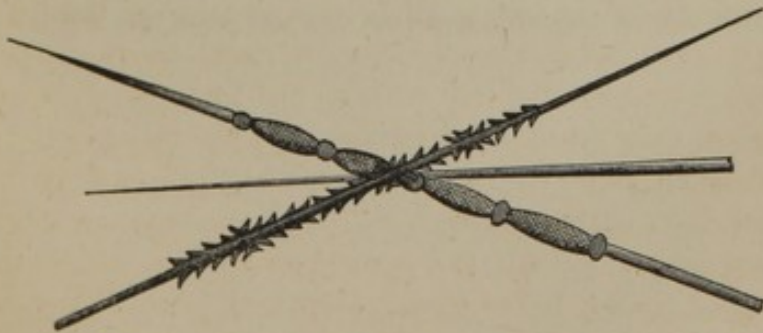
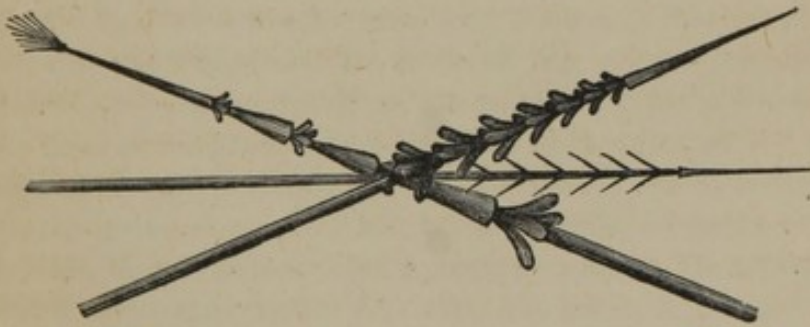
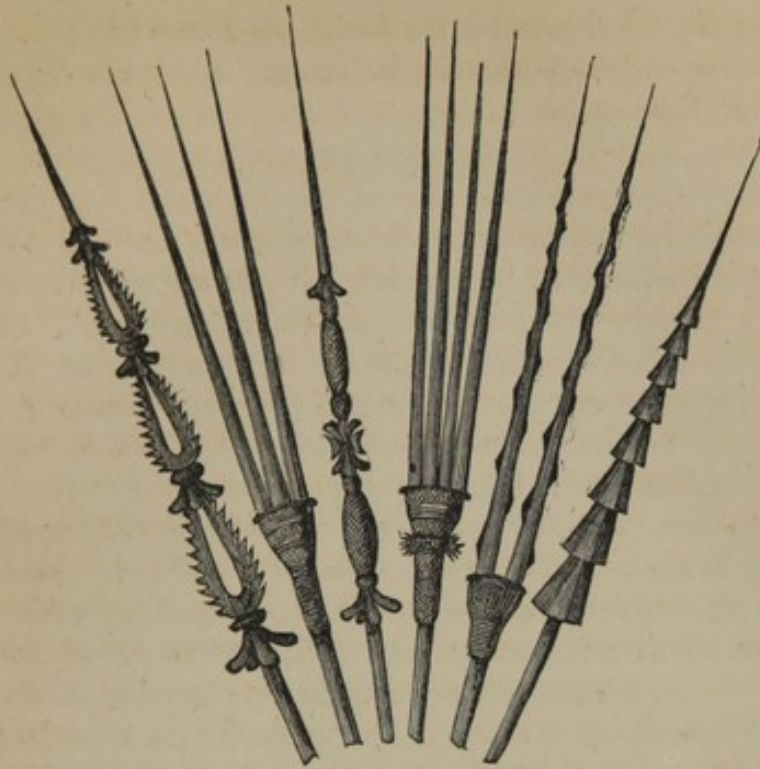
“All armed with ragged snubbes and knottie graine.”

Of Fijian spears or javelins there is a great variety, having from one to four points, and showing a round, square, or semicircular section. Some are armed with the thorns of the sting-ray, some are barbed, and some formed of a wood which bursts when moist, so that it can scarcely be extracted from a wound. They are deadly weapons, generally of heavy wood, and from ten to fifteen feet long. One variety is significantly called, “*The priest is too late.*” In hard sieges the bow is sometimes used with effect by women. Fiery arrows are occasionally employed to burn a place into submission. The sling is wielded by powerful hands. I saw a musket which had been struck by a slung stone. The barrel was considerably indented and bent nearly half an inch in its length. Another weapon much used is the missile club, which is worn stuck in the girdle, sometimes in pairs, like pistols. It resembles the *induku* of the Kaffirs, a short stick with a large knob at one end, either plain or ornamented. This is hurled with great precision, and used formerly to be the favourite implement of assassination.

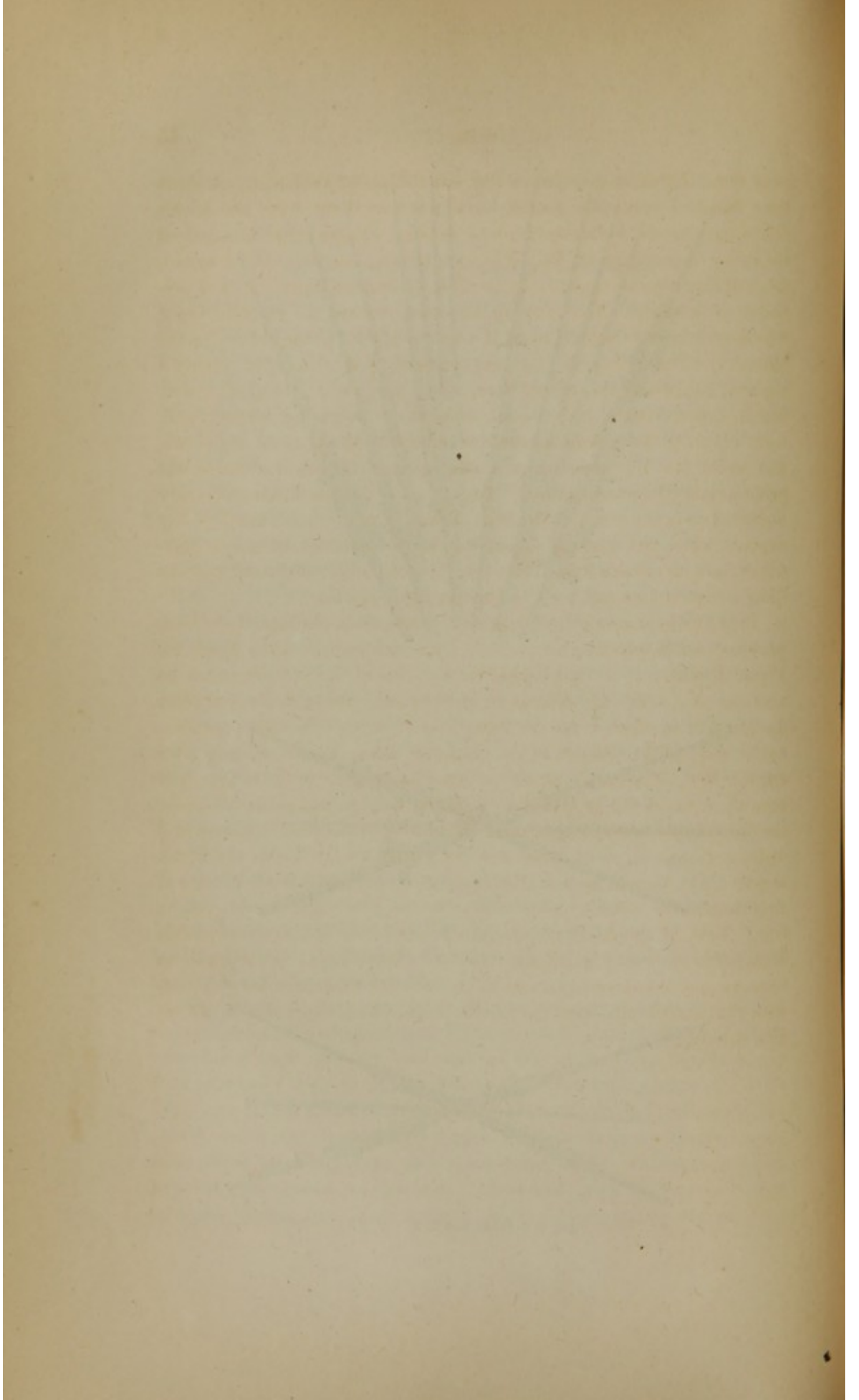
Clubs—the most primitive weapon—are, as already stated, greatly prized by the Fijian. Those which belong to distinguished warriors have emphatic names, *e. g.*: *A sautu, lamolamora*, “For war, though all be at peace.” *Na tagi, ka kere bole*, “The weeping” (*i. e.*, for the dead I slew) “urges me again to action.” *Veitalakote*, “The disperser.” *Kadiga ni damuni*, “Damaging beyond hope.”

Defensive armour is not used. Security is sought by many in disguise. This is especially the case with men of rank. Bamboo spikes are set in the approaches to a fort, and burnt cross-wise so as to break off into the foot. Sometimes these are planted in a shallow trench, and lightly covered over with earth.

Regarding it from any point of view whatever, there is scarcely anything to excite admiration in Fijian warfare; and the deeds of which they boast most proudly, are such as the truly brave would scorn. Nevertheless I own to having felt keenly when taking leave of Chiefs who were going direct to war. Although nearly naked, their step was proud, and their carriage truly martial. More than one I have known who paced haughtily forth like a war-horse to the battle, to be soon after dragged ignobly to the oven. Here and there an instance occurs of manly daring, intelligent activity, and bold enterprise; but such are



SPEAR-HEADS. p. 44.

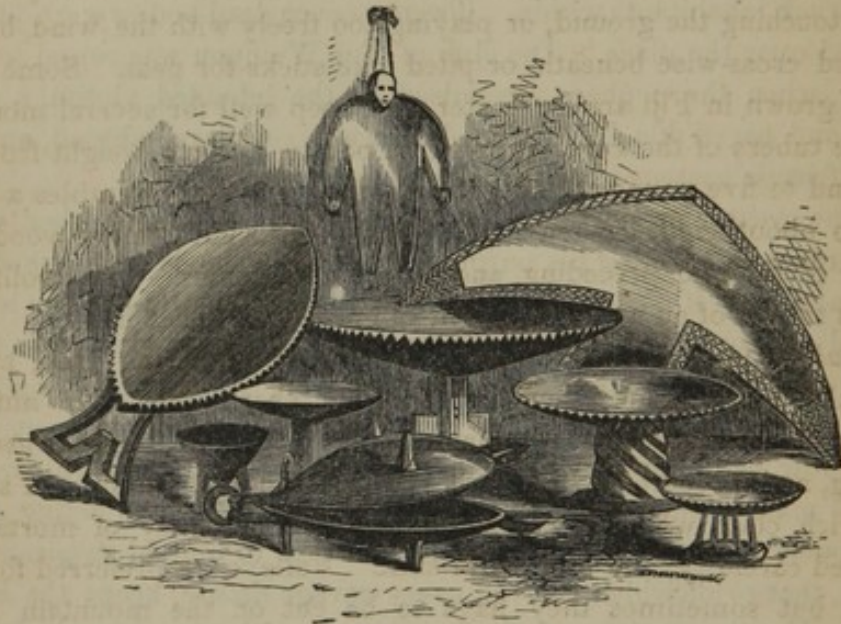


very few. Of these memorable few was a Chief of Wainunu. A short time before I settled in Vanua Levu, this man drove from him all his influential friends, by a resolution to destroy a place which they desired to save. An enemy of Tui Wainunu, hearing that he was deserted, deemed this a good opportunity to make a descent upon him, and prepared accordingly. His purpose, however, reached the watchful Chief, who determined at once to meet the emergency by acting himself on the offensive. Depending on his own prowess and that of a youthful nephew, he gathered a few old men, whom age, rather than inclination, had kept near him, and proceeded by night to storm his enemy's position. He and his young comrade entered the village about day-break, and, while the old men shouted amain outside, plied their clubs on the panic-struck inhabitants within. Twenty-seven dead bodies were quickly scattered over the place. The club of Tui Wainunu was raised to slay another, when the nephew recognised, in the intended victim, a play-fellow, and saved his life. This deed was soon blazed abroad, and the Chief's friends hastened back to him through very fear.

In the greater proportion, however, of the most distinguished cases, perseverance in effecting his purpose, by *some* means, is all to which the Fijian attains. If it be pleaded on his behalf that his valour has no artificial supports,—no helmet or steel breast-plate to shield him from danger, and no fleet horse to carry him from it,—that he opposes a naked body to the dangers of the battle, all this is admitted; yet, after all, the low estimate at which he rates life negatives his valour, and robs the mass of the people of all claim to be regarded as acting under the impulse of nobler emotions. In addition to mutual suspicion and distrust, that pride which rules in every savage nature, keeps the Fijian at war. He likes to take another's property without asking for it, and to trample the owner under foot with impunity; and hence goes to war. Few of this kind care for glory, and fewer still are susceptible of a noble or really patriotic impulse. They make pretensions to bravery, and speak of strife and battle with the tongues of heroes; yet, with rare exceptions, meet the hardships and danger of war with effeminate timidity.

CHAPTER IV.

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCE, ETC.



PRIESTS' BOWLS.

It is pleasing to turn from the horrible scenes of barbarous war, to the gentler and more profitable occupations of peace, of which the tillage of the soil seems always the attractive type.

At this point there is observable one of the strange and almost anomalous blendings of opposite traits in the Fijian character. Side by side with the wildest savagism, we find among the natives of this group an attention to agriculture, and a variety of cultivated produce, not to be found among any other of the numerous islands of the western Pacific. It is observed that the increase of cultivated plants is regular on receding from the Hawaiian group up to Fiji, where roots and fruits are found that are unknown on the more eastern islands.* The natives raise large

* Pickering's "Races of Man," p. 153.

quantities of taro, yams, kawai, banana, kumera, and sugar-cane. Rows of maize and ti-tree, and patches of tobacco, are often seen, and the papua-apple is cultivated. Some of these things are too familiar to need any minute description.

Of yams there are in Fiji the usual varieties, and, in some parts of the group, two crops are raised in the year. Ordinary tubers of this valuable plant weigh from six to twelve pounds; extraordinary, from thirty to one hundred pounds. I have raised yams in my own garden nearly six feet in length, and weighing eighty pounds. A teacher on the island of Ono gave a yam nearly nine feet long to a Missionary's child, as a birth-day present. The soil is well cleared for the reception of the plants, which are placed in mounds, and the vines prevented from touching the ground, or playing too freely with the wind, by reeds planted cross-wise beneath, or piled like sticks for peas. Some of the yams grown in Fiji are for barter, and keep well for several months.

The tubers of the *kumera*, or sweet potato, vary in weight from half a pound to five pounds. The *kawai*, or sweet yam, resembles a kidney potato about eight or ten inches long. The vine is more woody than either of the two preceding, and armed with spines. It is prolific, and yields tubers of an average weight of one pound and a half.

Dalo (*Arum esculentum*) is the *taro* of sea-faring men, and the Fijian's "staff of life," surpassing all his other esculents in nutritious value. One kind is grown on dry soil. Irrigated taro beds are generally oblong, and prepared with much labour. The most approved soil is a stiff, rich clay, which is worked into the consistency of mortar, and watered carefully, and often with skill. Valleys are preferred for these beds; but sometimes they have to be cut on the mountain slopes, which, when thus terraced with mature taro patches, present as beautiful a spectacle as any kind of agriculture can furnish. The deep, rich green of the broad leaves, which rise three feet or more from their watery beds in rank and file, contrasts beautifully with the profuse but irregular vegetation of the uncultivated ground. The root is oval in outline, and of a dark or light slate-colour, showing in section an appearance like finely veined marble. It is propagated by setting the tops of the ripe roots in deep holes prepared in the clay, and bringing to mind the celery-beds at home in England. In ten or twelve months the taro is fit to be drawn up, and yields well. From one to four pounds is a common weight; not unusually eight, ten, or twelve pounds. I weighed one head without the skin, and it reached twenty-one pounds and a half. The acrid taste of the raw root is removed by cooking, which renders the taro a useful and delicious food, the substitute for bread to the

natives, and greatly esteemed by foreigners. As a vegetable, it is served up entire, and, made into paste, forms the chief ingredient in many native puddings. The leaves, when boiled, eat like those of the mercury, and the petiole is little inferior to asparagus.

Qai or *masawe* (*Dracæna terminalis*)—the ti-tree—costs little care. Its slight stem, crowned with a tuft of lanceolate leaves, is sometimes seen in rows on the edge of a yam bed. The root weighs from ten to forty pounds, and is used, after being baked, as liquorice, or for sweetening made dishes.

The banana and plantain are well known, and have been frequently described. The beautiful leaf of the former, when young, becomes the "mackintosh" of Fiji, by being warmed over the fire, and made into water-proof covers for the head. It is also used as a sort of cloth in which to tie up certain kinds of food, in the preparation of which oil has been used. On a remarkably fine specimen of this tree, I counted as many as one hundred and eighty in one bunch of the fruit. The natives cultivate at least thirty varieties, the fruits of which vary in form and size. It is propagated by suckers, four or six of which rise from the roots of the old tree. Beside its use as a simple vegetable and a fruit, it forms a stew with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut, and stuffed with the grated nut makes a pudding. The white residents use it in pies, and procure from it by fermentation a superior vinegar. Dried in balls, it is little inferior to cured figs. This, with the bread-fruit tree, is among the most useful productions of the islands. The fibrous stem has never been used by the natives for cordage.

Sugar-cane is grown in large quantities, and thrives well, ripening in twelve or fourteen months. The canes girt from three to seven inches, and their juice appeases both hunger and thirst; it is also used in cookery. The leaves are largely employed for thatch.

Considerable care is bestowed in some parts of the islands on the cultivation of the *yaqona*, (*Piper methisticum*,) the *cava* of voyagers. The root, prized for its narcotic properties, and yielding the native grog, is the part most valued, and that which consequently receives the most care. So successfully is this root cultivated, as to be brought sometimes to a great weight. I had one at Somosomo weighing one hundred and forty pounds.

Another and very important object of agricultural attention in Fiji is the paper mulberry, (*Broussonetia*), known to the natives as *masi* or *malo*. A *malo* plantation is like a nursery of young trees, having an average height of ten feet, and a girth of three and a half inches. It supplies the people with their principal clothing.

Other vegetables, of immense value to the native, but yielding their benefit spontaneously, and without adding to his toil, will be noticed in connexion with the parts where they severally most abound.

The agricultural implements of the Fijians are few and simple; yet a notice of them may please the curious.

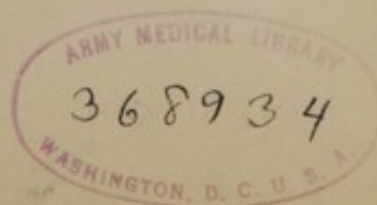
A tool, lancet-shaped, and about a yard long, made of hard wood, is used in breaking down and clearing away the brushwood and coarse grass, which, when dry, is burnt. The ground thus cleared is ready for the digging-stick—the plough of Fiji. This tool is generally made of a young mangrove tree, not larger or longer than the handle of an ordinary hay-fork. The bark is kept on, except at the end which is used for digging, and which is tapered off on one side after the shape of a quill tooth-pick. In digging, this flattened side is kept downwards. When preparing a piece of ground for yams, a number of men are employed, divided into groups of three or four. Each man being furnished with a digging-stick, they drive them into the ground so as to enclose a circle of about two feet in diameter. When, by repeated strokes, the sticks reach the depth of eighteen inches, they are used as levers, and the mass of soil between them is thus loosened and raised.

Two or three lads follow with short sticks, and break the clods, which are afterwards pulverized by hand, and formed into mounds, in the summits of which the yam-set is placed. Thus the best use is made of the light soil, and the training of the vines facilitated, which run from mound to mound, until nothing is seen but an expanse of matted verdure. Before this is the case, the land has to be weeded several times; an operation which is accomplished by means of a tool used like a Dutch hoe, the workman squatting so as to bring the handle nearly level with the ground. The blade used formerly to be made of a bone from the back of a turtle, or a plate of tortoise-shell, or the valve of a large oyster, or large kind of pinna. An oval iron blade or toy spades are fast superseding these.

Among the taro beds of the windward group I saw a large dibble in use, eight feet long, and the lower part eighteen inches in circumference at about two feet from the point, to which it tapered.

A pruning knife was made of a plate of tortoise-shell lashed to the end of a rod ten feet long. This implement was also a mark of rank. But Sheffield blades have long since taken its place, and hatchets, plane-irons, spades, and butchers' knives have produced a great change, and given the present generation a vast superiority over those preceding it, in the facilities thus gained for producing food.

An annual or triennial change of their planting grounds, with occa-



sional drainage or irrigation, constitute the entire system of tilth throughout the islands.

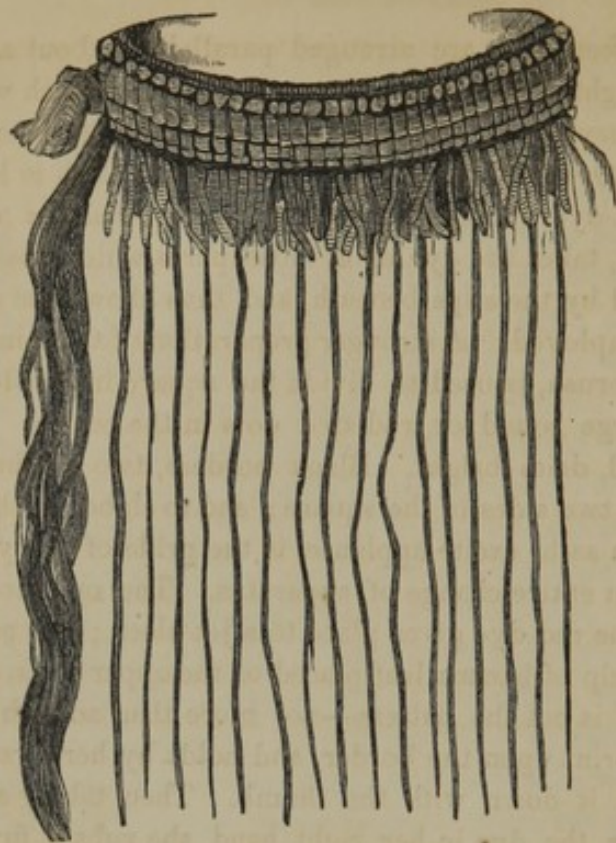
While the men are busy gardening, the women have important work to perform in-doors, a great part of the manufactured produce of Fiji coming from their hands, though receiving some addition from the mechanical skill of the men. In respect of its manufactures, also, Fiji has always had a pre-eminence over other groups; a fact which did not escape the observant eye of Captain Cook, who thus writes about some Fijians whom he saw at Tonga: "It appeared to me that the Feejee men whom we now saw were much respected here: they seem to excel the inhabitants of Tongataboo in ingenuity, if we might judge from several specimens of their skill in workmanship which we saw; such as clubs and spears, which were carved in a masterly manner, cloth beautifully checkered, variegated mats, earthen pots, and some other articles; all of which had a cast of superiority in their execution." The Captain certainly formed a correct idea of the points wherein the Fijian is superior to his neighbours. In printing cloth he particularly excels; but very large quantities of this article are used in its white state. The process of manufacturing the native cloth, or *masi*, has peculiar interest, inasmuch as in some parts—New Zealand, for instance,—where it was once made, the art is now lost; and among the Fijians, also, the manufacture must inevitably cease, as the demand for the *masi* declines before the more durable textures of English looms.

The bark of the malo tree is taken off in strips as long as possible, and then steeped in water, to facilitate the separation of the epidermis, which is effected by a large volute shell. In this state the *masi* is kept for some time, although fit for immediate use. A log flattened on the top side is so fixed as to spring a little; and on this the strips of *masi* are beaten with an *iki*, or mallet, about two inches square, and grooved longitudinally on three of its sides. Two lengths of the wet *masi* are generally beaten together, in order to secure greater strength; the gluten which they contain being sufficient to keep their fibres united. A two-inch strip can thus be beaten out to the width of a foot and a half; but the length is at the same time reduced. The pieces are neatly lapped together with the starch of the taro, or arrow-root boiled whole, and thus reach a length of many yards. I measured a dress intended for a King on a festive day, and found its length to be one hundred and eighty yards. The "widths" are also joined by the same means laterally, so as to form pieces of fifteen or thirty feet square; and upon these the ladies exhaust their ornamenting skill. The middle of the square is printed with a red brown, by the following process. Upon a convex

some drainage or irrigation, and the entire system of till through out the island.

While the men are busy husbanding the women have important work to perform in doing a great part of the manufactured produce of Fiji coming from their hands, though receiving some addition from the mechanical skill of the men. In respect of its manufacture, also, Fiji has always had a pre-eminence over other groups; a fact which did not escape the observant eye of Captain Cook, who thus writes about some Fijians whom he saw at Tonga: "It appeared to me that the Tongan men whom we now saw were much respected here; they seem to excel the inhabitants of Taveuni in ingenuity, if we might judge from several specimens of their skill in workmanship which we saw; such as clubs and spears, which were carved in a masterly manner, cloth beautifully checked, variegated mats, certain pots, and some other articles; all of which had a cast of superiority in their execution." The Captain certainly formed a correct idea of the points wherein the Fijians are superior to his neighbours. In regard to their particularly exact; but very large quantities of this article are used in the white state. The process of manufacturing the native cloth, or what has peculiar interest inasmuch as in some parts—New Zealand, for instance—where it was once made, the art is now lost; and among the Fijians also, the manufacture most essential to them, as the demand for the same declines before the more durable textures of English woollen goods.

The bark of the cane tree is taken off in strips as long as possible, and also steeped in water, to facilitate the separation of the epidermis, which is effected by a large volume shell. In this state the mass is kept for some time, although in the immediate use. A log flattened on the top side is cut up as to spring a knife; and on the side strips of bark are beaten with an old or mallet, about two inches square, and grooved longitudinally on three of its sides. Two lengths of the wet bark are generally beaten together, in order to secure greater strength; the fibres which they contain being sufficient to keep their fibres united. A two-inch strip can thus be beaten out to the width of a foot and a half; but the length is at the same time reduced. The process is neatly lapped together with the starch of the taro, or arrow-root boiled whole, and thus reach a length of many yards. I measured a drive intended for a flag on a festive day, and found its length to be one hundred and eighty yards. "The" within" are also joined by the same means laterally, as to form pieces of fifteen or thirty feet square; and upon these the ladies exhibit their ornamenting skill. The middle of the square is printed with a red brown, by the following process. Upon a convex



board, several feet long, are arranged parallel, at about a finger-width apart, thin straight strips of bamboo, a quarter of an inch wide: by the side of these, curved pieces, formed of the mid-rib of cocoa-nut leaflets, are arranged. Over the board thus prepared the cloth is laid, and rubbed over with a dye obtained from the *lauci* (*Aleurites triloba*). The cloth, of course, takes the dye upon those parts which receive pressure, being supported by the slips beneath, and thus shows the same pattern in the colour employed. A stronger preparation of the same dye, laid on with a sort of brush, is used to divide the square into oblong compartments, with large round or radiated dots in the centre. The *kesa*, or dye, when good, dries bright. Blank borders, two or three feet wide, are still left on two sides of the square; and to elaborate the ornamentation of these, so as to excite applause, is the pride of every Fijian lady. There is now an entire change of apparatus. The operator works on a plain board; the red dye gives place to a jet black; her pattern is now formed by a strip of banana leaf placed on the upper surface of the cloth. Out of the leaf is cut the pattern—not more than an inch long—which she wishes to print upon the border, and holds by her first and middle finger, pressing it down with the thumb. Then taking a soft pad of cloth steeped in the dye in her right hand, she rubs it firmly over the stencil, and a fair, sharp figure, is made. The practised fingers of the women move quickly, but it is, after all, a tedious process. When finished, these large squares are used as mosquito-curtains, a comfort which the Fijian enjoys, but of which his neighbours are ignorant. In the work above described the Lakemba women excel. On the island of Matuku very pretty curtains are made; but the pattern is large and covers the entire square, while the spaces between the black lines are filled in with red and yellow.

On Kandavu a strong kind of *masi* is made, called *liti*, which is the work of men, who leave the women to do the garden labour.

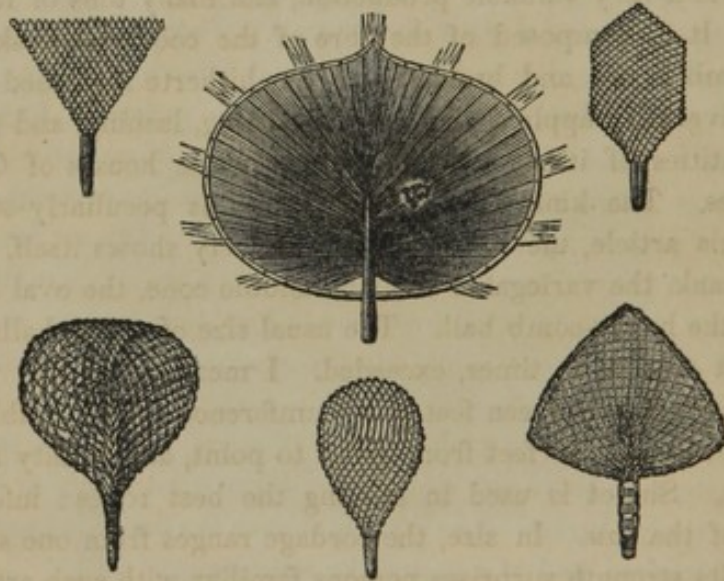
The becoming turban worn by Fijian men is a finely prepared *masi* of only one thickness, and of a gauze-like appearance.

Women's dresses—*liku*—are braided by the women. The bark of the *vau*, (a kind of *hibiscus*,) the fibre of a wild root, and some kinds of grass, are used in making the *liku*, which, while in progress, the women hold by the great toe of the right foot. This dress is a cincture, or broad band of beautiful variegated braid-work, with a fringe from three to ten inches deep.

A variety of this dress is made from the stem of a parasite, called *walooa*, which, when in use, is a bright jet black, and very pliable.

Second in importance to the beating of cloth, is the making of mats.

Of these there are many varieties, and the number used is considerable. An intelligent native, on seeing a mat, can generally tell whence it was brought, each island showing a peculiarity, either in the material used, or the manner in which it is plaited. Beside the rough mat made of the cocoa-nut leaf, the women make floor, sail, sleeping, and nursing mats. Large floor mats are twenty-six by sixteen feet, the square of the plait varying from one to two inches. Ornamental borders are from one braid to six inches wide, and display considerable taste. Shreds of coloured English print or worsted, and white feathers, are often worked in the edges. Sail-mats vary in width from eighteen inches to four feet, and in length from nine to three hundred feet: the usual length is fifteen or twenty feet. The worst plait comes from Rewa, the best from Moala. Bed-mats may be divided into mats for lying on, and soft ones for lying in: these are often eight feet long, by five wide. The mats thus far named are sometimes chequered with black. A valuable kind is made at Ono, with a plait from one-eighth to a quarter of an inch in width. The native name of this kind intimates that its use is prohibited to



FANS AND SUN-SCREENS.

common people. Sometimes a neat angular ornament is wrought into the matting, and one rare kind has a ridge running down the middle of each braid.

The materials used in the construction of these useful articles, are the leaf of the dwarf *pandanus*, of the *pandanus odoratissima*, and a rush gathered from swamps.

Closely connected with the above is the art of basket-making. The baskets made of the same materials as the matting, are flat and oblong,

presenting an unending variety of pattern. Sometimes double baskets are seen, some covered, and some neatly edged with sinnet. "The wicker-work baskets of Fiji," writes the Rev. W. Lawry, "are strong, handsome, and useful, beyond any I have seen at home or abroad." Baskets of this kind are made small, and also exceedingly large. Another branch of the art of braid-work is fan-making. These things, in Fiji, are marked by variety, neatness, and utility.

The making of nets next demands notice. The women make theirs of the vine, of a creeper known as the *yaka*, which, after sundry steepings and scrapings, is twisted into a strong twine, and then netted. Nets are from three feet to more than three fathoms long, and from eighteen inches to six feet deep. The turtle-fishers make their nets of sinnet; or, when this is not to be had, of the bark of the *hibiscus*. All have the same plan of netting in every respect as that used in England: the needle is the same, and the mesh flat. Shrimping-nets, seines, and turtle-nets, are used all over the group, and are weighted, when necessary, with shells closely strung along the bottom.

Sinnet is a very valuable production, and many tons of it are made annually. It is composed of the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk, dried by baking, combed out and braided, and has hitherto furnished the Fijian with a universally applied means of fastening, lashing, and wrapping: large quantities of it are used about canoes, the houses of Chiefs, and the temples. The kind used for turtle-nets is peculiarly strong. In winding this article, the native love for variety shows itself. There is the plain hank, the variegated roll, the double cone, the oval and round balls, and the honey-comb ball. The usual size of sinnet-balls has been stated; but this is, at times, exceeded. I measured a roll which was nine feet high and thirteen feet in circumference. One double cone of fine sinnet was twelve feet from point to point, and twenty feet in circumference. Sinnet is used in making the best ropes: inferior ones are made of the *vau*. In size, the cordage ranges from one strand to a cable, and its strength surprises persons familiar with such articles.

The Fijian is also distinguished from all the South Sea islanders eastward in his potteries, where are produced various utensils of red and brown ware. The drinking vessels are often prettily designed, some being globular, some urn-shaped, others like three or four oranges joined together, the handle springing from each and meeting at the top; others, again, are made in the forms of canoes. Earthen arrow-root pans, dye-bowls, and fish-pots, are in great demand. A very neat bowl is made in imitation of the section of a ribbed flower. The greatest call, however, is for cooking-pots. Several of these are found in every

house ; and as they are not very durable, the demand is brisk. I saw one large pot capable of holding a hogshead, and having four apertures, to facilitate its being filled or emptied. Ordinary cooking vessels contain from five to ten gallons, and their shape seems to have been suggested by the nest of a sort of black bee common in the islands. In the manufacture of their pottery, the Fijians employ red and blue clays tempered with sand : their apparatus consists merely of a ring-like cushion, four flat mallets, (*tata*,) and a round flat stone ; and yet the pots are often made with as true an outline as if they had been turned with a wheel. Lines and figures are traced on the vessels while yet moist ; and after drying a few days, a number of them are placed together, and covered over with very light fuel, such as reeds, nut leaves, grass, etc. : this is set on fire, and by the time it is burnt out, the pots are baked. While yet hot, such as are to be glazed are rubbed over



FIJIAN POTTERY.

with the resin of a species of pine. They are now fit for the market. Women have the making of pottery entirely in their own hands, and the art, moreover, seems to be confined to the women of sailors and fishermen.

On Vanua Levu, good salt, but of a sandy colour, is procured by evaporation, and preserved near the fire in baskets made for the purpose. In the same locality small quantities of sugar are boiled.

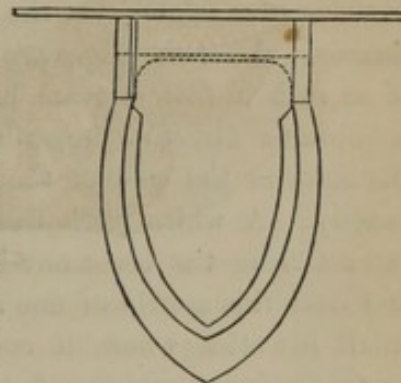
Fish is cured by smoking, after which, in some parts, it becomes an article of exchange.

Many natives find employment in canoe-building. It seems that formerly none but persons of a certain tribe were permitted to do this work ; but now many others are attempting it successfully, and the im-

portance of these artificers in such an archipelago as Fiji may be readily conceived. The carpenters of the present day, however, are somewhat inferior to those who preceded them: neither is it difficult to account for this fact; for they are ill paid, and a vigorous competitor has entered the field, with whom the present race are too dispirited to cope. The Tongans crowd the path of the carpenter, and, as the Chiefs of Fiji like to employ them, seem likely to thrust the native mechanic out of place and work.

Carpenters (*matai*, literally, "mechanics") constitute a caste, which bears in Fiji the sounding name of "King's carpenters," having Chiefs of their own, for whom and their work they show respect. A poor man whom I once saw on the beach, weeping bitterly, as he caressed the prow of a large canoe, proved to be one of this class. The canoe was the master-piece of his Chief, who, soon after its completion, was lost at sea. The sight of the vessel awoke recollections of his master's skill and untimely end, and he thus publicly honoured the one and lamented the other. Near by was another man, who for the same cause silently wept.

Four classes of canoes are found in Fiji: the *velovelo*, the *camakau*, the *tabilai*, and the *drua*. All these have various modifications of the outrigger, (*cama*,) and are distinguished by peculiarities in the hulk. The *velovelo*, or, more properly, the *takia*, is open throughout its length like a boat, and the spars to which the *cama* is secured, rest on the gunwale. The *camakau*, as its name imports, has a solid spar for its *cama*: the hulk has a deck over the middle third of its length, twice its own width, and raised on a deep plank built edgewise on each gunwale. Between the edge of this deck and the outrigger all is open. The projecting ends of the canoe, which are lower than the main-deck or platform, as much as the depth of the plank on which it is raised, are each covered with one solid triangular piece of wood, hollowed underneath, and thickest at the broad end next the centre deck, to which it thus forms a gradual ascent. The two ridges, formed by the hollowing underneath on the sides of the triangle, are united to the edge of the hulk, so as completely to box it up. The rig of the *camakau* is the same as that of the double canoe described presently; and from the small resistance this build offers to the water, it is the "clipper" of Fiji, and the vessel described under the name of *piroque* in the Imperial Dictionary.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CAMAKAU.

The *tabilai* is a link between the *camakau* and *drua*, and is made with the outrigger of either. It is often of great length, several feet at each end being solid wood, cut away something like the hull of a ship sternward, the stern-post of the ship representing the cut-water of the canoe, which, instead of being sharp, presents a square perpendicular edge to the water. This is the same at both ends, and is the distinctive of the class.

The *drua*, or double canoe, differs from the rest in having another smaller canoe for its outrigger, and the deck is laid across both.

When not more than thirty or forty feet long, canoes are often cut out of a single tree, and require comparatively little skill in their construction. When, however, a first-class canoe is to be built, the case is far otherwise, and its creditable completion is a cause of great triumph.

A keel is laid in two or three pieces carefully scarfed together. From this the sides are built up, without ribs, in a number of pieces varying in length from three to twenty feet. The edge of each piece has on the inside a flange; as the large pieces are worked in, openings of very irregular form are left to be filled in, as suitable pieces may be found. When it is recollected that the edges of the planks are by no means straight, it will be seen that considerable skill is required in securing neat joints; yet the native carpenters effect this with surprising success. After the edges are fitted together, holes of about three-eighths of an inch in diameter are bored a hand-breadth apart in them, having an oblique direction inwards, so as to have their outlet in the flange: the holes in the edge of the opposite board are made to answer these exactly. A white pitch from the bread-fruit tree, prepared with an extract from the cocoa-nut kernel, is spread uniformly on both edges, and over this a strip of fine *masi* is laid, which is burnt through with a small fire-stick where it covers the holes. The piece or *vono* is now ready for fixing, which is done by what is commonly but wrongly called "sewing:" the native word better describes the process, and means, "to bind." The *vono* being lifted to its place, well plaited but not large sinnet is passed through the hole in the top flange, so as to come out through the lower one: the end is then inserted in the sinnet further on, and the sinnet run rapidly through the hole, until eight or twelve loose turns are taken: the inserted end is then sought and laid on the round projection formed by the united flanges, and fastened there by drawing one turn of the sinnet tightly over it; the other turns are then tightened, the last but one being made a tie to the last. The spare sinnet is now cut off close, and the operation repeated at the next hole. The bindings, already very strong, have their power increased by fine wedges of hard

wood, to the number of six or seven, being driven in opposite directions under the sinnet, whereby the greatest possible pressure is obtained. The ribs seen in canoes are not used to bring the planks into shape, but are the last things inserted, and are for securing the deep side-boards described below, and uniting the deck more firmly with the body of the canoe. The outside of the *vono* is now carefully adzed into form, and the carpenter has often to look closely to find the joint. When the body of the canoe is cleaned off and rubbed down with pumice-stone, the surface is beautifully smooth. Of course no signs of the fastenings are seen outside. This process is not used in fixing the deep planks which support the main deck, or the triangular coverings of the two ends already described. These, as shown in the section, being on the top of the gunwale, and above the water-mark, the sinnet is seen, at regular intervals passing, like a band, over a flat bead which runs the whole length of the canoe, covering the joint and making a neat finish. Into the upper edge of planks, two or three feet deep, fixed along the top of the sides perpendicularly, the cross beams which join on the outrigger are let and lashed down, and over these a deck of light wood is laid. The scuttle holes for baling are left at each corner. The deck also has six holes forward, and six aft, through which to work the sculling-oars, used in light winds to help the sail, or when dead calm or foul wind makes the sail useless. A small house or cuddy is built amid-ships, in which boxes or bales are stowed, and on a platform over it persons can lie or sit; a rack behind it receives guns and spears, and clubs or baskets are hung upon it. The projecting ends of the canoe are beautifully finished at the expense of immense labour, and are sometimes thickly covered with white shells (*Ovula oviformis*). Any aperture inside not filled with the sinnet is tightly caulked with cocoa-nut husk, and such as are next the water are flushed up with the white pitch of resin.



SECTION OF JOINT.



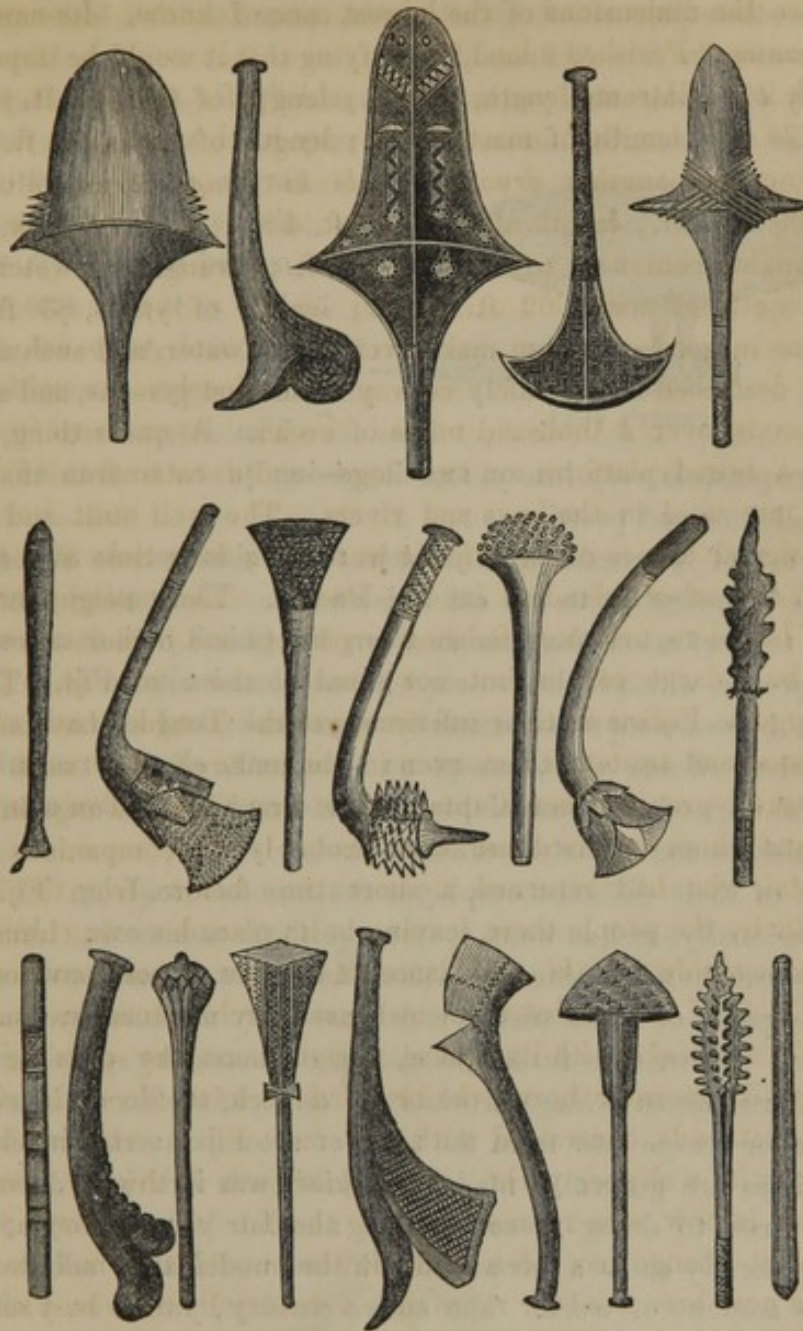
SECTION OF JOINT.

The lines of the two canoes forming the *drua* differ considerably. A long bow, slackly strung, would represent the longitudinal section of the outrigger, both ends of which finish in a circle less than the palm of the hand. The keel of the main canoe has not so much curve, and the ends differ. The small end is heart-shaped or circular, and several inches over; the large end is like a great wedge, presenting its sharp perpendicular edge to cut the water.

Such canoes seldom exceed one hundred feet in length. The fol-

lowing are the dimensions of the largest canoe I know. Its name was *Rusa i vanua*, "Perished inland," signifying that it would be impossible to launch it:—Extreme length, 118 ft.; length of deck, 50 ft.; width of deck, 24 ft.; length of mast, 68 ft.; length of yards, 90 ft. The measurement of another *drua*, the *Lobi ki Tonga*, is as follows:—Length, 99 ft. 3 in.; length of deck, 46 ft. 4 in.; width of deck, 20 ft. 3 in.; height from keel to housetop, 14 ft.; draught of water, 2 ft. 6 in.; length of mast, 62 ft. 3 in.; length of yards, 83 ft. A good canoe in good condition makes very little water, and such as have been just described would safely convey a hundred persons, and several tons of goods, over a thousand miles of ocean. A queer thing, called *ulatoka*—a raised platform on two logs—and a catamaran made of bamboos, are used in the bays and rivers. The well built and excellently designed canoes of the Fijians were for a long time superior to those of any other islanders in the Pacific. Their neighbours, the Friendly Islanders, are more finished carpenters and bolder sailors, and used to build large canoes, but not equal to those of Fiji. Though considering the Fijians as their inferiors, yet the Tongans have adopted their canoes, and imitate them even in the make of their sails. This change was in process when Captain Cook first visited Tonga in 1772. The Fijians whom he saw there were probably the companions of Tui Hala Fatai, who had returned, a short time before, from Fiji in a canoe built by the people there, leaving in its place his own clumsy and hardly manageable *togiaki*. A glance at the new canoe convinced the shrewd Chiefs of Tonga that their own naval architecture was sadly at fault. Their *togiaki*, with its square, upright mast, the spars for stays, projecting like monster horns, the bevelled deck, the loose house, and its broad, flat ends, contrasted with the smart Fijian craft much as a coal barge with a clipper yacht. The *togiaki* was forthwith doomed to disuse, and is now seen no more among the fair isles of Tonga. Not the slightest change has been made in the model thus adopted, and which has now been used for more than a century by their best seamen.

Another branch of Fijian manufacture is seen in their various weapons, to which reference has already been made. Most of the clubs are made in the house, but not all. The *kau loa* is preserved just as it comes from the woods, and one side of the *waka* is formed while the tree is growing, and requires attention for several months. The *mada* and the *dromu* are young trees, torn up by the roots, which are cut off nearly close, so as to form a knotty mace. Others are the result of days and weeks of patient toil. The handles of some, and the entire surface of others, are covered with fine and elaborate carving; a few are inlaid with ivory and shell.



CLUBS.

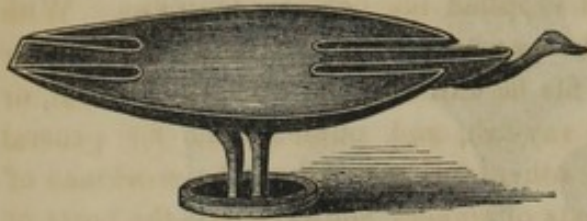
The variety of spears is very great, and shows the best specimens of native carving, many of the fine open patterns being beautifully executed.

The bows, which are about seven feet long, are made from the pendent shoots of the mangrove. When the arrows are for killing fish, they have several points, with the barbs cut inwards. A spear is also made on the same principle for the same purpose.

With the artisans employed in the above manufactures may be classed those who make pillows—fillets of iron-wood supported on two

claw-feet—the makers of breast-plates, rings, combs, necklaces, and other ornaments.

Fancy oil dishes and yaqona bowls, chiefly for the priests, are cut, as well as the cannibal forks, out of very hard wood, and the former



PRIEST'S BOWL.

er in a great variety of forms. I have seen one carved like a duck, another like a turtle, many circular and very flat, with a curiously wrought foot. The large bowl for pre-

paring yaqona, is very heavy, and is giving place to that of Tonga, which is lighter and prettier.

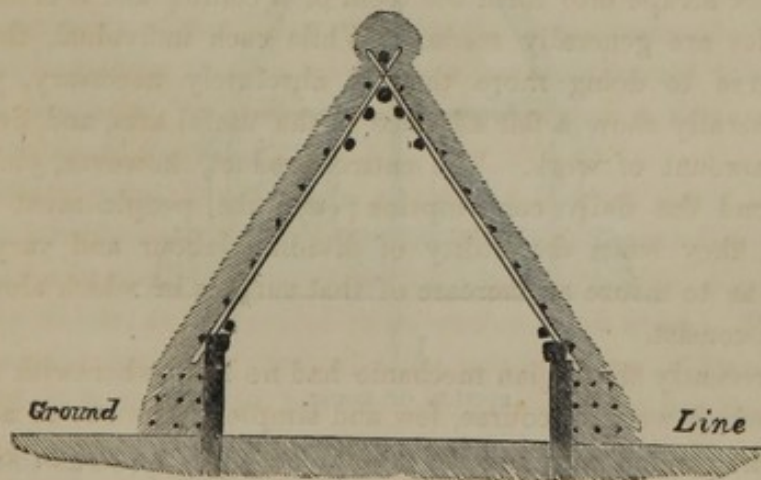
The art of wig-making, in which the Fijian excels and glories, seems to be unknown to the other islanders. The native *perruquier* imitates to perfection the hair as worn by Chiefs and dandies. The style, however, which he has to copy is considered admirable in proportion as it becomes more successfully unnatural; and hence his task is made easier. Some wigs, except as to colour, closely resemble the barristers' wigs of our own civilized courts, and some have a complete set of whiskers and moustaches attached.

Most of their different employments are followed by the Fijians only occasionally, and as want may make them necessary. All—even children—can do something at building, and most at canoe-cutting; but there are parts of these trades which are only undertaken by skilled workmen. When free from the claims of necessary employment, a man will rub down a large trochus for an armlet, file out a ring for his finger, or scrape into form the teeth of a comb; and it is thus that such articles are generally made. While each individual, therefore, seems averse to doing more than is absolutely necessary, yet the people generally show a fair advance in the useful arts, and do a considerable amount of work. The entire product, however, yields but little beyond the daily consumption; and the people must remain poor until they learn the utility of dividing labour and varying its results, so as to insure an increase of that surplus in which alone their wealth can consist.

Until recently the Fijian mechanic had no iron wherewith to form his tools, which were, of course, few and simple. The axe or adze was a hard stone ground into precise resemblance to the *cell* of our own forefathers, and tied with surprising firmness to a handle formed of a branch of a tree, having at one end an angle or knee formed by a shoot

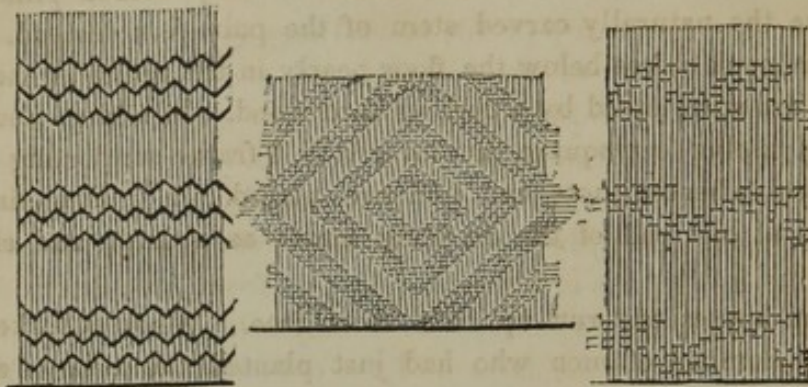
growing out at that point, the shoot being cut off nearly close. Various modifications of this tool were all the Fijian had with which to hew out his posts and planks, to cut down trees, or make the nicest joints, or, together with shells, to execute most marvellous carving. Firesticks and the long spines of echini supplied his boring apparatus. With rats' teeth set in hard wood, he executed his more minute carving or engraving; and for a rasp or file he still uses the mushroom coral, or the shagreen-like skin of the ray-fish, and pumice-stone for general finishing purposes. With no other aids than these, the workman of Fiji was able to accomplish feats of joinery and carving—the boast of mechanics provided with all the steel tools and other appliances which art can furnish. Now, however, as it has already been intimated, the good blades and chisels of Sheffield, and axes from America, and plane-irons, which the natives still prefer to any other tool, since they can fix and use them after the fashion of the old stone-adze, are, with similar articles, fast superseding the primitive implements of Fiji.

The form of the houses in Fiji is so varied, that a description of a building in one of the windward islands would give a very imperfect idea of those to leeward, those of the former being much the better. In one district, a village looks like an assemblage of square wicker baskets; in another, like so many rustic arbours; a third seems a collection of oblong hayricks with holes in the sides, while in a fourth these ricks are conical. By one tribe, just enough frame-work is built to receive the covering for the walls and roofs, the inside of the house being an open space. Another tribe introduces long centre posts, posts half as long to receive the wall-plates, and others still shorter, as quarterings to strengthen the walls: to these are added tie-beams, to



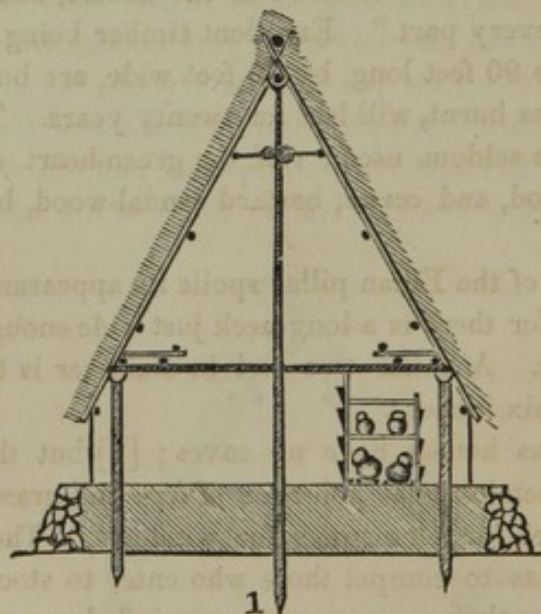
SECTION OF HOUSE.

resist the outward pressure of the high-pitched rafters, and along the side is a substantial gallery, on which property is stored. The walls or fences of a house are from four to ten feet high; and, in some cases, are hidden on the outside by the thatch being extended to the ground, so as to make the transverse section of the building an equilateral



SINNET WORK OF FENCES.

triangle. [3.] The walls range in thickness from a single reed to three feet. Those at Lau (windward) have the advantage in appearance; those at Ra (leeward) are the warmest. At Lua the walls of Chiefs' houses are three reeds thick, the outer and inner rows of reeds being



SECTION OF HOUSE.

arranged perpendicularly, and the middle horizontally, so as to regulate the neat sinnet-work with which they are ornamented. At Ra, a covering of grass or leaves is used, and the fastenings are vines cut from

the woods; but at Lau sinnet is used for this purpose, and patterns wrought with it upon the reeds in several different colours. A man, master of difficult patterns, is highly valued, and his work certainly produces a beautiful and often artistic effect. Sometimes the reeds within the grass walls are reticulated skilfully with black lines. The door-posts are so finished as to become literally reeded pillars, but some use the naturally carved stem of the palm-fern instead. Fireplaces are sunk a foot below the floor nearly in the centre of the building, and are surrounded by a curb of hard wood. In a large house, the hearth is twelve feet square, and over it is a frame supporting one or two floors, whereon pots and fuel are placed. [1.] Sometimes an elevation at one end of the dwelling serves as a divan and sleeping place.

Slight houses are run up in a short time. When at Lakemba, I passed a number of men who had just planted the posts of a house twenty feet long. I was away, engaged with a Tongan Chief, for about an hour and a half, and on my return was amazed to see the house finished, except the completing of the ridge. An ordinary house can be built in a fortnight; the largest require two or three months. A visitor, speaking of Tanoa's house, says, "It surpasses in magnitude and grandeur anything I have seen in these seas. It is 130 feet long, 42 feet wide, with massive columns in the centre, and strong, curious workmanship in every part." Excellent timber being easily procured, houses from 60 to 90 feet long, by 30 feet wide, are built, with a framework which, unless burnt, will last for twenty years. The wood of the bread-fruit tree is seldom used; *vesi*, the green-heart of India, *buabua*, very like box-wood, and *cevua*, bastard sandal-wood, being more durable.

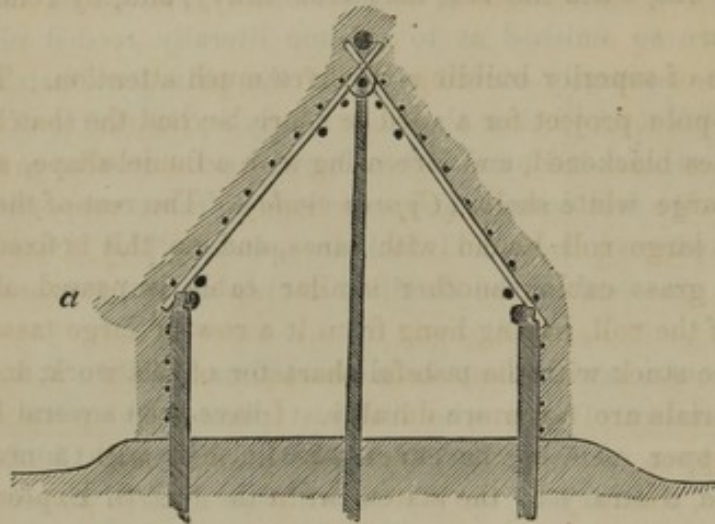
A peculiarity of the Fijian pillar spoils its appearance. Where the capital is looked for there is a long neck just wide enough to receive the beam it supports. A pillar two feet in diameter is thus cut away at the top to about six inches.

Ordinary grass houses have no eaves; [2] but there is over the doorway a thick semicircular projection of fern and grass forming a pent. [a.] Some houses have openings for windows. The doorways are generally so low, as to compel those who enter to stoop. The answer to my inquiry why they were so, often reminded me of Proverbs xvii. 19. Although the Fijian has no mounted Arab to fear, he has often foes equally subtle, to whom a high doorway would give facility for many a murderous visit.

Temples, dwelling-houses, sleeping-houses, kitchens, (Lau,) inns, or

receiving houses for strangers, (*bure ni vulagi*), and yam stores, are the buildings of Fiji.

For thatching, long grass, or leaves of the sugar-cane and stone-palm, are used. The latter are folded in rows over a reed, and sewn



2

SECTION OF HOUSE.

together, so as to be used in lengths of four or six feet, and make a very durable covering. The leaves of the sugar-cane are also folded over a reed; but this is done on the roof, and cannot be removed, as the



SLEEPING BURES.

other may, without injury. The grass or reed thatch is laid on in rather thin tiers, and fastened on by long rods, found ready for use in

the mangrove forests, and from ten to twenty feet long, and secured to the rafters by split rattans. Some very good houses are covered first with the cane leaves, and then with the grass, forming a double thatch. Sometimes the eaves are made two feet thick with ferns, and have a good effect; but, when thicker, they look heavy, and, by retaining the wet, soon rot.

The ridge of superior buildings receives much attention. The ends of the ridge-pole project for a yard or more beyond the thatch, having the extremities blackened, and increasing with a funnel-shape, and decorated with large white shells (*Cyprea ovula*). The rest of the ridge is finished as a large roll bound with vines, and on this is fixed a thick, well-twisted grass cable: another similar cable is passed along the under side of the roll, having hung from it a row of large tassels. All foreigners are struck with the tasteful character of this work, and lament that its materials are not more durable. I have seen several houses in which the upper edge of the eaves was finished with a neat braid. The thatchers, contrary to the statement in the "U. S. Exploring Narrative," always begin at the eaves and work upwards.

A more animated scene than the thatching of a house in Fiji cannot be conceived. When a sufficient quantity of material has been collected round the house, the roof of which has been previously covered with a net-work of reeds, from forty to three hundred men and boys assemble, each being satisfied that he is expected to do some work, and each determined to be very noisy in doing it. The workers within pair with those outside, each tying what another lays on. When all have taken their places, and are getting warm, the calls for grass, rods, and lashings, and the answers, all coming from two or three hundred excited voices of all keys, intermixed with stamping down the thatch, and shrill cries of exultation from every quarter, make a miniature Babel, in which the Fijian—a notorious proficient in nearly every variety of halloo, whoop, and yell—fairly outdoes himself. All that is excellent in material or workmanship in the Chiefs' houses, is seen to perfection and in unsparing profusion in the *bure*, or temple.

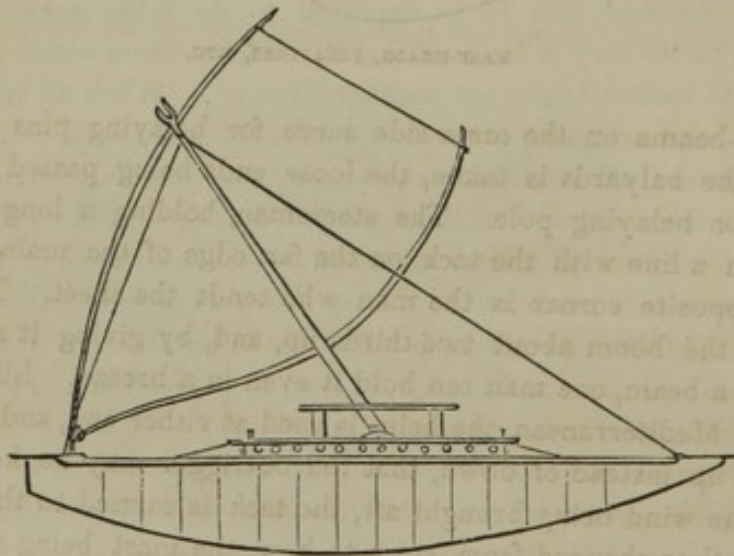
An intelligent voyager observes, "In architecture the Fijians have made no mean progress; and they are the only people I have seen, among those classed by Europeans as 'savages,' who manifested a taste for the fine arts; while, as with the ancient Greeks, this taste was universal." *

Sailors—an important part of the Fijian community—are found

* Pickering's "Races of Man," p. 153.

throughout the group; and not among the men only, for many women are able to discharge the duties of "ordinary seamen." The Levuka and Mbutoni tribes are especially nautical, and, their roving habits inducing irregular practices, their character is not very fair: they are insolent or officious, as self-interest may dictate. As much may be said of the fisherman's caste, to which the others are closely allied. Fijians do not make bold sailors, and none have yet taken their canoes beyond the boundaries of their own group. One old man I knew, who freighted his canoe with pots and *masi*, sought the help of his god, and sailed away for a land which his fancy, or some equally foolish informant, told him lay to the west of the Exploring Isles, and with which he rejoiced to think he should open a trade. But after an absence of two or three days, Toa-levu (the Great Fowl) returned crest-fallen and disappointed, and his failure was pointed out as a warning to all ambitious navigators. I never heard of but one Fijian chief who had attempted to steer his canoe to Tonga, though the people of that group, having the wind in their favour, pay yearly visits to Fiji.

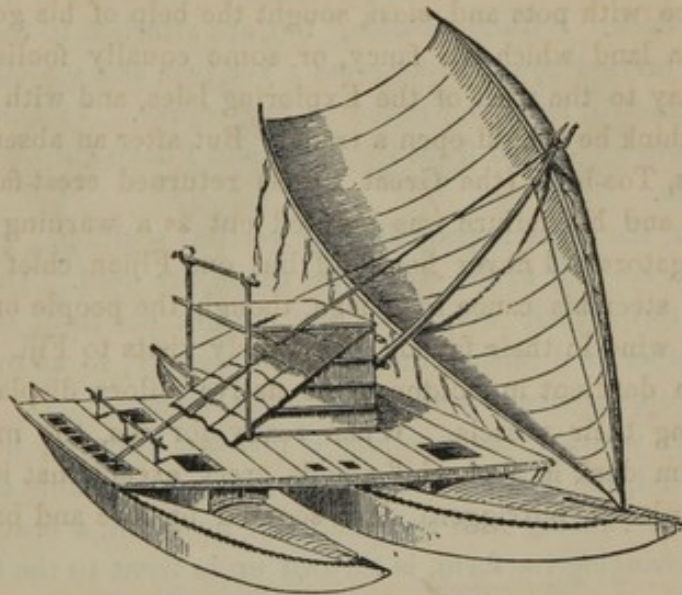
Though deficient in boldness, the native sailors display great skill in managing their vessels. When ready for sea, the mast, which is "stepped on deck in a chock," stands erect, except that it is hauled to bend towards the outrigger. It is secured by fore and back-stays, the



CANOE-RIGGING.

latter taking the place of shrouds: when the sail is hoisted, the halyards also become back-stays: these ropes, as long as the canoe is under sail, may be called her standing rigging, not being loosed in tacking. The halyards are bent on the yard at less than a third of its

length from the upper end, and passed over the top of the mast, which has generally a crescent form. The great sail is allowed to swing a few feet from the deck, or to lie upon it, until orders are given to get under way. The yard is now hoisted hard up to the mast-head; but, as the length of the yard from the halyards to the tack is longer than the mast, the latter is slacked off so as to incline to that end of the canoe to which the tack is fixed, thus forming with the lower length of the yard a triangle, of which the line of deck is the base. The ends of



MAST-HEADS, PILASTERS, ETC.

the deck-beams on the *cama* side serve for belaying pins on which a turn of the halyards is taken, the loose ends being passed around the "dog," or belaying pole. The steersman, holding a long oar, stands nearly on a line with the tack on the far edge of the main-deck, while in the opposite corner is the man who tends the sheet. The sheet is bent on the boom about two-thirds up, and, by giving it a couple of turns on a beam, one man can hold it even in a breeze. Like the felucca of the Mediterranean, the helm is used at either end, and, on tacking, it is put up instead of down, that the outrigger may be kept to windward: the wind being brought aft, the tack is carried to the other end, which is thus changed from stern to bow, the mast being slacked back again to suit the change; the helmsman and sheetholder change places, and the canoe starts on her new track. Unless the outrigger be kept to the weather side, the canoe must be swamped; for, so soon as it gets to leeward, the wind drives the sail against the mast, and the *cama* is forced under water. If the man at the sheet does not slack away

promptly, when a gust of wind strikes the sail, the *cama* is raised into the air, and the canoe capsizes. These craft are easily overturned by carelessness; but, when properly managed, will carry sail in a brisk breeze. The weight of the sail with the force of the wind being imposed on one end, strains the canoe.

A steer-oar for a large canoe is twenty feet long, with an eight-foot blade sixteen inches wide. Being made of heavy wood, the great difficulty of handling it is eased by a rope which is passed through the top of the blade, and the other end of which is made fast to the middle beam of the deck. "Rudder-bands," too, are attached to the handle of the oar, and carried towards the *cama*; yet two, and sometimes three, men are needed to keep the canoe on her course. Violent blows on the side are often received from the helm, and I have known them cause a man's death.

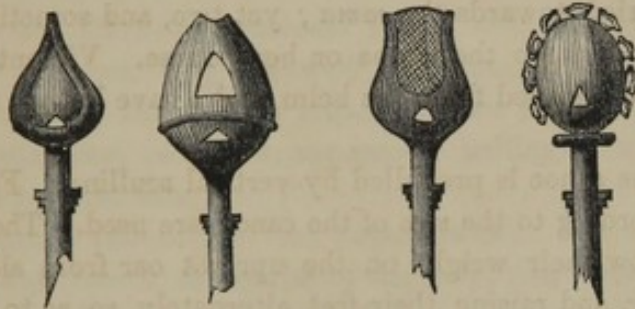
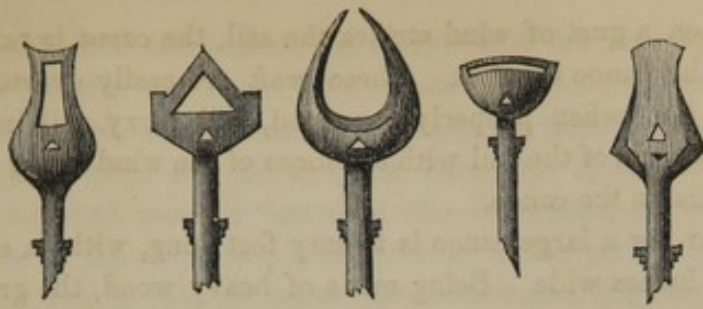
In a calm, the canoe is propelled by vertical sculling. Four, six, or eight sculls, according to the size of the canoe, are used. The men who work them throw their weight on the upright oar from side to side, moving together, and raising their feet alternately, so as to give, at a distance, the appearance of walking over the water.

In smooth weather, canoe-sailing is pleasant enough; but in a sea and heavy wind, the deck inclines at a most uncomfortable angle to the water. When running with the small end foremost, a beautiful jet of water, ever changing its form, is thrown up in front to the height of a yard; or, sometimes, the body of the canoe is driven along beneath the surface, and only seen occasionally,—a dark outline in a bed of foam. When this is the case, a landsman is safest sitting still, but the native sailors move about with surprising security.

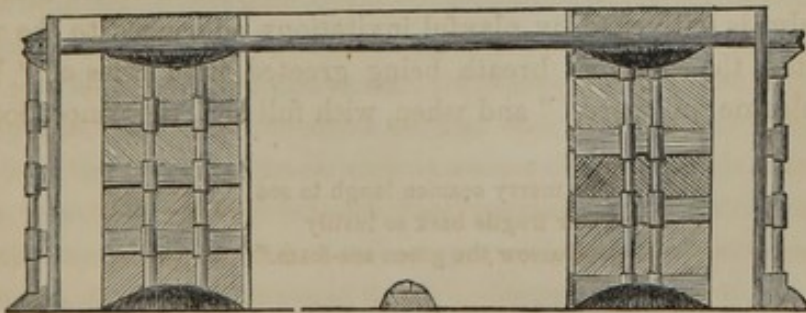
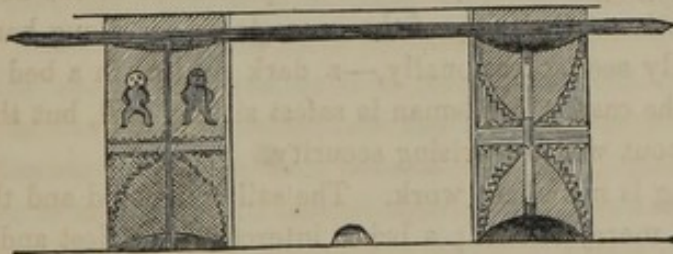
Canoe-sailing is not silent work. The sail is hoisted and the canoe put about with merry shouts; a brisk interchange of jest and raillery is kept up while poling over shoal reefs, and the heavier task of sculling is lightened by mutual encouragement to exertion, and loud thanks to the scullers, as each set is relieved at intervals of five or ten minutes. A dead calm is enlivened by playful invitations addressed to the wind most wanted, the slightest breath being greeted with cries of "Welcome! welcome on board!" and when, with full sail, the canoe bounds along,—

"The merry seamen laugh to see
Their fragile bark so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam."

If there should be drums on board, their clatter is added to the general noise. The announcement to the helmsman of each approaching wave,



MAST-HEADS.



PILASTERS. p. 68.

with the order to "keep her away" - and the accompanying "keep
 two and another to come," by which the vessel's advance of the
 waves is counted, with passing comments on their good or ill-humour.
 and keep all after and all in good humour. If the sea is rough,
 nothing but bad weather can spoil the enjoyment of such voyaging.
 The duties of the ship are not attended to in the periphrastic style of a
 blind crew, but in just the same spirit estimates, friends on a pleasure
 trip, when each feels his own happiness involved in the happiness of
 all.

Generally my crews were careful to avoid the dangers of the deep;
 but sailors are allowed occasional frolics and stunts and stunts. On
 more trips than one they broke out their coats, and, instead of the
 primary object of the voyage engaged in an absorbing chase after a
 shark, or sturgeon, or eel, apparently willing to risk the consequences
 rather than forsake the fish.

The bested sailors are very superstitious. Certain parts of the
 ocean, through fear of the spirits of the deep, they pass over in silence,
 with unnumbered beads and candles that no fragment of food or part of
 their dress shall fall into the water. The common superstition is the
 belief of one of their gods, and the shark of another; and should the
 one fly over their heads or the other swim past them, they are not
 sure would do them, and all over the world of request. A shark
 lying athwart their course is an omen which fills them with fear. A
 basket of bitter oranges put on a raft canoe is believed to diminish its
 speed. On one of their canoes it is told to eat food in the hold; on
 another, in the house on deck; on another, on the platform of the
 house. Cargoes have been lost because the crew, instead of eating
 themselves in a store, have dished their boats to some to their god, and
 throw yams and water, corn at the waves to propitiate them.

The labourer, though associated with the sailors, moves about still
 nearer home. They take great quantities of fish; and the chief work
 of some is the catching of turtles. The principal occupations are those
 of Laotians and Malaisians, but mostly every individual has a com-
 pany of labourers at command. Various works are employed for
 taking fish, including nets and a sort of weir formed like the crane and
 crab-pots used along the British coast, and baited and a kind of the
 same way. Another kind has two openings, a third construction is
 an intricate fence, either fixed or portable. Stone pens, ponds, and
 fisheries, are known throughout Fiji. Some grow up with the shark
 family are taken by passing a hook over their heads, and a vegetable
 poison from a climbing species is employed to stupefy smaller kinds.

with the order to *lavi*,—keep her away,—and the accompanying “one, two, and another to come,” by which the measured advance of the waves is counted, with passing comments on their good or ill demeanour, keep all alive and all in good humour. If the canoe is sound, nothing but bad weather can spoil the enjoyment of such voyaging. The duties of the *ship* are not attended to in the perfunctory style of a hired crew, but in just the same spirit as actuates friends on a pleasure-trip, where each feels his own happiness involved in the happiness of all.

Generally my crews were careful to avoid the dangers of the deep : but sailors are allowed occasional freaks, and mine had theirs. On more trips than one they broke off their course, and, forgetful of the primary object of the voyage, engaged in an absorbing chase after a shark, or sting-ray, or turtle, apparently willing to wreck the canoe, rather than lose the fish.

The heathen sailors are very superstitious. Certain parts of the ocean, through fear of the spirits of the deep, they pass over in silence, with uncovered heads, and careful that no fragment of food or part of their dress shall fall into the water. The common tropic-bird is the shrine of one of their gods, and the shark of another ; and should the one fly over their heads, or the other swim past, those who wore turbans would doff them, and all utter the word of respect. A shark lying athwart their course is an omen which fills them with fear. A basket of bitter oranges put on a *vesi* canoe is believed to diminish its speed. On one of their canoes it is *tabu* to eat food in the hold ; on another, in the house-on-deck ; on another, on the platform of the house. Canoes have been lost because the crew, instead of exerting themselves in a storm, have quitted their posts to *soro* to their god, and throw *yaqona* and whales' teeth at the waves to propitiate them.

The fishermen, though associated with the sailors, move about still nearer home. They take great quantities of fish ; and the chief work of some is the catching of turtle. The principal fishing-tribes are those of Lasakau and Malaki ; but nearly every influential Chief has a company of fishermen at command. Various means are employed for taking fish, including nets and a sort of weir formed like the creels and crab-pots used along the British coasts, and baited and secured in the same way. Another kind has two apertures ; a third contrivance is an intricate fence, either fixed or portable. Stone pens, hooks, and fishspears, are in use throughout Fiji. Some drowsy fish of the shark family are taken by passing a noose over their heads, and a vegetable poison from a climbing *glycine* is employed to stupefy smaller kinds.

In some parts the *rau* is used, which is a fringe formed by winding split cocoa-nut leaves round a number of vines to the length of hundreds or even thousands of feet. This being stretched in a straight line, the canoes to which the ends are attached approach until they meet, thus making a vast enclosure within which the fish are then speared or netted. One kind of net is used in the same way. The native seines are like our own, and are well made.

Turtle-fishers generally act under orders from the Chief of whose establishment they form a part, and often receive presents of food and property on their return from a successful trip. At times they engage themselves to other people, when it is understood that they are to fish ten times. When they take nothing, they receive no payment; but each time they bring in one or more turtles, food and property are given them, and the employer must make them a handsome present on the completion of the engagement. For this work nets are used, made of sinnet, and very inferior ones of *vau*. They should not be less than sixty yards long; the best are two hundred. Sixteen meshes, each seven or eight inches square, give a depth of about ten feet. The floats are of light wood, about two feet long, and five feet apart: pebbles or large trochus shells are used to weight the lower edge. This net is carried out on a canoe into deep water, and let down just outside the reef: both ends are next brought close to the reef, or, should there be water enough, a little way upon it: thus there is formed a semi-circular fence, which intercepts the turtle on its way back from feeding. If the animal turns from the net, it is frightened back by the fishermen, who shout, strike the water with poles, and stamp furiously on the deck of the canoe, until their prey becomes entangled by its attempts to pass through the net. A plan not generally known, is practised at night by some of the Malakis. The net is then said to be *nursed*: that is, several persons, stationed at intervals along the net, which is fully stretched out, hold it gathered up in their arms. The approach of the turtle is then listened for, and the man towards whom it comes drops the net, and the animal is secured. But the most difficult part of the business—that of getting actual possession—yet remains. The men have to dive and seize their captive in an element where he is more at home than they. The struggle is sometimes violent, and the turtle, if large, requires the exertions of four or five men. The first diver aims to secure the extremity of the fore-fin, it being thought that by depressing the fore-part of its body the turtle is made more eager to ascend: to lay hold of the body-joint of the fin would endanger a man's hand. If their captive is very troublesome,

the men try to insert a finger and thumb in the sockets of the eyes, so as to insure a firmer hold. Finding resistance vain, the creature moves upwards, and his enemies rise too, glad enough to leave the unnatural element which has been the scene of conflict. On their appearance above water, the men on the canoe help to drag the prize on board, where it is turned on its back, its flat buckler preventing its regaining its natural position. Loud blasts on the conch-shell announce the triumph of the fishermen.

The heathen fishers of Mbua take with them a consecrated club, which, when a turtle is caught, is dipped by a priest into the sea, and so held by him that the water may drip off into the animal's mouth: during this ceremony he offers prayers, beseeching the god to be mindful of his votaries, and give them a successful season.

Turtle-fishing is not without danger, and lives are sometimes lost in it by deep openings in the reef, or the savage attacks of the shark. Sometimes the sail of the canoe is made to cast its shadow behind the swimming turtle, which is thus frightened and pursued until exhausted, when it is easily captured. The people on land sometimes take the female when she comes ashore to deposit her eggs. But man is not the turtle's only enemy. Sharks, as well as Aldermen, have a *penchant* for green fat, and selecting the finest specimen, surround the harmless creature and tear it in pieces. I have often seen turtles which have been mangled in these attacks. I once weighed a pound and a half of turtle-shell, which was found in a shark's stomach, in fragments, so large as to enable me to decide to what part of the buckler they belonged, and to justify the conclusion that the whole "head" must have weighed between three and four pounds. The entire weight of the turtle could not have been less than two hundred-weight. The head, fins, and most of the body were found in an undigested state in this one shark, which paid for its gluttony dearly; for it was found dead. An old fisherman of my acquaintance, whose word I have no reason to doubt, assured me that only four moons previously he took a turtle whole and weighing about one hundred-weight, from the stomach of a shark, in which receptacle he also found a common parrot. Yet sharks, in these waters, are rarely more than twelve feet in length, and very seldom as large.

The fishermen of Fiji might supply the naturalist with many interesting facts, did not their superstition urge them to avoid, as quickly as possible, the presence of anything extraordinary, believing it to be supernatural, and fearing lest they should be guilty of unpardonable temerity in remaining in its presence.

After successful fishing, the canoes return in nearly the same order, and with as much noise, as when they come home from war laden with their slain foes. The women meet them with dancing and songs, which, I remember, in one instance they finished by a smart volley of bitter oranges, which the men returned by driving the women from the beach.

The turtle caught are kept in stone or paled pens. Three or four may be taken in a day; but many days are quite without success. Fifty or a hundred turtle caught in a season, constitute very good fishing. According to Fijian fishermen, the female only yields the tortoise-shell of commerce. Traders name the thirteen plates which cover the back, "a head." A head of shell weighs from one to four pounds; the latter is not common. One or two heads have been taken weighing five pounds; and one, seven pounds. Fishermen make offerings to their gods, and obtain promise of success before leaving home. Tuikilakila once thought fit to accompany his men. The priestess promised five turtles, and the party set out in high spirits. Some days after we saw them returning, but in profound silence: an unwelcome omen for the poor priestess, who forthwith fled and hid herself in the forest, and thus prevented the enraged King from cooking her instead of a turtle.

The commercial transactions of the Fijians, though dating far back, have been on a small scale, consisting of a barter trade, which is chiefly in the hands of the Levuka, and Mbutonic, and Malaki people, who regard the sea as their home, and are known as "the inhabitants of the water." Although wanderers, they have settlements on Lakemba, Somosomo, Great Fiji, and other places. They exchange pottery for *masi*, mats, and yams. On one island, the men fish, and the women make pots, for barter with the people on the main. Their mode of exchange is very irregular. The islanders send to inform those on the mainland that they will meet them, on such a day, at the trading place,—a square near the coast paved for the purpose. The people of the continent bring yams, taro, bread, &c., to exchange for fish. The trade is often left to the women, among whom a few transactions take place quietly, when some misunderstanding arises, causing excited language, and ending in a scuffle. This is the signal for a general scramble, when all parties seize on all they can, and run off with their booty amidst the shouts and execrations of the less successful.

The inland tribes of the Great Fiji take *yaqona* to the coast, receiving in exchange mats, *masi*, and fine salt.

For nearly one hundred years past the Friendly Islanders have traded with Fiji. The scarlet feathers of a beautiful paroquet were a leading attraction. These birds abounded in one part of Taviuni, where they were caught by nets, and purchased by the Tongans, who traded with them in exchange for the fine mats of the Samoans. They paid the Fijians for the paroquets with small articles of European manufacture, bowls, and the loan of their women. Iron goods were thus introduced among the Somosomans. The first article of steel owned by them seems to have been the half of a ship-carpenter's draw-knife, ground to an edge at the broken end. This was fixed as an adze, and greatly prized, receiving the name of *Fulifuli*, after the Chief who brought it to Fiji. One of their first hatchets came through the Tongans, and was named *Sitia*. This intercourse between the Friendly Islanders and Mbua came to an end in consequence of the quarrels and bloodshed to which it gave rise. A Tongan canoe—the *Ndulu-ko-Fiji*—was appropriated by the natives of Mbua, who had murdered the crew.

The inhabitants of the Friendly Islands still depend on Fiji for their canoes, spars, sail-mats, pottery, and mosquito curtains. They also consume large quantities of Fijian sinnet and food, bringing in exchange whales' teeth, the same made into necklaces, inlaid clubs, small white cowries, Tonga cloth, axes, and muskets, together with the loan of their canoes and crews, and, too often, their services in war. This kind of intercourse has greatly increased of late years, and its injurious effects on the morals of the Tongans, and the advance of Christianity in Fiji, are incalculable. A plan for so regulating this commerce, as to secure to the Tongans its advantages, and to the Fijians a protection from its evils, is yet needed.

Commercial intercourse between Europeans and the people of Fiji was commenced about the year 1806, probably by vessels of the East India Company visiting the north-east part of Vanua Levu to procure sandal-wood for the Chinese market. The payments in exchange were made with iron hoop, spikes, beads, red paint, and similar trifles. On the failure of sandal-wood, biche-de-mar—the *trepang* of old books—began to be collected, and the natives were encouraged to preserve the turtle-shell. Traffic in these articles has been, and is still chiefly in the hands of Americans from the port of Salem. Biche-de-mar, to the value of about 30,000 dollars, is picked up annually from the reefs, principally on the north coast of Vanua Levu, and the north-west of Viti Levu.

Quite recently small lots of arrow-root, cocoa-nut oil, and swan timber have been taken from the islands. The supply of oil is not

likely to be so far in advance of the home demand as to yield any great quantity for exportation, although proper attention and an improved process of manufacture may effect a considerable alteration in this particular. At present the biche-de-mar is the great inducement to speculation. It is yet found in great quantities on the reefs just named, especially on such as have a mixture of sand and coral. There are several kinds, all of the holothuria family. The native name is *dri*, all kinds of which are occasionally eaten in Fiji. There are six valuable species, of which the black sort is the most esteemed. These molluscs, especially one prickly kind, are unsightly objects, being great slugs from nine inches to a foot in length. They are somewhat hard to the touch, and in drying are reduced two-thirds in size. When cured, they are like pieces of half-baked clay, from two inches to a foot long, of a dull black or dirty grey colour, occasionally mixed with sandy red. The section of the solid parts looks like light india-rubber. After long soaking in water, the Chinese cooks cut them up, and use them in making rich soups.

Those who visit these parts for a cargo of biche-de-mar, complain of the tricks played upon them by the natives, forgetting that they themselves have set the example, and that the hard dealings of the islanders may be regarded as retributive.

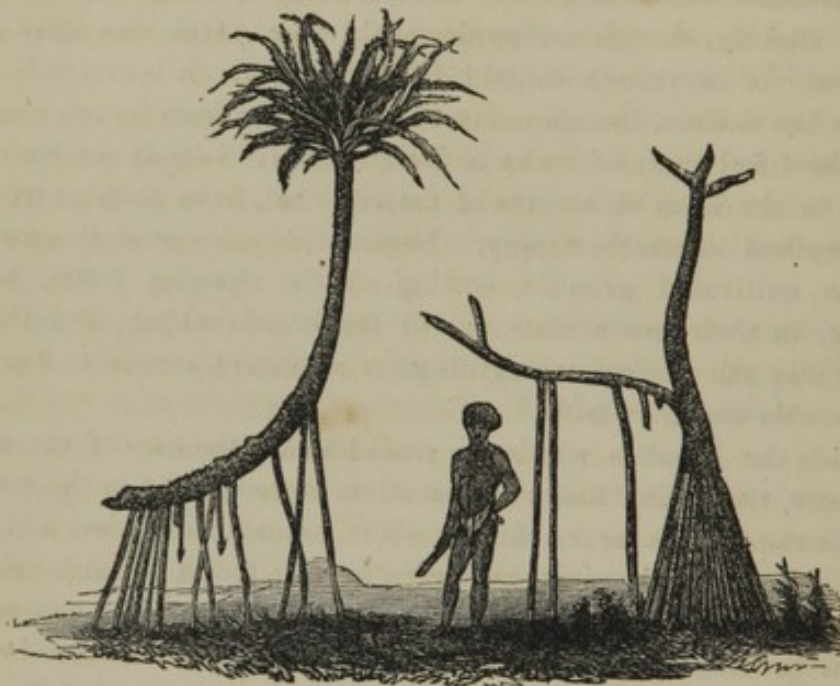
Driving a hard bargain is one of the first arts of civilized life which the savage acquires, and the records of voyagers show it to be the first taught. Many have noticed that these people, and others in like position, have shown an utter ignorance of the relative value of articles; and the most amusing instances have come under my own notice of their offering goods in exchange for some desired object, with an utter disregard of any proportion whatever.

There are some other resources of the inhabitants of Fiji which yet demand notice. In addition to the black and brown dyes already mentioned, the natives are acquainted with others of various colours, chiefly of vegetable origin, and the knowledge of which is almost confined to the women. To them, also, is intrusted the management of the pits in which the native bread—*madrài*—is fermented. These pits are round holes three feet deep, thickly lined at the bottom and sides with layers of banana leaves; and into them are put about two bushels of either taro, kawai, arrow-root, bread-fruit, or bananas stripped of their skins. Inferior kinds of bread are made from the fruit of the mangrove, a large arum, and the stones of the *dawa* and *kaveka*. The two last, with *boro* or *pulaka* bread, are used only in certain districts. The root of the carrion-flower and some wild nuts are employed to

bring the mass into a proper state of fermentation. Banana bread is the best, and, when fit for use, is very like hard milk curds; but the sour, fetid smell of the pits is most offensive to a European. After the fruit is put in, the pit is covered, by turning down over each other the projecting leaves used for lining the sides, and thus keeping out the rain. Large stones are then placed on the top to press all down. When ready for use, a quantity is taken out, mashed, and mixed with either scraped cocoa-nut, papuan apple, or ripe banana, and then folded in leaves in small balls or rolls, when it is either boiled or baked. The unpleasant odour is greatly dissipated by cooking; but the taste remains slightly, though not unpleasantly sour. Opinions differ as to the amount of nutriment contained in this food. It is certainly very useful to the natives, though many of them suffer from its too constant use. The inhabitants of rocky and unproductive islands receive effectual aid, in the form of baskets of native bread, from such as have an over abundant vegetable supply. Destructive gales sometimes sweep over the cultivated grounds, cutting off the ripening fruits, which, however, in their green state are fit for bread-making; and thus in another way the *madrai*, which disgusts strangers, serves to keep off famine, otherwise inevitable.

Beside the supplies which are reared under the care of the native agriculture, the Fijian has an exhaustless store of food in the uncultivated districts of the larger islands, where, among the wildest and most prolific luxuriance, he may gather refreshing fruits, or dig valuable esculents. Here he finds a large spontaneous supply of arrow-root, which, with cultivation and improvement in its manufacture, he will soon be able to send in large quantities to the home market, so as to compete successfully with the best West Indian samples. The *bulou* is a wild root, very like an old potato, and weighing from one to eight pounds. The *yaka* is a creeper, with a root very like liquorice, and used in the same way. The ti-root and turmeric grow wild, together with two sorts of yams, in abundance. The fruit and bulbous roots of the *kaili*—a sort of climber—are used in times of scarcity. Two kinds of tomato (*solanum*) are found, and eaten by the natives, boiled with yams, etc. The leaves of the *bele* are used as greens. The nutmeg grows here unnoticed and unprized. Among other resources open to the Fijian, without any trouble but that of gathering, may be mentioned the *lagolago* and the *vutu*,—two kinds of nuts. Concerning the latter, which tastes like our English earth-nut, the natives believe that if the young leaves are split, the husk of the nut will be tender. There are also gathered in plenty the *wi*, or Brazilian plum, (*Spondias*

dulcis,) the wild fig, the *kavika*, or Malay apple, (*Eugenia Malaccensis*,) and the shaddock. The *tomitomi*, *tarawau*, and *dawa* are different kinds of wild plums. The fruit of the *pandanus* is also used by the natives. This remarkable tree, with its curious self-grown props or shores, is too familiar to need description. I have met with several instances in which the original root had no longer any connexion with the ground, while the tree was supported on a cluster of its supplementary props. The trunk is sometimes used in small buildings, but is chiefly valued for handles of garden-tools. The leaf makes good thatch and rough



PANDANUS.

mats; the flower gives scent to oil; and the fruit is sucked, or strung into orange-coloured necklaces.

The importance and value of the cocoa-nut is well known, and the uses to which it is put in Fiji are too numerous to detail. A remarkable fact, however, concerning this tree, may here be recorded. I am acquainted with two well authenticated cases of the nut-tree sending out branches. One at Mothe, after reaching a good height, branched off in two directions, and was consequently regarded with great veneration. The second and more remarkable case was found on the island of Ngua. Having grown about twenty-four feet high, a cocoa-nut tree struck out into five branches. A man told me that when he saw it, one of the branches had been blown off in a gale, and lay on the ground. He climbed up the trunk to the point of separation, but feared to ascend

the branches lest they should break beneath his weight. He guessed them to be eighteen feet long, and some struck off obliquely for a few feet, and then resumed a perpendicular direction. The nuts were never gathered.

A few words are due to the native forest-trees, which yield valuable timber, both hard and soft, in considerable plenty. Among the hard timbers, the *vesi*—supposed to be the *green-heart* of India—is important, as giving to the canoes of Fiji their superiority over those of other groups. The wood is very compact and resinous, often resembling good mahogany in colour and curl. My own experience proves it to be little less durable than English oak. The tree is often four feet in diameter, with a white bark, and small scaly leaves.

The *bau* is about the same size as the former, but more valuable for cabinet-work. It is of deep red colour, close and straight grained, sometimes as compact as ebony, and susceptible of a high polish. The *dilo* (*Calophyllum*)—the *tambunu* of Tahiti—abounds in Fiji, and often reaches a great size, being a durable wood of pretty grain. The *damanu* is a fine tree, and its timber fit for every department of carpentry. The natives prize it, on account of its toughness, for masts. The *noko-noko* or iron wood, (*Casuarina*), is used chiefly for clubs. The *caukaru* is equally hard, and has a grain more like a wainscot. It is used for the upper parts of houses, but soon perishes in the ground. The *gayali*, I think, is lance-wood. *Cevua*, or bastard sandal-wood, is hard, yellow, of rich silky grain like satin-wood, and full of aromatic oil. The most durable wood I have met with in the islands, is the *buabua*, which is very heavy, and resembles boxwood. When being wrought, it gives out a peach-like smell, and works quite fresh after having been cut for years. *Yasidravu* and *mali* are two useful woods, the former like cedar in colour, and the latter a little browner. *Dakua* and *dakua salusalu* are varieties of the *Damaria Australis*, or *Pinus kauri*: a very useful pine, when kept from the wet. The *vaivai* is something like the tamarind: its wood is yellowish, and works very smooth; it is as light as pine, but much more lasting, and is the best of all woods for decks, since it will bear exposure to the sun better than any. The white residents greatly value it. There is also the *viriviri*, which is very light; and the *rara*, little heavier than cork. All the timbers here mentioned I have either used myself, or had them worked under my direction. Twice the number of useful woods growing in Fiji might be added to this short list.

It will thus be seen that the natives of this group are furnished with a most abundant and diversified supply of all their wants, a supply

which, with the addition of proper care, would yield a considerable and remunerative overplus for commerce. Many valuable products of other countries, greatly in demand at home, are already found wild and uncared for in Fiji, or might be introduced with certain success. Arrow-root has already been mentioned. Cotton of superior quality, grows without attention, and might be cultivated to a very large extent. Many parts of the group are peculiarly adapted for coffee; and, throughout, tobacco of the finest kind could be produced. Sugar-canes, with but imperfect attention, already flourish; and rice might, perhaps, be grown in the broad swampy flats of the larger islands. There is good reason to hope that the enlightened enterprise of a better class of white settlers will, ere long, serve to develop the indigenous resources of Fiji, as well as to introduce, on an important scale, other valuable produce. The perils which have hitherto attended a residence among this people, have, in many of the islands, already gone; and, in the rest, are giving way to the better influences of Christianity. *

This chapter may be fitly closed by an attempt to give a compendious view of the Fijian year, which has no distinctly marked seasons analogous to those of more temperate climes.

“ For here great spring greens all the year,
And fruits and blossoms blush in social sweetness
On the self-same bough.”

JANUARY.—A few early yams dug. Bananas planted. Old bananas plentiful. Ivi-nuts and a few wis come in.

FEBRUARY.—Wis and ivis plentiful. Dawa ripe. “First-fruit” of yams offered. Men fishing for turtle. Women making ivi-bread. Sugar-cane planted.

MARCH.—Yams ripe, and yam-stores built. Oranges ripe. New leaf of the ivi puts out. Turtle-fishing. Torrents of rain, with thunder and lightning. Native name, *vulai botabota*, *i. e.*, “the month when leaves are dry.”

APRIL.—Turtle-fishing. Yams dug. Oranges, shaddocks, and kavikas ripe. House-building. March and April are the native *vulai kelikeli*, “digging moons,” and, with February, *vulai uca*, “rainy moons.”

MAY.—Building. Men out with *vau* seine for fish. Arrow-root dug and prepared. Tarawus ripe. Yam-digging ends. New plots cleared, and a few early yams set.

JUNE.—Oranges, kavikas, wis, and dawas ripe. The kawai and bolous dug. *Vau* seine in use.

JULY.—Patches of ground broken up for yam-beds. June and July are *vulai liliwa*, "cold moons."

AUGUST.—All hands busily employed planting yams. Now, and in the following month, flowers most plentiful.

SEPTEMBER.—Planting yams, kawai, and kumeras. From May till now are *vulas teitei*, "planting moons."

OCTOBER.—Kawai planting continued. Bulous set; wild ones dug. Kavikas and bread-fruit plentiful. Ivi in bloom filling the air with scent of violets.

NOVEMBER.—Large kavikas. Bread-fruit. Wild yams dug.

DECEMBER.—Bananas planted. Some bread-fruit.

CHAPTER V.

THE PEOPLE.



VEINDOVI.

THE population of the Fiji islands has been stated by some authorities at 300,000; and by Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, at 133,500, which is nearer the truth, though somewhat too low; 150,000 I am convinced being a truer estimate. My opinion of Wilkes's computation is based upon the following considerations. Several islands which he states to be uninhabited, have a small population; and he is wrong in giving sixty-five as the number of inhabited islands, eighty being the real number. Speaking of the larger islands, he correctly remarks that the climate of the mountains is unsuited to the taste and habits of the natives; but he is not so correct in confining the production of their food to the low ground. The cocoa-nut only is restricted to the coast; yams, taro, and other esculents, flourish several hundred feet above sea-level, and the dwellers on the heights purchase fish of those on the coast, or supply its lack with fowls and pork. His deduction therefore does not hold good, that the interior of the large islands is thinly populated; that there are not, for instance, more than 5,000 inhabitants in the inland districts of Great

Fiji. Adding therefore to the above considerations my own personal observation and inquiry, I must regard Wilkes's number as too low, and am persuaded that, whatever necessity had to do originally with the selection of the inland districts, the tribes dwelling there remain now from choice.

Native tales about the great size and ferocity of the mountaineers, and of their going naked, deserve no credit; the chief difference between them and the rest of the people being that they bestow less care on their persons, and are more rustic in their manners. On visiting these highlanders, I always found them friendly, nor do I remember that they ever used me unkindly, though their opportunities of doing so were many.

Both on the coast and inland, the population has diminished, within the last fifty years, probably one-third, and in some districts as much as one-half. The Chiefs do not migrate, as it is said was formerly the custom with the Hawaiians; so that every town ruined in war is a proof of a minished population. Another strong evidence is the large quantity of waste ground which was once under cultivation,—more than can be accounted for on the principle of native agriculture. Except where the smaller islands have been entirely depopulated, the larger ones show the clearest signs of decrease in the number of inhabitants—a decrease which has been very great within the memory of men now living, and the causes of which, beyond doubt, have been war and the murderous customs of heathenism. Those who have thus passed away, if we may judge from their posterity, were, physically, a fine race of men. Some familiarity is needed to picture a Fijian justly; for strangers cannot look on him without prejudice. They know that the history of his race is a scandal to humanity, and their first contact with him is certainly startling. Fresh from highly civilized society, and accustomed to the well-clad companions of his voyage, the visitor experiences a strange and not easily described feeling, when first he sees a dark, stout, athletic, and almost naked cannibal, the weird influence of whose penetrating glance many have acknowledged. To sensitive minds the Fijian is an object of disgust; but as this feeling arises from his abominable practices only, personal intercourse with him seldom fails to produce at last a more favourable impression.

The natives of the group are generally above the middle height, well made, and of great variety of figure. They exceed the white race in average stature, but are below the Tongans. Men above six feet are often seen, but rarely so tall as six feet six inches. I know only one reliable case of a Fijian giant. Corpulent persons are not common, but

large, powerful, muscular men abound. Their mould is decidedly European, and their lower extremities of the proportion generally found among white people, though sometimes narrower across the loins. Most have broad chests and strong, sinewy arms, and the prevailing stoutness of limb and shortness of neck is at once conspicuous. The head is often covered by a mass of black hair, long, frizzled, and bushy sometimes encroaching on the forehead, and joined by whiskers to a thick, round, or pointed beard, to which moustaches are often added. The outline of the face is a good oval; the mouth large, with white and regular teeth; the nose well-shaped, with full nostrils, yet distinct from the negro type; the eyes are black, quick, and restlessly observant. Dr. Pickering, of the United States Exploring Expedition, observes concerning the Fijian countenance, that it was "often grave and peculiarly impressive."* He further remarks, "The profile in general, appeared to be as vertical, if not more so, than in the white race; but this, I find, is not confirmed by the facial angle of the skull, and it may possibly be accounted for by some difference in the carriage of the head. The Fijian skulls, brought home by the Expedition, will not readily be mistaken for Malayan; they bear rather the negro outline; but they are much compressed, and differ materially from all other skulls that I have seen."† The peculiar harshness of skin, said to be characteristic of the Papuan race, is more observable among the wilder inland tribes of Fiji, where less attention is paid to the constant bathing and oiling of the body. The complexion of the people varies, but the pure Fijian seems to stand between the black and the copper-coloured races. Dr. Pickering thought that he noticed "a purplish tinge in the Fijian complexion, particularly when contrasted in the sunlight with green foliage;" and adds, "The epithet of 'purple men' might be given to this race, if that of 'red men' be retained for the Malayan."‡ The nearest approach to the negro is found on the island of Kandavu. An intermixture of the Tongan and Fijian blood has produced a variety called "Tonga-Fiji," some members of which are good-looking; but the class has not always been distinguished by its admirers from the true Friendly Islanders.

Thakombau, the Chief known as "King of Fiji," is thus described by an American gentleman: "He is extremely good-looking, being tall, well made, and athletic. He exhibits much intelligence both in his expression of countenance and manners. His features and figure re-

* "Races of Man," p. 147.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 149. Captain Erskine, of H. M. S. "Havannah," attributes what he calls "a bluish black tinge," in the colour of the Fijians, to "the quantity of hair on their bodies."

semble those of a European, and he is graceful and easy in his carriage." This opinion agrees with Captain Erskine's description of the same Chief. He says, "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the Chief: of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the Negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern Sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity—he looked 'every inch a king.'" These descriptions will apply to many of the Fijian dignitaries; and the difference between Chiefs and people is not so marked as in some groups: the lower ranks have neither the sleek skin nor portly mien of their superiors, yet supply a fair ratio of fine men, supple in joint, strong in limb, and full of activity.

There is a prevailing opinion, that Albinos occur more frequently among the Papuan race than elsewhere. My own observation tends somewhat to confirm this, as, during my residence in Fiji, I met with five specimens of this exceptional variety. In three of these, who were adults, the skin had an unnatural appearance; it was whiter than that of an Englishman who had been exposed to the sun, and smooth and horny to the touch. Through the heat of the sun it was deeply cracked and spotted with large brown freckle-like marks, left by old sun-sores. All these persons suffered much from exposure to the sun, and never, as far as I could learn, became accustomed to the heat. The skin had a slight tinge of red, and hair, together with that of the head, of a flaxen colour. In two cases the iris was blue, and in the third there was a sandy tinge. The eyes were kept half closed, as though unable to bear much light. One man of this class I knew well. He lived for four years near me, and was industrious and good-tempered, and eventually became a Christian. Natives are sometimes seen with white hands or feet, the effect of disease; but this blanched appearance never spreads over the body, neither are the parts affected painfully sensitive to the sun's heat. The last Albino that I saw, was a child of two or three weeks old, born of Christian parents who were young and healthy. It was a remarkable object, the skin being much whiter than the generality of English infants, and very clear. A twin case occurred in the village of Na Vavi—a boy and girl, both of whom reached maturity.

The aspect of the Fijian, considered with reference to his mental character, so far from supporting the decision which would thrust him almost outside of mankind, presents many points of great interest, showing that, if an ordinary amount of attention were bestowed on him, he would take no mean rank in the great human family, to which, hitherto, he has been a disgrace. Dull, barren stupidity forms no part of his character. His feelings are acute, but not lasting; his emotions easily roused, but transient; he can love truly, and hate deeply; he can sympathize with thorough sincerity, and feign with consummate skill; his fidelity and loyalty are strong and enduring, while his revenge never dies, but waits to avail itself of circumstances, or of the blackest treachery, to accomplish its purpose. His senses are keen, and so well employed, that he often excels the white man in ordinary things. Tact has been called "ready cash," and of this the native of Fiji has a full share, enabling him to surmount at once many difficulties, and accomplish many tasks, that would have "fixed" an Englishman. Tools, cord, or packing materials, he finds directly, where the white man would be at a loss for either; and nature seems to him but a general store for his use, where the article he wants is always within reach.

In social diplomacy the Fijian is very cautious and clever. That he ever paid a visit merely *en passant*, is hard to be believed. If no request leaves his lips, he has brought the desire, and only waits for a good chance to present it now, or prepare the way for its favourable reception at some other time. His face and voice are all pleasantness, and he has the rare skill of finding out just the subject on which you most like to talk, or sees at once whether you desire silence. Rarely will he fail to read your countenance; and the case must be urgent indeed, which obliges him to ask a favour when he sees a frown. The more important he feels his business, the more earnestly he protests that he has none at all; and the subject uppermost in his thoughts comes last to his lips, or is not even named; for he will make a second, or even a third visit, rather than risk a failure through precipitancy. He seems to read other men by intuition, especially where selfishness or lust are prominent traits. If it serves his purpose, he will study difficult and peculiar characters, reserving the results for future use: if, afterwards, he wishes to please them, he will know how; and if to annoy them, it will be done most exactly.

His sense of hearing is acute, and by a stroke of his nail he judges of the ripeness of fruits, or soundness of various substances.

Great command of temper, and power to conceal his emotions, are often displayed by the Fijian. Let some one, for instance, bring a val-

uable present to a Chief from whom he seeks a favour, it will be regarded with chilling indifference, although it is, of all things, what the delighted superior most wished to possess. I well recollect how an old Chief on Lakemba received from my lips an important piece of information, just arrived from Mbau. I communicated it under the impression that no one else in his village knew of it. His manner strengthened this belief; for, by simply naming the source of my report, I secured his ear, and, as I proceeded, his jaw fell, his eyes dilated, the muscles of his face worked strongly, and long before I finished, the old man was a very impersonation of admiring attention. The effect was complete, and I paused at the end of my story, expecting the usual outburst of exclamation; but, to my mortification, the old Chief's features relapsed into their wonted placidity, as he coolly replied, 'The messenger of the King had just finished telling us this news as you approached the house.'

The conduct of Absalom towards his brother Amnon is exactly descriptive of what often happens in Fiji: "And Absalom spake unto his brother Amnon neither good nor bad, for Absalom hated Amnon." I have often witnessed such outward calmness and apparent indifference, when within—

"Slumber'd a whirlwind of the heart's emotions."

I was personally acquainted with the chief parties in the following tragedy, which serves to illustrate the characteristic just noted. Tui Wainunu, the principal actor, was himself my informant. In the year 1851, his cousin Mbatinamu of Mbua was slain. Shortly after Mbatinamu's death, part of a tribe from the district where he fell visited Tui Wainunu with a present of pottery, and were entertained by him for several days. One day, when the party from Na Mbuna were conversing with Tu Wainunu, their Chief, ignorant of their entertainer's connection with Mbua, mentioned Mbatinamu, saying that he was a fine young Chief. Tui Wainunu's suspicions were at once excited, and he, pretending entire ignorance of the deceased Chief, made several inquiries about him. This had the desired effect. The Mbuna Chief gave Mbatinamu's history, concluding thus: "I struck him to the earth, and was deaf to his entreaties for life." After describing how the corpse lay, he added, "I turned it upon its back, cut out the tongue by the roots, and ate it myself! And see this cord, by which my chest key is suspended from my neck; it was braided of the ornamental tufts of hair cut from his head." "And did you eat his tongue?" calmly asked the listener. "Yes," was the reply, "I killed him, and ate his tongue." The guest

was already a dead man in Tui Wainunu's estimation; but the execution of his vengeance was deferred until the eve of the visitor's departure. Then, after midnight, Tui Wainunu called round him a few trusty men, and walked with them to the house where the victims slept. A blow on the wall from the Chief's heavy club woke the inmates, who, before they could recover from their surprise, were ordered out to die, while the wrathful avenger cried, "And can you fly, that you will escape from me?" The first who came out was placed in the custody of an attendant. The next fell with his skull smashed, and the next, and the next, until eleven dead or dying men lay at the feet of the executioners. Two women of the party were kept as slaves, and the man who came out first managed to escape in the confusion. All the rest, without the slightest warning, were suddenly butchered, and their bodies shared and devoured by the friends of Tui Wainunu, who "spake" to his ill-fated guests "neither good nor bad."

It is a trite observation, that the character of a people is shown in their proverbs. The proverbs of Fiji are plentiful, and in agreement with this rule. Of those which grow out of local or other peculiarities, there are many, and some have been already quoted. A great number might be added, did they not entirely lose their force by translation, while some cannot be rendered into another tongue at all. The following proverbial saying is often heard, when the setting sun casts long shadows:—

"Sa coka na dabea ;"

literally, "The dabea darts forth." The dabea is a large sea-eel which thrusts out its head from beneath the beds of coral, as the afternoon advances.

Greediness is reprov'd in this couplet:—

*"Votavota ko lewa mata ca :
Digitaka ka levu, ka visa ;"*

which may be thus paraphrased:—

"Your evil eye esteems your share too small,
And prompts you greedily to aim at all."

The spirit of another, used to shame a cruel husband, may be represented thus:—

"O what a valiant man you are,
Who beat your wife, but dare not go to war!"

An ill-regulated tribe, or family badly provided for, is sneered at as, "*A mataqali yauta*," "A family on whom the dew falls;" *i. e.*, unprotected. The result of wealth in adding care is thus set forth:—

*"E dua nomu waga levu
E dua nomu vusi levu :"*

"If you have a great canoe,
Great will be your labour too."

The arithmetical skill of goddesses is an article of Fijian faith, and very high numbers are thus spoken of:—

"Sa wili seva na alewa-kalou ;"

"Goddesses, in counting them, would err." Gay attire, and trifling employment, are reproved as follows:—

"Sa sega na lovo e buta kina :"

"No food is cooked thereby." I once heard a man say jeeringly to another of small means, who was looking wishfully at a costly box,—

"Sa sarasara na ika maravu :"

"Becalmed and looking at fishes." The proverb supposes a person becalmed, and longing for the fish which sport securely round his canoe.

"Sa taumada na vana kai Nakodo :"

"The Nakodo people cut the mast first." Improvidence and want of forethought are thus censured, which would prepare the mast before securing the canoe.

"A medra wai na vosa a tamata cidroi :"

"The saucy take reproof like water," *i. e.*, swallow it without thought.

"Sa tuba leca na siga o go :"

"An unimproved day is not to be counted : " and,—

"A kena laya sa vakaogo, sa drau na kena votu :"

"This is like its bud ;" (or calyx ;) "its results will appear a hundred-fold." These need no comment, and show that the Fijian can be serious, though he is very rarely so, except about trifles.

The people have more than average conversational powers, and chattering groups while away the early night by retailing local news or olden legends. In sarcasm, mimicry, jest, and "chaff," they greatly excel, and will keep each other on the broad grin for hours together. A Mr. Hadley, of Wenham, cited by Dr. Pickering, says, "In the course of much experience, the Fijians were the only 'savage people' he had ever met with who could give reasons, and with whom it was possible to hold a connected conversation." *

* "Races of Man," p. 173.

That considerable mechanical skill exists among the Fijians, will have been already evident, and their cleverness in design is manifest in the carved and stained patterns which they produce. Imitative art is rarely found, except in rude attempts to represent, on clubs or cloths, men, turtles, fishes, guns, etc. Almost all their lines are straight or zigzag; the curve being scarcely ever found in ornamental work, except in outlines.

Of admiring emotion, produced by the contemplation of beauty, these people seem incapable; while they remain unmoved by the wondrous loveliness with which they are everywhere surrounded.

But the savageism of the Fijian has a more terrible badge, and one whereby he is principally distinguished by all the world,—his cruelty is relentless and bloody. That innate depravity which he shares in common with other men, has, in his case, been fostered into peculiar brutality by the character of his religion, and all his early training and associations. Shedding of blood to him is no crime, but a glory. Whoever may be the victim,—whether noble or vulgar, old or young, man, woman, or child,—whether slain in war, or butchered by treachery,—to be somehow an acknowledged murderer is the object of the Fijian's restless ambition. This, however, has more to do with the moral character of the people.

It will already be manifest, that the Chiefs who have to rule subjects like these, must be shrewd and sagacious men; and it will be seen more clearly presently, that only such men can insure respect and obedience.

As the character of a people's mind will, of course, reveal itself in their language, a few words are due to that subject here, although its fuller consideration is reserved to a future chapter. All, therefore, that need be mentioned now concerning the Fijian language is, that it is full, vigorous, of considerable internal resources, flexible, and bold.

Poetry, too, for the reason just named, deserves notice; but of Fijian poetry, strictly so called, there is but little to be said. What has been remarked about the insensibility of the natives to all that is beautiful, will show that a true poet among them is indeed a *rara avis*. Living amidst an "unimaginable luxuriance of herbage, in a greenhouse-like atmosphere," surrounded with "the fresh flush of vegetable fragrance, calculated to regale the senses, exhilarate the spirits, and diffuse through the whole soul a strange delirium of buoyant hope and joy," the mind of the Fijian has hitherto seemed utterly unconscious of any inspiration of beauty, and his imagination has grovelled in the most vulgar earthliness.

The islands named as the most favoured abodes of the muses are Nairai and Thikombia-i-ra : on the former a man, and on the latter a woman, is blessed with the spirit of poesy—a poesy most difficult to define or describe, and which refuses to come within even the widest signification to which that much abused term is often stretched. The accounts which the poets give of themselves and their productions is amusing. They say that, while asleep, they visit the world of spirits, where a poetic divinity teaches them a poem, while, at the same time, they learn a dance corresponding to the song. The heaven-taught minstrels then return to their mundane home, and communicate the new acquisition to their friends, by whom, on their trading or festive visits, it is spread far and wide through every town and island. No alteration is ever made in the *meke*—a word applied indifferently to both song and dance—however the language may differ from the dialect of the people among whom it is introduced : hence the natives are often ignorant of the meaning of many of their most popular songs, and express surprise if any one should expect them to understand them. The privilege of visiting the spirit-world is said by some to be hereditary. But there are many composers in Fiji who lay no claim to this distinction, but whose productions are nevertheless quite equal to those of the more honoured bards. These are generally a detailing of common events, varied with an occasional episode of fiction. Metre and rhyme are both aimed at, but neither secured with invariable success. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the natives judge of the merit of a composition by the uniformity of metre throughout, and the regularity with which each line in a stanza ends with the two same vowels. The great difficulty of such style is partly removed by the plentiful use of expletives, abbreviated or prolonged words, the omission of articles, or other most free poetic licence ; but a stanza of any length is rarely completed without some change of rhyme. Frequently the first of the two vowels is dropped, and the rhyme sustained with the last only. The best specimen I have seen, was the production of a youth under my own care at Tiliva : it contained eighteen lines, each of which, without the use of expletives, ended in the diphthong *au*. One example from the Fijian Hades is rhymed by a consonant followed with the vowel *a* ; this fails in four lines. Some *mekes* are in triplets. Fijian poems may be divided into dirges, serenades, wake-songs, war-songs, and hymns for the dance. The last class is most numerous, and includes many that might be termed historic. In legendary songs, the native love for exaggeration is freely indulged. One, for instance, tells of a crab so large that it grasped in its claw

a man, who, though between the forceps, received no injury. A bold fellow who climbed the monster's shell was not so fortunate, being dashed to pieces by a back-stroke from one of its limbs.

The following story, which is the basis of a very popular *meke*, will give some idea of the general character of such compositions, and also illustrate Fijian customs. Nai Thombothombo, it is said, is a land of gods, among whom a few human beings are allowed, by privilege, to reside. One of the gods, Rokoua, gave his sister in marriage to another divinity, named Okova. The match was one of unusual happiness; but, in confirmation of the adage, "The course of true love never did run smooth," Okova had shortly to mourn the loss of his wife, and that under circumstances of peculiar distress. The lady had accompanied her lord to the reef on a fishing excursion, when she was seized by a vast bird, surpassing the Rok of the Arabian tale, and carried away under its wing. The bird which thus took Tutuwathiwathi, is known to some as Nga-ni-vatu, "Duck of the rock," and to others as Ngutulei. Okova hastened, in an agony of distress, to his brother-in-law Rokoua, and, presenting a root of yaqona, besought his assistance. They set off in a large canoe in pursuit of the lady, and, on their way, came to an island inhabited by goddesses, where, says the song, "there existed no man, but they while away their time in sports." Rokoua thought to make this their journey's end, saying to Okova, "Let us not sail further in search of Tutuwathiwathi: here is a land of superior ladies, and abounding in precious cowries." But these had no charms for the faithful and disconsolate husband, who replied, "Nay, Rokoua, not so; let us seek Tutuwathiwathi only." Arriving at the Yasawas, the brothers inquired where the Duck-of-the-rock could be found, and were directed to Sawailau, but did not find the bird in its cave. On looking around, they perceived one of Tutuwathiwathi's little fingers, which Okova took as a precious relic, rightly concluding that his wife had been devoured. Having rested awhile, the two gods saw the devourer approaching; "for his fog-like shade shut out the face of the sun." In his beak he carried five large turtles, and in his talons ten porpoises, which, on reaching the cave, he began to eat, without regarding the intruders. Rokoua proposed to spear the monster, but, Okova entreated him to pause while he prayed to three other gods to aid them by causing the wind to blow. The prayer was heard, and a wind blowing into the cave spread out the bird's tail: Rokoua seized the opportunity, and struck his spear through its vitals. The spear, though very long, was entirely hidden in the body of the bird. It was now proposed to make a new sail of

one of the wing-feathers; but as its weight would endanger the canoe, a smaller feather was selected, by means of which they sailed safely home. Before starting, however, they cast the dead bird into the sea, thereby causing such a surge as to "flood the foundation of the sky."

This is given as a fair specimen of a Fijian *meke* of the common kind. Many more might be cited, were it necessary; but only such will be brought forward as are strikingly illustrative of style, or of the rise of a better state of things among the people.

A sort of dialogue or antiphony is common in the *mekes*; but one in regular triplets is not usual. The following is a good example:—

MATA.—“*Ai tukutuku ka muri wailala,
Muria mai na tubu levu lala,
Vakavuravura, e mata ni darava.*”

DOMO MAI LOMA.—“*Vura ca ogori, se vura vinaka?
Lalaqila sa yadra cala
Cabo dali, Keitou vakatama.*”

MATA.—“*Na Viti-levu, ka sa samu lala,
Sa dravutaki na kena tamata,
Me tou se ki tubu levu lalo.*”
Dulena.

“*Ka vuki na bosulu, ka yau
Na Dilolevu ka vakatautau,
Me gorica toka ko Tuicakau,
Ka bara curu loloma koi au:
Mo curu mai ko Adi kea Bau,
Na rerega ko solia vei au,
Qoqoli sili a lewa ni Lasakau,
Bogi mai ko ligoligoci au.*”

In the above, a *Mata* or herald is supposed to proclaim an official message, when “a voice from within” inquires as to its purport, to which he replies by announcing some disastrous occurrences on Viti Levu. The *dulena* which is found in many *mekes*, is a sort of epode, rarely having any reference whatever to the preceding subject, but being generally, as in the present instance, the vehicle of indelicate allusions, in which the point and beauty of the song are thought to consist. Hence when a native yields to the purer influence of Christianity, he bids farewell to the nocturnal dance; and a knowledge of the above fact will enable those to form a better judgment, who have condemned the practice of the Missionaries in discountenancing the native dances.

Some few of the *mekes* rhyme fairly throughout, and preserve a

uniform measure. This, however, is rare. The lines are sometimes, though not often, iambic; in other instances, trochaic, frequently with a remaining syllable. The anapæst and dactyl are sometimes introduced.

The subjoined is a literal translation of a native poem on the Sepulture and Resurrection of our Lord, and will serve as an example of a more elevated style of Fijian poetry:—

“The Saviour of mankind has expired;
 And the gloom of an eclipse covers the world.
 The Sun is ashamed, and ashamed is the Moon!
 Joseph carried away the body,
 And buried it in a new tomb.
 The world's atonement buried lies:
 Three nights it lay in the grave,
 And the inhabitants of Judæa rejoiced!
 Then of the angels there came two;
 The faces of these two flamed like fire,
 And the children of war fell down as dead.
 They two opened the sepulchre of stone,
 And the Redeemer rose again from the dead.
 The linen lay folded in its place.
 I stamp underfoot the tooth of the grave!
 And where now, O Death, is thy might?
 Take to thyself thy envenomed sting:
 I pledge a wide-spread exemption.
 Shout triumphantly, sons of the earth;
 For feeble now is the tooth of the law!”

CHORUS.—“*Suvaia suva.*”

In chanting, the chorus is repeated at the end of each line. The love of the natives for their poetry amounts to a passion. They assemble nightly for recitation exercises, and enliven their daily tasks by frequent snatches of songs, sung to a sort of plaintive chant, limited to a few notes, and always in the major key. Some have thought it to resemble the singing in a Jewish synagogue.

In detached fragments, frequently and often appropriately introduced, the poetry of Fiji is certainly shown to the greatest advantage. Indeed, there is no lack of poetic phraseology in the language, and all but the professed poets make use of it. Death is often spoken of as a sleep, and the same figure is used with reference to fluids in a congealed state. Dying is described by the same terms as the sunset. A swearer is said to be “armed with teeth,” and ignorance is “the night of the mind.” The native describes the furling of a sail in the same language as the bird folding its wings for rest: and the word which

expresses "modesty" (*lumaluma*) suggests the softened, retiring light of evening.

Epigrammatic couplets are abundant in Fiji, and some have already been given. One or two more may be added. The first is made for confederates in sin :—

" <i>O iko ko tagi ;</i>	" You must cry ;
<i>Oi au kau caki."</i>	And I'll deny."

The next speaks for itself :—

" Turaga o go e dauvuvu,
Mai baria na vatu ka tu."

"This Chief is jealous: let him nibble a stone." Another sets forth the fame of the Viwa people for propagating a report :—

" Tukutuku e rogo malua ;
Rogo ki Viwa cacavakabuka."

"Reports go slowly; but, on reaching Viwa, spread like fire." A man's claim on his friend is thus put :—

" <i>Noqui tau,</i>	" My friend,
<i>Solia noqu yau."</i>	Give me some property."

With reference to children, the jingling question is asked and answered,—

" <i>Uci cei ?</i>	" Like whom ?
<i>Uci lei."</i>	Like his father."

The people often force their words into a sort of rhyming correspondence. For example :—

" <i>Manini sautanini."</i>	" A miser will tremble."
<i>" Malua marusa."</i>	" Delay is ruin."

The material for a higher class of poetry evidently exists both in the Fijian mind and language; and there can be no doubt that as the former becomes refined, so will the latter be exalted by means of Christianity. As the spirit of the Fijian escapes from the fetters of a most tyrannous superstition, and his imagination is no longer defiled by an unchecked appetite, or dwarfed by selfishness, or darkened by cruelty; as his heart yields to the softening and hallowing power of the Gospel, a purer passion and loftier sentiment will find utterance in higher and holier strains; God's works of beauty shall no longer appeal in vain for a tribute of loving wonder; a great and widening feeling of brotherhood shall kindle a strange glow in the heart, which, like some harp that has long been cast aside, shall, strung with new and grander chords,

give forth music most excellent. The Christian *meke* already quoted may be referred to as, at least, a promise and earnest of that better poetry which the Fijian will have to number among the abundant blessings brought to him by the religion of Jesus.

The transition is easy from this point to the moral aspect of the people of Fiji. In these islands, the theory of those who teach the innate perfectibility of man—an improvement ever developing itself with all the certainty of a fixed law—has had a thorough test, resulting in most signal failure. The morality of the heathen has been a pet subject with a certain class; but experience teaches that the morality of which he often makes an imposing show, is negatived by the principle of evil within him. Every law of the Second Table is, more or less, acknowledged; and every one is habitually and flagrantly broken. The movement apparent in the moral history of Fiji has been steadily and uniformly from bad to worse. Old men speak of the atrocities of recent times as altogether new, and far surpassing the deeds of cruelty which they witnessed fifty years ago.

Pride and covetousness exercise a joint tyranny over the native mind. The Fijian is proud of his person. If he can add a clean *masi* to a well-oiled body and a bushy head of hair, his eye, his step, his every attitude is proud. Conversing one day with an old Somosomo priest, I mentioned the destitute condition of some of the natives of the New Hebrides, adding that they thought themselves very wise, and had many gods. The priest could not conceal his displeasure at the latter part of my remark. "Not possessed of *masi*, and pretend to have gods!" he muttered repeatedly with great contempt, evidently thinking that the few yards of *masi* round his own loins gave him an immense superiority over those poor creatures, whose presumption seemed so great in pretending to have any gods!

An amusing case occurred near my house. A heathen woman complained of being subject to the solicitations of some god, who was always standing near to entice her to him. Her husband appealed to me, either to drive away the god or his wife's delusion. The Rev. John Hunt was staying with me at the time, and we went together to the dwelling of the woman, he armed with a large dose of Epsom salts, and I with a bottle of spirits of hartshorn. On our arrival, we found the house filled with people, and the woman on her back in the midst, shouting lustily, "Let me alone, that I may return!" The excitement was very great; but the shouting was considerably checked by the sudden application of the hartshorn to her nose. When a light was brought, we discovered that our patient was by no means a Venus,

which led Mr. Hunt to observe, with dry gravity, "Truly she is a beauty: what a fancy the god must have who can desire her!" A burst of laughter from the spectators, in which the husband outlaughed the whole, followed this remark. The treatment was most successful. The woman's pride was so stung, that she at once sat up, assuring us that the god had gone away, and that she needed no more medicine.

The Fijian is very proud of his country. Geographical truths are unwelcome alike to his ears and his eyes. He looks with pleasure on a globe, as a representation of the world, until directed to contrast Fiji with Asia or America, when his joy ceases, and he acknowledges, with a forced smile, "Our land is not larger than the dung of a fly;" but, on rejoining his comrades, he pronounces the globe a "lying ball." The process by which a savage has his lofty views of his own country humbled gives him pain, which a feeling mind cannot witness without sharing. There is a danger, too, of the assurance and energy springing from his falsely conceived dignity giving way to listlessness and discouragement, as the pleasing error departs. Many, however, struggle against this feeling. They listen to the reports of foreigners about their own countries, and, knowing that on such a subject *they* could not speak the truth, comfort themselves by believing that the white man is, of course, telling lies. They repeat a common saying,—“the lie of a far away path,”—and hope the best for Fiji.

It will not, therefore, excite surprise that a travelled Fijian commands little respect from his countrymen. His superior knowledge makes him offensive to his Chiefs, and irksome to his equals. A Rewa man who had been to the United States, was ordered by his Chiefs to say whether the country of the white man was better than Fiji, and in what respects. He begged them to excuse him from speaking on that subject, but without avail. He had not gone far in telling the truth, when one cried out, "He is a prating fellow;" another, "He is impudent;" some said, "Kill him! It is natural that a foreigner should thus speak, but unpardonable in a Fijian." The luckless traveller, finding his opinions so little relished, made a hasty retreat, leaving his enraged betters to cool down at leisure,—a process considerably hastened by his absence.

Anything like a slight deeply offends a native, and is not soon forgotten. Crying is a favourite method of giving utterance to wounded pride. If the suffering individual is a woman, she will sit down,—the more public the place the better,—she will sigh, sob, whine, until she gets a good start, when she will trust to the strength of her lungs to let every one within hearing know that one of their species is injured.

A reflection on a woman's character, her rank, her child, her domestic qualifications, or any one of a hundred other things, gives sufficient occasion for a wearisome cry. Nor is this demonstration restricted to the sex: men adopt it also. I once saw four villages roused, and many of the inhabitants under arms, in consequence of a man crying in this style: "War! war!—Will no one kill me, that I may join the shade of my father? War! war!" This was the cry which, one clear day, sounded with singular distinctness through the air, and drew many beside myself to the top of a hill, where we found a little Mata goaded to desperation, because his friend, without consulting him, had cut several yards from some native cloth which was their joint property. To be treated so rudely made the little man loathe life; and hence the alarm. A native of Mbua put together the frame of a house, and then applied to his friends, in due form, for help to thatch it. They readily assented; but in the course of the conversation which ensued, a remark was made that touched the pride of the applicant, who angrily resolved to make the unfinished house a monument of his high stomach, by leaving it to rot; as it actually did, in front of my own dwelling.

Few things go more against a native's nature than to be betrayed into a manifestation of anger. On the restraint and concealment of passion he greatly prides himself, and forms his judgment of strangers by their self-control in this particular. When the hidden flame bursts forth, the transition is sudden from mirth to demon-like anger. Sometimes they are surprised into wrath, or vexed beyond endurance; when they throw off all restraint, and give themselves up to passion. The rage of a civilized man, in comparison with what then follows, is like the tossings of a restless babe. A savage fully developed—physically and morally—is exhibited. The forehead is suddenly filled with wrinkles; the large nostrils distend and smoke; the staring eye-balls grow red and gleam with terrible flashings; the mouth is stretched into a murderous and disdainful grin; the whole body quivers with excitement; every muscle is strained, and the clenched fist seems eager to bathe itself in the blood of him who has roused this demon of fury. When anger is kept continually under curb, it frequently results in sullenness. Pride and anger combined often lead to self-destruction. A Chief on Thithia was addressed disrespectfully by a younger brother: rather than live to have the insult made the topic of common talk, he loaded his musket, placed the muzzle at his breast, and, pushing the trigger with his toe, shot himself through the heart. I knew a very similar case on the Vanua Levu. But the most common method of suicide in Fiji is by jumping over a precipice. This is, among the women, the

fashionable way of destroying themselves ; but they sometimes resort to the rope. Of deadly poisons they are ignorant, and drowning would be a difficult thing ; for, from infancy, they learn to be almost as much at home in the water as on dry land.

Boasting generally attends upon pride, and in Fiji reaches to a very high growth. As among more civilized people, pride of pedigree is largely indulged ; and should a native imagine that you are ignorant of his real origin, he will take care to fix it high enough, and support his pretensions by affecting to treat you as his inferior. Toki, a Chief of Raviravi, used to speak of himself as the offspring of a turtle, regarding all other Chiefs as the progeny of inferior fishes. The ruler of a few little islands finds no difficulty in exalting himself above European Monarchs, and designates any of their subjects who may live within his domain, as "his animals." It is a very rare and difficult thing for a Fijian to give an impartial account of any transaction in which he took part, the most trifling incident being always greatly magnified. Had not this been natural, yet would the natives have learned to brag from the example of their gods, who take advantage of their visits to earth to boast of their mighty deeds. The Fijian language supplies a smart jest against these self-trumpeters, in the onomato-poetic name of their parrot,—*kaka* ; hence they accost the boasting egotist : " Ah ! you are like the kaka ; you only speak to shout your own name."

Where there is habitual boasting, there must be occasional lying. Among the Fijians the propensity to lie is so strong, that they seem to have no wish to deny its existence, or very little shame when convicted of a falsehood. Ordinary lies are told undisguised, but, should it be necessary, a lie is presented with every appearance of truth. Adroitness in lying is attained by the constant use made of it to conceal the schemes and plots of the Chiefs, to whom a ready and clever liar is a valuable acquisition. The universal existence of this habit is so thoroughly taken for granted, that it is common to hear, after the most ordinary statement, the rejoinder, " That's a lie," or something to the same effect, at which the accused person does not think of taking offence. Anything marvellous, on the other hand, meets with ready credence. Walking with a shrewd old native for my guide, on Vanua Levu, he directed my attention to some stones at the side of the path : " These," said he, " mark the place where a giant was slain while I was a little boy. This stone marks where his head lay, that where his knees, and these where his feet reached." Measuring the distance with my walking staff, I found it twenty-five feet six inches ! " Well done,

Fiji!" I shouted. The old man was startled at my incredulity; for he evidently believed the tale. Natives have often told me lies, evidently without any ill-will, and when it would have been far more to their advantage to have spoken the truth. The Fijians hail as agreeable companions those who are skilful in making tales, but, under some circumstances, strongly condemn the practice of falsehood. As "shocking-accident-makers," these people would greatly excel; they could supply every variety without limitation, and the most tragic and mournful without compunction. "A Fijian truth" has been regarded as a synonym for a lie, and foreigners, wishing to be rightly informed, caution the native not to speak "after the fashion of Fiji," a reflection which he turns to his own advantage when brought before the stranger for some misdemeanor, by assuring him that his accusers speak "after the fashion of Fijians." On matters most lied about by civilized people, the native is the readiest to speak the truth. Thus, when convicted of some offence, he rarely attempts to deny it, but will generally confess all to any one he esteems. Upon the whole, I am disposed to attribute the remarkable prevalence of falsehood to frivolous indifference, and the universal tendency of the people to pry into each other's affairs. This habitual concealment or disguise of the truth presents a great difficulty to the reforming labours of the Missionary, causing him sometimes the bitterest disappointment. After the actual untruth of the lips is laid aside, the principle of misrepresentation survives in the heart, and often leads to prevarication, or such a modifying of the truth as to make it seem other than it is. The following incident shows that lying, *per se*, is condemned and considered disreputable. A white man, notorious for falsehood, had displeased a powerful Chief, and wrote asking me to intercede for him. I did so; when the Chief dismissed the case briefly, saying, "Tell — that no one hates a foreigner; but tell him that every one hates a liar!"

The Fijian is a great adept in acting as well as telling an untruth. The expectation of an order to set about some difficult job, often makes a man wear his arm in a sling: another, while seeming to work with fearful exertion, is all the time careful not to strain a single muscle; and the appearance of seeking their neighbour's benefit, while intent only on their own, is shown continually. It has already been seen that the Fijian can be cruelly deceitful. Here is an instance in which foreigners were concerned. Four seamen left Fotuna for Fiji in a canoe less than thirty feet in length. They sighted land after being one night at sea, and, in a few hours, were in communication with the natives of Thikombia-i-ra. One of the sailors, having formerly lived in the group,

knew a little of the language, and went ashore to ask where they were. A native, who had adjusted his *masi* in the style of a *lotu* dress, said, "This is Somosomo; we are Christians, and I am Teacher in this place." This was pleasant news to the inquirer; but, on looking round, he saw the wreck of a boat on the beach, and on one of the natives a pea-jacket which had belonged to a white man who had miserably perished by the hands of the savages. Though his suspicions were thus aroused, the sailor preserved his self-command, and very composedly replied, "This is good; this is the land I seek: I will return and bring my companions on shore." Directly on reaching the canoe, he announced their danger to his comrades, and the sail was immediately hoisted. A native who had laid hold on the end of the canoe was frightened off, by having a rusty musket presented at him. Those on shore, seeing their prey likely to escape, gave a loud shout, when many more rushed out from their ambush, and a shower of bullets followed the canoe. Several passed through the sail; but as the savages fired high, the little party escaped uninjured, and one of them afterwards related the circumstances to me.

Here is another true tale of Fijian vengeance and deceit. Nalila, a late Chief of Lasakau, evaded the sentence of death for three years by keeping himself a close prisoner on the island of Viwa. At the close of this term a reconciliation having been effected, and his enemies professing a sincere affection for him, the exile ventured to return to Mbau, where his restored friends lived, and passed a comfortable day with them. Ngavindi, his chief foe, was said to be sick, yet spent a little time in Nalila's company. On the second night, as they and several of their friends sat socially round the yaqona bowl, the report of a musket was heard, and Nalila fell. Ngavindi sprang on his feet to finish the deed with his club, when Nalila's father, hoary with age, begged him to show mercy, but only drew to himself the fury of the Chief, who, with one fierce blow of his club, struck the old man to the earth a corpse. The heart, liver, and tongue of Nalila were quickly cut away and devoured, and the mutilated body given up to the tears of the widow.

Covetousness, begetting envy, theft, and ingratitude, and leading to the blackest crimes, is strong in the Fijian. Prompted thereby, the natives have murdered white traders, to gain property of small value. The known prevalence of the same vice has caused the enactment of stringent regulations among the people themselves, such, for instance, as the *tabu kalawatha*. This means, to stride over, and, by accommodation, to pass by, as a canoe in sailing by a town. If the town is one to

which those on the canoe are subject, it is expected that they will stop and report their errand : should they neglect this, they are regarded as smugglers, trading for their own independent advantage ; an offence sometimes punished with death.

Covetousness will not even let the dead rest. On my last visit to Nai Vuki, I found the *lotu* people in trouble about a disturbed grave, wherein they had buried a Christian female, wrapping the body in a few yards of calico. The shroud of the dead woman excited the cupidity of the heathen, who resolved to strip the corpse, in which attempt they were surprised and defeated.

Theft is regarded in Fiji as a very small offence, and even as none at all when practised on a foreigner. When I was preparing once to visit the Yaro district on Vanuambalavu, a Chief who had some influence there kindly gave me a letter of introduction to the Yaro Chiefs, in which he requested them to "treat me kindly, to prevent their people being impudent, and stealing the poles, sculls, and ropes belonging to my canoe."

Meaner men steal under the direct sanction of the Chiefs, who are quite ready to punish them if detected, as, by so doing, they effect a threefold object : they appear to discountenance the practice, satisfy the plaintiff, and chastise the thief for his unskilfulness. Success, without discovery, is deemed quite enough to make thieving virtuous, and a participation in the ill-gotten gain honorable.

The Rewa Chief who told a gentleman of the United States Navy that he wished to send his daughters to the Mission school, but could not because the attendants there were such thieves, used to supply the Missionaries with servants, who had special charge from him to rob those with whom they lived. Boats are often robbed by parties visiting them for that express purpose, but ostensibly for barter. Although these cannot be out of sight, and are closely watched, yet, under such circumstances, they are adroit enough to steal a musket or a pig of lead, and drop it overboard. When the boat is gone, a diver brings up the booty.

A master of a vessel lately complained of some natives stowing away an iron pot in their sleeping mats ; and the truth of this unlikely trick is countenanced by one played upon us at Lakemba, where a native managed to secrete a dinner-plate under his narrow *masi*. A list of things stolen from the Missionaries would not be a short one ; and the surprise of Europeans at some of the articles named, would not exceed the perplexity of the pilferers in endeavouring to discover their use.

Early visitors to savage lands tell of the willingness with which the people gave up their goods for the gratification of the strangers; but they expected a similar generosity in return, and simply supposed that they would be allowed to claim whatever they might fancy. On finding, however, that this was not the case, they helped themselves. Whatever excuse is in this, ought to be granted to the islanders, whose practical lessons from the whites on the distinction of *meum* and *tuum* have been cruelly and bloodily enforced.

As to the power of envy in the Fijian nature—an emotion so fruitful of trouble to its subject, and injustice and ill-will towards his neighbours—I would merely give an illustrative and striking confession of Ratu Leweni-lovo, with whom I was conversing on this topic near the seashore. I inquired, “When will you Chiefs cease from your envious plottings?” “I cannot tell,” he replied; “envy will not let us heathen rest. We see our likenesses in the ocean before us; it ebbs and then it flows again, and rests not: we are like to it; we know no peace.”

Ingratitude deeply and disgracefully stains the character of the Fijian heathen. A book might be filled with instances. Four years' experience among the natives of Somosomo taught me that if one of them, when sick, obtained medicine from me, he thought me bound to give him food; the reception of food he considered as giving him a claim on me for covering; and, that being secured, he deemed himself at liberty to beg anything he wanted, and abuse me if I refused his unreasonable request. I treated the old King of Somosomo, Tuithakau II. for a severe attack of sickness, which his native doctors failed to relieve. During the two or three days on which he was under my care, he had at his own request tea and arrow-root from our house; and, when recovered, his daughter waited on me to say that he could now eat well, and had sent her to beg an iron pot in which to cook his food! One more example. The master of a *biche-de-mar* vessel took a native under his care whose hand was shattered by the bursting of a musket. The armourer amputated the injured part, and the man was provided for on board the vessel for nearly two months. On his recovery, he told the master that he was going on shore, but that a musket must be given him, in consideration of his having been on board so long. Such a request was, of course, refused; and, after having been reminded of the kindness shown him, to which he probably owed his life, the unreasonable fellow was sent ashore, where he showed his sense of obligation by burning down one of the Captain's drying-houses, containing fish to the value of three hundred dollars.

Intense and vengeful malignity strongly marks the Fijian character.

When a person is offended, he seldom says anything, but places a stick or stone in such a position as to remind him continually of his grudge, until he has had revenge. Sometimes a man has hanging over his bed the dress of a murdered friend; or another will deprive himself of some favourite or even necessary food; while another will forego the pleasures of the dance; all being common ways of indicating sworn revenge. Sometimes a man is seen with the exact half of his head closely cropped, to which disfigurement another will add a long twist of hair hanging down the back; and thus they will appear until they have wreaked vengeance on those who slew their wives while fishing on the reef. From the ridge-pole of some Chief's house, or a temple, a roll of tobacco is suspended; and there it must hang, until taken down to be smoked over the dead body of some one of a hated tribe. A powerful savage, of sober aspect, is seen keeping profound silence in the village council. To ordinary inquiries he replies with a whistle. His son, the hero of the village, fell by a treacherous hand, and the father has vowed to abstain from the pleasures of conversation, until he opens his lips to revile the corpse of his son's murderer, or to bless the man who deprived it of life. Irritating songs are employed to excite the hatred of those who are likely to let their vengeance sleep. The youths of the place assemble before the house, and, *leletaka*, or lament, that none revenge the death of their friend. The effect of such a song, framed so as to appeal to the most sensitive points of the Fijian's nature, is to awaken the malice and fury of those to whom it is addressed with all their original force, and vows of bloody retribution are made afresh.

Impatient to accomplish their purpose of revenge, the natives sometimes have recourse to witchcraft. Reeds or sticks, imbued with evil power by the necromancer's art, are placed in the path of the victim, that he may be wounded thereby, and stricken with disease or death, according to the potency of the charm. Instead of the reeds, leaves are sometimes used. Chiefs countenance a kind of Thuggism, availing themselves of the assassin's help to get rid of a rival, or punish an enemy. The Fijian Thug is named *Bati-Kadi* ("Tooth of the black ant"). One of this class was employed by Thokonauto, the Rewa Chief, to kill his rival Nanggaraninggio. In the stillness of the night, the assassin stole into a lone house belonging to his intended victim; but which happened to be occupied only by a powerful Tahitian, named Aboro, a faithful friend of Nanggaraninggio, who was sleeping nearer to the town. Groping round in the dark, the assassin found the berth, or raised shelf, on which Aboro was sleeping, and struck at him with a hatchet. The blow, falling on a bamboo tie-beam, woke the Tahitian, who sprang up

and grappled with the miscreant, not, however, without receiving deep wounds on his arm. In the dark the two men struggled, until Aboro put an end to the conflict, by stabbing the other in the breast with a long knife.

Fijians express their malice in strong terms. "My hatred of thee begins at the heels of my feet, and extends to the hairs of my head." An angry Chief sent the following message to the object of his displeasure. "Let the shell of the *vasua*" (the giant oyster) "perish by reason of years, and to these add a thousand more; still my hatred of thee shall be hot!" This relentless animosity will pursue its object to the grave, and gratify itself by abusing a putrid carcass. I have seen a large stake hammered through a poor fellow's head, to please his enemy's malice; to which motive must also be attributed the practice of the Chief's eating the tongue, heart, and liver of a foe.

Many instances have already been given of the treachery of the Fijians, and many more might be adduced; but one only is here added, as displaying, to their utmost extent, some of the darkest qualities of the native character, and presenting scenes full of savage romance.

Tambai-valu, a former King of Rewa, was excited by Randi Ndreketi, his Queen, to hate Koroi Tamana, his son by another wife of high rank. The animosity of the Queen, who was a wicked and artful woman, was roused by a consciousness that Koroi Tamana was exceedingly popular, and a fear lest he should prevent her own children from succeeding to the government. The father, yielding at last to her influence, resolved to kill his son, who fled again and again from his unjust anger. After being hunted about for some time, and becoming tired of being the object of groundless suspicion, he listened to the suggestion of certain malcontent Chiefs, and determined to accomplish his father's destruction, and assume the supreme power, his treacherous advisers pledging themselves to stand by him. One night, Koroi Tamana set the King's canoe-house on fire, and then went to arouse the King, telling him that Rewa was in flames. On hearing the alarm, Tambai-valu ran out, and was suddenly struck dead by the club of his own son. Thus the Queen's evil schemes seemed frustrated; but her cunning, stimulated with fresh malice, showed itself equal to the emergency. Seeing that the death wound of her husband was scarcely apparent, she cried out, "He lives! He lives!" Then, assisted by a Tongan woman, she carried the body into the *loqi*, or private part of the house, and announced that the King was recovering, but that, being very weak, he desired that no one should approach him. She then went to the Chiefs, professing to bring Tambai-valu's command that his son should be put

to death. For some time, none seemed disposed to attend to the message ; and the Queen, fearing lest her plan should, after all, fall through, went to the Chiefs again, carrying with her a present of large whales' teeth, stating that they were sent by the King's hand to purchase the death of Koroï Tamana. Adding all her own eloquence and female persuasion, this determined woman prevailed, and the Chiefs went to the doomed man, informed him of the King's order, and killed him. They immediately went into the presence of the King to report his son's execution, when the putrid smell of the corpse told them the truth. But it was now too late. Tambai-valu and Koroï Tamana were both dead ; and, after burying the former, nothing was left to the Chiefs but to elect, as successor, Mathanawai, the Queen's son, and thus complete the triumph of his designing and unscrupulous mother, who, contrary to custom, did not die with her husband. These particulars, in the form of a *meke*, I heard at Lakemba.

Another deformity which disfigures the Fijian, is his cowardice. This, too, has been mentioned before. Many examples might be given of most dastardly cruelty, where women and even unoffending children were abominably slain ; but such details would prove to be neither pleasing nor interesting. The boasting of which so much has been said, cannot exist with true bravery. *A qaqā ni cau solevaki*—"A brave man, when not surrounded by enemies"—is descriptive of nine out of ten instances of Fijian valour. Few are found who will walk alone at night or in the dusk ; and, on their visits to strange places, suspicious fear prevents enjoyment. The approach of a canoe makes every one uneasy, until they ascertain the character and disposition of those on board. Should a house take fire, the fear of the flames is overcome by a dread of imaginary enemies lurking about to kill those who may escape. Nearly every feast is a season of misgiving, because of reports that some particular person is selected to be slain during its celebration. I have seen women disperse, like frightened doves, at the appearance of a solitary man, and youngsters of various ages scamper pell-mell at the uplifting of a spy-glass. A Fijian cannot be comfortable with a stranger at his heels. It has so happened, several times, that when I have had a room full of visitors, the door was suddenly slammed with the wind, and, in an instant, the affrighted natives would rush out at the windows, like bees from a disturbed hive. In dragging a canoe that was only roughed out, from the forest, it received a jar so as to cause a split near a hole cut to receive one of the ropes. The man who first perceived this, whispered his discovery to the one next him, he to the third ; and so the news went round, until, in a few minutes, all were flying in every

direction, each fearing lest he should be clubbed, as a caution to survivors to be more careful.

Such a feeling of suspicious fear must necessarily accompany the lawless cruelty, treachery, and utter disregard of the value of human life, which are so prominently characteristic of the inhabitants of Fiji. To multiply most terrible proofs of these would be easy. But such details are unnecessary, and only serve to awaken feelings of horror and disgust. Atrocities of the most fearful kind have come to my knowledge, which I *dare* not record here. And it must not be forgotten that, in the case of murder, the act is not a simple one, ending in the first bloodshed. The blow which falls fatally on one man, may be said to kill several more; for, if the victim is married, his wife or wives will be strangled as soon as the husband's death becomes known, and often the man's mother will die at the same time. Then again, if the deed is such as to justify the perpetrator's claim to receiving "a new name," other murders will be necessary to complete the ceremony. He and his friends must *silima*—"wash"—his club, if possible, within a few weeks of the first crime; that is, the club must spill more blood. Murder is not an occasional thing in Fiji; but habitual, systematic, and classed among ordinary transactions.

All the evils of the most licentious sensuality are found among this people. In the case of the Chiefs, these are fully carried out, and the vulgar follow as far as their means will allow. But here, even at the risk of making the picture incomplete, there may not be given a faithful representation.

After so dark a portraiture as the above, the reader will scarcely expect to find affection much developed in the Fijian heart, at any rate beyond the mere animal attachments, such as are manifested by the lower order of creatures, for instance, towards their young. But something higher than this is really to be found, although not reaching the loftier standard of more enlightened nations. In the case of this people, however, allowance must be made for the manner in which custom and training have directed the expression of their affections, or we shall be in danger of denying the existence of the principle, because developed in a manner different from that to which we are accustomed. To murder a wife, that she may be the companion of her deceased husband in Hades, or a mother, that her son may not be buried alone, would be repugnant to every Christian heart; but not so to the Fijian. I do not doubt that misdirected affection influences some sons to destroy her who bore them, and some daughters to weep when Christian charity has rescued their mothers from the fatal noose. But the exhibition of

parental love is sometimes such as to be worthy of admiration. The most remarkable case of this kind with which I am acquainted, was that of a Lakemba woman, whose child a friend was taking away to Tonga, to rear as his own. The mother had given a reluctant assent to the plan, and went on board the canoe, which was just starting, with her boy. Her affection kept her there until the canoe had passed the sea-reef, and yet she could not tear herself from her child. Being partly compelled to do so, she plunged into the sea, and faintly swam towards land. But her strokes grew feebler and feebler as she was further parted from her idol, until, in her great sorrow, she began to sink. The Mission canoe had followed the other, and the crew, seeing something dark afloat, steered to it, and rescued the drowning woman. When the mother was restored to consciousness, she upbraided her deliverers with unkindness in not permitting her to end her grief in the deep sea.

I have been astonished to see the broad breast of a most ferocious savage heave and swell with strong emotion on bidding his aged father a temporary farewell. I have listened with interest to a man of milder mould, as he told me about his "eldest son—his head, his face, his mien—the admiration of all who saw him." Yet this father assisted to strangle his son; and the son first named buried his old father alive!

Generally speaking, and with but few exceptions, suspicion, reserve, and distrust pervade the domestic relationship, and a happy and united household is most rare.

CHAPTER VI.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE habits, manners, and customs of a savage people must always prove interesting, and to a certain extent, instructive. In the present instance, the people described are but little known, and there are very few who have had the opportunity of long and intimate acquaintance with them, and who, at the same time, have been either able or disposed to give a fair and unprejudiced statement of what they have witnessed. Hence, to the other attractions belonging to a description of Fijian life, private and public, will be added much of the charm of novelty. Any portraiture, too, of a people living, for many generations, under the uninterrupted power of influences different from any which we daily feel, and strangers to those motives and forces which have, more than anything else, modified the development of our own individual and social character, must convey instruction, imparting, as it does, revelations which shed new light on the difficult study—man.

Although domestic habits are found to a great extent among the Fijians, yet, as was intimated at the close of the last chapter, there is too much reserve to allow the social element full influence. A general kindness of manner is prevalent, but the high attachments which constitute friendship are known to very few. A free flow of the affections between members of the same family is further prevented by the strict observance of national or religious customs, imposing a most unnatural restraint. Brothers and sisters, first cousins, fathers and sons-in-law, mothers and daughters-in-law, and brothers and sisters-in-law, are thus severally forbidden to speak to each other, or to eat from the same dish. The latter embargo extends to husbands and wives—an arrangement not likely to foster domestic joy. Husbands are as frequently away from their wives as with them, since it is thought not well for a man to sleep regularly at home. Among other similar practices may be mentioned the forbidding of wives, when pregnant, to wait on their hus-

bands. In native opinion, it is common for a woman to hate her husband, but rare for a man to hate his wife, and very rare for a woman to hate a man by whom she had children before her marriage with her present lord. Full-grown men, it is true, will walk about together hand in hand, with boyish kindness, or meet with hugs and embraces; but their love, though specious, is hardly real. Violent quarrels are not frequent; nor need they be, if those I have seen were specimens, ending, as they did, with the axe and club, wounded heads, or broken arms. Too much has been said about the cleanliness of the natives. The lower classes are often very dirty; a fact which becomes more evident when they wear calico, to which no soap is applied, and which presents a larger surface to the eye than the ordinary *masi*. They sit and often sleep on the ground, and seldom hesitate to sink both cleanliness and dignity in what they call comfort.

To the description which has been given of the interior of a Fijian house, there may be added here a notice of its furniture and contents, which are few and simple. Where part of the floor is raised, forming a dais, which, by day, is the divan, and, by night, the bed of a Chief, it is covered with mats, varying in number from two to ten, and spread over a thick layer of dried grass and elastic ferns, while on them are placed two or three neat wooden or bamboo pillows. Over this hangs the mosquito curtain, which is generally large enough to hang across the house, thus giving to one end of it an air of comfort. Chequered baskets, gourds, and bottles for scented oil are hung about the walls; and, in a conspicuous place, stands or hangs the yaqona bowl, with a strainer and cup. In various parts are suspended fans, a sunshade made of the leaf of the cabbage palm, an oil dish of dark wood, and several food dishes of wood or wicker-work. On a slight frame behind the curtain stands a chest or two, with a musket hanging above, and, perhaps, an axe and spade beneath. Along the foot of the wall rest oblong wooden bowls with four feet, or round earthen pans with none. If there is any arrow-root, it is preserved in coarse wide-mouthed jars; and one or more glazed water-vessels have a place near the hearth or bed, set in a nest of dry grass. The other domestic apparatus is found near the hearth, and comprises nets, a bone knife for cutting bread from the pit, and another of foreign make for cutting up yams, etc.; a concave board, four or six feet long, on which to work up the bread, and round stones for mashing the same; coarse baskets for vegetables, cocoa-nut and bamboo vessels for salt and fresh water, and soup dishes, and a ladle made of the nut shell. On the hearth, each set on three stones, are several pots, capable of holding from a quart to five gallons. Near

these are a cord for binding fuel, a skewer for trying cooked food, and, in the better houses, a wooden fork—a luxury which, probably, the Fijian enjoyed when our worthy ancestors were wont to take hot food in their practised fingers.

The large oval cooking-pots stand slanting, the angle being altered to suit the quantity of food contained in them. Should there be very little, the pot lies on its side. The small pots, which answer to our saucepans, stand upright. These facilities for boiling food and making hot drinks form one of the advantages almost peculiar to the Fijian as contrasted with the other islanders. His domestic comforts have been stated to be inferior to those of the Tongans; but the comparison has been unfairly instituted between Christian Tongans and heathen Fijians. If the state of the former before their reformation were taken as the standard, the above erroneous judgment would be reversed; and even now the Tongan owes many of his greatest comforts to Fijian ingenuity. Voyagers notice the superior fare of the Fijians in their daily use of hot boiled food, and various soups—luxuries which have recently been introduced from them among those with whom they have been contrasted. They also have the peculiar distinction of using mosquito curtains, of separate sleeping rooms for the young men, and a better style of houses. The use of oil for anointing the body has been stated as a point in which the Tongans are superior. But almost all the Christians of Fiji have now adopted the practice.

The natives usually take two meals in the day; the principal one being in the afternoon or evening. Where ovens are chiefly used, they cook but once a day, but twice where boiling is most in vogue. Their general food is light and plain, fish being highly esteemed. Contrary to the taste of civilized gourmands, these people will have all their meat quite fresh, and some small kinds of fish are eaten alive as a relish. The Fijian bill of fare for usual consumption is somewhat lengthy, and contains many different vegetables, and shell and other fish in perhaps unequalled variety. Almost everything found living on the sea-reef whether molluscous, articulate, or radiate, is eaten and enjoyed. To these are added a dozen varieties of bread, nearly thirty kinds of puddings, and twelve sorts of broths or soups, including—though the distinctions calipash and calipee are unknown—turtle-soup. Several kinds of warm infusions are made from aromatic grasses and leaves. These, however, they sometimes macerate, and eat with the liquid in which they are prepared. Some of the native dishes recommend themselves at once to European taste, and some strongly remind the English visitor of what he has been accustomed to see at home. A rich sort of

gruel is made from the milk and pulp of the young cocoa-nut. Shrimps are used to make an elegant and delicious sandwich, being arranged between two thicknesses of taro leaves. Fish is sometimes served up with a relishing sauce; and sweet sauces are made for the richer sorts of pudding by expressing the juices of the nut, the ti-root, and the sugarcane. Roasting and frying are added to the other methods of cookery.

The refreshing milk of the nut is much used by the Fijian; but his general beverage is water. In drinking without a cup, the head is thrown back with the mouth opened, the water-vessel held several inches above the lips, and a stream allowed to run down the throat—a process whereby a novice is more likely to be choked than refreshed. This method of drinking is adopted to avoid touching the vessel with their lips—a practice to which they strongly object. To drink from the long bamboos sometimes used is no easy task. These vessels are from two to ten feet long. One of the longest will hold two gallons; and to slake one's thirst from its open end, while a native gradually elevates the other, requires care, or a cold bath will be the unsought result.

On opening the oven of the Somosomo King, the *tui rara*, or master of the feast, names aloud the parties who are fed from it, that their several portions may be fetched away. The priests and the principal Mata-ni-vanua have the precedence. The King's Mata is served first; then the priests, whose portions are given in the name of their gods, accompanied by a short prayer; it being a rule in heathenism, never to do a god a small favour without asking a larger in return. If a chief lady receives a portion from the oven, it is distinguished by the cry *A magiti-i-i-i!** followed by clapping of hands.

The meal of a Chief only differs from that of a common man in that the food is of better quality, more frequently served, and received with greater form. Clean mats answer for both chair and table. The food is brought on an oblong dish lined with fresh leaves, while other leaves serve for a cover. If the Chief is not *liga tabu*—*tabu* as to the hands—he may feed himself or not, as he chooses; but if *liga tabu*, he must be fed by another, generally his chief wife, or a Mata. While he is eating, everybody present retains a sitting position—the attitude of respect; when he has done, he pushes the dish a little way from him, and each person claps his hands several times. Water is next brought to the Chief, who washes his hands and rinses his mouth, after which, in some parts, hands are again clapped by every one in the house. While eat-

* "Cooked food."

ing, the Chief converses familiarly with those round him, and all are perfectly at their ease, but very orderly. In many parts of the group the day is commenced by taking a cup of yaqona, the preparation of which is attended with much ceremony.

Like the inhabitants of the groups eastward, the Fijians drink an infusion of the *piper methysticum*, generally called *ava* or *kava*—its name in the Tongan and other languages. In Fiji, however, it is termed *yaqona*. This beverage is not so commonly in use on Vanua Levu and some parts of Viti Levu, as it is on other islands, where it is frequently the case that the Chiefs drink it as regularly as we do coffee. Some old men assert that the true Fijian mode of preparing the root is by grating, as is still the practice in two or three places; but, in this degenerate age, the Tongan custom of chewing is almost universal, the operation nearly always being performed by young men.

More form attends the use of this narcotic on Somosomo than elsewhere. Early in the morning the King's herald stands in front of the royal abode, and shouts at the top of his voice, "Yaqona!" Hereupon, all within hearing respond, in a sort of scream, "Mama!"—"Chew it!" At this signal the Chiefs, priests, and leading men gather round the well known bowl, and talk over public affairs, or state the work assigned for the day, while their favourite draught is being prepared. When the young men have finished the chewing, each deposits his portion, in the form of a round dry ball, in the bowl, the inside of which thus becomes studded over with a large number of these separate little masses. The man who has to make the grog, takes the bowl by the edge and tilts it towards the King, or, in his absence, to the Chief appointed to preside. A herald calls the King's attention to the slanting bowl, saying, "Sir, with respects, the yaqona is collected." If the King thinks it enough, he replies, in a low tone, "Loba," "Wring it;" an order which the herald communicates to the man at the bowl in a louder voice. The water is then called for, and gradually poured in, a little at first, and then more, until the bowl is full, or the master of the ceremonies says, "Stop!" the operator, in the meantime, gathering up and compressing the chewed root. Now follows the *science* of the process, which Mariner describes so accurately, that I cannot do better than transcribe his account. The strainer is composed of a quantity of the fine fibrous *vau*, (hibiscus,) which is spread over the surface of the infusion, on which it floats, and "the man who manages the bowl now begins his difficult operation. In the first place, he extends his left hand to the farther side of the bowl, with his fingers pointing downwards, and the palm towards himself; he sinks that hand carefully

down the side of the bowl, carrying with it the edge of the *vau*; at the same time, his right hand is performing a similar operation at the side next to him, the finger pointing downwards, and the palm presenting outwards. He does this slowly, from side to side, gradually descending deeper and deeper, till his fingers meet each other at the bottom, so that nearly the whole of the fibres of the root are by these means enclosed in the *vau*, forming as it were a roll of above two feet in length, lying along the bottom from side to side, the edges of the *vau* meeting each other underneath. He now carefully rolls it over, so that the edges overlapping each other, or rather intermingling, come uppermost. He next doubles in the two ends, and rolls it carefully over again, endeavouring to reduce it to a narrower and firmer compass. He now brings it cautiously out of the fluid, taking firm hold of it by the two ends, one in each hand, (the back of the hands being upwards,) and, raising it breast high, with his arms considerably extended, he brings his right hand toward his breast, moving it gradually onwards; and, whilst his left hand is coming round towards his right shoulder, his right hand partially twisting the *vau*, lays the end which it holds upon the left elbow, so that the *vau* lies thus extended upon that arm, one end being still grasped by the left hand. The right hand being now at liberty, is brought under the left fore-arm, (which still remains in the same situation,) and carried outwardly towards the left elbow, that it may again seize, in that situation, the end of the *vau*. The right hand then describes a bold curve outwardly from the chest, whilst the left comes across the chest, describing a curve nearer to him, and in the opposite direction, till at length, the left hand is extended from him, and the right approaches to the left shoulder, gradually twisting the *vau* by the turn and flexures principally of that wrist: this double motion is then retraced, but in such a way (the left wrist now principally acting) that the *vau*, instead of being untwisted, is still more twisted, and is at length again placed on the left arm, while he takes a new and less constrained hold. Thus the hands and arms perform a variety of curves of the most graceful description: the muscles, both of the arms and chest, are seen rising as they are called into action, displaying what would be a fine and uncommon subject of study for the painter; for no combinations of animal action can develope the swell and play of the muscles with more grace or with better effect. The degree of strength which he exerts, when there is a large quantity, is very great, and the dexterity with which he accomplishes the whole never fails to excite the attention and admiration of all present. Sometimes the fibres of the *vau* are heard to crack with the increasing tension, yet the mass is seen whole

and entire, becoming more thin as it becomes more twisted, while the infusion drains from it in a regularly decreasing quantity, till at length it denies a single drop." The man now tosses the dregs behind him, or, with a new lot of *vau*, repeats the operation, until the liquid is clear and fit for use.

When an adept has been manipulating, I have seen the various curves described by him watched, with mute attention, by interested hundreds, whose countenances indicated a pleasure which I could not but share. Regular attenders provide their own cups, formed of the half of a cocoa-nut, which, after long use, takes a fine polish and a purplish hue. When cups are few, an elegant substitute is made of the banana leaf. As the water is poured in, the chief herald repeats the following prayer: "The water; ay. Prepare the libation! Prepare the libation to the Tavasara; a libation to Oroï rupe; to the Veidoti; to the Loalœa; * to the Chieftains of the Sokula, † who have died on the water, or died on the land! Be gracious, ye lords, the gods! that the rain may cease, and the sun shine forth! A libation to my Lady of Weilangi, etc. Be gracious, ye lords, the gods! that the rain may cease!" Here all in the ring join with him to chant, "*Ei Ma-nai di-na: se-di-na-li!*" finishing with three or four sharp claps of the hands from all present.

The *yaqona* being ready for use, a person approaches, in a sitting posture, with a cup, or frequently with two, one holding water to be drunk after the infusion; the *vau* is laid over the cup, and the liquor poured through until it is full, when the herald, addressing the cup-bearer, says, "*A woi—ceri caki!*" "Stand up!" While the man obeys, the herald offers prayer thus:—

*"Me loma viuaka na kalou
A lutu mada na tokalau." ‡*

The cupbearer, in a stooping attitude, presents the cup to the King, who pours out a few drops—the libation—and then drinks, while the whole company chant, "*Ma-nai di-na. La-ba-si-ye: a-ta-mai-ye; ai-na-ce-a-toka: Wo-ya! yi! yi! yi!*" All now clap their hands together, producing a quick and merry measure, finishing abruptly. The triple *yi!* is uttered in a high key, and followed by a shout, in which the people round the house join; those who are more distant catch and repeat the sound, until it is carried far beyond the boundaries of the town. Not to shout would be considered disloyal.

After the King, the herald names the next in rank, who notifies his

* Names of temples.

† The Somosomo people.

‡ "Let the gods be of a gracious mind, and send a wind from the east."

position by slowly clapping his hands twice or thrice; and the cup-bearer carries him his draught, which, whether it measure one half-pint or three, is drained without pausing. Other individuals are named in the same way, until all have had their morning cup.

To be served next to the King is a high honour. A Tongan once piloted the King of Lakemba and his suite through a very dangerous opening in the reef during a storm. The King, after eulogizing the man's services, nobly bade him name his own reward. After a short pause, the Tongan said, "Let my name be announced in the yaqona-circle after the King's, as long as I live." This great honour was granted, and enjoyed to the end of the man's life.

In more social parties, the straining process is accompanied by vocal music. Those present join in singing short songs, while they sometimes imitate the varied postures of the chief operator. Each snatch of songs is finished by clapping.

In addition to the water taken after yaqona, most Fijians eat a small piece of old cocoa-nut, or other food; some say, to add more potency to the stupefying dose. Few of the women partake of this drink. I have heard it said, however, that the females of Waya, on the west coast of Viti Levu, like the Tonga women, have drinking-parties among themselves.

A few variations of custom may be noted. At Mbau, when the herald shouts, "*Yaqona*," the people, instead of answering, "*Mama!*" strike upon any sonorous substance that may be near, thus calling silence for the uninterrupted performance of the following ceremonies. At Lauthala, the prayer is uttered by the herald in the open air, the populace joining in the final shout. At Mbouma, the libation is poured into a dish devoted to that purpose, which, when I saw it, was filthy from long service. Here also the gods had a share of water apportioned to them, taken in a leaf by the priest, and transferred to the bowl with some ceremonious rubbings. At Vuna, directly the Chief takes the cup to his lips, the company begin a measured clapping, which they continue all the while he is drinking the yaqona and the water which follows.

A very remarkable feature associated with Fijian drinking customs, is the *Vakacivo*, a kind of toast or wish announced after the draught is swallowed. A man blows away the moisture that may remain about his mouth, with a hissing noise, and then shouts aloud his toast, which is sometimes common-place, sometimes humorous, and sometimes sentimental. Some of these wishes allude to the cannibal practices of the people; *e. g.*, a skull! a man's heart! or a human ham! Others indicate the profession of the drinker: thus the fisherman asks for a report

from the reef, a husbandman for propitious seasons, and the sailor for a brisk wind. The ruling passion is thus frequently manifested: the covetous man calls for wealth, plenty of tortoise-shell, or a whale's tooth; the epicure, for broiled fish, rice puddings, or turtle soup. A kind neighbour of mine used to ask for pleasant conversation. A treacherous Chief was accustomed to say, "There yet is, that is kept back." An ill-looking doctor was ever crying out for a "good god," and a little priest always said of the gods, "They pull, and I pull." Many drinking-wishes are expressed enigmatically: "a red string," means sinnet; "a path that resounds," a canoe; "a bamboo basket," food from Somosomo; "a long pig," a human body (to be eaten): sugar-cane is asked for as "water in dams," and the milk of the nut as "water that trembles in the breeze." The origin of this custom may perhaps be traceable to the common practice of ending a report and many business transactions by a short wish or prayer.

Very few Fijians drink to excess; the intemperate are easily distinguished by their inflamed eyes and a scaly appearance of the skin. By one or two ordinary draughts a stupor is produced, from which the drinker manifests an unwillingness to be aroused. The yaqona-ring is often the prelude to a feast, for which, when on a large scale, preparations commence months beforehand. Yams and taro are planted with special reference to it, a *tabu* is put upon pigs and nuts, and the turtle-fishers are sent to set their nets. As the time approaches, messengers are sent far and near to announce the day appointed. This announcement, which is a respectful way of inviting the guests, is made to the several Chiefs, and through them to their people. The invitations are liberal, including all the male population of the town or district to which the Mata is sent.

On the part of the entertainers, there is a vigorous effort at display. Every member of the community has an interest in the affair, and anticipates, as his own, a large portion of the praise elicited by a liberal feast. A day or two beforehand, every one is full of activity; the King issuing orders, the Matas communicating them to the people, and the people carrying them out. The ovens are prepared during the previous night, when the chopping of fuel and squealing of pigs is heard in every direction, while the flames from the ovens yield a light greatly helping the labours of the cooks. The name of *cook*, among the natives, is an eminently derisive epithet, and considerable amusement arises from the fact that, at these times of preparation, all persons, from Princes downward, feed the oven, or stir the pot. The baking of all kinds of food, and the making of all kinds of puddings, are intrusted

to the men. The ovens, which are holes or pits sunk in the ground, are sometimes eight or ten feet deep, and fifty feet in circumference; and in one of these several pigs and turtles and a large quantity of vegetables can be cooked. English roasters of an entire ox or sheep might learn some useful philosophy from the Fijian cook, whose method insures the thorough and equal baking of the whole carcass. The oven is filled with firewood, on which large stones are placed, and the fire introduced. As soon as the fuel is burnt out, the food is placed on the hot stones, some of which are put inside the animals to be cooked whole. A thick coat of leaves is now rapidly spread over all, and on these a layer of earth about four inches thick. When the steam penetrates this covering, it is time to remove the food; whereupon the lull that followed the closing of the oven gives place to renewed activity, as the men, besides having rested, have also regaled themselves on the hearts, livers, kidneys, etc., of the pigs they have killed, and which tit-bits they ate *ex officio*. Thus refreshed, they proceed to plait green baskets, beat up the taro paste with ponderous pestles, prepare the large beautiful leaves to receive the paste and sauce, tie them up, count, report, and carry them away with as much alacrity as though they had lost sight of the characteristic counsel of their forefathers, to "go gently, that they may live long."

The food prepared by each tribe and family is presented for inspection, and in some cases collected and piled before the house of the King, to whom a specimen of each kind is always sent. The usual custom is, after all has been thus seen, counted, and reported by the Tui-rara—"Master of the feast;" literally, "Master of the area," viz., where the feast is held,—and the Matas, to remove it to the public area in front of the chief temple, where are heaped together the contributions of several tribes. A floor of clean leaves is laid, eight or twelve feet in diameter; on this, where they abound, is placed a layer of cocoa-nuts, on which are heaped up the baked taro and yams, to the amount of several tons. The next tier is formed of *vakalolo*, the generic name of native puddings, the fresh green envelopes of which glisten with the sweet nut oil. Surmounting this pedestal of food are two or three hogs, baked whole, and lying on their bellies. As the natives, in killing these, generally break the snout across, they do not present the quiet appearance of dead pigs, but look as though they snarled defiance on those assembled to eat them. When everything is ready, all is publicly offered to the gods, to whom a share is voted, the rest being reserved for the visitors.

On these occasions profusion is always aimed at: waste is the consequence, and want follows. At one public feast, I saw two hundred

men employed nearly six hours in collecting and piling cooked food. There were six mounds of yams, taro, *vakalolo*, pigs, and turtles: these contained about fifty tons of cooked yams and taro, fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, five cart-loads of yaqona, and about two hundred tons of uncooked yams. One pudding, at a Lakemba feast, measured twenty-one feet in circumference.

The head-men of the visitors sit to receive the food, as it is brought and piled before them, expressing their approval by saying aloud, "*Vinaka! Vinaka!*" "Good! Good!" Having finished, the carriers sit down near the heap, and clap their hands several times, and then retire. An officer from among the strangers now walks up to the food, extends his hands over it, and, inclining his head towards the Chief, says "The food, Sir." "Thanks! thanks!" He then stoops down and gently claps his hands, to which the Chief and his followers answer by a similar clapping, while they repeat, "It is good! it is good! Thanks! thanks!" Certain officials then proceed to share out the food; a duty which, on account of the extreme punctiliousness of the people about rank, is attended with considerable difficulty. A Chief is honoured or slighted, according to the quantity or quality of the food set before him: and nothing of this kind can escape notice, as every eye eagerly watches the proceedings. When there are several Chiefs in the party, an accurate knowledge of the grade of each is necessary to avoid error. The food having been divided into as many portions as there are tribes, the Tui-rara, beginning with the first in rank, shouts out, "The share of Lakemba!" or whichever may take preference. This is met by a reply from that party: "Good! good!" or "Thanks! thanks!" and a number of young men are sent to fetch the allotted portion. The Tui-rara goes on, calling the names in succession, until his list is exhausted. If a foreigner should be observed among the spectators, he is sure not to be passed by, but a portion—very likely enough for twenty men—will be given to him. When each tribe has received its share, a re-division takes place, answering to the number of its towns; these, again, subdivide it among the head families, who, in their turn, share what they get with their dependents, and these with the individual members of their household, until no one is left without a portion, the food disappearing forthwith, with a rapidity which baffles calculation. The males eat in the open air, sending the women's share to their houses. Should some wayfarer pass by, he is pressingly invited to partake of the entertainment, and allowed to dip in the same dish with those who bid him.

Indeed, while witnessing such a scene, it is only by an effort of the mind that one can believe that a people so blithe and benevolent are

capable of the atrocities with which they are charged. But beneath all that apparent pleasantness and repose, there lurks strong elements of disquiet. A misarrangement or impropriety would cause a hundred bright eyes to flash with anger, which, though suppressed then, would burst forth with a deadlier effect on a future day.

It would be regarded as extremely wrong for even a high Chief to ask to taste food from the common stock before it had been formally presented to him. The memory of a Vanua Levu Chief is execrated to this day, for having been guilty of this breach of etiquette.

The most admirable order is observed at these feasts. Gentlemen of the United States Navy who witnessed the ceremonies of a Fijian entertainment record their opinion thus: "Their feasts are attended with much ceremony and form, and evince a degree of politeness and good breeding that was unexpected, and cannot but surprise all who witness it."

That there is sufficient reason for caution in the observance of established routine, the following facts given by an unquestionable authority, will show.

A Naitasiri Chief was on a visit at Makongai, attended by some of his Mbatis. Before one of these he ate part of an old cocoa-nut, which, in the estimation of the Mbati, was a luxury, and, as a piece was not given to him, he deemed himself insulted. Intent on revenge, he shortly joined the enemies of his master; and a victory which they subsequently achieved, gave the offended Mbati the opportunity he desired. He intercepted his former Chief, who was fleeing for life, and who, on seeing him, reckoned on his help, asking to be spared; but the unforgiving vassal replied, "It is in my mind to spare you; but, Sir, the nut! Do you not remember the nut? For that you must die." The word was followed by a death-blow.

Another case concerned a Chief of Tai Vungalei. He sat down to eat with his father-in-law, and a cooked guana was provided for each. In passing the one intended for his father, the young man broke off part of its tail. A dark scowl covered his relation's face at this, and, at an early opportunity, he slew his son, having first told him that he could not brook the insult put upon him by the breaking of the guana's tail!

I have often been struck by the promptness with which a party of natives, while eating, have transferred their meal to others passing by; and, so long as I was a tyro in native matters, I liked to regard this as a sign of the people's hospitality. But the assurance of many among themselves compelled me to believe that this act of seeming liberality

was the result of fear; lest by withholding any part, or by something in their manner of eating, they should give offence.

Besides the forms observed on public occasions and towards persons of rank, there are others which affect ordinary life. Foreign visitors, who have only a ship-deck intercourse with them, cannot estimate them fairly. Some such have supposed them ill-behaved; and it is true that many natives, from what they have seen and heard on board ordinary vessels, have come to the conclusion that the observance of good manners would not be appreciated *there*. Among themselves the rules of politeness are minute, and receive scrupulous attention. They affect the language, and are seen in forms of salutation, in attention to strangers, at meals, in dress, and indeed, influence their manners indoors and out. None but the very lowest are ill-behaved, and their confusion on committing themselves shows that they are not impudently so. The forms of salutation used towards Chiefs have been noticed. Equals, on meeting each other early in the day, say, "*Sa yadra*," "Awake," or "You are awake;" in the evening, "*Sa moce*," or, "*Lá ki moce*," "Sleep," or "Go to sleep." On Vanua Levu the person addressed replies, "*Roaroa*," "The morning of to-morrow," meaning, "We will meet again to-morrow." From some who have been told to sleep while the sun was yet high, I have heard the smart rejoinder, "Let that be for the owls!" A husband ought not to address the morning salutation to his wife. I knew one who did so, and the wife took it as a dismissal. Persons meeting about mid-day, generally ask each other whence they have come and whither they are going. Bandied remarks on the weather, or inquiries about health,—so common in England,—are here unheard. Certainly the Fijian methods of salutation are confirmatory of the observation, that such forms indicate the character of the people using them: they are civil, inquisitive, and heartless.

On a visit of a person from a distance, as soon as he is seated, the master of the house gently claps his hands three or four times, and says, very much in eastern style, "Come with peace!" The name of the place whence the visitor has come is generally added, or the name of the house, should he reside in the same town. Thus the wife of the King of Somosomo would be welcomed with, "Come with peace, the lady from Nasima,"—the name of the King's house. If the visitor should be a person of rank, the formula is either the former, or, "Good is the coming in peace of the Chief." On a person leaving the house, those within say, "*Sa lako*," or, "*Sa lako tale*," "You go," or, "You return;" to which the answer is, "I go; you remain" (literally, *sit*). Any one

going on a voyage parts from his friends by saying, "You stay and watch;" to which they reply, "Yes, and you voyage." The parting kiss of the Fijians is peculiar, one *smelling* the other with a strong sniff. Equals do this on each other's faces. A Chief of lower grade will thus salute a superior's hand, and inferiors will embrace the knees and smell the feet of a Chief. Shaking hands has been introduced by the Missionaries, and is in high repute. "*Sa loloma*," "My love to you," owes its origin to the same source, and is used by all the Christians.

When a canoe or canoes arrive at a place,—Somosomo, for example,—those on board shout out, "*O, aa!*" and put a messenger on shore, who goes direct to the King's house, to report their arrival. Having arrived, the messenger again shouts, "*O aa!*" and ascends the steps with his hands clasped, entering at a bidding from within. As soon as he is seated, the King's Mata welcomes him with the usual clapping, and says, "Good is your coming from Vuna," or another place, as the case may be. The messenger replies by clapping, and saying, "Good, with respect, is your sitting in a lordly style at Somosomo." Several voices will then exclaim, "Report! What is the report?" The orator is not allowed to stand, and the disadvantages of sitting are increased by his having to bow his head and body towards the Chief, and either clasp his hands or hold his beard. When fairly fixed, he begins by stating that his party were in their own land, and the thoughts of their Chiefs turned towards the Chiefs of this land; and they said, "Here are these pigs or yams; why are they not taken, that the King may eat them? Let a canoe be launched at once, that they may be taken." The messenger then proceeds, "We therefore were sent off, and we set sail, and the wind was northerly, and, not long after, the clouds gathered and we had a squall, and then we had fine weather, and at last we got here, and found you Chiefs sitting together, and the gods; and this is the end of my report, and that it may be accepted only." This kind of detail is generally wearisomely minute, and delivered in a tedious, slovenly, and irregular style. At one time, the speaker talks very rapidly; then suddenly changes into a protracted drawl, sucking the air through his teeth, at intervals, with a hissing noise. As he warms, he gets his hands at liberty, but it is only to play with a straw, or, if out of doors, to pull up the grass near him. The final sentence of this wonderful speech is accompanied by clapping his hands. The Mata, whose business it is to answer, often does so by saying, "Seven!" to which the reporter responds, "Eight!" The Mata proceeds, "Let your report be favourably

received, and peace prevail in the land." He then claps, being joined by those sitting round, who also accompany him in repeating, "*Mana dina li*," So let it be, truly." Unless the report is one of unusual interest, it receives little attention from the hearers. "Good, good!" is repeated now and then; but the King often talks most of the time to some one else. At Vatavulu, it is said, the messenger has to sit with his back towards the Chief to whom he speaks.

Pitiable as are their attempts at speechifying, the Fijians talk about eloquence, and point out one man as "a master of words," and another as "the salt of language." Perhaps the dignity of a court daunts the orator, forbidding his eloquence and wit to shine forth; at any rate, he never rises above dry detail, and a little trite adulation.

Should a canoe carry a great Chief, or belong to strangers, a proper person is sent on board to inquire who the visitors are, and why they have come. Whenever one Chief proposes to pay a visit to another, a messenger is always sent beforehand, to give at least a few days' notice of his intention, to prevent surprise, and allow time for preparation. The herald on such occasions is generally of a superior sort. If the visitor is of higher rank than those to whom he comes, a company of the leading men of the place, headed by a Mata, are sent ten miles or more on the way to meet and welcome him, when sometimes they present a nut or a whale's tooth, to indicate good will. When equals meet, they are free from servility.

The Fijian, on such occasions, is careful to avoid remarks which might give offence, or the claiming of a station that does not belong to him. He will pass no one until he has intimated his purpose by a well-known word, or by asking permission,—a form observed also if he should wish to remove anything from above or near to any person.

The existence of expressions equivalent to our "Mr.," "Sir," and "Madam," does much towards polishing the intercourse of this people; and it is remarkable that they only in the South Seas have these terms in regular use. The flattery of the natives is often gross, and sometimes thoroughly oriental. Soon after my location in Lakemba, the Mission family visited the house of the King's brother; and as we were about to retire, the lady of the house requested a servant to bring food, that "the Chiefs from the eye of the sun might eat."

Some of their forms connected with giving and receiving deserve notice. I have several times received valuable presents of food; but the donor declared the gift worthless, saying, "I have nothing fit to offer you; but these fowls are an expression of my love for your children." Another on presenting some fish, named my servants; and

a valuable lot of yams was, if the giver spoke truly, "a matter of little importance, but given to help in fattening my hogs." All this, however, is quite insincere. Presents, which generally consist of "changes of raiment," or mats, or oil, are almost always offered, whether to men or gods, in a set form. Thanks are always expressed aloud, and generally with a kind wish for the giver, as, "I take this, and may —— have good health," or "live long." Sometimes the wish is more general, as, "Let Christianity spread throughout the land!" But such forms are plastic and fitted to circumstances. It is not uncommon for a man, on receiving a gift which he values, to lift it up to his head, or, sometimes, kiss it. One man to whom I gave a plane-iron, laid it on the floor, and then stooped down to kiss it.

Guests who are about to leave by water, are always accompanied by their entertainers to the canoe; and often a few friends will go a short distance with them, although they have to regain the shore by swimming. Such as go by land are attended beyond the skirts of the town, and for some little distance. This is a fitting close to a visit which, if the road was dirty and no water at hand, began by the offering of water for the feet, and oil to anoint the face and body.

In their dress, scanty as it is, the Fijians display great care and pride. In judging of this matter, it is very difficult for a civilized stranger to form a right opinion, influenced, as he must be, by the conventionalities of costume to which he is accustomed. Hence the natives are frequently spoken of as naked; but they only seem so when compared with other nations. It must be borne in mind, that the character of the climate and the quality of their skin both render dress, as far as mere utility is concerned, unnecessary: the people, therefore, ought to receive full credit for modesty in the partial covering which they adopt, and about the use of which they are scrupulously particular. Vanity adds ornament to the simple dress, and decorates or defaces, according to prevailing custom, different parts of the body.

The dress of the men is a kind of sash of white, brown, or figured *masi*, varying in length from three to a hundred yards. Six or ten yards, however, is the usual measure. This sash is passed between the legs, and wound two or three times round the loins, securing one end in front, so as to fall over to the knees like a curtain; the end behind is fastened in a bunch, or left to trail on the ground. When a Chief is dressed in style, a few folds are taken higher up round his body, like a sword belt, and both ends of the sash form long trains.

The women are not allowed to use *masi*, but wear the *liku*, or

THE NEW TESTAMENT

The question of the nature of the spirit is a subject of great importance. It is a subject which has occupied the minds of philosophers and theologians from the earliest times. The question is, what is the nature of the spirit which moves upon the heart of man? Is it a substance, or is it an accident? Is it an independent entity, or is it dependent upon the body? These are the questions which have been raised, and which we shall now attempt to answer.

The first question which arises is, whether the spirit is a substance or an accident. If it is a substance, it must have an independent existence, and it must be capable of existing without the body. If it is an accident, it must be dependent upon the body, and it must be incapable of existing without it. The question is, which of these two is the true nature of the spirit?

The second question which arises is, whether the spirit is an independent entity or a dependent one. If it is an independent entity, it must be capable of existing without the body. If it is a dependent one, it must be incapable of existing without it. The question is, which of these two is the true nature of the spirit?

The third question which arises is, whether the spirit is a simple entity or a composite one. If it is a simple entity, it must be incapable of being divided into parts. If it is a composite one, it must be capable of being divided into parts. The question is, which of these two is the true nature of the spirit?

The fourth question which arises is, whether the spirit is an immortal entity or a mortal one. If it is an immortal entity, it must be incapable of being destroyed. If it is a mortal one, it must be capable of being destroyed. The question is, which of these two is the true nature of the spirit?



HEADS OF CHIEFS IN FULL DRESS.

fringed band, which has been already described. It is tied on the right side with bass, which, on high days, is long enough to form a train.

The turban, consisting of a gauze-like scarf of very fine white *masi*, from four to six feet long, is worn by all Fijians who can lay claim to respectability, except such as are forbidden its use. The apparent size is entirely regulated by the quantity of hair underneath, which is generally considerable. This head-dress may be fastened by a neat bow in front, or tied in a tassel-knot on the top of the head, or arranged so as to hang in lappets on one side. By some it is worn as a band or cord at the root of the hair, the greater part being allowed to fall down the back. In most cases it is ornamental and graceful.

It is the heads, however, rather than their covering, which excite wonder, and on no other part of his person does the Fijian expend so much time, pains, and skill. Most of the Chiefs have a hairdresser, to whose care his master's head is intrusted, often demanding daily attention, and, at certain stages of progress, requiring several hours' labour each day. During all this time the operator's hands are *tabu* from touching his food, but not from working in his garden. The hair is strong and often quite wiry, and so dressed that it will retain the position in which it is placed, even when projecting from the head to a distance of six or eight inches. One stranger, on seeing their performances in this department, exclaims, "What astonishing wigs!" another, "Surely the beau-ideal of hairdressing must reside in Fiji;" a third, "Their heads surpass imagination." No wonder, then, that they defy description. A few modes of adorning or disfiguring the head are given in the engraving; but they might be greatly multiplied without including all the vagaries of Fijian fancy in this particular; for if in anything the natives have a claim to originality and versatility of genius, it is in hairdressing. Whatever may be said about the appearance being unnatural, the best *coiffures* have a surprising and almost geometrical accuracy of outline, combined with a round softness of surface, and uniformity of dye, which display extraordinary care, and merit some praise. They seem to be carved out of some solid substance, and are variously coloured. Jet black, blue black, ashy white, and several shades of red prevail. Among young people bright red and flaxen are in favour. Sometimes two or more colours meet on the same head. Some heads are finished, both as to shape and colour, nearly like an English counsellor's wig. In some the head is a spherical mass of jet black hair with a white roll in front, as broad as the hand; or, in lieu of this, a white oblong occupies the length of the forehead, the black passing down on either side. In each case the black projects farther



HAIR-DRESSING.

than the white hair. Some heads have all the ornamentation behind, consisting of a crowd of twisted cords ending in tassels. In others the cords give place to a large red roll, or a sandy projection falling on the neck. On one head, all the hair is of a uniform height; but one-third

in front is ashy or sandy, and the rest black, a sharply defined separation dividing the two colours. Not a few are so ingeniously grotesque, as to appear as if done purposely to excite laughter. One has a large knot of fiery hair on his crown, all the rest of the head being bald. Another has the most of his hair cut away, leaving three or four rows of small clusters, as if his head were planted with small paint-brushes. A third has his head bare, except where a large patch projects over each temple. One, two, or three cords of twisted hair often fall from the right temple, a foot or eighteen inches long. Some men wear a number of these braids so as to form a curtain at the back of the neck, reaching from one ear to the other. A mode that requires great care, has the hair wrought into distinct locks, radiating from the head. Each lock is a perfect cone, about seven inches long, having the base outwards; so that the surface of the hair is marked out into a great number of small circles, the ends being turned in, in each lock, towards the centre of the cone. In another kindred style, the locks are pyramidal, the sides and angles of each being as regular as though formed of wood. All round the head, they look like square black blocks, the upper tier projecting horizontally from the crown, and a flat space being left at the top of the head. When the hair, however, is not more than four inches long, this flat does not exist, but the surface consists of a regular succession of squares or circles. The violent motions of the dance do not disturb these elaborate preparations, but great care is taken to preserve them from the effects of the dew or rain.

Married women often wear their hair in the same style as the men, but not projecting to quite the same extent. A large woollen mop, of a reddish hue, falling over the eyes, will represent the hair as worn by the younger women.

I have often girted men's heads which were three feet ten inches, and one nearly five feet, in circumference. A coating of jet-black powder is considered superlatively ornamental; but its use is forbidden to the women, who, however, in common with the men, paint themselves with vermilion, applied in spots, stripes, and patches. White and pink armlets, and others made of a black wiry root or white cowries, ivory and shell finger-rings, knee and ankle bands with a rose-shaped knot, are much worn, ivory, tortoiseshell, dogs' teeth, bats' jaws, snake vertebræ, native beads ground out of shells, and foreign beads of glass, are formed into necklaces, the latter being generally braided into neat bands. Breast ornaments are, pearl-shells as large as a dessert-plate, plain or edged with ivory, orange and white cowries, and crescents or circles formed by a boar's tusk. Chiefs and priests sometimes wear

across the forehead a frontlet of small scarlet feathers fixed on palm-leaf, while a long black comb or tortoiseshell hair-pin—*aliàs*, “scratcher”—projects several inches beyond the right temple. Ear ornaments are used by both sexes, not pendent, but passing through the lobe of the ear, and varying in size from the thickness of the finger to that of the wrist. Some insert a white cowry, and a few have the opening so distended as to admit a ring ten inches in circumference.

The Fijian procures many ornamental articles of his toilette from the forest, the vines and flowers of which are wrought into chaplets, necklaces, and wreaths: the latter are thrown over one shoulder, so as to cross the body and fall gracefully on the opposite hip. Fillets of dried leaves are worn on the limbs, and enduring but unsightly scars are cut in the skin, sometimes in concentric circles; rows of wart-like spots are burned along the arms and backs of the women, which they and their admirers call ornamental. Genuine tattooing is only found on the women; but not much of it is seen, as it is covered by the *liku*. Young women have barbed lines on their hands and fingers; and the middle-aged, patches of blue at the corners of the mouth. The custom of tattooing is said to be in conformity with the appointment of Ndengei, and its neglect punished after death. The native name is *qia*, and, as it is confined to women, so the operators are always of the same sex. An instrument called a “tooth,” consisting of four or five fine bone teeth fixed to a light handle six inches long, is dipped in a pigment made of charcoal and candle-nut oil; the pattern having been previously marked on the body, the lines are rendered permanent by the blackened comb, which is driven through the skin in the same manner as a fleam, though with less violence. Months are often occupied in the process, which is painful, and only submitted to from motives of pride and fear. Feasts are held also in connexion with this. The command of the god affects but one part of the body, and the fingers are only marked to excite the admiration of the Chief, who sees them in the act of presenting his food. The spots at the corners of the mouth notify, on some islands, that the woman has borne children, but oftener are for the concealment of the wrinkles of age.

Fijians account humorously for the Tongan practice of tattooing being confined to the men instead of the women. They say that the Tongan who first reported the custom to his countrymen, being anxious to state it correctly, repeated, in a sing-song tone, as he went along, “Tattoo the women, but not the men; tattoo the women, but not the men.” By ill luck, he struck his foot violently against a stump in the path, and, in the confusion which followed, reversed the order of his

message, singing, for the rest of his journey, "Tattoo the men, but not the women." And thus the Tongan Chiefs heard the report; and thus it came to pass that the smart of the *gia* tooth was inflicted on the Tonga men, instead of their wives.

Sleep and tobacco are among the leading comforts of the Fijian. He follows activity with slumber, from which he hates to be aroused. Tobacco, though known only for about thirty years, is in such high favour, that its use is all but universal, children as well as adults indulging in it freely. The native method of smoking is decidedly social. A small cigarette, formed by folding leaf tobacco in a strip of dead banana leaf, is lit, and passed to four or six persons in succession. Having to swim across a river does not interrupt this transfer; for the same cigar may be conveyed from one bank to the other in several indifferent mouths. The habit of smoking is strengthened by much leisure, to which may be attributed the filthy practice of eating the vermin with which their heads are often largely stocked. Even this custom is put by the natives to the score of revenge, and many spare moments are devoted to it, the produce being shared between the capturer of the game and the owner of the preserve.

Many of their vacant hours are filled up by the Fijians in sports some of which closely resemble the innocent games of English children; such as "hide and seek," "blind-man's buff," making "ducks and drakes," etc. Others are more boisterous; as the *veiyama*, a sham fight among children; the *veimoli*, pelting each other with bitter oranges; wrestling, and the *cere*, or race, the runners being persons who have been employed in digging a garden, the owner of which offers the prize—generally *masi*—for their competition. Mock battles are also fought, which sometimes become too real, and loss of life is the result.

The swing supplies a favourite amusement to children and young people. It consists of a single cord, either a rope or a strong vine, suspended from a tree, and having at its lower end a loop in which to insert one foot, as in a stirrup, or a knot, on which both feet rest. Grasping at a convenient height the cord, which varies in length from thirty to fifty feet, the swinger is set in motion, and rejoices to dash through the air, describing an arc that would terrify a European.

A very great favourite is the game of *veiteqi vutu*, which consists in throwing the fruit of the *vutu* (*Barringtonia speciosa*). This fruit is also used as floats for their nets.

Veikalawanasari is a species of hop, skip, and jump.

Lavo, a game at pitching the fruit of the *walai* (*Mimosa scandens*).

The fruit is flat and circular, and from its resemblance in form to money, money is also called *ai lavo*.

A more athletic sport is the *tiga* or *ulutoa*. This game is played by throwing from the forefinger a reed of three or four feet long, armed with a six-inch oval point of heavy wood. This weapon is made to skim along the ground to a distance of a hundred yards or more. Nearly every village has near it a long level space kept clear of grass for the practice of this favourite exercise.

A kind of skittles, played with stones, is not uncommon; and skilful players will throw the stone with their back towards the skittles. Canoe racing is somewhat frequent.

The *veisaga* is practised on a large scale in some parts of the group. Upon the top of a hill men and women assemble to sport and wrestle. If a man closes with a woman, he attempts to throw her, and, on succeeding, they both roll together down the hill. Sometimes a sprain is the consequence; but the sufferer takes care to conceal the accident, lest the taunts and ridicule of the crowded spectators should be added to his misfortune.

The *veisolo* is another rough sport. In the cases which I saw, the attack was made by women on a number of male visitors. They waited until food was brought to the men, and then rushed on their guests, endeavouring to disperse them, and take away the food. The men, either from custom or gallantry, merely retaliate by taking the women captives, or throwing them gently on the ground. The women, however, were not so mild; and I was acquainted with instances of men dying from the violence of their blows. One Amazon engaged in this sport shot a man dead with an arrow.

The *kalou rere*, described in the following chapter, is also considered a pastime.

Veivasa ni moli is a game which consists in suspending a *moli* (orange, lemon, &c.) by a string, and trying to pierce it with the *vasa*, (a pointed stick,) while it is swinging about.

Several amusements belong to the water, such as chasing each other, wrestling, and diving. Shoals of men or of women are seen, on a calm day, striking away from the shore, with gleeful notes, or that hearty abandonment of broad-mouthed mirth for which they are so famous. In the game of *ririka*, an upright post is fixed at the edge of a reef, and the upper end of a long cocoa-nut tree rested on it, so as to form an easy ascent, with the point projecting beyond the post, and raised about fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the water. The natives run up this incline in a continuous single file, and their rapidly succeeding



MODES OF PAINTING THE FACE.

plunges keep the water all round white with foam. Youngsters use the surf-boards which are so often found in Polynesia.

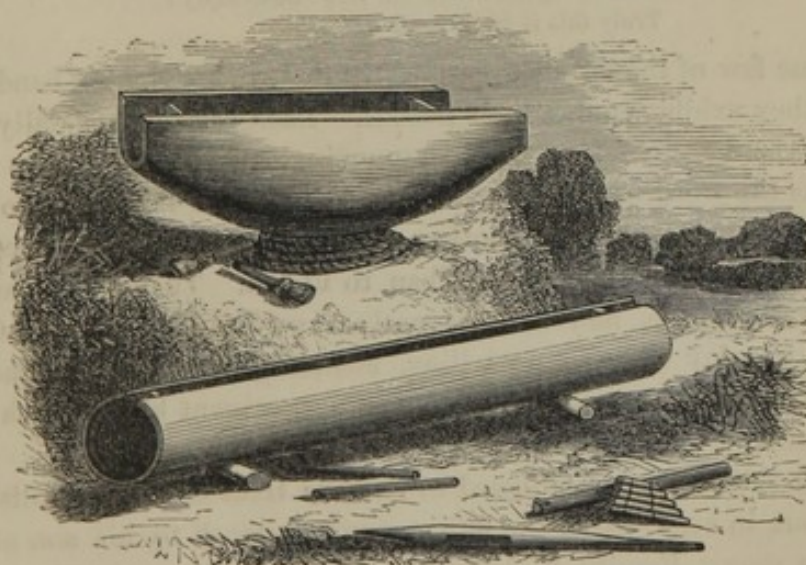
Nocturnal serenading is practised by companies of men or women.

Although most of the Fijians are fond of music, yet their own attempts in that direction are very rude. Their musical instruments are the conch-shell, the nose-flute, the Pandean pipes, a Jew's harp made of a strip of bamboo, a long stick, large and small drums, made of a log hollowed like a trough, and having cross pieces left near the ends, and bamboos used for the same purpose. The shell is the favourite instrument of the fishermen. The long stick belongs to the dance. Clapping of hands always accompanies singing, which is invariably in a major key.



GIRL PLAYING ON THE NOSE-FLUTE.

The dance is undoubtedly the most popular pastime of Fiji. The song by which it is regulated is often very dull, and the movements slow and heavy, consisting of stepping and jumping, mingled with many inflections of the body and gesticulations with the hands. There is always a conductor, and, in one or two of their dances, a buffoon is in-



DRUMS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

roduced, whose grotesque movements elicit immense applause. In a regular dress or feast dance, two companies are always engaged,—the musicians and the dancers. Twenty or thirty persons constitute the

“orchestral force,” while the dancers often number one or two hundred. The performance of the musicians “is on one note, the bass alternating with the air: they then sound one of the common chords in the bass clef, without the alternation.” Several of them elicit clear notes from the long stick by hitting it with a shorter one; others produce a sort of tambourine sound by striking their bamboos on the ground; the rest clap their hands, and all give vocal help. They keep excellent time, and the words sung refer either to the occasion, or to some event in their past history.

The dancers are gaily dressed; and as all bear clubs or spears, and perform a series of marchings, steppings, halts, and varied evolutions, a stranger would rather suppose them to be engaged in a military review than in a dance. As the performance approaches the close, the speed quickens, and the actions steadily increase in violence, accompanied by a heavy tramping on the ground, until the excited dancers, almost out of breath, shout, at the top of their voices, “*Wa-oo!*” and the dance is ended.

Persons who know a new dance are paid for teaching it, the fee being called *votua*. The following short song contains the complaint of an ill-rewarded teacher:—

“The mother of Thangi-limba is vexed.
How can we teach, unrewarded, the dance?
Here is the basket for the fees—and empty!
Truly this is an illiberal world.”

Some few of the islanders are acquainted with sleight-of-hand tricks, which they exhibit among their friends. The Chiefs occasionally amuse themselves by *vakaribamalamala*, punning, and playing upon words. Thus, as the word *ulaula* means either to thatch a house, or to throw *ulas*—short clubs—at one another, the Mbau people sometimes order the Tailevu people to come to Mbau to *ulaula*. They come, expecting to thatch a house, and find themselves pelted with clubs. On fine nights, or rainy days, story-telling, including all kinds of traditions, histories, and fictions, often of the most extravagant kind, is a favourite amusement.

Such children as are allowed to live are treated with a foolish fondness; but, in some parts, the father may not speak to his son after his fifteenth year. Family discipline is unreal, and its apparent restraints easily set aside. Children stray away at pleasure, and very soon become independent of their parents, by whom they are taught to dance, to plant, and to fight. Insults or injuries endured by their friends are impressed on their susceptible minds; and the parties who inflicted

them are pointed out as the objects of present hatred, and the victims of future revenge.

The hair of the boys is kept short, but that of the girls is allowed to grow long, and fall in all directions from the crown of the head, in twisted locks of a brown, red, or flaxen colour, so as often entirely to hide the eyes. The countenances of the children show signs of that restless observance which is so fully developed in the faces of their parents. They ascend the hill of life with rapid strides, and, having reached the summit, run into their graves. "You English," said a fine young man to me, "grow slowly, like the nut, and abide: we Fijians grow with the rapidity of the plantain, and, like it, decay and are not in a few days." Both sexes go unclad until the tenth year, and some beyond that. Chiefs' children are kept longest without dress.

Males are circumcised when from seven to twelve years old. The cutting instrument is a piece of split bamboo, and the recovery is rapid. The operation is generally performed on a company of ten or twenty at a time, who, for several days afterwards, live together in some public building, their food being taken to them by women, who in some places, as they carry the meal, generally a dish of cooked greens, sing,—

*"Memu wai o qori ka Kula ;
Au solia mai loalooa ;
Au solia na drau ni cevuga :
Memu wai o qori ka Kula."*

"This is your broth, Sirs the Circumcised ;
I give it from the wilderness ;
I give the leaf of the cevuga :
This is your broth, Sirs the Circumcised."

Kula is one of the names by which those who are newly circumcised may be spoken of by or before women, *teve*, the proper word, being *tabu* if a woman is present. *Kula* is also the name of a strip of cloth which receives the blood, and, on Vanua Levu, is afterwards hung from the roof of the temple or Chief's house. The proper time for performing this rite is after the death of a Chief, and many rude games attend it. Blindfolded youths strike at thin vessels of water hung from the branch of a tree. At Lakemba, the men arm themselves with branches of the cocoa-nut, and carry on a sham fight. At Ono, they wrestle. At Mbau, they fillip small stones from the end of a bamboo with sufficient force to make the person they hit wince again. On Vanua Levu, there is a mock siege.

On the fifth day after a Chief's death, a hole is dug in the floor of a *bure*, and one of the circumcised youths is secreted in it, whereupon his

companions fasten the doors of the house securely, and run away. When the one within blows a shell, the friends of the deceased surround the house, and thrust their spears at him through the fence.

The ceremony may be followed by the assumption of the man's dress; but this is not invariable, as some wear it long before, and others not till some time after. When a Chief's son first puts on the *masi*, a feast is made, followed by dancing. Youths, while uncircumcised, are regarded as unclean, and are not permitted to carry food to the Chiefs. Young men, as was intimated before, have separate sleeping apartments, and are forbidden to eat of food left by women, and to unroll and lie on their mats.

Girls are betrothed at a very early age, and often to men past the prime of life. Although, when old enough to think for themselves, women express their dislike of this system, yet it certainly gives them one advantage,—that of a more careful guardianship. Not that the future husband takes the girl under his immediate care; but the fear of him or his friends causes her parents to keep a strict watch over her, and his influence would be exerted to punish any one who might insult her. An imprudent step on her part sometimes costs her life. In the case of a young girl near Mbua, her friends, on perceiving the result of her infidelity, assembled, and strangled her, and then sent word to her intended husband, asking for forgiveness. About the middle of 1852, Ritova, the Mathuata Chief, on finding that his sister, or cousin, had been guilty of a similar offence, sent a messenger to the tribe to which her secret lover belonged, demanding that he should be given up to punishment. This, however, his friends refused. But Ritova, fixed in purpose, commanded his relation to be strangled and buried. Stern justice appears in both cases; but it is in appearance only. Fear, in the first instance, and mortified pride, in the other, was the real motive.

When betrothed in infancy, as the daughters of Chiefs usually are, the mother of the girl, in some cases, takes a small *liku* to the future husband, as a pledge that her child shall hereafter be his wife. If he is grown up, he observes a form of asking the parents to give him their daughter, presenting, at the same time, one or more whales' teeth. Most improper matches are made. I have seen an old man of sixty living with two wives both under fifteen years of age. Women, indeed, are regarded as a sort of property, in which a regular exchange is carried on; but there is no truth in the assertion that the natives sell their women among themselves. Whatever there has been like this, has been taught them by white men. The low estimate in which, on some

islands, women are held, may be judged from the following fact. A Chief of Nandy, Viti Levu, was very desirous to have a musket which an American Captain had shown him. The price of the coveted piece was two hogs. The Chief had only one; but he sent on board with it a young woman as an equivalent. I afterwards saw the girl, and was acquainted with her purchaser, by whose wife she was kept as a servant.

The natives have gravely asked the Missionaries whether they bought their wives, and what they cost, supposing that such was the custom in the white man's land.

Nevertheless, although not an article of trade among themselves, woman is fearfully degraded in Fiji. In many parts of the group she is as a beast of burden, not exempt from any kind of labour, and forbidden to enter any temple: certain kinds of food she may eat only by sufferance, and that after her husband has finished. In youth, she is the victim of lust, and in old age, of brutality. Such of the young women as are acquainted with the way in which a wife is secured in England, regard it with strong admiration, and envy the favoured women who wed "the man to whom their spirit flies."

It sometimes happens, however, that persons are thus privileged in Fiji, and permitted to choose for themselves. When such is the case, affection progresses to possession by certain steps, which vary slightly in different parts of the group. When the female is betrothed, the observances are nearly the same.

The *veidomoni*, or "mutual attachment," is the first step. In this the young man asks the girl of her parents, taking a present or not, as he judges best. When anything is given, it is not considered in the light of a price paid, but merely as a matter of form. Should the request meet with a favourable reply, the girl's friends *veimei*, "nurse," or take her to the house of her intended husband's parents, presenting, at the same time, property—teeth, cloth, or mats. A custom, which is certainly pretty, is then observed. Not even a heathen can leave the scenes of childhood and careless joy without tears, and the "nursed" girl often weeps freely. The friends of the bridegroom endeavour to solace her by presenting trinkets as expressions of their regard. This is called the *vakamamaca*, or "drying-up-of-the-tears." Then follows the *vakatakata*, or "warming." This is food made by the man, and taken to the friends of the bride, who still remains where her friends left her. In some parts, she enjoys a holiday for four days, sitting in her new home, oiled, and covered with turmeric powder. At the end of four days she bathes, accompanied by a number of women—generally married women—who help her to fish. On returning home, the fish is

cooked and, when ready, an intimation to that effect is sent to the young man, who dresses himself in style, and, accompanied by a number of his companions, oiled and dressed, directs his steps to the house in which his betrothed waits his arrival. The bridegroom and his companions take off their new dresses, which are given to the relatives of the bride. The fish-soup is then served up with good yam, the prospective wife commencing her duties by pouring out and handing to her future lord a dish of soup, which he drinks, eating yam with it. A part of the yam he gives to the bride, who eats with him. Probably they never were so near or spoke to each other before, and very likely this their first meal passes in silence. This ceremony is named *na sili*, "the bathing." In the leeward islands, this generally concludes the form of marriage. To windward such is not the case; but the girl goes back to her parents, and the friends on both sides make cloth and mats to present with the young people on the wedding-day. Meantime the young man is expected to build a house to which to take his wife, who undergoes now the painful process of tattooing, if it has not already been done. Some chief ladies, however, defer the performance of this operation until they have become mothers. During this period the bride is *tabu siga*, kept from the sun, to improve her complexion. These preliminaries over, the grand feast takes place, when the friends of each party try to outdo the others in the food and property presented. As in other native feasts, so here it is easier to specify the good cheer by yards and hundred-weights, than by dishes. When Tanoa gave his daughter to Ngavindi, the Lasakau Chief, there was provided for the entertainment of the friends assembled, a wall of fish five feet high, and twenty yards in length, besides turtles and pigs, and vegetables in proportion. One *dish* at the same feast was ten feet long, four feet wide, and three deep, spread over with green leaves, on which were placed roast pigs and turtles. Whatever is prepared by the friends of the woman is given to those of the man, and *vice versa*. The conclusion of this day is the *vaqasea*, when the marriage is complete, the announcement of which, in some tribes, is by tremendous shoutings; and arrangements are made for the *veitasi*, or "clipping," which, to windward, consists in cutting off a bunch of long hair worn over the temples by the woman while a spinster. To leeward, however, the woman is deprived of all her hair, and thus made sufficiently ugly to startle the most ardent admirer. This act has its feast, food being prepared, and often taken as the breakfast of the newly married couple. In some places the great feast follows the *clipping*. Priests are never in requisition officially on marriage occasions. Matrimony, in Fiji, is a social

or civil contract only. Every presentation of property or food is associated with good wishes or prayers for the long life and happiness of the young couple; but no priest is needed in this, as it is only the observance of a custom used on every occasion that will admit of such forms. Commodore Wilkes's account of Fijian marriages seems to be compounded of oriental notions and Ovalau yarns. A change in the form of *liku* always takes place. Young unmarried women wear a *liku* little more than a handsbreadth in depth, which does not meet on the hip by several inches. On marrying, they put on a broader dress, which entirely surrounds the body, and the depth of which is increased as the wearer grows older. An owl flying about a house is considered by the natives as a sign that things are in a fair way for the master becoming a father. When such a hope is proved to be well established, certain matrons and the newly-made wife get up a sort of pic-nic, which they call *vakata kakana*. For this they choose some sylvan retreat, where embowering trees, with their thick foliage interwoven with various creepers, afford a cool and secluded shade. Here the women feast together, and indulge in the "wide-mouthed mirth" of which they are so fond, unmindful of future care. After this comes the *vakavotu*, the "becoming visible," and with it another feast; when friends eat and rejoice together, and a bartering of property takes place between them. The next step is the *tatavu*, the "broiling." This is much quieter, and not so commonly observed, and consists in feeding the expectant mother with fish just before her confinement.

Voluntary breach of the marriage contract is rare in comparison with that which is enforced, as, for instance, when a Chief gives up the women of a town to a company of visitors or warriors. Compliance with this mandate is compulsory; but should the woman conceal it from her husband, she would be severely punished. Fear prevents unfaithfulness more than affection, though I believe that instances of the latter are numerous.

Too commonly there is no *express* feeling of connubial bliss. Men speak of "our women," and women of "our men," without any distinctive preference being apparent. If a man does not approve of his betrothed, he quietly neglects the usual advance. If a woman rejects the suit of a man, after being promised to him, property must be taken to him or his friends, by whom the *vakalutu*, the "letting drop," is generally accepted.

This, however, does not apply to persons of high rank, marriages among whom are so interwoven with the civil and political interests of the country, that no deviation from form is allowed, out of regard to

the wishes of the female concerned, who, in these matters, may have no will of her own. I saw a daughter of the King of Lakemba leave for Mbua. She was a fine girl, of very amiable manners, and a general favourite. Her intended husband was Tanoa, a man quite old enough to be her great-grandfather. There was something really affecting about the separation from the companions of her girlhood; and how she managed to bear such a weight of grief, aggravated by the hugs and embraces of a dozen persons at once, for so long a time, and in such hot weather, I could not understand. Such ladies are under the care of a duenna, who accompanies them, together with the servants given by the bride's father. A Princess of first rank had ten female servants from her father, and five from her husband. One, two, or three, is more commonly the number. These attendants are sometimes called the *tawaki*, a word which combines the meaning of "menial" and "pet."

I saw a young girl of good family, who was given to the daughter of Tuikilakila, brought in form to that Chief. As she was presented in the way usually observed in giving a bride, I will describe the ceremony. She was brought in at the principal entrance by the King's aunt and a few matrons, and then, led only by the old lady, approached the King. She was an interesting girl of fifteen, glistening with oil, wearing a new *liku*, and a necklace of carved ivory points, radiating from her neck, and turning upwards. The King then received from his aunt the girl, with two whales' teeth, which she carried in her hand. When she was seated at his feet, his Majesty repeated a list of their gods, and finished by praying that "the girl might live, and bring forth male children." To her friends—two men who had come in at the back door—he gave a musket, begging them not to think hardly of his having taken their child, as the step was connected with the good of the land, in which their interests, as well as his own, were involved. The musket, which was about equivalent to the necklace, the men received with bent heads, muttering a short prayer, the close of which was exactly the same as they had offered for years, "Death to Natawa!" Tuikilakila then took off the girl's necklace, and kissed her. The gayest moment of her life, as far as dress was concerned, was past; and I felt that the untying of that polished ornament from her neck was the first downward step to a dreary future. Perhaps her forebodings were like mine, for she wept; and the tears which glanced off her bosom and rested in distinct drops on her oily legs, were seen by the King, who said, "Do not weep. Are you going to leave your own land? You are but going a voyage, soon to return. Do not think it is a hardship to go to Mbau. Here you have to work hard; there you will rest. Here you

fare indifferently; there you will eat the best of food. Only do not weep to spoil yourself." As he thus spoke, he played with her curly locks, complimenting her on her face and figure. She reminded him of a sister of hers who had been taken to Mbau in years past, and the mention of whose name seemed to have a talismanic effect on the aged aunt. "Ay!" she exclaimed, "that *was* a woman! Her face!" (placing a hand edgeways on either side of her own shrunk phiz,) "O what a face!" Then followed several other exclamations of admiring remembrance, more pointed than delicate, when, happily, the King interrupted the old lady before her admiration led her still farther beyond the bounds of propriety. Just then the King's women appeared with their nets, and he ordered the poor girl to go and "try her hand at fishing."

On the large islands is often found the custom, prevalent among many savage tribes, of seizing upon a woman by apparent or actual force, in order to make her a wife. On reaching the home of her abductor, should she not approve of the match, she runs to some one who can protect her: if, however, she is satisfied, the matter is settled forthwith, a feast is given to her friends the next morning, and the couple are thenceforward considered as man and wife.

"Writing to a woman" is of recent date, and generally done without pen, ink, or paper. It is the "popping the question" of English life, and though for the most part done by the men, yet the women do not hesitate to adopt the same course when so inclined. The man, however, takes a present to help his suit; the woman trusts only to her charms. Wonderfully artless are some of the appeals made by the men. Thivalala, whose legs were disfigured with elephantiasis, addressed a smart young widow thus: "You know my circumstances; I am poor; I am afflicted; I am far away from my friends: I need some one to care for me, love me, and become my wife." She, sympathizing, consented. Plain speaking in these affairs is not uncommon. Simioni Wangkavou, wishing to bring the object of his affection to decision, addressed these homely remarks to her, in the hearing of several other persons: "I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers,—pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell: but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused, no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you: only let it be a settled thing."

But to return to the wife whom we left being fed with fish. Gen-

erally the women suffer little in parturition, and the aid of a native midwife is rarely needed, and, when given, is rather injurious than otherwise. A wide difference exists between the observances of Tongan and Fijian women at this time. The Tongan mother, on the birth of a child, gets up directly, and bathes in some pond or river, and, on her return, eats freely of food: if fish, poultry, or pork is provided, so much the better. Fijians profess to keep the house a few days, and some lie at their ease a full month. They are forbidden the free use of animal food and fish for a long time, being well supplied with vegetables; unripe bananas and greens being esteemed excellent for women at this time. A Tongan babe is anointed with oil and turmeric, and fed with old cocoa-nut chewed, the juice being passed from the mouth of the nurse into that of the child. This continues until the mother is fit to nurse. The Fijian infant is kept from the mother three days, and is suckled by another woman, or fed with sugar-cane juice, administered in the way just described. It also receives a coating of oil and turmeric. It is an ill-omen if a child does not cry soon after it is born; and the male child born in the day-time is expected to prove a great warrior.

The Fijian father must celebrate the birth of a child by making a feast; and, if it is the first-born, sports follow, in one of which the men imitate on each other's bodies the tattooing of the women. The name of this feast is *a tunudra*, and seems to regard the woman rather than the child. Friends seek the place where the babe lies, and present love-tokens, receiving some presents in return. On Vanua Levu, the woman's friends plait small mats, measuring about two feet by one, for the mother to nurse her babe upon. The name of the visit imports that the women will take the child in their arms; and those who do so always kiss it. Next in order is the feast given at the falling off of the umbilical cord, which is sometimes buried, together with a cocoa-nut, to grow for the future use of the little stranger. A tribe on Viti Levu take the food prepared on this occasion to the priest, who notifies the event to their god thus: "This is the food of the little child; take knowledge of it, ye gods! Be kind to him. Do not pelt him, or spit upon him, or seize him, but let him live to plant sugar-cane." Food is again made ready on the first bathing of the child, and there is another little feast on the event of its first turning over without help. The women seem fond of their offspring; but an English mother finds it difficult to reconcile the thought of much affection, with so much dirt as is often allowed to collect on the child.

The naming of the infant takes place very early, sometimes before birth, but generally within two or three days after. Longer delay

might endanger the child's life, by leading the mother to suspect that her offspring was uncared for. It is a common practice to name the first child after the man's father, and the second after the mother's father. In the first case, the friends of the man make the wife a present; and in the other, her friends offer the gift to the husband. The above practice, however, is very variable; and the naming of children is often left to accident, caprice, or malice. Some peculiarity in the infant, or in the time or circumstances of its birth, often decides the name. Or, in the absence of more durable monuments, the epithet is made a record of the family triumphs, or the weakness, folly, and disgrace of their enemies. Such instances abound, and names worse than these, of the lowest and filthiest kind, such as ought to be rejected from the language.

Natives nurse in eastern style, the child sitting, quite naked, astride the mother's hip, where it is kept from falling by her arm passed round its body. Children who have the *coko*—an ulcerous disease, like the yaws of the West Indies—stand at the back of their mother, whose hands are clasped behind, forming a soft standing-place for the feet of the little sufferer, who holds on by the parent's shoulders. Most native children have this disease, and those who escape are said to grow up sickly and feeble, and incapable of much exertion,—an opinion which, I believe, is well founded.

Women who regard the health of their child generally abstain from the pleasures of fishing during the time of nursing. One of the first lessons taught the infant is to strike its mother, a neglect of which would beget a fear lest the child should grow up to be a coward. Thus these people are nurtured "without natural affection," and trained to be "implacable, unmerciful." Several proofs of this I witnessed at Somosomo; mothers leading their children to kick and tread upon the dead bodies of enemies. The violent passions of revenge and anger are fostered in the native children, so that, when offended, they give full vent to their fury; and it is not surprising that their riper years exhibit such fearful developements of rage. Visiting, on the same island, a family who were mourning the recent slaughter of six of their friends, one of the first objects I saw was a good *malo*—a man's dress—much torn, by which sat a child of about four years old, cutting and chopping it with a large butcher's knife, while his own hand was covered with blood, which flowed from the stump where, shortly before, his little finger had been cut off, as a token of affection for his deceased father. The *malo* had been stripped from one of the party who had attacked the friends of that child, and was placed before him to excite and gratify a revengeful disposition.

Grim, immodest representations of the human figure, about eighteen inches long, are used on the larger islands to terrify the children into quietness.

When at Lakemba, I was told by Mosese Vakaloloma that, in their heathen state, they did not address their little ones as children, but would say, "Come here, you *rats!*"

Beside attending to the children, it is the duty of the women to fetch salt and fresh water, collect fuel, and attend to the boiled food. If a woman, when putting bananas into a pot, let one fall on the outside, or if the bread-fruit burst in roasting, she will wring her hands in dismay, or cry aloud, fearing the ill-luck betokened by the accident. On Vanua Levu, the women are treated with a little consideration, and more as equals, by the men; a kindness which they repay by dealing largely in scandal, which thus grows with tropical rapidity. Fishing with hand-nets is their duty and delight. Women of all ranks engage in this employment with a kind of passion, and use the time for the unbridled indulgence of slander and gossip.

Polygamy is looked upon as a principal source of a Chief's power and wealth. It certainly is the source of female degradation, domestic misery, and personal suffering. One day, the Missionary's wife asked a woman who was *minus* her nose, "How is it that so many of you women are without a nose?" A native wife replied, "It grows out of a plurality of wives. Jealousy causes hatred, and then the stronger tries to cut or bite off the nose of the one she hates."

The lady wife of the Mbua Chief had a rival more powerful than was agreeable to her, in an interesting young woman, who engrossed most of her lord's attention. Not having a club at hand with which to take vengeance on the object of her angry jealousy, the enraged wife pounced on her, and tore her sadly with nails and teeth, and injured her mouth by attempting to slit it open. The young woman was placed under my care, her shoulders being severely lacerated. A few months after, a young girl—the second wife of a man whose former spouse was getting old—was brought to me, in a very emaciated condition, through the cruel treatment of her rival. The man was fond of his young wife, but could not shield her from the fury of the elder, who added to much rough treatment the employment of witchcraft. A severe illness was the result of this double attack; the body sinking under cruelty, and the mind under superstitious fears. Thus we find that bites, scratches, and rent ears are among the smaller evils of polygamy. The following dialogue between Mrs. Williams and a native woman will further illustrate these evils.

"Where is Ratu Lingalingani?"

"He is at Vuna, Madam. He is angry with Andi Lasangka," (a favourite wife,) "who is ill at that place."

"Is she not likely to become a mother?"

"Yes: and it is on that account that she has gone to Vuna. The other wives of the Chief are displeased at it; and, rather than endure their anger, she has gone to destroy the child, that it may be still-born."

The treatment of a fine girl, the daughter of the mate of an American vessel, and inferior wife of a Mbau Chief, is too horrid to narrate.

The herd of women brought together by polygamy under the will of one man, are robbed of the domestic pleasures springing from reciprocated affection, and are thus led literally, "to bite and devour one another." The testimony of a woman who lived two years in my family, after having been one among several of a Chief's wives, is, that they know nothing of comfort. Contentions among them are endless, the bitterest hatred common, and mutual cursing and recrimination of daily occurrence. When their quarters become untenable, they generally run. Indeed, I was told by a chief lady that it was a settled point, that an offensive under-wife must be made to fly by abundant scolding and abuse. When a woman happens to be under the displeasure of her master as well as that of his lady wives, they irritate the Chief by detailing her misdemeanours, until permission is gained to punish the delinquent, when the women of the house—high and low—fall upon her, cuffing, kicking, scratching, and even trampling on the poor creature, so unmercifully as to leave her half dead.

Another and most heavy curse of polygamy falls on the children, since it is an institution which virtually dissolves the ties of relationship, and makes optional the discharge of duties which nature, reason, and religion render imperative. Hence there are multitudes of children in Fiji who are wholly uncared for by their parents; and I have noticed cases beyond number, where natural affection was wanting on both sides. The Fijian child is utterly deprived of that wholesome and necessary discipline which consists of regular and ever repeated acts of correction and teaching. Fitful attempts to gain the mastery are made by the parent, coming in the form of a furious outburst of passion, to which the child opposes a due proportion of obstinacy, and, in the end, is triumphant. Thus the children grow up without knowledge, without good morals or habits, without amiability or worth, fitted, by the way in which they are reared, to develop the worst features of

heathen life. And this hapless condition they owe to polygamy, which robs the parent of the comforts and endearments of married life, and gives the child but a slight advantage over the whelp of the brute.

Murder, in various forms, is the result of this vicious system. Great numbers produce sterility by drinking medicated waters prepared for that purpose, and many more kill their unborn children by mechanical means; while, in the case of others, death follows immediately on birth. Scarcity and war, when they prevail, are often urged in excuse for these crimes. Perhaps the parents belong to two tribes which are at enmity, in which case the mother, rather than multiply the foes of her tribe, will destroy her progeny. In 1850, the Mbua Chief took a principal wife to his home, whereupon another of his wives, in a fit of jealousy, disappointed him by destroying the child which he expected shortly to be born. Nandi, one of whose wives was pregnant, left her to dwell with a second. The forsaken one awaited his return some months, and at last the child disappeared. This practice seemed to be universal on Vanua Levu,—quite a matter of course,—so that few women could be found who had not, in some way, been murderers. The extent of infanticide in some parts of this island reaches nearer to two-thirds than half. Abominable as it is, it is reduced to a system, the professors of which are to be found in every village. I know of no case after the child is one or two days old; and all destroyed after birth are females, because they are useless in war, or, as some say, because they give so much trouble. But that the former is the prevailing opinion appears from such questions as these, put to persons who may plead for the little one's life: "Why live? Will she wield a club? Will she poise a spear?" When a professed murderess is not near, the mother does not hesitate to kill her own babe. With two fingers she compresses its nostrils, while, with the thumb, she keeps the jaw up close; a few convulsive struggles follow, and the cruel hand of the mother is unloosed, to dig a grave close by where she lies, in which the dead child is placed. Unlike the infanticide of the Hindus, that of Fiji is done from motives in which there is no admixture of anything like religious feeling or fear, but merely whim, expediency, anger, or indolence.

In connexion with this subject, another proof may be given of the assertion already made, that the Fijians are made up of contradictions. They often adopt orphans, for whom they display far more love than for their own offspring. I should hesitate to give the following illustration, were I not well acquainted with most of the parties concerned. Tokanaua was slain in the last Mbua war, in 1844, leaving a son and

infant daughter, who were thrown on the care of their friends, the mother having been strangled, and buried with her husband. The orphans were taken to the house of Tokanaua's elder brother, who provided wet-nurses for the babe. He became, however, dissatisfied with this arrangement; and as his wife was just then confined, he arranged with her to murder their own child, that the adopted one might take its place and receive her care.

The wives sometimes become unruly. Near to the King of Lakemba, and, afterwards, to the King of Mbua, I saw lying a stick of heavy wood, about the size of a broom-handle. On inquiry, I found that the free use of this truncheon was very effective in subduing the wayward wills of the women when they became disorderly. Tanoa's staff, used for this purpose, was inlaid with ivory, but did not, on that account, cause less pain. This is employed in cases not grave enough to demand the club, as, for instance, the *dredre kaci*—the call by laughing—the way in which women are supposed to call their gallants. These swains, to make themselves increasingly agreeable, sweeten their breath by eating a greyish clay, until nausea is produced. But unhappy is the woman whose amours come to light! The sweet words and pleasant breath of the lover are succeeded by the rough abuse of her lord, and by such a beating as leaves the difference between it and being clubbed very small indeed.

The aged King, Tuithakau II., visited me one day in evident trouble. After sitting silent awhile, he said, "Have you a spy-glass?" Finding that I had one, he proceeded, "Do look, and see if my woman has gone to Weilangi only, or right away to Wainikeli." Weilangi was a village about six miles off, and Wainikeli about six miles further, with high hills interposed. It appeared that the old gentleman had found it necessary to use severe discipline with one of his wives, who, after being beaten, ran away; and he now felt anxious about her, and came to solicit the help of my glass to ascertain her whereabouts. I assured him that, in this case, the spy-glass was of no use, as the woman had been gone several hours, and was now, no doubt, in some house with her friends. "Look," he rejoined, "if you can see her footsteps on the road from Weilangi to Wainikeli." It was with difficulty that I persuaded him that it was impossible to see, at such a distance, a path which was narrow and irregular, and, moreover, hidden with forest and brushwood.

That which bears the name of swearing among the South Sea Islanders, though bad enough, is different in its kind from English swearing, and not so great an evil. The natives never blindly invoke

the wrath of a god, or condemn themselves or each other to endless destruction; but they use filthy, irritating, and malevolent language, not uncommonly having reference to their cannibal practices. Like the Easterns, they speak abusively of the parents of the persons with whom they are angry. I have heard individuals, when protesting strongly, swear by the King. It is *tabu* for those to swear at each other who are prohibited from conversing together; but those who are worshippers of the same god may swear at one another to their heart's content.

To the aged and infirm, the kindnesses of the Fijians are cruel. Bald heads and grey hairs excite contempt instead of honour; and, on this account, the aged, when they find themselves likely to become troublesome, beg of their children to strangle them. If the parent should be slow to make the proposal, they are anticipated by the children. The heathen notion is, that, as they die, such will their condition be in another world; hence their desire to escape extreme infirmity. I have never known a case of self-destruction which had personal defect or deformity for its motive; but a repugnance on the part of the sound, the healthy, and the young, to associate with the maimed, the sick, and the aged, is the main cause of the sacrifice.

It could answer no good purpose to record many of the frequent instances of abominable cruelty towards the aged and infirm, which are precisely similar to those practised by some other heathen nations. Exposure, burying alive, and the rope, are the means generally used for dispatching these unfortunates. One case, peculiarly Fijian, may be narrated. Wangka i Vuki told me that his brother was drowned at sea with Rambithi, a Somosomo Prince. "Then," said I, "he went from you well, and you saw him no more." Wangka i replied, "Well, not exactly so; we saw him again; for, when the canoe on which he sailed went down, he swam about until one of the fleet came near him, and he got on board, resting some time, it being night." As day broke, he was discovered by his companions in trouble, and, since he had fared worse than they, it was at once decided that he ought to be clubbed. Just then, some one recognised him as a skilful sailor: this turned the scale in his favour, as it was agreed that he should live, and at once take the helm. Weak and unfit as he necessarily was for a post which wearies the most energetic, he took the great steer-oar; nor was he allowed to leave it until, after a tedious voyage, they reached Vuna. One heart there was among the crew that pitied that death-like being who grasped the helm, and, seeing that he was unable to move from the canoe, carried him ashore, and shared a piece of water-melon with him. His friends at Somosomo, on hearing of his

two-fold escape, rejoiced greatly, brought him home, attended him for nearly two months, and had the satisfaction of witnessing his recovery. Soon after, through eating a piece of fowl, he suffered a relapse, so that his body became swollen, and his friends said that his breath smelt bad. They had received orders to go on a voyage the next day, and, as no one could be spared to look after the invalid, and to take him on the canoe might give him pain, and inconvenience his friends, they concluded that it would be best to strangle him; which purpose, with his own consent, they carried out. His relatives kissed and wept over him; strangled, buried, and mourned for him; and the next day set out on their voyage.

In the destruction of their decrepit parents, the Fijians sometimes plead affection, urging that it is a kindness to shorten the miserable period of second childhood. In their estimation, the use of a rope instead of the club is a mark of love so strong, that they wonder when a stronger is demanded. In many cases, however, no attempt is made to disguise the cruelty of the deed. It is a startling, but incontestable fact, that in Fiji there exists a general system of parricide, which ranks too, in all respects, as a social institution.

The ill-concealed cruelty of the people is further shown in their treatment of the sick. Unless the afflicted one is of high rank, or valued for his services, the patience of his friends will be exhausted in a few days.

Great effort was made on behalf of a Lakemba Princess who was sick, during my second year's residence on that island. The aid of the best native doctors was called in, and large offerings made to the gods, and a new temple begun, to secure their divine favour, but all in vain. Rich puddings, from sixteen to twenty-one feet in circumference, proved insufficient to attract the benignant notice of the gods; and, when all hope from that quarter was gone, the "*lotu*" was tried. The sick woman made a profession of Christianity, and, being placed under the kind care of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, by God's blessing recovered. But very far different is the treatment of common people. Mr. Lyth found a woman in Somosomo who was in a very abject state through the protracted absence of her husband. For five weeks, although two women lived in the same house, she lay uncared for, becoming reduced to a mere skeleton. After this, she had food and medicine from the Mission Station, and improved. One morning, a servant of mine was taking her breakfast, but was met by her friends as they returned from her interment, who told him to take the food back. On reaching home he said that, on the previous day, he had found an old woman in the

house, who made no secret of her errand. "I came," said she, "to see my friend, and inquire whether she was ready to be strangled; but, as she is strong, we shall not strangle her yet." Soon after, her friends changed their minds, and deprived her of life to hasten her funeral.

If sick persons have no friends, they are simply left to perish. Should they be among friends, they are cared for until they become troublesome, or, through weakness, offensive; whereupon they are generally put out of the way. The people near to Vatakali decide the question of a sick person's recovery by a visit to a famous *mulamula* tree, which is the index of death. If they find a branch of the tree newly broken off, they suppose that the person on whose account they pay the visit must die. If no branch is broken, recovery is expected. When a warrior meditates a daring deed, he says, "I shall come near to breaking a branch of the *mulamula* to-day." The death of the patient being once determined, any appeal on his part is useless. Ratu Varani spoke of one among many whom he had caused to be buried alive. She had been weakly for a long time, and the Chief, thinking her likely to remain so, had a grave dug. - The curiosity of the poor girl was excited by loud exclamations, as though something extraordinary had appeared, and, on stepping out of the house, she was seized, and thrown into her grave. In vain she shrieked with horror, and cried out, "Do not bury me! I am quite well now!" Two men kept her down by standing on her, while others threw the soil in upon her, until she was heard no more.

On Kandavu, sick persons are often thrown into a cave, where the dead are also deposited.

It makes one sad to think that there is truth in what the people allege, as one reason for their anxiety to get rid of their sick. The malignity of the afflicted ones does not seem to be diminished by their bodily weakness; for, when left alone, they will lie on the mats of their friends, and leave saliva on their drinking vessels, or even in their food, that they may thus communicate the disease to the healthy members of the household.

When the hour of death is allowed to approach naturally, and the dying one is respectable, or the head of a family, the scene is certainly affecting. The patriarch calls his children around him, that he may say farewell, and give his parting advice. This is generally commenced in the same way: "I am going. You will remain." He then states any alteration he may wish in family affairs, or expresses his satisfaction with them as they are. At that hour of death, he never forgets an enemy, and at that time he never forgives one. The dying man men-

tions his foe, that his children may perpetuate his hatred,—it may be against his own son,—and kill him at the first opportunity. The name of the hated one is uttered aloud, if not as the object of immediate vengeance, yet of gloomy and disastrous predictions, which never fail to reach the ears where they are least welcome. Deep concern is often excited by these dying words, and the impressions made on the minds of those to whom the carrying out of their dark purport is intrusted, is indelible. Thus, with the deep marks of a murderous, unforgiving spirit upon him, does the heathen pass away to his account.

When a Chief is either dead or dying, the fact is announced to his various connexions; and should he be of supreme power, the principal persons in his dominions come to pay their respects, and offer a present to him. If he is merely the head of a tribe, the chief members of that tribe assemble for the same purpose. The death of a male is announced by the firing of muskets, or by dolorous blasts on the trumpet-shell. On Vanua Levu, this is the signal for plunder, the nearest relatives rushing to the house to appropriate all they can seize belonging to those who lived there with the deceased. Valuables are therefore removed, and hidden in time. The general custom, however, takes the form of an eastern mourning. The people nearest at hand bewail the dead in a sudden outburst of grief—uncurbed, excessive, and outrageous. Their cries are heard far away, and render needless the solemn tones of the passing bell. Numbers, from all parts, run together to the place where the deceased lies, and from each is required an extravagant demonstration of sorrow, but of short continuance. Some of the women accompany their cry with gesticulations indicative of great anguish. “War! War! Precious! Valiant!” and similar exclamations, rend the air on all sides. I have heard the dead questioned in the style which has prevailed among every people where similar modes of lamentation have been observed. “Why did you die? Were you weary of us? We are around you now. Why do you close your eyes upon us?” Sometimes these wailings continue through the night, and their dreary, dismal effect cannot be imagined by any one who has not heard them. The tones are those of hopeless despair, and thrill through “nerve, and vein, and bone.”

The process of laying out is often commenced several hours before the person is actually dead. I have known one take food afterwards; and another who lived eighteen hours after. All this time, in the opinion of a Fijian, the man was dead. Eating, drinking, and talking, he says, are the involuntary actions of the body,—of the “empty shell,” as he calls it, the soul having taken its departure. Laying out

consists in removing any old clothes which may be about the sick man, washing him, if needful, oiling his body, and covering the upper part with black paint, so as to give him the appearance of a warrior. A large new *masi* is thrown loosely round his loins, a clean head-dress put on, and his lower extremities are covered with a kind of sheet. Ornaments on the arms and forehead are often added. When these decorations are complete, the surrounding friends think of nothing but the man's death, acting as though his recovery would disconcert their plans, and therefore be by no means desirable. When really dead, a ponderous club, newly oiled, is laid by his right side, and the lifeless hand holds one or more whales' teeth. This custom is analogous to that of the ancient Greeks, in placing an *obolus* on the lips of the corpse; but, instead of the sweet cake taken to propitiate Cerberus, the Fijians dispatch a strong man to secure the infernal guard until the chiefly ghost has passed by.

The next step is the preparation of the *loloku*. This word expresses anything done out of respect for the dead, but especially the strangling of friends. This custom may have had a religious origin, but at present the victims are not sacrificed as offerings to the gods, but merely to propitiate and honour the names of the departed. It is strengthened by misdirected affection, joined with wrong notions of a future life. The idea of a Chieftain going into the world of spirits unattended, is most repugnant to the native mind. So strong is the feeling in favour of the *loloku*, that Christianity is disliked because it rigorously discountenances the cherished custom. When the Christian Chief of Dama fell by the concealed musketry of the Nawathans, a stray shot entered the forehead of a young man at some distance from him, and killed him. The event was regarded by many of the nominal Christians as most fortunate, since it provided a companion for the spirit of the slain Chief.

Ordinarily, the first victim for the *loloku* is the man's wife, and more than one, if he has several. I have known the mother to be strangled too. In the case of a Chief who has a confidential companion, this his right-hand man, in order to prevent a disruption of their intimacy, ought to die with his superior; and a neglect of this duty would lower him in public opinion. I knew one who escaped; but the associate of Ra Mbombo, the Chief of Weilea, was, together with the head wife of the deceased, murdered, to accompany him into the regions of the dead. The bodies of these victims are called "grass" for bedding the Chief's grave. When Mbithi, who was a Chief of high rank and greatly esteemed in Mathuata, died, (1840,)

in addition to his own wife, five men and their wives were strangled, to form the floor of his grave. They were laid on a layer of mats, and the Chief was placed on them. Mbule-i-Navave, a Chief of limited influence, was buried on four poor women, one quite a girl. Six were to have been killed; but one was bold enough to object, and was spared; the other owed her life to missionary interposition. The usual victims on these occasions are two women, or a man and a woman. After the women are strangled, they are well oiled, their heads dressed and ornamented, new *likus* put on them, and vermilion or tumeric powder spread on their faces and bosoms. I have seen this done on some women before death. When prepared, they are placed by the side of the warlike dead, and together form one of the strangest and saddest of groups. The young Chief of Lasakau, Ngavindi, was laid out with a wife at his side, his mother at his feet, and a servant a short way off. After this, visits are received from companies of ten or twenty men and women—who weep in the way already described; and if tears may be taken as evidence, their sorrow is sincere. These visits are styled *ai reguregu*, a name which is also applied to presents given at the same time. The word comes from *regu*, to “kiss,” since the visitors kiss as well as bewail the dead. After this, I have seen the heads of tribes who had maintained a friendly intercourse with him whom they mourn, present a whale’s tooth or a mat to the man who has succeeded him as the head of the house, and, pointing to the deceased, mention the friendship which existed between him and them, saying, that the object of their visit was not only to show their regard for the dead, but also to put the living in mind of their friendly relationship, lest, forgetting it, they should break up a long cherished union. The person addressed receives what is offered, and expresses a wish that the friendship of the two tribes may remain unbroken. On Vanua Levu, the visitors turn from this form to kiss and weep over the corpse.

If a person dies towards evening, the body is kept in the house, and a sort of wake follows; persons sit and watch with the corpse, the tedium of their duty being relieved by companies of young men who, either indoors or outside, sing a succession of dirges. The climate makes speedy burial necessary, and the grave is dug the next morning. Certain persons do this work, while another party prepares the oven for the feast. At some funerals priests attend, and superintend the ceremonies. The two diggers, seated opposite each other, make three feints with their digging sticks, which are then struck into the earth, and a grave, rarely more than three feet deep, is prepared. Either the grave-diggers, or some one near, repeats twice the words, “Fiji, Tonga.”

The earth first thrown up is laid aside apart from the rest. When the grave is finished, mats are laid at the bottom, and the body or bodies, wrapped in other mats and native cloth, are placed thereon, the edges of the under mats folding over all: the earth is then thrown in. Many yards of the man's *masi* are often left out of the grave, and carried in festoons over the branches of a neighbouring tree. The sextons go away forthwith, and wash themselves, using, during their ablutions, the leaves of the *ciuciu* or the *uci* for purification; after which they return, and share the food which has been prepared for them.

In the native funeral ceremonies there is an effort to exhibit sympathy and kindness. Articles prized by the dead are either buried with them, or laid on the grave. Friends withhold nothing needed for the obsequies. Poor people who, when alive, could scarcely procure a mat to lie upon, I have seen buried in four or even six. A decent burial is much coveted. The King of Lakemba used to ask of the Missionaries, as the greatest favour, a wooden coffin, that his body might not be trampled upon. The Chief of Mbau sent for Tongans to cut him a stone tomb. In Lakemba I recollect seeing the graves of children at the best end of the houses of several Chiefs; "That the wind," they said, "might not disturb, nor the rain fall upon them." On certain parts of Viti Levu, the same reason is assigned for burying their dead in the temples; also that the living may have the satisfaction of lying near their departed friends, and thus prevent their graves from being defiled; for a Fijian burial-ground is generally a very filthy place.

A faithful old servant of mine was constantly alluding to his death, and giving me directions about his interment. Lotu, a recent convert, asked me with concern whether she might be anointed with oil and tumeric after death; and, although dying, her eyes brightened as she told me the size of the cake of tumeric which she had in reserve for the occasion. A woman at Na Volivoli would not allow her babe to be buried at all, but kept it on a shelf in the house. Some have carried this out further. A child of rank died under the care of Marama, the Queen of Somosomo. The body was placed in a box, and hung from the tie-beam of the chief temple, and, for some months, the best of food was taken to it daily, the bearers approaching with the greatest respect, and, after having waited as long as a person would be in taking a meal, clapping their hands as when a Chief has done eating, and then retiring. If tortoise-shell or mats were divided, Tui Vanuavou—the child—always had his share.

Over some of the graves a small roof is built, three or six feet high, the gables of which are filled in with sinnet, wrought into different

sized squares, arranged diagonally. Common graves are only edged round with stones, or have nothing more than one set at the head and another at the foot. The lady named above was greatly beloved by Tuithakau, and he buried her in costly style. A good double canoe, forty feet long, was placed on a large mound cast up for that purpose, and faced with stones. It was then imbedded in earth, and the decks covered over with fine shingle, on which mats were spread to receive the body, which was covered with sand, and upon it were placed the remains of the boy of whom the Queen had been so fond. The body was further protected with a large roof, made of a kind of mahogany, and ornamented with pure white cowries. On some graves I have seen large cairns of stones, which are sometimes set up also to mark the spot where a man has died. On some few graves I have observed a basket of sundry ornaments which used once to please the deceased who lay below. Only the burial places of Chiefs are *tabu*, and those only to natives. A general unwillingness is shown to disturb the dead.

On my first going to Somosomo, I entertained a hope that the aged King would be allowed to die a natural death, although such an event would be without precedent. The usage of the land had been to intimate that the King's end was near by cleaning round about the house, after which his eldest son, when bathing with his father, took a favourable opportunity, and dispatched him with a club. On inquiry made on the spot, I found that this, according to the account of the Chiefs of Somosomo, was the practice of their neighbours at Vuna. This statement relieved my mind; for the kind old Chief was a general favourite, and it was painful to think that so cruel an end awaited him. Commodore Wilkes justly describes him as "a fine specimen of a Fiji Islander; and he bore no slight resemblance to our ideas of an old Roman. His figure was particularly tall and manly, and he had a head fit for a Monarch." Speaking of him afterwards, the American Commodore says, "He looks as if he were totally distinct from the scenes of horror that are daily taking place around him, and his whole countenance has the air and expression of benevolence." This is all true; yet there was never a more besotted heathen, or a more inveterate cannibal, than the man thus portrayed, and whose last hours may fitly be described here.

The venerable Chieftain grew feeble towards the middle of 1845, but not so as to prevent his taking an occasional walk. About August, however, he was obliged to keep his mat, and I often called, and endeavoured to instruct without irritating him. I visited him on the 21st, and was surprised to find him much better than he had been

two days before. We talked a little, and he was perfectly collected. On being told, therefore, on the morning of the 24th, that the King was dead, and that preparations were being made for his interment, I could scarcely credit the report. The ominous word *preparing* urged me to hasten without delay to the scene of action; but my utmost speed failed to bring me to Nasima—the King's house—in time. The moment I entered, it was evident that, as far as concerned two of the women, I was *too late* to save their lives. The effect of that scene was overwhelming. Scores of deliberate murderers, in the very act, surrounded me: yet there was no confusion, and, except a word from him who presided, no noise, but only an unearthly, horrid stillness. Nature seemed to lend her aid to deepen the dread effect: there was not a breath stirring in the air, and the half subdued light in that hall of death showed every object with unusual distinctness. All was motionless as sculpture, and a strange feeling came upon me, as though I was becoming a statue. To speak was impossible; I was unconscious that I breathed; and involuntarily, or, rather, against my will, I sank to the floor, assuming the cowering posture of those who were not actually engaged in murder. My arrival was during a hush, just at the crisis of death, and to that strange silence must be attributed my emotion; for I was but too familiar with murders of this kind, neither was there anything novel in the apparatus employed. Occupying the centre of that large room were two groups, the business of which could not be mistaken. All sat on the floor; the middle figure of each group being held in a sitting posture by several females, and hidden by a large veil. On either side of each veiled figure was a company of eight or ten strong men, one company hauling against the other on a white cord, which was passed twice round the neck of the doomed one, who thus, in a few minutes, ceased to live. As my self-command was returning, the group furthest from me began to move; the men slackened their hold, and the attendant women removed the large covering, making it into a couch for the victim. As that veil was lifted, some of the men beheld the distorted features of a mother, whom they had helped to murder, and smiled with satisfaction as the corpse was laid out for decoration. Convulsive struggles on the part of the poor creature near me showed that she still lived. She was a stout woman, and some of the executioners jocosely invited those who sat near to have pity, and help them. At length the women said, "She is cold." The fatal cord fell; and, as the covering was raised, I saw dead the obedient wife and unwearied attendant of the old King. Leaving the women to adjust her hair, oil her body, cover her face with vermilion,

and adorn her with flowers, I passed on to see the remains of the deceased Tuithakau. To my astonishment I found him alive! He was weak, but quite conscious, and, whenever he coughed, placed his hand on his side, as though in pain. Yet his chief wife and a male attendant were covering him with a thick coat of black powder, and tying round his arms and legs a number of white scarfs, fastened in rosettes, with the long ends hanging down his sides. His head was turbaned in a scarlet handkerchief secured by a chaplet of small white cowries, and he wore armlets of the same shells. On his neck was the ivory necklace, formed in long curved points. To complete his royal attire, according to Fijian idea, he had on a very large new *masi*, the train being wrapped in a number of loose folds at his feet. No one seemed to display real grief, which gave way to show and ceremony. The whole tragedy had an air of cruel mockery. It was a masquerading of grim death, a decking, as for the dance, of bodies which were meant for the grave.

The conflicting emotions which passed through my mind at that moment cannot be described. I had gone there to beg that the old man might be buried alone; but he was not dead. I had hoped to have prevented murder; but two victims lay dead at my feet. I came to the young King to ask for the life of women; but now it seemed my duty to demand that of his father. Yet, should my plea be successful, it would cause other murders on a future day. Perplexed in thought, with a deep gloom on my mind, feeling my blood curdle, and "the hair of my flesh stand up," I approached the young King, whom I could only regard with abhorrence. He seemed greatly moved, put his arm round and embraced me, saying, before I could speak, "See! the father of us two is dead." "Dead!" I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise: "Dead! No." "Yes," he answered; "his spirit is gone. You see his body move; but that it does unconsciously." Knowing that it would be useless to dispute the point, I ceased to care for the father, and went on to say, that the chief object of myself and my colleague was to beg him to "love us, and prevent any more women from being strangled, as he could not, by multiplying the dead, render any benefit to his father." He replied, "There are only two; but they shall suffice. Were not you Missionaries here, we would make an end of all the women sitting around." The Queen, with pretended grief, cried, "Why is it that I am not to be strangled?" The King gave as a reason, that there was no one present of sufficiently high rank to suffocate her. Two other women sat near the executioners, one of whom I had heard mentioned previously as part of "the grass" for the King's

grave; and their gloomy aspect made me doubt the King's sincerity, so that we resolved to stay. While waiting in the midst of these murderers and their victims, and lost in sad thoughts of the tyranny exercised by the devil over those who were so entirely under his control, our reverie was disturbed by the long, dull blast of two conch shells blown by priests standing outside. It was as the passing bell, announcing the demise of the old King. After several blasts, Ratu Leweni-lovo turned towards the King elect, and greeted him: "Peace, Sir,"—a congratulation to which his false heart gave the lie. The chief priest, as the voice of the people, then repeated the salutation: "Peace, Sir. Sit in peace, Sir. True, the sun of one King has set, but our King yet lives. Peace, Sir; there are none here evil-minded." Tuikilakila made no reply, but sat with his head bent down to his breast. After a few moments of silence he spoke. Gazing on the corpse of his father's faithful attendant, he exclaimed, "Alas! Moalevu!" Several others having repeated the exclamation, he added, "There lies a woman truly wearied: not only in the day, but in the night also, the fire consumed the fuel gathered by her hands. If we awoke in the still night, the sound of her feet reached our ears; and, if spoken to harshly, she continued to labour only. Moalevu! Alas! Moalevu!" A priest continued the lament: "We used not to hear Moalevu called twice." Similar remarks, with others on the recent struggles of the dead women, the skill of the stranglers, the quantity of cloth on which the corpses lay, and the premonitory symptoms of the old King's decease, occupied the remainder of the time.

Preparations being made for removing the bodies, we, having no further cause for staying, retired from "the large house." In doing so, I noticed an interesting female, oiled and dressed in a new *liku*, carrying a long bamboo, the top of which contained about a pint of water, which, as the bodies were carried out at one door, she poured on the threshold of another, and then retired by the way she came. The words of the widow of Tekoah were thus brought, with peculiar force, to my mind: "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." My inquiry into the origin and meaning of this act resulted in nothing satisfactory. Neither could I learn why the side of the house was broken down, to make a passage for the aged King to be carried through, when there were sufficient doorways close at hand. The bodies of the strangled women, having been secured in mats, were carried on biers to the sea-side. They were placed one on either end of a canoe, with the old King on the front deck attended by the Queen and the Mata, who with a fan kept the in-

sects off him. Thus was Tuithakau carried to Weilangi, to the sepulchre of the Kings.

Tongans were appointed to bury the King. The grave had been dug by the people of the place, and lined with mats, on which the Tongans laid the bodies of the women, and on them the once powerful Chief. The shell ornaments were taken off his person, which was then covered with cloth and mats, and the earth heaped upon him. He was heard to cough after a considerable quantity of soil had been thrown in the grave. These latter particulars I received from those who buried him, as I could not, by my presence, seem to sanction the unnatural deed.

On the death of the Tuithakau, it is customary to strangle his herald: the present one, however, escaped, since he only officiated as deputy for the proper one. A family on the opposite coast—Vanua Levu—enjoys the privilege of supplying a hale man to be buried with the King, that he may go before, and hold the Fijian Cerberus. On the present occasion, no such man could be found, and the old Chief was even sent to meet the dangers of the gloomy path without a club.

Next day, the *kana-boji*, or fasting till evening, commenced. This is observed during ten or twenty days. Many made themselves "bald for the dead;" some by shearing the head only, others by cutting off whiskers and beard as well. Females burnt their bodies, and orders were issued that one hundred fingers should be cut off; but only sixty were amputated, one woman losing her life in consequence. The fingers, being each inserted in a slit reed, were stuck along the eaves of the King's house. Toes are never taken off for this purpose. Some, to express their grief, merely make bare the crown of the head.

The following ceremonies were confused and boisterous. Companies of young men danced, shouted, and made perfect uproar for several successive nights. The blindfolded lads tried to hit the hanging water-vessel, and, if successful, were to become great warriors. The common women, at this time, are not allowed to eat flesh or fish; and the chief wife, for three months following, may not touch her own food with her hands. The coast for four miles was made *tabu*, so that no one might fish there; and the nuts, for at least six miles, were made sacred.

Real sorrow, among these people, is sometimes indicated by abstinence from fruit, fish, or other pleasant food, for several months together, or by the use of leaves for dress, instead of any manufactured clothing. Denying themselves the luxury of oil on their bodies, or a mat to lie on, and lying whole nights on the grave of their friend, are other modes of expressing grief. The native word for "widow" refers to the practice of women neglecting to dress their heads for some time

after the husband's death. The manifestations of mourning just described are optional: the following are exacted by custom. *Vakavidiulo*, "jumping-of-maggots," is a bitter lamentation for the dead, to which friends assemble on the fourth day after the funeral, and which consists in picturing to themselves the corruption which has taken place in the dead body of the departed. In strongest contrast with this custom is one observed on the fifth night, called the *vakadredre*, "causing-to-laugh." On this occasion companies gather together, and entertain the friends of the dead with comic games, in which decency is not always regarded, for the purpose of helping them to forget their grief. About the tenth day, or earlier, the women arm themselves with cords, switches, and whips, and fall upon any men below the highest Chiefs, plying their weapons unsparingly. I have seen grave personages, not accustomed to move quickly, flying with all possible speed before a company of such women. Sometimes the men retaliate by bespattering their assailants with mud; but they use no violence, as it seems to be a day on which they are bound to succumb.

Funeral banquets are made out of respect to the dead, and to comfort the surviving friends. This is not only done by those near at hand, but by those at a distance. If these should not hear of the death for a year, a feast of the dead is prepared directly the news reaches them. *Bogi drau*, "hundred nights," whatever it meant originally, is now the name of a feast at which the mourners return to their usual mode of life, after having abstained for ten or more days.

Every canoe arriving at a place for the first time after the death of a great Chief, must show the *loloku* of the sail. A long *masi*, fixed to the mast-head or yard, is sometimes the *loloku*, or a whale's tooth is thrown from the mast-head so as to fall into the water, when it is scrambled for by people from the shore. When the canoe gets nearer in, the sail and *masi* are both thrown into the water.

The *lawa ni mate* is, perhaps, the final ceremony, and signifies the accomplishing of some unusually large or good work, as the building of a canoe, or the making of an immense ball of sinnet, bale of cloth, or roll of matting, in memory of the dead, whose name the production thus completed bears. Thus the *Ra Marama* was built in memory of the Queen of Thakaundrovi. When the *lawa ni mate* is a canoe, it is, while in progress, regularly "awoke" every morning before the carpenters begin their day's work, and "put to sleep" again when they have finished. This is done at each time by a merry beat of drums.

One custom I observed only on Lakemba. A long line of women, each bearing on her shoulder or hip a green basket of white sand, to

cover over the grave, went singing in a clear tone, "*E-ui-e*," while another party answered "*E yara*;" thus producing a solemn and agreeable effect on the mind of a stranger. While still ignorant of Fijian manners, I approached such a company as I should a funeral procession at home; but a loud burst of laughter told me that it was mere ceremony without feeling.

In the case of a Chief drowned at sea, or slain and eaten in war, the *loloku* is carefully observed, as well as if the deceased has died naturally and been buried in a strange land. But in these instances the grief of the survivors is more impassioned, and their desire to manifest it by dying, more enthusiastic.

When Ra Mbithi, the pride of Somosomo, was lost at sea, seventeen of his wives were destroyed. After the news of the massacre of the Namena people at Viwa in 1839, eighty women were strangled to accompany the spirits of their murdered husbands.

Before leaving this dark subject, it demands more full and explicit examination. It has been said that most of the women thus destroyed are sacrificed at their own instance. There is truth in this statement; but, unless other facts are taken into account, it produces an untruthful impression. Many are importunate to be killed, because they know that life would thenceforth be to them prolonged insult, neglect, and want. Very often, too, their resolution is grounded upon knowing that their friends or children have determined that they shall die. Some women have been known to carry to the grave the mats in which they and their dead husbands were to be shrouded, and, on their arrival, have helped to dig their own tomb. They then took farewell of their friends. Some have submitted their neck to the cord, or seated themselves in the grave, in silence. Others have spent their last breath in wishing for their friends success in war, plentiful crops, and whatever might make them happy. Generally such courage is forced, or the result of despair. Death offers an escape from the suffering and wrong which await the woman who survives her husband; and the dark grave is an asylum into which she hastens from "the bitterness and sting of taunting tongues."

If the friends of the woman are not the most clamorous for her death, their indifference is construed into disrespect either for her late husband or his friends, and would be accordingly resented. Thus the friends and children of the woman are prompted to urge her death, more by self-interest than affection for her, and by fear of the survivors rather than respect for the dead. Another motive is to secure landed property belonging to the husband, to obtain which they are ready to

sacrifice a daughter, a sister, or a mother. Many a poor widow has been urged by the force of such motives as these, more than by her own apparent ambition to become the favourite wife in the abode of spirits.

The husbands of two Na Sau women were shot in war, and they were doomed to be strangled. They had a slight acquaintance with the truths of Christianity, and feared the future; besides this, one of them was with child. A Native Teacher begged their lives on these considerations. The women wished to live, and said, "Our case is one to cause pity; but we dare not live; our friends dare not save us." Very few escape through a failure on the part of the executioners. It is said that one such case occurred on Ovalau. While the people sung their mournful dirges over a man and his wife, they were surprised by the latter showing signs of life. A messenger was at once sent to the Chief of the place, to inquire what was to be done. As he had already experienced some trouble in the case through foreign intervention on behalf of the woman's life, he returned the following answer: "If any of you so love the woman as to die with her, strangle her again; for I have made up my mind that those who kill her shall be buried with her." No one was found to insist upon her death, either for affection or interest.

Some women, it is said, submit to be strangled, that they may prove thereby the legitimacy of their children. This particularly refers to such children as are Vasus.

Cases in which women *would* not be saved have sometimes come under my notice. When Mbatu Namu was killed, the relatives of Sa Ndrungu, his chief wife, brought and offered her to his friends. I presented my *soro* for her life, but it was neutralized by her friends presenting one to "press it down." I made another offering, gained my point, and sent the disappointed murderers about their business,—one holding a bottle of oil, another turmeric powder, and a third the instrument of death,—all sad at heart that these were not to be used. A short time after, in consequence of the dissatisfaction of her friends, the woman left the Christian village, crossed the river, and entered the house of the man who was most anxious to destroy her, taking her stand in the midst, so as to intimate that she gave herself up to his will. I followed, and got permission from the dead Chief's brother to take her back with me, and, by taking my proffered hand, she might have lived. She intimated her sense of my kind intention, but declined to accompany me. Next morning she was strangled.

Many, however, were saved through our efforts, and some were thankful for the deliverance. A Somosomo woman received a reprieve

which we had received from the King, just as she was being oiled and dressed for death. It was evidently not unwelcome; but it would have been at the risk of her reputation to have said or done anything indicative of gratitude. A vexatious circumstance took place on Taviuni. A Chief of that island was slain on Vanua Levu, in war. On receiving information of this, the principal women soon assembled in his house to prepare for the murder of his wives; but an interdict from the King prevented them, and the prey was rescued. But they were not to be defeated. The prohibition did not include the Chief's mother, whom they at once surrounded, and, before we could get authority to check them, dispatched with their own hands. Often, on that island, have I been compelled to acknowledge the truth of the couplet,—

“O woman! woman! when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.”

The advancing light of a merciful religion is daily exposing the horrors of this practice, and preparing the way for its abandonment. Na Thilathila, a heathen whose children were Christians, was visited by them on the death of her husband. They admonished her that she was dying without preparation for so solemn a change. She replied, “I know it. I know it. As certainly as I die, I shall go to the flaming fire; but there is no remedy, there is no one to procure my reprieve.” One case I knew, in which a Christian man tore the cord from the neck of his heathen cousin, and rescued her, amidst the cuffs and execrations of those who had commenced the work of death. One heathen woman saved herself by stratagem. Having directed a man how he might obtain her deliverance, she gave herself up, and was outrageously determined to die. The friend pursued the plan she had advised, and they retired together to laugh over its success.

As it affects the children, this dreadful custom is fearfully cruel, depriving them of the mother when, by ordinary or violent means, they have become fatherless. Natural deaths are reduced to a small number among the heathen Fijians, by the prevalence of war and the various systems of murder which custom demands. A proper examination of this subject would, I am persuaded, educe appalling facts. Minute inquiries of this kind have never yet been instituted; but one or two made by myself on Vanua Levu will show what results might be expected. Of nine boys presented for baptism, three were brothers, and the parents of the whole would therefore number fourteen. Of these only four were living; and, of the rest, one half had come to a violent death. In a class of seventeen children under twelve years of age, I found nine orphans. None of these were related; so that the parents

were eighteen. Of these, two mothers were rescued by Christian interposition; the remaining sixteen persons were all either killed in war or strangled!

Among the dark mysteries of death and the grave, superstition traces her wildest and most terrible imaginings; for herein ignorance, credulity, and fear, work and develope unhindered. In Fiji, as well as England, the howling of a dog at night is believed to betoken death, and the grim dread is near indeed to the man round whose feet a cat purrs and rubs itself, though frequently repulsed. If rats scratch the mound of a woman's grave, it decides that she was unchaste. Popular superstition dooms that warrior to certain death whose face looks but indifferently after great pains have been taken to make it a jet black. Large "shooting stars" are said to be gods; smaller ones, the departing souls of men. Being on the sea one night, off the east coast of Vanua Levu, we heard, at midnight, a single loud report like a clap of thunder; the sky, however, was so clear, that all on board agreed it must be something else. Heathen natives, with whom we conversed next morning, assured me that it was "the noise of a spirit, we being near the place in which spirits plunge to enter the other world, and a Chief in the neighbourhood having just died."

The following tradition professes to account for the universal spread of death. When the first man, the father of the human race, was being buried, a god passed by this first grave, and asked what it meant. On being informed by those standing by, that they had just buried their father, he said, "Do not inter him. Dig the body up again." "No," was the reply, "we cannot do that; he has been dead four days, and stinks." "Not so," said the god; "disinter him, and I promise you he shall live again." Heedless, however, of the promise of the god, these original sextons persisted in leaving their father's remains in the earth. Perceiving their perverseness, the god said, "By refusing compliance with my commands, you have sealed your own destinies. Had you dug up your ancestor, you would have found him alive, and yourselves also, as you passed from this world, should have been buried, as bananas are, for the space of four days, after which you should have been dug up, not rotten, but ripe. But now, as a punishment for your disobedience, you shall die and rot." "O," say the Fijians, after hearing this recounted, "O that those children had dug up that body!"

Another tradition relates a contest between two gods as to how man should die. Ra Vula (the moon) contended that man should be like himself,—disappear awhile, and then live again. Ra Kalavo (the rat)

would not listen to this kind proposal, but said, "Let man die as a rat dies." And he prevailed.

The following contains the native reason why "death takes us before we are ready or old." Between Kasavu and Nanutha, off the south-east coast of Vanua Levu, is a small island, which, in the people's imagination, bears resemblance to a canoe, and on this the souls in those parts pass over the river of death. The island lies parallel with the main, the reason assigned for which is as follows. When first brought there, the commander ordered it to be run with its bows on the shore, that the passengers might board it in good order,—the aged first, and so on down to the children. This arrangement was set aside by others, who said that it should rather lie "broadside on," that all ages might come on board indiscriminately. And so it was.

Leaving the notions of Fijians about the soul and a future state to be stated in connexion with their religion, the subject which next demands notice is one of painful and revolting interest, viz., their cannibalism.

Until recently, there were many who refused to believe in the existence of this horrible practice in modern times; but such incredulity has been forced to yield to indisputable and repeated evidence, of which Fiji alone can supply enough to convince a universe, that man can fall so low as *habitually* to feed upon his fellow-men. Cannibalism among this people is one of their institutions; it is interwoven in the elements of society; it forms one of their pursuits, and is regarded by the mass as a refinement.

Human bodies are sometimes eaten in connexion with the building of a temple or canoe; or on launching a large canoe; or on taking down the mast of one which has brought some Chief on a visit; or for the feasting of such as take tribute to a principal place. A Chief has been known to kill several men for rollers, to facilitate the launching of his canoes, the "rollers" being afterwards cooked and eaten. Formerly a Chief would kill a man or men on laying down a keel for a new canoe, and try to add one for each fresh plank. These were always eaten as "food for the carpenters." I believe that this is never done now; neither is it now common to murder men in order to wash the deck of a new canoe with blood. This is sometimes the case, and would, without doubt, have been done on a large scale when a first-rate canoe was completed at Somosomo, had it not been for the exertion of the Missionaries then stationed there. Vexed that the noble vessel had reached Mbau unstained with blood, the Mbau Chiefs attacked a town, and killed fourteen or fifteen men to eat on taking down the mast for the first time. It was owing to Christian influence that men were not killed at

every place where the canoe called for the first time. If a Chief should not lower his mast within a day or two of his arrival at a place, some poor creature is killed and taken to him as the "lowering of the mast." In every case an enemy is preferred; but when this is impracticable, the first common man at hand is taken. It is not unusual to find "black-list" men on every island, and these are taken first. Names of villages or islands are sometimes placed on the black list. Vakambua, Chief of Mba, thus doomed Tavua, and gave a whale's tooth to the Nggara Chief that he might, at a fitting time, punish that place. Years passed away, and a reconciliation took place between Mba and Tavua. Unhappily the Mba Chief failed to neutralize the engagement made with Nggara. A day came when human bodies were wanted, and the thoughts of those who held the tooth were turned towards Tavua. They invited the people of that place to a friendly exchange of food, and slew twenty-three of their unsuspecting victims. When the treacherous Nggarans had gratified their own appetites by pieces of the flesh cut off and roasted on the spot, the bodies were taken to Vakambua, who was greatly astonished, expressed much regret that such a slaughter should have grown out of his carelessness, and then shared the bodies to be eaten.

Captives are sometimes reserved for special occasions. I have never been able, either by inquiry or observation, to find any truth in the assertion that in some parts of the group no bodies are buried, but all eaten. Those who die a natural death are always interred. Those slain in war are not invariably eaten; for persons of high rank are sometimes spared this ignominy. Occasionally, however, as once at Mbouma, the supply is too great to be all consumed. The bodies of the slain were piled up between two cocoa-nut trees, and the cutting up and cooking occupied two days. The *valekarusa*, or trunk of the bodies, was thrown away. This native word is a creation of cannibalism, and alludes to the practice of eating the trunk first, as it will not keep.

When the slain are few, and fall into the hands of the victors, it is the rule to eat them. Late in 1851, fifty bodies were cooked at one time on Namena. In such cases of plenty, the head, hands, and intestines are thrown away; but when a large party can get but one or two bodies, as at Natewa in 1845, every part is consumed. Native warriors carry their revenge beyond death, so that bodies slain in battle are often mutilated in a frightful manner, a treatment which is considered neither mean nor brutal.

When the bodies of enemies are procured for the oven, the event is published by a peculiar beating of the drum, which alarmed me

even before I was informed of its import. Soon after hearing it, I saw two canoes steering for the island, while some one on board struck the water, at intervals, with a long pole, to denote that they had killed some one. When sufficiently near, they began their fiendish war-dance, which was answered by the indecent dance of the women. On the boxed end of one of the canoes was a human corpse, which was cut adrift and tumbled into the water soon after the canoe touched land, when it was tossed to and fro by the rising and falling waves until the men had reported their exploit, when it was dragged ashore by a vine tied to the left hand. A crowd, chiefly females, surrounded the dead man, who was above the ordinary size, and expressed most unfeelingly their surprise and delight. "A man truly! a ship! a land!" The warriors, having rested, put a vine round the other wrist of the *bakolo*—dead body designed for eating—and two of them dragged it, face downwards, to the town, the rest going before and performing the war-dance, which consists in jumping, brandishing of weapons, and two or three, in advance of the main body, running towards the town, throwing their clubs aloft, or firing muskets, while they assure those within of their capability to defend them. The following song was uttered in a wild monotone, finished with shrill yells:—

" *Yari au malua. Yari au malua.*
Oi au na saro ni nomu vanua.
Yi mudokia! Yi mudokia! Yi mudokia!
Ki Dama le!
*Yi! u-woa-ai-e!"**

On reaching the middle of the town, the body was thrown down before the Chief, who directed the priest to offer it in due form to the war-god. Fire had been placed in the great oven, and the smoke rose above the old temple, as the body was again drawn to the shore to be cut up. The carver was a young man; but he seemed skilful. He used a piece of slit bamboo, with which, after having washed the body in the sea, he cut off the several members, joint by joint. He first made a long, deep gash down the abdomen, and then cut all round the neck down to the bone, and rapidly twisted off the head from the axis. The several parts were then folded in leaves and placed in the oven. According to a popular rhyme, it is only the courageous who are thus treated, while life is the reward of cowardice:—

* "Drag me gently. Drag me gently.
 For I am the champion of thy land.
 Give thanks! Give thanks! Give thanks!" etc.

"Sa vei ko Qaga?
 Sa yara ki rara.
 Sa vei ko Dadatuvu?
 Sa la'ki tukutuku." *

These details will answer to the most of such scenes; except that, on the larger islands, the bodies have often to be carried to a distance inland, when a strong stick is lashed down the back at the arms, knees, and sometimes the trunk, and the burden borne on the shoulders of two men. When the cooking is done on the field of battle, the dancing is dispensed with. I never saw a body baked whole, but have most satisfactory testimony that, on the island of Ngau, and one or two others, this is really done. The body is first placed in a sitting posture, and, when taken from the oven, is covered with black powder, surmounted with a wig, and paraded about as if possessed of life. When *bakolo* is to be boiled, the flesh is first cut from the bones.

Revenge is undoubtedly the main cause of cannibalism in Fiji, but by no means invariably so. I have known many cases in which such a motive could not have been present. Sometimes, however, this principle is horribly manifested.

A woman taken from a town besieged by Ra Undreundre, and where one of his friends had been killed, was placed in a large wooden dish and cut up alive, that none of the blood might be lost. In 1850, Tuikilakila inflicted a severe blow on his old enemies the Natewans, when nearly one hundred of them were slain, among whom was found the body of Ratu Rakesa, the King's own cousin. The Chiefs of the victorious side endeavoured to obtain permission to bury him, since he held the high rank of Rakesa, and because there was such a great abundance of *bakolo*. "Bring him here," said Tuikilakila, "that I may see him." He looked on the corpse with unfeigned delight. "This," said he, "is a most fitting offering to Na Tavasara (the war-god). Present it to him: let it then be cooked, and reserved for my own consumption. None shall share with me. Had I fallen into his hands, he would have eaten me: now that he has fallen into my hands, I will eat him." And it is said that he fulfilled his word in a few days, the body being lightly baked at first, and then preserved by repeated cooking.

When I first knew Loti, he was living at Na Ruwai. A few years before, he killed his only wife and ate her. She accompanied him to

* "Where is the courageous?
 Gone to be dragged (into the town to be cooked).
 Where is the coward
 Gone to report."

plant taro, and when the work was done, he sent her to fetch wood, with which he made a fire, while she, at his bidding, collected leaves and grass to line the oven, and procured a bamboo to cut up what was to be cooked. When she had cheerfully obeyed his commands, the monster seized his wife, deliberately dismembered her, and cooked and ate her, calling some to help him in consuming the unnatural feast. The woman was his equal, one with whom he lived comfortably; he had no quarrel with her or cause of complaint. Twice he might have defended his conduct to me, had he been so disposed, but he only assented to the truth of what I here record. The only motives could have been a fondness for human flesh, and a hope that he should be spoken of and pointed out as a terrific fellow.

Those who escape from shipwreck are supposed to be saved that they may be eaten, and very rarely are they allowed to live. Recently, at Wakaya, fourteen or sixteen persons, who lost their canoe at sea, were cooked and eaten.

So far as I can learn, this abominable food is never eaten raw, although the victim is often presented in full life and vigour. Thus young women have been placed alive beside a pile of wood given by the Kandavians to the Chiefs of Rewa. I knew also of a man being taken alive to a Chief on Vanua Levu, and given him to eat. In such cases they would be killed first.

Some of the heathen Chiefs hate cannibalism, and I know several who could never be induced to taste human flesh. These, however, are rare exceptions to the rule. No one who is thoroughly acquainted with the Fijians, can say that this vitiated taste is not widely spread, or that there is not a large number who esteem such food a delicacy, giving it a decided preference above all other. The practice of kidnapping persons, on purpose to be eaten, proves that this flesh is in high repute. I have conversed with those who had escaped, severely wounded, from an attempt to steal them, as a supply for a forthcoming feast; and one of the last bodies which I saw offered to a Chief was thus obtained for the special entertainment of the distinguished visitor.

Cannibalism does not confine its selection to one sex, or a particular age. I have seen the grey-headed and children of both sexes devoted to the oven. I have laboured to make the murderers of females ashamed of themselves; and have heard their cowardly cruelty defended by the assertion that such victims were doubly good—because they ate well, and because of the distress it caused their husbands and friends. The heart, the thigh, and the arm above the elbow are considered the greatest dainties. The head is the least esteemed, so that

the favorite wife of Tuikilakila used to say it was "the portion for the priests of religion."

Women seldom eat of *bakolo*, and it is forbidden to some of the priests. On the island of Moala, graves were not unfrequently opened for the purpose of obtaining the occupant for food. Chiefs say that this has also been done on Vanua Levu. Part of an unburied body was stolen and eaten in 1852. When there are several bodies, the Chief sends one or more to his friends; when only one, it is shared among those nearest to him; and if this one has been a man of distinction, and much hated, parts of him are sent to other Chiefs fifty or a hundred miles off. It is most certainly true that, while the Fijian turns with disgust from pork, or his favorite fish, if at all tainted, he will eat *bakolo* when fast approaching putrescence.

Human bodies are generally cooked alone. I know of but one ex-

ception, when a man and a boar were baked in the same oven. Generally, however, ovens and pots in which human flesh is cooked, and dishes or forks used in eating it, are strictly *tabu* for any other purpose. The cannibal fork seems to be used for taking up morsels of the flesh when cooked as a hash, in which form the old people prefer it. It seems strange that man-eaters should be afraid to eat the porpoise, because it had ribs like a man; yet many old heathens have assured me that they used to have such fears.



CANNIBAL
FORKS.



CANNIBAL
FORKS.

Rare cases are known in which a Chief has wished to have part of the skull of an enemy for a soup-dish or drinking-cup, when orders are accordingly given to his followers not to strike that man in the head. The shin-bones of all *bakolos* are valued, as sail-needles are made from them. If these bones are short, and not claimed by a Chief, there is a scramble for them among the inferiors, who sometimes almost quarrel about them.

Would that this horrible record could be finished here! but the *vakatotoga*, the "torture," must be noticed. Nothing short of the most fiendish cruelty could dictate some of these forms of torment, the worst of which consists in cutting off parts and even limbs of the victim while still living, and cooking and eating them before his eyes, sometimes finishing the brutality by offering him his own cooked flesh to eat.

I could cite well authenticated instances of such horrors, but their narration would be far more revolting than profitable.

The names of Tampakauthoro, Tanoa, Tuiveikoso, Tuikilakila, and others, are famous in Fiji for the quantity of human flesh which they have individually eaten. But these are but insignificant cannibals in comparison with Ra Undreundre of Rakiraki. Even Fijians name him with wonder. Bodies procured for his consumption were designated *lewe ni bi*. The *bi* is a circular fence or pond made to receive turtles when caught, which then becomes its *lewena*, "contents." Ra Undreundre was compared to such a receptacle, standing ever ready to receive human flesh. The fork used by this monster was honoured with a distinctive epithet. It was named *Undroundro*; a word used to denote a small person or thing carrying a great burden. This fork was given by his son, Ra Vatu, to my respected friend, the Rev. R. B. Lyth, in 1849. Ra Vatu then spoke freely of his father's propensity, and took Mr. Lyth nearly a mile beyond the precincts of the town, and showed him the stones by which his father registered the number of bodies he had eaten "after his family had begun to grow up." Mr. Lyth found the line of stones to measure two hundred and thirty-two paces. A teacher who accompanied him counted the stones,—eight hundred and seventy-two. If those which had been removed were replaced, the whole would certainly have amounted to *nine hundred*. Ra Vatu asserted that his father ate all these persons himself, permitting no one to share them with him. A similar row of stones placed to mark the bodies eaten by Naungavuli contained forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian prevented any further addition. The whole family were cannibals extraordinary; but Ra Vatu wished to exempt himself.

It is somewhat remarkable that the only instance of cannibalism in Fiji witnessed by any gentleman of the United States Exploring Expedition, was the eating of a human eye,—a thing which those who have seen many bodies eaten never witnessed, the head, as has been stated already, being always thrown away.

One who had been but a very short time in Fiji wrote thus to me: "I have been to Mbau thrice, and have witnessed something of Fijian horrors each time. First visit, I saw them opening an oven, and taking a cooked human body out of it: second visit, limbs of a body preparing for being baked: third visit, a woman of rank who had just had her nose cut off." Visitors, however, generally manifest considerable incredulity on this subject; though it would not require a long stay actually among the people, to place the matter beyond doubt. An

English Lieutenant manifested a good deal of unbelief, until he found his head in pretty close contact with parts of several men which hung from a tree near the oven, where, a few days before, their bodies had been cooked.

Whatever may have been the origin of man-eating in Fiji—whether famine or superstition—there is not the slightest excuse for its continuance. Food of every kind abounds, and, with a little effort, might be vastly increased. The land gives large supply spontaneously, and, undoubtedly, is capable of supporting a hundred times the number of its present inhabitants.

In the foregoing details, all colouring has been avoided, and many facts, which might have been advanced, have been withheld. All the truth may not be told. But surely enough has been said to prove that the heathenism of Fiji has, by its own uninfluenced development, reached the most appalling depths of abomination. The picture, without exaggerating, might have been far darker; but it is dark enough to awaken sympathy for a people so deplorably fallen, and to quicken an earnest longing that their full deliverance may be at hand.*

* It is but just to state, that much detail and illustrative incident furnished by the author on this subject, have been withheld, and some of the more horrible features of the rest repressed or softened.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

RELIGION.



BURE OF A NA UTUTU.

AN examination of the religious system of the Fijians is attended with considerable difficulty. Their traditional mythology is dark, vague, and perplexing. Each island has its own gods, each locality its own superstitions, and almost each individual his own modification of both. Yet, amidst all this confusion, there may be traced certain main tracks of belief, appearing again and again from among the undefined legends—wild, or puerile, or filthy—in which they are often lost. In these, without being over fanciful, there may be found some points of interest in the study of comparative mythology.

The idea of Deity is familiar to the Fijian; and the existence of an invisible superhuman power, controlling or influencing all earthly things, is fully recognized by him. Idolatry—in the strict sense of the term—he seems to have never known; for he makes no attempt to fashion mate-

rial representations of his gods, or to pay actual worship to the heavenly bodies, the elements, or any natural objects. It is extremely doubtful whether the reverence with which some things, such as certain clubs and stones, have been regarded, had in it anything of religious homage.

The native word expressive of divinity is *kalou*, which, while used to denote the people's highest notion of a god, is also constantly heard as a qualificative of anything great or marvellous, or, according to Hazlewood's Dictionary, "anything superlative, whether good or bad." Unless—as seems probable—the root-meaning of the term is that of wonder and astonishment, this latter use of it presents an interesting analogy to the similar form of speech in Hebrew. Often the word sinks into a mere exclamation, or becomes an expression of flattery. "You are a *kalou!*" or, "Your countrymen are gods!" is often uttered by the natives, when hearing of the triumphs of art among civilized nations. In this case, however, it is a courteous way of declaring unbelief, or their own disinclination to attempt an imitation of what they admire.

It is remarkable that the gods of Eastern Polynesia seem to be unknown to the Fijians, in whose polytheistic mythology, the objects of worship are divided into two classes; *kalou vu*, gods strictly so called, and *kalou yalo*, defiled mortals, like the dæmons of classic Greece. The exalted individuals of the first grade are supposed to be absolutely eternal; but those of the second order, though raised far above humanity, are subject to its passions, wants, accidents, and even death. These are the spirits of Chiefs, heroes, and friends. But monsters and abortions are often ranked here; and the list, already countless, is capable of constant increase, every object that is specially fearful, or vicious, or injurious, or novel, being eligible for admission. This seems further to support the hypothesis advanced above as the origin of the title *kalou*.

The god most generally known in Fiji is Ndengei, who seems to be an impersonation of the abstract idea of eternal existence. He is the subject of no emotion or sensation, nor of any appetite, except hunger. The serpent—the world-wide symbol of eternity—is his adopted shrine. Some traditions represent him with the head and part of the body of that reptile, the rest of his form being stone, emblematic of everlasting and unchangeable duration. He passes a monotonous existence in a gloomy cavern—the hollow of an inland rock near the N. E. end of Viti Levu—evinced no interest in any one but his attendant, Uto, and giving no signs of life beyond eating, answering his priest, and changing his position from one side to the other. There are points in this de-

scription which remind one of the Cronos of Grecian mythology. All though Ndengei ranks as supreme among the gods, yet he is less worshipped than most of his inferiors. Except about Rakiraki, he has scarcely a temple, and even there his worshippers do not always use him well. The natives suppose that Uto comes to attend every feast at Rakiraki, and, on his return, Ndengei inquires what portion of food has been allotted to him. The consequent mortification is made the subject of a humorous song, supposed to contain a dialogue between the god and his attendant.

NDENGEL.—“Have you been to the sharing of food to-day?”

UTO.—“Yes: and turtles formed a part; but only the under-shell was shared to us two.”

ND.—“Indeed, Uto! This is very bad. How is it? We made them men, placed them on the earth, gave them food, and yet they share to us only the under-shell. Uto, how is this?”

The other gods are proud, envious, covetous, revengeful, and the subject of every basest passion. They are demonized heathen,—monster expressions of moral corruption. Some of them had a monster origin, and wear a monster shape. NDANDAVANUA was produced from the centre of a large stone. ROKOMOUTU was a son of Ndengei's sister, and insisted upon being born from her elbow. Soon after his birth, he assumed “a chief-like appearance,” and showed the amiableness of his disposition by threatening to devour his mother and friends, unless they acknowledged him as a god.

THANGAWALU, his mother's first-born, came into the world a giant, two months after conception, and rapidly grew to the height of sixty feet. His remarkable forehead—eight spans high—gives him his name.

ROKO MBATI-NDUA, “the one-toothed lord,” has the appearance of a man with wings instead of arms, and emits sparks of fire in his flight through the air. On his wings are claws with which to catch his victims, and his one tooth, fixed in the lower jaw, rises above his head. LINGAKAU is the wooden-handed. KOKOLA has eight arms, indicative of mechanical skill. MATAWALU has eight eyes, denoting wisdom. RA NAMBASANGA has two bodies—one male and the other female—united after the fashion of the Siamese twins. WALUVAKATINI, “ten times eight,” has that number of stomachs.

Then there is KANUSIMANA, who “spits miracles,” *i. e.*, does them easily. NAITONO is the leper. MBAKANDROTI is the name of a war-god worshipped at Na Vunindoaloo, and implies that, if he were to use nothing stronger than the pandanus leaf for fortification, it would be impregnable to human power.

The names of some gods indicate their habits. Thus, *TUNAMBANGA* is the adulterer. *NDAUTHINA* steals women of rank and beauty by night or torch-light. *KUMBUNAVANUA* is the rioter; *MBATIMONA*, the brain-eater; *RAVURAVU*, the murderer; *MAINATAVASARA*, fresh from the cutting up or slaughter; and a host besides of the same sort.

Among the lower order of gods, imagination finds less scope. These are generally described as men of superior mould and carriage, and bear a close analogy to the *lares*, *lemures*, and *genii* of the Romans. Their influence is of the same limited kind; but they are never represented by images, and have not always shrines. Admission into their number is easy, and any one may secure his own apotheosis who can insure the services of some one as his representative and priest after his decease.

The rank of the gods below *Ndengei* is not easily ascertained, each district contending for the superiority of its own divinity. *TOKAIRAMBE* and *TUI LAKEMBA RANDINANDINA* seem to stand next to *Ndengei*, being his sons, and acting as mediators by transmitting the prayers of suppliants to their father. *Ndengei's* grand-children rank next, and, after them, more distant relations, and then "legion."

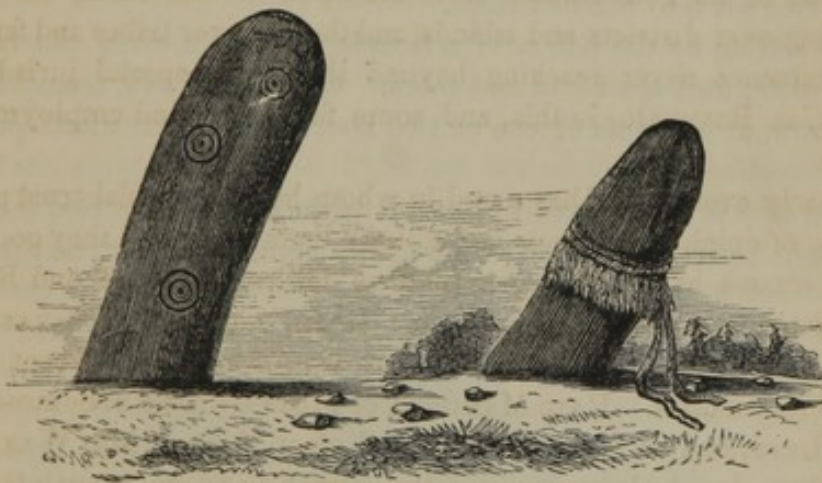
Some of the gods confine their attention to this earth, the higher presiding over districts and islands, and the rest over tribes and families, their influence never reaching beyond their own special jurisdiction. Others, as *Ravuyalo*, *Lothia*, and some few more, find employment in Hades.

Nearly every Chief has a god in whom he puts special trust; and a few are of opinion that their god follows them wherever they go. Different classes have their own tutelary deities. *ROKOVA* and *ROKOLA* are trusted in by the carpenters, and *ROKO VOUA* and *VOSAVAKANDUA* by the fishermen. The same deity is worshipped in different places by different names. *RATU MAIMBULU* of *Mbau* is known at *Somosomo* as *RATU LEVU*, and on *Vanuambalavu* and other places as *MAI WAKOLOTU*.

It has already been asserted that the Fijians are acquainted with idols properly so called; but they reverence certain stones as shrines of the gods, and regard some clubs with superstitious respect, like the Scythians, who treated a scymitar as the symbol of their war-god. In addition to these, certain birds, fish, plants, and some men, are supposed to have deities closely connected with or residing in them. At *Lakemba*, *Tui Lakemba*, and on *Vanua Levu*, *Ravuravu*, claim the hawk as their abode; *Viavia*, and other gods, the shark. One is supposed to inhabit the eel, and another the common fowl, and so on until nearly every animal becomes the shrine of some deity. He who worships the

god dwelling in the eel, must never eat of that fish, and thus of the rest ; so that some are *tabu* from eating human flesh, because the shrine of their god is a man. The people clearly maintain the Popish distinction between the material sign and the spiritual essence symbolized ; but, in one case as in the other, the distinction seems sometimes to be practically lost. Thus the land-crab is the representative of *ROKO SUKA*, one of the gods formerly worshipped in Tiliva, where land-crabs are rarely seen, so that a visit from one became an important matter. Any person who saw one of these creatures, hastened to report to an old man, who acted as priest, that their god had favoured them with a call. Orders were forthwith given that new nuts should be gathered, and a string of them was formally presented to the crab, to prevent the deity from leaving with an impression that he was neglected, and visiting his remiss worshippers with drought, dearth, or death.

Rude consecrated stones are to be seen near Vuna, where offerings of food are sometimes made. Another stands on a reef near Naloo, to which the natives *tama* ; and one near Thokova, Na Viti Levu, named Lovekaveka, is regarded as the abode of a goddess, for whom food is prepared. This, as seen in the engraving, is like a round, black mile-



SACRED STONES.

stone, slightly inclined, and having a *liku* tied round the middle. The shrine of O Rewau is a large stone, which, like the one near Naloo, hates mosquitoes, and keeps them from collecting where he rules : he has also two large stones for his wives, one of whom came from Yandua, and the other from Yasawa. Although no one pretends to know the origin of Ndengei, it is said that his mother, in the form of two great stones, lies at the bottom of a moat. Stones are also used to denote the locality of some gods, and the occasional resting-places of others.

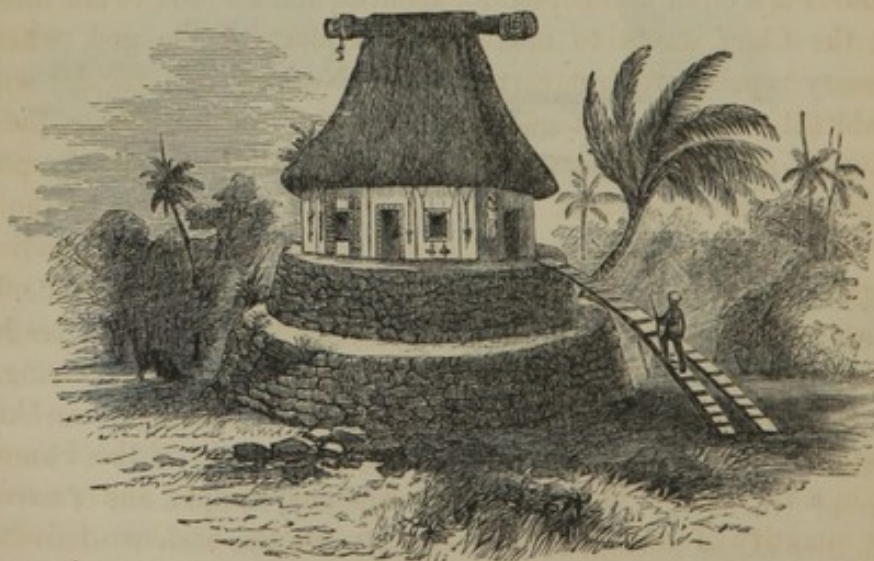
On the southern branch of Vanua Levu, a large stone is seen which has fallen upon a smaller one. These, it is said, represent the gods of two towns on that coast fighting, and their quarrel has for years been adopted by those towns.

Nearly every town or village has one or more *bures*, or "temples;" some have many, which are well built, no pains being spared in their erection and finish. The quantity of sinnet used in the decoration of some of these is immense; for every timber is covered with it, in various patterns of black and red. Reeds wrapped with the same material are used for lining door and window openings, and between the rafters and other spars. Sinnet-work is seen in every part, and hangs in large cords from the eaves. Spears are often used for laths in thatching temples, as well as for fastening the thatch of the ridge-pole, on the projecting ends of which white cowries are fixed, or hang in long strings to the ground.

The spot on which a Chief has been killed is sometimes selected as the site of the *bure*, which is generally placed upon a raised foundation, thrown up to the height of from three to twenty feet, and faced with dry rubble-work of stone. The ascent is by a thick plank, having its upper face cut into notched steps.

On setting up the pillars of a temple, and again when the building is complete, men are killed and eaten. On Vanua Levu, trumpet shells are blown, at intervals of one or two hours, during the whole progress of the erection.

The *bure* is a very useful place. It is the council-chamber, and town-hall; small parties of strangers are often entertained in it, and the head



BURE OF NA TAVASARA, TAVIUNI.

persons in the village even use it as a sleeping-place. Though built expressly for the purposes of religion, it is less devoted to them than any others. Around it, plantains and bread-fruit trees are often found, and yaqona is grown at the foot of the terrace, the produce of each being reserved for the priests and old men. Several spears set in the ground, or one transfixing an earthen pot, as well as one or more blanched human skulls, are not uncommonly arranged in the sacred precincts.

Votive offerings, comprising a streamer or two, with a few clubs and spears, decorate the interior, while a long piece of white *masi*, fixed to the top, and carried down the angle of the roof so as to hang before the corner-post and lie on the floor, forms the path down which the god passes to enter the priest, and marks the holy place which few but he dare approach. If the priest is also a doctor in good practice, a number of hand-clubs, turbans, necklaces of flowers, and other trifles paid as fees, are accumulated in the temple. A few pieces of withered sugar-cane are often seen resting over the wall-plate. In one *bure*, I saw a huge roll of sinnet; and in another, a model of a temple, made of the same material. In one at Mbau, parts of victims slain in war are often seen hung up in clusters. From some temples, the ashes may not be thrown out, however they may accumulate, until the end of the year. The clearing out takes place in November, and a feast is made on the occasion.

There are priestesses in Fiji; but few of sufficient importance to have a temple; and in the case of these, it merely serves as a place for sleeping, and the storing of offerings.

Bures are often unoccupied for months, and allowed to fall into ruin, until the Chief wants to make some request to the god, when the necessary repairs are first carried out. Nothing like regular worship or habitual reverence is found, and a principle of fear seems the only motive to religious observances; and this is fully practised upon by the priests, through whom alone the people have access to the gods, when they wish to present petitions affecting their social or individual interest. When matters of importance are involved, the *soro* or offering consists of large quantities of food, together with whales' teeth. In smaller affairs, a tooth, club, mat, or spear, is enough. Young nuts, covered with tumeric powder, form the meanest offering I have known. On one occasion, when Tuikilakila asked the help of the Somosomo gods in war, he built the war-god a large new temple, and presented a great quantity of cooked food, with sixty turtles, besides whales' teeth.

Part of the offering—the *sigana*—is set apart for the deity, the rest

forming a feast of which all may partake. The portion devoted to the god is eaten by his priest, and by old men ; but to youths and women it is *tabu*.

Strangers wishing to consult a god, cut a quantity of fire-wood for a temple. Sometimes only a dish of yam or a whale's tooth is presented. It is not absolutely necessary for the transaction to take place at a temple. I have known priests to become inspired in a private house, or in the open air ; indeed, in some parts of Fiji, the latter is usually the case.

One who intends to consult the oracle, dresses and oils himself, and, accompanied by a few others, goes to the priest, who, we will suppose, has been previously informed of the intended visit, and is lying near the sacred corner, getting ready his response. When the party enters, he rises, and sits so that his back is near to the white cloth by which the god visits him, while the others occupy the opposite side of the *bure*. The principal person presents a whale's tooth, states the purport of the visit, and expresses a hope that the god will regard him with favour. Sometimes there is placed before the priest a dish of scented oil, with which he anoints himself, and then receives the tooth, regarding it with deep and serious attention. Unbroken silence follows. The priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles ; slight distortions are seen in his face, and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong ague fit. In some instances this is accompanied with murmurs and sobs, the veins are greatly enlarged, and the circulation of the blood quickened. The priest is now possessed by his god, and all his words and actions are considered as no longer his own, but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries of "*Koi au ! Koi au !*" "*It is I ! It is I !*" fill the air, and the god is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer, the priest's eyes stand out and roll as in a frenzy ; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips livid, his breathing depressed, and his entire appearance like that of a furious madman. The sweat runs from every pore, and tears start from his strained eyes ; after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with a vacant stare, and, as the god says, "*I depart,*" announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on the mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with a club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch, or the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits. The convulsive move-

ments do not entirely disappear for some time ; they are not, however, so violent as to prevent the priest from enjoying a hearty meal, or a draught of yaqona, or a whiff of tobacco, as either may happen to be at hand. Several words are used by the natives to express these priestly shakings. The most common are *sika* and *kundru*. *Sika* means "to appear," and is used chiefly of supernatural beings. *Kundru* means "to grunt or grumble." One word refers to the appearance, and the other to the sound, attendant upon these inspired shakings.

As whatever the *bete* or priest says during the paroxysm is supposed to be direct from the god, a specimen or two of these responses will be interesting. The occasion presents a favourable opportunity for boasting, and the response is often prefaced by lauding the god. A priest of Ndengei, speaking for that divinity, once said, "Great Fiji is my small club. Muaimbila is the head ; Kamba is the handle. If I step on Muaimbila, I shall sink it into the sea, whilst Kamba shall rise to the sky. If I step on Kamba, it will be lost in the sea, whilst Muaimbila would rise into the skies. Yes, Viti Levu is my small war-club. I can turn it as I please. I can turn it upside down."

Complaints are also made at these times. A man who was inspired by Tanggirianima said, "I and Kumbunavanua only are gods. I preside over wars, and do as I please with sickness. But it is difficult for me to come here, as the foreign god fills the place. If I attempt to descend by that pillar, I find it pre-occupied by the foreign god. If I try another pillar, I find it the same. However, we two are fighting the foreign god ; and if we are victorious, we will save the woman. I will save the woman. She will eat food to-day. Had I been sent for yesterday, she would have eaten then," etc. The woman, about whose case the god was consulted, died a few hours after these assurances of life.

A party who had been defeated in war, made a second application to their god, who replied, "My name is *Liu ka ca, ka muri ka vinaka*,"—"Evil first, and good afterwards."

Occasionally the priest is the medium of communicating to a Chief the general opinion about some unpopular act. "The present famine eats us because you gave the large canoe to Tonga instead of Mbua." "This hurricane is in consequence of your refusing the Princess to the Rewa Chief. For that the gods are angry, and are punishing us." Generally, however, a good understanding exists between the Chief and the priest, and the latter takes care to make the god's utterances agree with the wishes of the former.

Once I saw a large offering made, and the priests were consulted as

to whether the tribe ought then to go to battle, and whether they should have success. The interview was propitious, and the fleet was to sail without delay. In the long list of deities enumerated by the chief priest, Kanusimana had a place, and, among the rest, his favour was solicited. His priest, who was a neighbour of mine, sat by delighted, and looking with great satisfaction at the large fat turtles and ripe plantains which, with other food, were piled in the midst. When the division of the offering came, one poor pudding was all that fell to Kanusimana's share. Chagrined and mortified by losing the green fat and rich fruit which, in imagination, he had already tasted, the little priest started up and ran homewards, swinging his small club like a sling, and the ball-bell at his neck tinkling in the most excited manner as he hurried along. Creeping to his corner, his plan of revenge was soon marked out. In the night the divinity paid him a visit, and declared, on the authority of a god, that if Tuikilakila led his warriors to fight then, he should feel the effects of his godship's anger, punishing him for the recent slight. At the morning yaqona party the priest made known the visit and the message from the god. A young man was directed to bear the important communication to the King forthwith. Tuikilakila listened, pondered, and, in a few minutes, the thoughts of fighting were given up for the present. The King knew that to pursue his own will in this case would lead to failure, as the threat of the neglected god had dispirited his warriors.

In another similar instance, matters took a very different turn. "Who are you?" angrily asked the Chief of the priest who sought to turn his purpose: "Who is your god? If you make a stir, I will eat you!" And Oroï Rupe knew that this was no idle threat.

The priests exercise a powerful influence over the people, an influence which the Chiefs employ for the strengthening of their own, by securing the divine sanction for their plans. The sacerdotal caste has for some time been rapidly declining; but it still retains, in some parts, much of its old power.

The priesthood is generally, but not invariably, hereditary. A man who can shake well, and speculate shrewdly, may turn his abilities to account by becoming a priest. He must weigh probabilities with judgment, and take care that his maiden effort at divination is not too glaring a blunder. The rank of a priest is regulated by that of the god to whom he is a minister. When the chieftaincy and priesthood meet in the same person, both are of low order. Each god has a distinct order of priest, but not confined to one family. A *bete* can only officiate in the temple of the god whom he serves and a worshipper of a particu-

lar god can have no access to him where he has neither temple nor priest. The sacred insignia are a long-toothed comb, and a long oval frontlet of scarlet feathers.

Wishing to hear from one of the fraternity an account of their inspiration by the god, and suspecting that any inquiries of my own would be evaded, I got the well-known Tonga Chief, Tubou Toutai, to call into my house a famous Lakemba priest who was passing by, and question him in my hearing. The following dialogue took place:—

“Langgu, did you shake yesterday?”

“Yes.”

“Did you think beforehand what to say?”

“No.”

“Then you just say what you happen to think at the time, do you?”

“No. I do not know what I say. My own mind departs from me, and then, when it is truly gone, my god speaks by me.”

This man had the most stubborn confidence in his deity, although his mistakes were such as to shake any ordinary trust. His inspired tremblings were of the most violent kind, bordering on fury. Gods are supposed to enter into some men while asleep, and their visit is made known by a peculiar snore.

There are various methods of divination used in Fiji. One is by a bunch of cocoa-nuts, pretty well dried. Having given the message of the god, the priest continues, “I shall shake these nuts: if all fall off, the child will recover; but if any remain on, it will die. He then shakes and jerks the nuts, generally with all his might. An easier mode is by spinning a nut on its side, and watching in which direction the eye points when again at rest. This method is not confined to priests. Some priests, when consulted, sit on the ground, with their legs stretched out, and a short club placed between them. They then watch to see which leg trembles first: if the right, the omen is good; if the left, it is evil. A Chief, wishing to ascertain how many of a certain number of towns would espouse his cause, consulted the *bete*, who took as many short reeds as there were places named, and gave each a name. When they were set in the ground, he held his right foot over each, and every one above which his foot trembled was declared disloyal, and all the rest true. Some chew a certain leaf, and let the fact of its tasting bitter or sweet determine the question at issue. Some pour a few



PRIEST'S
COMB.

drops of water on the front of the right arm, near the shoulder, and, the arm being gently inclined, the course of the water is watched; and if it find its way down to the wrist, the answer is favourable; but otherwise, if it run off, and fall on the floor. Some begin at the wrist, and let the water run towards the shoulder. Others decide by simply biting a leaf in two. The leaf is placed between the front teeth, and if cut clean through at once, all is well; but the reverse, if it still hang together. Some take an omen from the fact of a man's sneezing out of the right or left nostril while he holds a certain stick in his hand.

The seer also is known in Fiji. He sits listening to the applicant's wishes, and then, closing his eyes on earthly things, describes to the inquirer the scenes of the future which pass before his vision. These generally consist of burning houses, fleeing warriors, bloody plains, or death-stricken sick ones, as the case may require. A similar personage is the *taro*, "ask," who sits with his knee up and his foot resting on the heel, with a stick placed in a line with the middle of it. Without being told the object of the visit, he states whether his presentiment is good or evil, and then is informed of the matter inquired after, and proceeds to apply his impressions about it in detail. There is also the *dautadra*, or professional dreamer, who receives a present on communicating his revelations to the parties concerned, whether they tell of good or evil, and who seldom happens to dream about any one who cannot pay well. Some believe that a good present often averts the evil of a bad dream.

Besides these I have seen a man much prized by the Chief whom he attended, and whose valuable service consisted in placing a certain leaf of wondrous efficacy on either side of his master. If the leaf on the right side should sting the skin, the omen indicates the greatest safety and success to his friends; and no plot is so deep or scheme so suddenly planned as to escape the knowledge of the leaf on the left, which instantly communicates the lurking danger to its fortunate wearer by a sting on that side.

There used to be more mummerly in invoking Ndengei than any other god. A credulous people willingly paid a high price to be deceived, to the extent—if report be true—of one or two hundred hogs and a hundred turtles at one time. On the day of offering a priest entered the sacred cave where Ndengei dwelt, taking with him what the occasion required. The offering being placed in order, several priests approached on their knees and elbows, and one, leaving the others behind, entered the cave's mouth and presented their request, perhaps for good yam crops. After a pause, he turned to the multi-

tude, holding a piece of yam given him by the god as a pledge of plenty. If rain was wanted, the *bete* would return dripping with rain from Ndengei, and with a promise that he would thus bestow showers on all the district after two or four days. If they asked success in war, a fire-brand was darted from the cave; a token that they should burn up their enemies. The splinter of burning wood must have been a mere trifle to his godship, if, as some assert, he has two vast logs always on fire on his hearth, the larger of which is thirty miles in circumference. In the event of the promised boon not being duly given, it was easy for the priests to discover some new offence or defect of offering on the part of the worshippers, as the cause.

The worship of the gods of Fiji is not a regular and constant service, but merely suggested by circumstances, or dictated by emergency or fear. There are, however, certain superstitious ceremonies which are duly observed; such as the *sevu*—presenting the first-fruits of yams; *tadravu*—an offering made at the close of the year; the keeping of silence when crossing sacred places; the observance of tabus, and reverencing of shrines.

The people formed no idea of any voluntary kindness on the part of their gods, except the planting of wild yams, and the wrecking of strange canoes and foreign vessels on their coast. After successful fishing for turtle, or remarkable deliverance from danger in war or at sea, or recovery from sickness, a *madrati*—a kind of thank-offering—was sometimes presented. Clubs, spears, and other valuable articles are thus consecrated to the gods. I am told that many men, after killing an enemy, offer a spear to the priest, in order to insure protection from the spears of the enemy on future occasions.

Of the great offerings of food, native belief apportions merely the *soul* thereof to the gods, who are described as being enormous eaters; the substance is consumed by the worshippers.

Cannibalism is a part of the Fijian religion, and the gods are described as delighting in human flesh. Tuithakau once asked, in a fit of anger, "Is Jehovah the god of bodies killed to be eaten?" intimating that as Na Tavasara was so, he must be the superior deity. To maintain the exaltation of these false gods, the abominable practice referred to is continued, and pity for any age or sex has no influence with those who may have to prepare the offering.

At one time Ndengei would constantly have human bodies for his sacrifices; with each basket of roots a man's or woman's body was to be brought, and Chiefs sometimes killed their inferior wives in order

to supply the horrible demand. This practice was checked in an unlooked-for manner. The Chief, seeing the head and legs of a man, who had been cooked without being cut or tied up, hanging over the ends of a basket of food, was so disgusted at the spectacle, as to order that, in future, pigs and not *bakolo* should be offered. But human flesh is still the most valued offering, and "their drink-offerings of blood" are still the most acceptable in some parts of Fiji. I know that they consume the blood of turtles and pigs, and have heard that human blood is not excepted.

Some priests are *tabu* from eating human flesh. The priest of Ndau Thina has assured me that neither he nor those who worshipped his god might eat it, nor might the abomination be taken into his temple. Probably the shrine of Ndau Thina is a man, and hence the prohibition. To the priest of second rank in Somosomo, I know that no greater delicacy could be presented than hashed human flesh.

I had been in Fiji some years before I had good evidence of the existence of the practice of severe mortification among the people. Mbasonga, the Wailevu priest, after supplicating his god for rain in the usual way without success, slept for several successive nights exposed on the top of a rock, without mat or pillow, hoping thus to move the obdurate deity to send a shower.

When the Tiliva people found their land parched with drought, notwithstanding the presentation of the ordinary offerings, they repaired in companies to the bush, to dig up the *yaka*, which is a creeper with edible roots from two to three feet long, taking care not to detach the long vines springing from them. On returning, each man wound these round his neck, leaving the roots to hang beneath his chin, while the rest of the vines dragged after him on the ground. To this was added a large stone carried on the back of the neck. Thus equipped, the whole company performed a pilgrimage to the *bure* on their hands and knees, making a noise as though they were crying. At the end of this painful journey they found the priest waiting to receive them, and to him one of their number stated their distress, and begged him to accept their prayer and offering. "The *yaka* is for you to eat; the stones are for strengthening the base of your temple. Let our *soro* be accepted, and procure us rain." Some who took part in this humiliating scene gave me the above particulars.

The superstitious observances of Fiji are, however, mainly of a trivial kind. In one temple, it is *tabu* to eat food; in another, nothing may be broken; some may not be entered by strangers, and arms may not be carried over the threshold of others. Dogs are excluded from some, and women from all.

The gods allow only old men to eat certain kinds of plantains. In some houses, the turban may not be worn; in others, certain common words may not be spoken. The first fish caught in any creel may not be boiled, but must be broiled. To sit on the threshold of a temple is *tabu* to any but a Chief of the highest rank. All are careful not to tread on the threshold of a place set apart for the gods: persons of rank stride over; others pass over on their hands and knees.* The same form is observed in crossing the threshold of a Chief's house. Indeed, there is very little difference between a Chief of high rank and one of the second order of deities. The former regards himself very much as a god, and is often spoken of as such by his people, and, on some occasions, claims for himself publicly the right of divinity.

It is believed that gods sometimes assume the human form, and are thus seen by men, generally in the likeness of some one particular person. Anybody who thus meets a god, must afterwards, on passing the same place, throw thereon a few leaves or blades of grass, to show that he keeps the event in mind.

In the eastern part of Fiji, if there is a god named after an island, it is *tabu* for its Chief to attach the name of the island to his official title. For this reason, the King of Lakemba is styled Tui Nayau, although Nayau is a very small island within his dominion. To the westward, this observance is disregarded.

Festivals, apparently of a religious character, are observed after the seed yams are in the earth, and again on the offering of the first-fruits. On both occasions plenty of noise is made. I have heard the natives of Mbua shout, blow the conch-shell, and fire muskets for an hour together at these feasts. Former times required one or more dead men to be placed on the top of the first-fruits; but the influence of Christianity has already abolished this.

Frequent reference has already been made to that peculiar Polynesian institution known as the *tapu*, or *tabu*, or *tambu*, with which the civilized world is so familiar, and the name of which has, to some extent, become an adopted word in our own language, and is found as such in our modern dictionaries.

The principle of the *tabu* seems to be exactly the same in every part of the South Seas, the only variety being in its application, and in the degree of severity with which its infringement is punished.

The institution, as it exists in Fiji, is the secret of power, and the strength of despotic rule. It affects things both great and small.

* See an interesting parallel in 1 Sam. v. 5.

Here it is seen tending a brood of chickens ; and there it directs the energies of a kingdom. Its influence is wondrously diffused. Coasts, lands, rivers, and seas ; animals, fish, fruit, and vegetables ; houses, beds, pots, cups, and dishes ; canoes, with all belonging to them and their management ; dress, ornaments, and arms ; things to eat, and things to drink ; the members of the body ; manners and customs ; language, names, temples, and even the gods also, all come under the influence of the *tabu*. It is put into operation by religious, political, or selfish motives, and idleness lounges for months beneath its sanction. Many are thus forbidden to raise or extend their hands in any useful employment for a long time. In this district it is *tabu* to build canoes ; on that island it is *tabu* to erect good houses. The custom is much in favour with Chiefs, who adjust it so as to sit easily on themselves, while they use it to gain influence over those who are nearly their equals : by it they supply many of their wants, and command at will all who are beneath them. In imposing a *tabu*, a Chief need only be checked by a care that he is countenanced by ancient precedents. Persons of small importance borrow the shadow of the system, and endeavour by its aid to place their yam-beds and plantain-plots within



NUT TABUS.

a sacred prohibition. The *tabu* secures to the priests of Mbakandroti all the one-eared pigs born in their neighbourhood. But as little profit would arise from a strict adherence to the letter of the charter, it is made to mean all swine which may have one ear shorter or narrower than the other.

When cocoa-nuts are to be *tabued* in any particular district, a mound of earth is thrown up by the side of the path leading thereto, and on this a stone or nut, covered with turmeric powder, is placed, and a reed fence built all round. Or a number of reeds are stuck in the mound in a circle, with their leafy tops tied together; or a piece of nut-leaf is plaited round several of the nuts at a few feet from the ground; or reeds are set a few rods apart through the district. In all cases, loud shouts of "*a tabu!*" are part of the ceremony. The length of time during which the embargo may be continued, is determined by the period at which the nuts ripen, or the arrival of a festival, or, simply, the will of a Chief, without whom the prohibition cannot be removed. This is generally done without form; but on removing the *tabu* from the Somosomo Straits, the King, priests, and a number of aged and influential men, assembled on board a first-rate canoe, which was moored at some distance from the shore. *Yaqona* was prepared, and part of the first cup poured into the sea as a libation, accompanied by a prayer to the gods for life, prosperity, and plenty of fish. The Straits were then open for the fishing parties.

Violations of the *tabu* are punished by robbing the transgressor, despoiling his gardens, and, in a few cases, by death.

Instances have come under my own observation, in which a King's son—quite a boy—was allowed to place a *tabu* on all kinds of food then in the gardens. About twenty lads, from eight to seventeen years of age, formed his suite, who passed the night under the same roof with him, and in the day-time were sent abroad as spies. When the party retired to rest, or rose from sleep, the fact was published by the noise of conch-shells. Persons who had to make any of the feasts belonging to the confinement of a wife, or other events, had first to lay their case before this juvenile court. Any who failed to do so, soon saw the Chief lad and his retinue running towards their house with little flags and native trumpets. A heavy blow on the house fence announced their arrival, and, in the space of another minute, they were on their way back to the rendezvous, each bearing a club, or spear, or mat, or any other article that came to hand, and all shouting amain over the mischief.

Fear of the gods is often alleged as a reason for observing the *tabu*; but it has already been shown that this fear is somewhat questionable. Sometimes the natives get angry with their deities, and abuse and even challenge them to fight.

The Malaki fishermen make offerings to their sea-gods to obtain success in catching turtles, which, when taken, they offer to the Rakiraki

gods, who are more powerful than their own, and likely to be angry if these got the turtles.

One evening I walked with Tuikilakila to see a canoe which had been repaired, and was then to be launched. When she was fairly afloat, a shout was raised, and, each person present having picked up a good-sized stone, the house of the canoe was saluted with a smart shower of pebbles, to drive away the god of the carpenters, who had got possession of it while under repair.

Certain minerals and vegetables are dedicated to certain demons, but apparently in joke. A simple flower is called the hand-club of Raula. Red clay is given as a delicacy to another, and the blossom of the *boiboida*, which smells horribly, is named as the favourite nosegay of Ramba.

One remarkable religious observance remains to be noticed. Its practice is chiefly confined to youths of the male sex, and in it alone is observable a continuous attention to set forms. In some parts of the group it is known as *Kalou rère*, and in others as *Ndomindomi*. Retired places near the sea are preferred for the performance of the ceremonies of this peculiar observance. A small house is built, and enclosed with a rustic trellis fence, tied at the crossings with a small-leaved vine. Longer poles are set up, with streamers attached. Within the enclosure, a miniature temple of slight fabric is constructed, and in it a consecrated nut or other trifle is placed. The roof of the main building is hung with *masi* and scarfs of light texture. The wall is studded with the claws of crabs; and, after the gods have come together, span-long yams, ready cooked, with painted cocoa-nuts, are disposed at its base, that they may eat and drink. The party occupying this house number twenty or thirty, and, while kept together by the ceremonies, this is their home. To allure the expected gods, they drum with short bamboos, morning and evening, for several successive weeks. The "little gods" are called *luve-ni-wai*, "children of the waters." My list contains more than fifty of their names, and I believe it is incomplete. They are represented as wild or fearful, and as coming up from the sea. I knew one party who, to facilitate their ascent, built, for some distance into the sea, a jetty of loose stones. When it is believed that the *luve-ni-wai* have left their watery dwelling, little flags are placed at certain inland passes, to stop any who might wish to change for the woods their abode in the sea. On the high day, an enclosure is formed by twelve-foot poles laid on the ground, and piled up to the height of a foot. These are wrapped with evergreens, and spears with streamers at the top are fixed in the four angles. A company of lads, painted and

attired in green leaves and scarfs, bring from their house into this square the votive offerings, consisting chiefly of small clubs and trumpet-shells. They then seat themselves within the enclosure, and thump their little drums right lustily.

While the *luve-ni-wai* have been thus occupied, the principal personages have not been idle. Each has been decorating himself in character, and providing himself with the apparatus needed for the performance of his part. Presently their uncouth forms are seen in the distance, in every variety of fantastic motion. Some run in one direction, and some in another; they nod their heads, gaze upwards, dance ridiculously, and fill the air with groans, grunts, and shrieks. One youth—the *Linga Viu*, or “shade-holder”—runs round a circle which includes all the performers, the drummers and the shakers; himself shaking the while, and starting from his course as though unable to command his limbs, and waving a sun-shade which he carries. *Vuninduvu*, “the chief man,” was, on the particular occasion to which I have referred, armed with a battle-axe, and exciting himself for his performances. *Mbovoro* capered about with a cocoa-nut, which, when he had summoned sufficient courage, was to be broken by a violent blow on his bent knee. *Lingavatu* took the easier method of pounding or pelting his nut with a stone. These feats accomplished show that the gods are helping them, and all are encouraged to call and whistle to the deities to enter their votaries, each of whom becomes excited into a frenzy. *Ai Vakathambe* calls amain for his god, and *Matavutha* shoots at him, or at a nut he holds under his right arm, while all shake like creatures possessed. In some cases *Kau-ni-niu* holds the nut. The others, as they persuade themselves that the god has entered them, present themselves to the *Vuninduvu* to be struck on the top of the abdomen, believing that if the god is in them, they cannot be wounded by the axe, or spear, or musket, whichever may happen to be used. These orgies are free from any pollution or licentiousness, but are, nevertheless, accompanied by their own evils. They encourage idleness, and injure the parties concerned by depriving them of proper food; while, if the *Vuninduvu* is over-simple or over-zealous, he is sure to kill some of the actors engaged.

Pilgrimages are sometimes made to Nai Thombothombo, the northern point of Mbua Bay, and the spot whence the spirits of the departed embark for the abode of Ndengei. I have known persons from a distance, who expected that they should see there both ghosts and gods. When contrasted with the bays between which it stands, this is a most beautiful spot. The shore gradually rises from high-water mark for a short distance, and then succeed abrupt, precipitous cliffs, about fifty

feet high, having their rocky face richly draped with creeping plants. Further in, the land is wooded with large forest trees, the shade of whose foliage, with the softened gloom cast by the neighbouring rocks, give to this scene an air of hallowed repose, well calculated to foster the native superstitions which crowd it with awful beings from the spirit-world, and to produce impressions of deep solemnity on the most enlightened minds.

The Fijian peoples with invisible beings every remarkable spot, especially the lonely dell, the gloomy cave, the desolate rock, and the deep forest. Many of these unseen spirits, he believes, are on the alert to do him harm, and hence he is kept in fear. When passing the territories of any of these, he piously casts a few leaves where many others have done so before him, and steps lightly along, hoping that he has propitiated the demon of the place. A path, part of the way to Nai Thombothombo, was one on which I had often to go. In one place it penetrated a shady defile, at the entrance of which, it is said, *Lewa-levu*—"the Great Woman"—watches to carry off such men as please her fancy; and, from the heap of leaves, I judge that few men pass that way without propitiating the Great Woman, and leaving a proof that they consider themselves attractive enough to excite her affection.

Among the principal objects of Fijian superstition may be enumerated demons, ghosts, witches, wizards, wisemen, fairies, evil eyes, god-eyes, seers, and priests, all of whom he believes to be more or less possessed of supernatural power, and reverences accordingly. A very old Fijian used to talk to me of "those little gods" with as strong a faith as that of a Highlander in his fairies. And these "little gods" are the fairies of Fiji. "When living near the Kouvandra, I often used to hear them sing," said the old man; and the recollection brightened his eye, as he went on to tell how they would assemble in troops on the top of the mountains, and sing unweariedly. "They were all little, like your sons:" (then six and five years old:) "I have often seen them, and this is the song I have heard them sing:—

" 'Ready for the digging are the *rukuruku* and the *raurau*;
And abundantly ready is my favourite *toarau*;
And ready at the same time is the yam of Nggalau.
The unwearied ones, ye!

" 'Bound, at one spring, to the top of the mountain;
Bound, at two springs, to the top of the mountain;
Let us gaze on the ocean returned to its fountain.
The low tides, ye!' " *

* "*Bota rukuruku, boto raurau*
Sa bini bota gou toarau;

The *Ndrundru sambo* of Vanua Levu is a warlock in mischief, but not in invulnerability. He is thus described by the natives: In appearance, a man of high stature, of a grey colour, with a head *like an English dish*; he breathes hard, and the noise of his going is like striking a hard shell with the back of a knife. He stands charged with stealing from fishermen the fish which they bring ashore at night, helping himself to reserved scraps of food,—and many such misdemeanours. I know a woman and her child whom he nearly frightened out of their wits, and whose screams brought me running to their assistance. Although he is a difficult mark, yet some skilful men have transfixed him; but, on being touched with a spear, he is instantly transformed into a rat.

Of apparitions the natives are very much afraid. They believe that the spirits of the dead appear frequently, and afflict mankind, especially when they are asleep. The spirits of slain men, unchaste women, and women who have died in childbed, they hold most in dread. I have known natives hide themselves for a few days, until they supposed the spirit of the dead was at rest. Spirits are supposed to assume the human form at will. Some tell us that they plant the tarawau, a tree bearing an acrid fruit. The notions of the people about the soul and its future state are very remarkable. While the Tongan restricted immortality to Chiefs, Matabules, and Muas, the Fijian has attributed spirits to animals, vegetables, stones, tools, and many other things, allowing that all may become immortal. Some speak of man as having two spirits. His shadow is called "*the dark spirit*," which, they say, goes to Hades. The other is his likeness, reflected in water or a looking-glass, and is supposed to stay near the place in which a man dies. Probably this doctrine of shadows has to do with the notion of inanimate objects having spirits. I once placed a good-looking native suddenly before a mirror. He stood delighted. "Now," said he softly, "I can see into the world of spirits." The *light spirit* of a murdered man is supposed to remain where the body fell. Hence such places are avoided, especially when it rains, because then the moans of the spirit are heard, as it sits up, endeavouring to relieve its pain by resting the head on the palms of its hands. Some say that these moans are caused by the soul of the murderer knocking down the soul of the slain, whenever it attempts to rise.

*Bota kaya na uvi ni Qalau ;
Sa covi wai, ye !*

*Teki vakadua ki ulu-ni-koro ;
Teki wakarua ki ulu-ni-koro ;
Ta qoroya na taci ni meda boro.
Na taci, ye !"*

My informant on some of these points remarked rather drily, "The old people were more apt to hear these moans than we of this day are." In one instance, at any rate, these dreaded sounds could be explained by natural causes. Na Saunimbua was slain in April, 1850. A few nights after his death, his wife visited the place where he fell, in order to *stroke* his spirit, as it was raining fast. On reaching the spot, she sat down and gave vent to her feelings in piercing cries. The slayers of her husband lived in a village close by, and, on hearing the noise of her lamentation, closed their houses securely, lest the spirit should come and injure them, saying, as they did so, "What a strong man Na Saunimbua must be! Listen to his moans!"

It is believed, further, that the spirit of a man who still lives will leave the body to trouble other people when asleep. When any one faints or dies, their spirit, it is said, may sometimes be brought back by calling after it; and occasionally the ludicrous scene is witnessed of a stout man lying at full length, and bawling out lustily for the return of his own soul! The visits of certain classic heroes to the lower world would at once be credited in Fiji; for some of its earlier inhabitants are said to have achieved a similar exploit while yet in the body.

The escape of the spirits of brutes and lifeless substances to Mbulu does not receive universal credit. Those who profess to have seen the souls of canoes, houses, plants, pots, or any artificial bodies, swimming, with other relics of this frail world, on the stream of the Kouvandra well, which bears them into the regions of immortality, believe this doctrine as a matter of course; and so do those who have seen the footmarks left about the same well by the ghosts of dogs, pigs, etc. On Vanua Levu it is admitted that such things evince a desire for immortality, and, when set free from their grosser parts, fly away for Mbulu by Nai Thombothombo, where a god named Mbolebole intercepts their flight, and appropriates them to his own use.

The native superstitions with regard to a future state go far to explain the apparent indifference of the people about death; for, while believing in an eternal existence, they shut out from it the idea of any moral retribution in the shape either of reward or punishment. The first notion concerning death is that of simple rest, and is thus contained in one of their rhymes:—

"Death is easy :
Of what use is life ?
To die is rest." *

* "A mate na rawarara :
Me bula—na ka ni cava ?
A mate na cegu."

According to general opinion, the future world is to be much the same as the present. The Fijian Mbulu is the abode of departed spirits, where the good and the bad meet, and the road to which is long and difficult; for although we often hear the natives talk of going to Mbulu, as a plunge into the sea; and though every island, and nearly every town, has its Ndrakulu or Thimbathimba, yet these are but the portals where the spirit enters that mysterious path, the arrival at the termination of which is a precarious contingency.

Native traditions on this subject, which are variously modified in different localities, may be thus stated.

On the road to Nai Thombothombo, and about five miles from it, is a solitary hill of hard reddish clay, spotted with black boulders, having on its right a pretty grove, and on the left cheerless hills. Its name is



TAKIVELEYAWA.

Takiveleyawa. When near this spot, the disembodied spirit throws the spirit of the whale's tooth which was placed in the hand of the corpse at burial, at a spiritual pandanus; having succeeded in hitting this, he ascends the hill, and there waits until joined by the spirits of his strangled wife or wives. Should he miss the mark, he is still supposed to remain in this solitary resting-place, bemoaning the want of affection on the part of his wife and friends, who are depriving him of his expected companions. And this is the lone spirit's lament: "How is this? For a long time I planted food for my wife, and it was also of great use to her friends: why, then, is she not allowed to follow me? Do my

friends love me no better than this, after so many years of toil? Will no one, in love to me, strangle my wife?

If the ghost be that of a bachelor, he has to avoid the grasp of the Great Woman, who lurks near, and pass on to meet a more dreaded foe. Of all Fijian spirits, that of a bachelor is most hardly used. Nangganangga—the bitter hater of bachelors—undertakes to see after their souls; and so untiring is his watch that, it is said, no unwedded spirit has ever yet reached the Elysium of Fiji. These hapless ones know that it would be in vain to try to escape the avenging god at high tide, and therefore avail themselves of low water, to steal round to the edge of the reef opposite Nai Thombothombo, trusting to the Charon of that district to see, pity, and ferry them over. Nangganangga sits by the fatal stone, and, as he laughs at their vain efforts to escape, tauntingly asks them whether they suppose that the tide will never flow again, and how they will elude him if it does. And with these gloomy monitions in its ears, the poor ghost wanders, until the returning tide lessens his range, and at last drives him shivering to the beach, where he is pursued and seized by Nangganangga, and, for the unpardonable offence of bachelorhood, is dashed in pieces on the large black stone, just as one shatters rotten fire-wood.

We now return to the soliloquizing husband, who, blessed at last with the company of his wife or wives, who bear his train, or sad because of their absence, advances towards Nai Thombothombo, and, club in hand, boards the canoe which carries spirits to meet their examiner. Notice of his approach is given by a paroquet, which cries once, twice, and so on, according to the number of spirits in the canoe, announcing a great number by chattering. The highway to Mbulu lies through Nambangatai, which, it seems, is at once a real and unreal town, the visible part being occupied by ordinary mortals, while in the unseen portion dwells the family who hold inquest on departed spirits. Thus the cry of the bird answers a two-fold purpose, warning the people to set open their doors that the spirit may have a free course, and preventing the ghostly inquisitors from being taken by surprise. The houses in this town are built with reference to a peculiarity in the locomotion of spirits, who are supposed at this stage to pass straight forward; hence all the doorways are opposite to each other, so that the shade may pass through without interruption. The inhabitants speak in low tones, and, if separated by a little distance, communicate their thoughts by signs.

Bygone generations had to meet Samu or Ravuyalo; but as he died in 1847 by a curious misfortune, his duties now devolve on his sons,

who having been long in company with their illustrious father, are quite competent to carry on his office. As it is probable that the elder son will shortly receive the paternal title or an equivalent, we will speak of him as Samuyalo, the "Killer of souls." On hearing the paroquet, Samu and his brothers hide themselves in some spiritual mangrove bushes, just beyond the town, and alongside of the path, in which they stick a reed as a prohibition to the spirit to pass that way. Should the comer be courageous, he raises his club in defiance of the *tabu* and those who placed it there; whereupon Samu appears, to give him battle, first asking, "Who are you, and whence do you come?" As many carry their inveterate habit of lying into another world, they make themselves out to be of vast importance, and to such Samu gives the lie, and fells them to the ground. Should the ghost conquer in the combat, he passes on to the judgment-seat of Ndengei; but, if wounded, he is disqualified for appearing there, and is doomed to wander among the mountains. If he be killed in the encounter, he is cooked and eaten by Samu and his brethren.

Some traditions put the examination questions into the mouth of Samu, and judge the spirit at this stage; but the greater number refer the inquisition to Ndengei.

Those who escape the club of the Soul-destroyer, walk on to Naindelinde, one of the highest peaks of the Kauvandra mountains. Here the path to Mbulu ends abruptly at the brink of a precipice, the base of which is said to be washed by a deep lake. Beyond this precipice projects a large steer-oar, which one tradition puts in the charge of Ndengei himself, but another, more consistently, in the keeping of an old man and his son, who act under the direction of the god. These accost the coming spirit thus: "Under what circumstances do you come to us? How did you conduct yourself in the other world?" If the ghost should be one of rank, he answers, "I am a great Chief. I lived as a Chief, and my conduct was that of a Chief. I had great wealth, many wives, and ruled over a powerful people. I have destroyed many towns, and slain many in war." To this the reply is, "Good, good. Take a seat on the broad part of this oar, and refresh yourself in the cool breeze." No sooner is he seated, than they lift the handle of the oar, which lies inland, and he is thus thrown down headlong into the deep waters below, through which he passes to Murimuria. Such as have gained the special favour of Ndengei are warned not to go out on the oar, but to sit near those who hold it, and, after a short repose, are sent back to the place whence they came, to be deified.

Murimuria seems to be a district of inferior happiness in Mbulu,

which is divided into distinct parts, and punishment and enjoyment awarded to its inmates, but not for offence or merit of a moral kind. Mburotu is the Fijian Elysium, and in its description the most glowing language is used. Scented groves and pleasant glades, smiled upon by an unclouded sky, form the retreat of those who dwell in this blest region, where there is an abundance of all that a native deems most to be desired. Such are the delights of Mburotu, that the word is used proverbially to describe any uncommon joy.

In most parts of Mbulu the inhabitants plant, live in families, fight, and, in short, do much as people in this world. They are said, however, to be larger than when on earth. Mention is made in native traditions of first, second, and third heavens; but the terms do not appear to convey any definite idea. Various punishments are inflicted upon those who have not lived so as to please the gods. Some are laid in rows on their faces, and converted into taro beds. Those who have not had their ears bored are doomed to carry for ever on their shoulders the log of wood on which cloth is beaten, jeered at by all who see them. Women that are not tattooed are chased by their own sex, who tear and cut them with sharp shells, giving them no respite; or they are scraped up, and made into bread for the gods. Men who have not slain an enemy are sentenced to beat a heap of filth with a club, because they used that weapon so badly while in the body. A native regards this as the most degrading of all punishments.

It thus appears that, although the Fijians allow a spirit to almost everything, they dispose of them in such a way that few attain to immortality. The spirits of meats and drinks are consumed by the gods, who also eat the souls of all whose bodies are devoured by the people. The souls of animals, etc., are appropriated by Mbolebole. Lewa Levu gets a share of the best-looking ghosts, and those of the bachelors all fall to Nangganangga. Samu and his brothers consume a great number. Mbatindua roasts all that belong to, but do not obey, him; and a further deduction must be made for the souls which are killed by men. Thus few, comparatively, are left to inhabit the regions of Mbulu, and the immortality even of these is sometimes disputed. The belief in a future state is universal in Fiji; but their superstitious notions often border upon transmigration, and sometimes teach an eventual annihilation.

The existence of witchcraft has already been noticed; and of all their superstitions, this exerts the strongest influence on the minds of the people. Men who laugh at the pretensions of the priest tremble at the power of the wizard; and those who become Christians lose this fear

last of all the relics of their heathenism. Professed practisers of witchcraft are dreaded by all classes, and, by destroying mutual confidence, shake the security and comfort of society. Some of these persons, but not all, are priests. Any suggestion of malice or envy may become a cause for bewitching a person. Theft is detected and punished by the same agency. The design of the charms used is to destroy life, and most persons who have a long illness ascribe it to witchcraft.

One mode of operating is to bury a cocoa-nut, with the eye upwards, beneath the temple-hearth, on which a fire is kept constantly burning; and as the life of the nut is destroyed, so the health of the person it represents will fail till death ensues. At Matuku there is a grove sacred to the god Tokalau—the wind. The priest promises the destruction of any hated person in four days, if those who wish his death bring a portion of his hair, dress, or food which he has left. This priest keeps a fire burning, and approaches the place on his hands and knees. If the victim bathe before the fourth day, the spell is broken. The most common method, however, is the *Vakadranikau*, or compounding of certain leaves supposed to possess a magical power, and which are wrapped in other leaves, or put into a small bamboo case, and buried in the garden of the person to be bewitched, or hidden in the thatch of his house. Processes of this kind are the most dreaded, and the people about Mbua are reputed to prepare the most potent compounds. The native imagination is so absolutely under the control of fear of these charms, that persons, hearing that they were the object of such spells, have lain down on their mats, and died through fear.

Those who have reason to suspect others of plotting against them avoid eating in their presence, or are careful to leave no fragment of food behind; they also dispose their garment so that no part can be removed. Most natives, on cutting their hair, hide what is cut off in the thatch of their own homes. Some build themselves a small house and surround it with a moat, believing that a little water will neutralize the charms which are directed against them. Those who suppose themselves to be under the power of a wizard, make offerings to the gods, or use counter spells, or bring presents to the Chief in whose domain the magician is thought to reside.

The evil-working power of these men may be purchased, and generally the pay is high. Nearly all sudden deaths are ascribed to this cause. Persons detected in the act of burying these deadly charms are summarily dealt with; or if found out afterwards, their houses are burnt, and they themselves killed.

Sticks or reeds are sometimes placed in gardens so as to wound

trespassers. Superstitious forms attend their preparation, and they may be had warranted to infect the wounded intruder with ulcers, or dropsy, or leprosy. A milder agency, called *tabu gasau*, is often used in gardens. Several reeds are thrust into the earth, and their tops brought together and inserted in a banana or nut. This is done to produce boils on any person who may rob the garden.

The *yalovaki* is an ordeal much dreaded in the windward islands. When the evidence is strong against persons suspected of some offence, and yet they refuse to confess, the Chief, who is judge, calls for a scarf, with which "to catch away the soul of the rogue." A threat of the rack could not be more effectual. The culprit generally confesses on the sight, and even the mention of the light instrument: if not, it would be waved over his head until his soul was secured, and then carefully folded up and nailed to the small end of a Chief's canoe; and, for want of his soul, the suspected person would pine and die.

An innocent conceit is entertained by the Lakembans. Some distance from the chief town is a small hill, having a plot of short reeds on the top. Whenever I passed, many of these reeds were tied together at the top, which, I found, was done by travellers, in order to prevent the sun from setting before they reached their journey's end. On the same island baskets of earth were hung on a branch or pole in the yam-gardens, to attract the notice of the birds and make them chirp, as the yam-sets are supposed to hasten to sprout at their call.

Belief in second-sighted persons, dread of a thing falling on them which they are about to carry, faith in dreams, praying for those who sneeze, and planting the giant arum close by the doorway, to keep out death and the devil, are several forms of superstition in its Fijian development.

Although the traditions of Fiji constitute, for the most part, a series of wild and contradictory absurdities, yet some demand attention, shadowing forth, as they do, some of the great facts in the history of mankind, of which the Bible contains the exact and standard records.

A few specimens of the absurdities of native belief may be given first. The god Roko Mouta formerly took a walk along the coast of Viti Levu; and wherever his train touched, there all irregularities were swept away, and sandy beach left. But where he cast his train over his shoulder, the coast remained rocky.

Ndelai Loa, the highest hill on Ono, is said to be the top of Korothau, a mountain in Viti Levu, a hundred and eighty miles distant. Two goddesses, wishing to add to the importance of Ono, stole away the top of this mountain in the night, but, being surprised by day-

break, cast down their load about two miles short of the place they intended. In a very similar way the position of two rocks, Landotangane and Landoyalewa, between Ovalau and Moturiki, is accounted for, they having been intended to block up the Moturiki passage.

The substance of their traditionary account of the creation of man, was thus stated by a Chief from the Kouvandra district. A small kind of hawk built its nest near the dwelling of Ndengei; and when it had laid two eggs, the god was so pleased with their appearance that he resolved to hatch them himself, and in due time, as the result of his incubation, there were produced two human infants, a boy and a girl. He removed them carefully to the foot of a large vesi tree, and placed one on either side of it, where they remained until they had attained to the size of children six years old. The boy then looked round the tree and discovered his companion, to whom he said, "Ndengei has made us two, that we may people the earth." As they became hungry, Ndengei caused bananas, yams, and taro to grow round them. The bananas they tasted and approved; but the yams and taro they could not eat until the god had taught them the use of fire for cooking. In this manner they dwelt, and, becoming man and wife, had a numerous offspring, which, in process of time, peopled the world.

Another tradition describes Ndengei as giving life to the inferior animals, but not to man. Another represents him as more directly engaged in man's creation, but as having, like Brahma, made several clumsy failures in his first attempts. He was particularly unfortunate in framing the woman; so much so as to provoke the censure of a god named Roko Matu, who happened to meet the first specimen of womanhood, and at whose suggestion she was altered to her present form.

Ove is known in some parts of Fiji as a kind of continuous creator, on whom is laid the blame of all monsters and malformations. But the natives in other parts ascribe the origin of these to different deities.

They speak of a deluge which, according to some of their accounts, was partial, but in others is stated to have been universal. The cause of this great flood was the killing of Turukawa—a favourite bird belonging to Ndengei—by two mischievous lads, the grandsons of the god. These, instead of apologizing for their offence, added insolent language to the outrage, and, fortifying, with the assistance of their friends, the town in which they lived, defied Ndengei to do his worst. It is said that, although the angry god took three months to collect his forces, he was unable to subdue the rebels, and, disbanding his army, resolved on more efficient revenge. At his command the dark clouds gathered and burst, pouring streams on the devoted earth. Towns,

hills, mountains were successively submerged; but the rebels, secure in the superior height of their own dwelling-place, looked on without concern. But when, at last, the terrible surges invaded their fortress, they cried for direction to a god, who, according to one account, instructed them to form a float of the fruit of the shaddock; according to another, sent two canoes for their use; or, says a third, taught them how to build a canoe, and thus secure their own safety. All agree that the highest places were covered, and the remnant of the human race saved in some kind of vessel, which was at last left by the subsiding waters on Mbengga: hence the Mbenggans draw their claim to stand first in Fijian rank. The number saved—eight—exactly accords with the “few” of the Scripture record. By this flood, it is said, two tribes of the human family became extinct. One consisted entirely of women, and the other were distinguished by the appendage of a tail like that of a dog.

The highest point of the island of Koro is associated with the history of the flood. Its name is Ngginggi-tangithi-Koro, which conveys the idea of a little bird sitting there and lamenting the drowned island. In this bird the Christians recognise Noah's dove on its second flight from the ark. I have heard a native, after listening to the incident as given by Moses, chant “*Na qiqi sa tagici Koro ni yali:*” “The Qiqi laments over Koro, because it is lost.”

Near Na Savu, Vanua Levu, the natives point out the site where, in former ages, men built a vast tower, being eager for astronomic in-



SAVU FALLS.

formation, and especially anxious to decide the difficult question as to whether the moon was inhabited. To effect their purpose, they cast up a high mound, and erected thereon a great building of timber. The tower had already risen far skyward, and the ambitious hopes of its industrious builders seemed near fulfilment, when the lower fastenings suddenly broke asunder, and scattered the workmen over every part of Fiji. It is remarkable that the people of Ono, the most distant island, say that they originally belonged to this locality; and it is still more remarkable that there exists a dialectic similarity between these extremes; and the inhabitants of each are *tauvu*, worshippers of the same god; and, in virtue of this, may take from each other what they like, and swear at each other without risk of giving offence.

Namosimalua, on hearing of the translation of Enoch and Elijah, at once named Kerukeru, a woman of Yaro, who was very good, but unkindly treated by her husband; so the gods, in consideration of her high character removed her from this world without permitting her to die.

CHAPTER VIII.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

THE Fijian is not an isolated tongue like the old Etruscan, or the modern Chinese or Basque. It is a member of that wide-spread family of languages known as the Oceanic or Malayo-Polynesian type of human speech. From Formosa and Hawaii in the North Pacific as far south as to New Zealand, and from Easter Island below the tropic of Capricorn in longitude 109° west, across the South Pacific and Indian Oceans to Madagascar in 45° east longitude, languages are found to obtain, which less or more nearly resemble one another in their elementary sounds, their laws of syllabication, their vocabularies, and all their leading grammatical principles and processes. The language of the Malays and the Sumatrans is structurally that of the Malagasses; and the Maori of the New Zealander is, to some extent, intelligible between three and four thousand miles away among the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. The principal features of the Malayo-Polynesian tongues may be exhibited in a few words. Their alphabets exclude, for the most part, guttural and hissing sounds, and show a strong partiality for vowels, nasals, and liquids. Their syllables commonly consist either of a vowel alone, or of a single consonant followed by a vowel. The last syllable but one in a word is that upon which the accent is usually made to fall. The roots of these languages are generally disyllabic, and the practice of reduplicating words has great favour with them. A dual as well as a plural number is recognised. Nouns rarely undergo any change to express the ideas of gender, number, or case; and verbs have no inflexions properly so called. As in the Hottentot tongue, the first personal and possessive pronoun, when not in the singular, assumes different forms, according as the "we," "us," or "our" is to be taken in what is called an inclusive or an exclusive sense. The English expression, "Let us go," addressed by one individual to another in the presence of a third, is equivocal. It may either mean, "Let you

and me go," shutting out the third party, or, "Let us all three go together." No such ambiguity can attach to the words in the mouth of a Polynesian. In the former case, a Tongan, for example, would say *ke ta o*, in the latter *ke tau o*; and other languages of the Oceanic class make a similar distinction. In regard to their syntax, the Malayo-Polynesian tongues have little of the width, the elaborateness, or the symmetry of the group of languages to which the English belongs. At the same time they are equally removed from the chaotic, cramped, and ill-proportioned style of the Tartar, the Chinese, and other leading tongues of Central and Eastern Asia. The expression of thought in Malayo-Polynesian is simple, inartificial, flowing, and vigorous; and, as a vehicle of Christian truth, whether by word of mouth or by writing, the languages of this family will admit of comparison with the capabilities of much more polished tongues.

The characters, which have now been enumerated as belonging to Malayo-Polynesian speech at large, are all shared by the Fijian, of which a more minute account will be acceptable to the students of language, and may not be without its interest for the general reader. It will be necessary to premise, that Fijian is not a single language, like that of the Friendly Islands, but is spoken in as many as fifteen, probably in more than fifteen, dialects. The distinction between some of these dialects is slight. Others of them are as unlike one another as the European, Spanish and Portuguese, or as the Bengali and Mahratta of Northern India. Not seldom their vocabularies are quite dissimilar, the same ideas being represented by terms differing in root as well as in form; and, in certain cases, one or more of the elementary sounds of the language are wanting; or, on the other hand, sounds obtain, which the bulk of the dialects do not acknowledge. The sound of the English *j*, for instance, is heard at Lakemba and in some of the neighbouring islands; while the Somosomo dialect has no *k*, and that of Rakiraki and other parts excludes *t*. The Missionaries are acquainted, more or less, with about seven dialects, and books have been printed in four of them, namely, in those of Mbau, Rewa, Somosomo, and Lakemba. Mbau, however, is at once the Athens and the Rome of Fiji; and it is the language as spoken there, into which the Scriptures have been translated, and of which the following statements are mostly designed to be illustrative.

The simple vowel sounds, both long and short, which are found in the Italian and other European tongues, are those which obtain in Fijian, though with a less open expression in the case of one or two of them. The compound vowels are *ai*, *au*, *ei*, *eu*, *oi*, *ou*, and *iu*, the sep-

arate elements in each being distinctly uttered. The consonantal part of the language excludes the sounds of the English aspirate, the *ch* of "chink," "churl," and the like, the soft *g* or *j*,* the *th* as heard in "thistle," "thought," and "truth," and the composites *x* and *z*. The letter *c* is used to represent the sound of *th* in "though," "that," which is of constant occurrence in Fijian; *g* answers to the *ng* in "ring," "swing," etc.; *k* is occasionally read as *g* in "guest;" thus Rakiraki, mentioned above, is pronounced *Ragiragi*; and *q* answers either to the English *nk* in "banker," or, which is much more commonly the case, to the *ng* in such words as "linger" and "mangle." The sounds of *d* and *b*, even though standing, where they continually stand, at the beginning of a word, are never enunciated without a nasal before them, *n* being heard before *d*, *m* before *b*. Thus Doi, one of the islands, is pronounced Ndoi, and Bau, Mbau. *P* is only used in the Mbau dialect in foreign words, or in such as have been introduced from other dialects. *F* too is an exotic. Fijian stands almost alone among its fellows in possessing the sound of *s*. It is doubtful whether any Polynesian people employ this sound, with the exception of the Samoans and the Fijians; and it is much more frequent in the tongue of the latter than in that of the former. The general law of the Polynesian syllable, as already laid down, is strictly observed in the Fijian language, subject only to the qualifications, which the invariable use of the nasal before *d* and *b*, and the occurrence of the sounds represented by *q*, may be thought to require; together with the further fact, that *r* is not uncommonly employed after *d*, as in *dra*, "blood," *drodro*, "a current."

Fijian, like the Maori and others of the Polynesian languages, is rich in articles; *ko* or *o*, and *koi* or *oi*, answering under fixed rules to the English "the;" and *a* or *ai*, *na* or *nai*, being used, both before singular and non-singular nouns, when the meaning is indefinite.

The noun is either primitive or derived. Very many words are employed, at the will of the speaker, either as nouns or verbs. Many nouns expressing habit, character, mode of life, and the like, are formed by prefixing a frequentative particle *dau* to a verbal term. For example, from *vosa*, "to talk," comes *dauvosa*, "one who talks incessantly," "a chatter-box." Diminutives are made by reduplication; thus *vale* is a "house," *valevale*, a "little house," a "canoe house;" and so *vesivesi* is a "little spear," from *vesi*, a "spear."

* The last two, however, are both found in the Lakemba dialect, as, for instance, the *j* in the name *Fiji*, which is the designation of the group to windward. The presence of these sounds in this dialect may perhaps be traced to the fact, that Lakemba is the chief island of the group nearest to Tonga, and the one which has always had the most intercourse with the Tongans. The *F* sound in the name *Fiji* is to be accounted for in the same way.

Artificial gender is unknown to the language. When it is necessary to distinguish the sexes, *tagane*, "male," and *alewa*, "female," are put after nouns. Thus, while *gone* is "child," *a gone tagane* is "a boy," *a gone alewa*, "a girl." Number is not indicated by any change in the termination of a noun. Sometimes the personal pronouns corresponding to the English "he" and "they" are used to express the singular and the dual or plural respectively. In other cases the singular is denoted by the numeral *dua*, "one," and the particle *vei*, either with or without reduplication of the noun, is put before it for the purpose of giving it a plural meaning.

It is a remarkable feature of the language, though not limited to Fijian, that it has certain nouns which convey the idea of a specific number of things, such number being chiefly ten. Thus *sole* means "ten bread-fruits," *sasa*, "ten mats," *rara*, "ten pigs," *bure*, "ten clubs," while *bola* is "a hundred canoes," and *selavo*, "a thousand cocoa-nuts." All these words take numerals with them, like other nouns. *Sasa*, for example, with *tolu*, "three," before it, denotes three times ten, or thirty mats, and so of the rest.

The cases of nouns, so far as the language acknowledges them, are made by prefix particles. The nominative and objective are often alike. The possessive is indicated, with several nice distinctions, by the signs *ni* and *i*, or by the use of possessive pronouns. In such compound terms as a "basket of fish," "a bottle of water," where "of" is employed in the sense of "containing," the Fijian never uses a sign of possession, but always puts them as if they were written, "a basket fish," "a bottle water."

Many adjectives are primitive words. Derivatives are formed partly by the reduplication of nouns and verbs, partly by prefixing to substantives and other words the dissyllable *vaka*, which has the force of the English *ly* in "lovely," or else conveys the idea of possession. *Vakawere*, for instance, is "garden-having," and *vakatamata* is "man-like," from *were*, "garden," and *tamata*, "man;" and such forms as *vulavula*, "white," *dredre*, "difficult," *lialia*, "silly," are of perpetual occurrence. Besides the derivative adjectives there are likewise compounds, which may be compared with such expressions as the English "sin-stained," "wind-swept," and others. The language has no special signs for representing the higher or lower degrees of the quality expressed by an adjective. In the absence of such signs it either employs intensifying or depreciating particles for the purpose of comparison, or it uses the positive in such a way as to answer the same object, or, yet again, it gives the qualification it desires by adopting a particular arrangement of words in a sentence.

The pronominal system of the language is full of interest. The circumstance that its demonstratives and interrogatives are few and simple, is one which has its parallel in many tongues. Nor is it very surprising that it dispenses with the use of a specific form for the relative. The personal and possessive pronouns, in Fijian, however, are a linguistic raree-show. Most languages are content to use their pronouns of these classes in two numbers. The Fijian is not satisfied with fewer than four; for it adds a dual and a triad to the ordinary singular and plural forms. Thus the "our" of the English may be represented now by *a nodaru*, now by *a nodatou*, now by *a noda*, according as it refers to two persons, or to three, or to many. The triad number is also employed when a few are intended. The use of inclusive and exclusive forms of the first personal and possessive pronoun has been already named as a feature of Malayo-Polynesian language in general. This distinction in Fijian is carried through the dual, triad, and plural numbers alike, so that, for example, there are as many as six separate words in the language answering to the one English "we." In addition to these characters, which the language shares with the Tongan and some other Oceanic tongues, Fijian has the further peculiarity—and in this perhaps it is unique—that it varies the form of the possessives according as the nouns with which they are connected are names of eatables, drinkables, or things of neither of these classes. Let the Englishman who wishes to say, "My house, my cheese, and my cider," be required by the laws of his language to use a separate form of the "my" in each of these three combinations, because cider is something to be drunk, cheese something to be eaten, and house neither the one nor the other; he will express himself with the nicety on which the Fijian insists in this respect.

The correspondence between the numerals of the language and those of even the most distant members of the Malayo-Polynesian family of tongues is truly surprising. *Dua, rua, tolu, va, lima, ono, vitu, walu, ciwa*, and *tini*, the Fijian cardinals from one to ten, are forms to which the Malayan, the Hawaiian, the Maori, the Malagasse, and all their fellows present striking resemblances; nor are they wanting in a family likeness, which connects them with languages belonging to others of the great groups into which the universal speech of mankind may be distributed. Ordinals are made in Fijian by prefixing *ka* to the cardinals. Like the Latin *bini, trini*, etc., it has also distributives, which it forms from the cardinals by putting before them *ya* or *tauya*; thus *yalima* or *tauyalima* is "five a-piece," "five each," and so on. Besides these the language contains a distinct series of numerals which have a collective

or definite sense, "the one" or "one only," "the two" or "two only," etc.; something like the Greek *monas*, *duas*, and their compeers. The definites or collectives are the cardinals wholly or partially reduplicated. Finally, by the use of the prefix *vaka* with the cardinals, Fijian furnishes itself with numeral adverbs equivalent to the English "once," "twice," "thrice," and that with a completeness and a consistency, which neither the Latin, nor the Greek, nor the Sanscrit itself can rival.

The doctrine of the verb in Fijian is large and complex. Its root form is always either monosyllabic or dissyllabic. The sources from which the derived verbs spring, as in other languages, are various. Substantives and adjectives, however, are the classes of words, which yield the bulk of them. Some are formed by adding *na* to a noun; thus, from *buka*, "fuel," comes *bukana*, "to add fuel." Others, like *cata*, "to hate," are made from adjectives, by appending the syllable *ta*, or, which is more common, by at once prefixing *vaka* and adding *taka*. What is most observable, however, in the Fijian verb is the peculiar manner in which it sets forth to the eye and ear the different ideas expressed by words of this class, whether considered in themselves, or in their syntactical relations to other words. The notions which the English expresses by such terms as "lie," "sleep," "rest," on the one hand, and by such as "consider," "strive," "walk," on the other, are essentially unlike; yet the language makes no external distinction between the two classes. It is otherwise in Fijian; for verbs of the latter order, which imply voluntary action, though to the exclusion of an object, are usually reduplicate in form, while those of the former are for the most part simple roots. Again, it is sometimes the case in English that neuter verbs are used with a substantive after them; thus, we say, "He sits his horse well," making "sit" to govern "horse," though naturally incapable of exercising such a power. With few exceptions, however, when we wish to indicate any relation between a verb of this sort and an object noun, we employ a preposition. The Fijian does not commonly adopt the latter method. On the other hand, it can give all its unreduplicated neuters a transitive force by appending to them certain formative particles. On this principle *mocera* is "to sleep upon," from *moce*, "to sleep;" *galova* is "to swim to," from *galo*, "to swim;" and *drotaki* is "to flee from," from *dro*, "to flee." Further, a distinction in the use of verbs transitive prevails in Fijian, which is perhaps without a parallel in any other tongue. In their simple form they require that the nouns they govern shall stand immediately after them without the intervention of an article or other word, and they represent actions in an indeterminate and general man-

ner; thus, *me vau waqa* is "to fasten canoe," *me voli ka* is "to purchase things." But if the object of such a verb in the mind of the speaker be definite; if, for example, he wishes to speak of fastening "a canoe," or "the canoe," the governed noun, whether it precedes the verb or follows it, must have an article, and the verb receives one of a series of affixes used for the purpose, the chief of these being *a*, *ka*, *ta*, *ca*, *na*, *va*, and *ya*, with the dissyllables *taka*, *raka*, and *vaka*. The affix which any particular verb receives is determined by laws that have not as yet been very accurately traced. The Mbau dialect not unfrequently accents the last syllable of verbs ending in *a*, instead of appending to them a particle of definition. The Fijian passive is made in various ways. Sometimes the simple form of the verb is employed, the meaning being fixed by the context. Sometimes the definite affixes just named are used for this purpose, their final *a* being changed to *i*. In other cases certain particles, *ka*, *ta*, *ra*, etc., prefixed to the verb, convey the passive sense. The last method is resorted to when a thing has come of itself, or when either the person who did it is unknown, or it is not thought well to mention him. *Dau* put before a verb either intensifies the idea of it, or denotes the frequent repetition of the state or action expressed by the verb. In like manner *vaka* before verbs has a causative power, and *vei* carries with it the notion of what is reciprocal or customary.

Tense and mood are represented in Fijian by certain independent words, which the language puts before the verbal form. Thus, *sa*, *ka* or *a*, and *na*, with certain equivalents, answer in general to the present, past, and future respectively; and *me* or *mo* makes a verb imperative, conditional, or infinitive.

In regard to the subordinate parts of the language, which have not as yet passed under review, the adverb, preposition, and conjunction, little needs to be said. The language is poor in the last two classes of words, and, for the first, it either makes use of separate terms like *eke*, "here," and *sega*, "not," or it creates forms from adjectives by prefixing *vaka*, the equivalent of the German adverbial ending *lich*, and the English *ly*. The expletives of the language, or, as they are called by the natives, "the ornaments of speech," are singularly numerous, and it is a piece of Fijian affectation to crowd as many of them as possible into sentences. Greek itself is often out-Greeked by these dainty word-worshippers of the Southern Sea.

The general character of the Malayo-Polynesian syntax was explained in the outset, and it is not necessary that many details should be given with respect to this feature of the Fijian. Adjectives are put after their nouns when they are used attributively, before them when

they stand as the predicates of propositions. The English expression, "the good man," appears in Fijian, "the man good;" the sentence, "The man is good," would be written, "Good is the man." The possessive pronoun precedes the noun with which it is joined, unless such noun imply relationship, or be the name of a member of the body, or of a part of anything, in which case the pronoun is put after it. Demonstrative pronouns follow their nouns. Verbs usually have their nominatives after them. When the nominative takes the lead, it is used absolutely. Personal pronouns, however, do not come under this law; for they always go before their verbs. Adverbs follow the words they qualify.

Once more, it is interesting to find the language distinguishing between the so-called genitive of subject and genitive of object in the use of its noun. The term, "the Gospel of God," is equivocal in English. I may mean either "the Gospel of which God is the author," that is to say, the "of God" may be the genitive of subject; or it may mean, "the Gospel which has reference to God," where the "of God" is the genitive of object. In the latter case the Fijian uses the particle *ni* before the governed word, to express the objective meaning.

What the number of radical words in Fijian may be, it is difficult to conjecture. Its vocabulary is probably richer than that of many other Oceanic tongues. For relationships, for the smaller divisions of time, for metals, colours, etc., the language has few terms; but this is not the case with most other classes of ideas and objects. Whatever belongs to their religion, their political constitution, their wars, their social and domestic habits, their occupations and handicrafts, their amusements, and a multitude of particulars besides relating either to themselves or to the sphere of their personal and national life, they not only express with propriety and ease, but in many instances with a minuteness of representation and a nicety of colouring, which it is hard to reproduce in a foreign language. Thus the Fijian can express by different words the motion of a snake and that of a caterpillar, with the clapping of the hands lengthwise, crosswise, or in almost any other way; it has three words for "a bunch," five for "a pair," six for "cocoa-nut oil," and seven for "a handle;" for "the being close together" and for "the end" it has five terms each, for "fatigue" and "thin" seven each, with no fewer than eleven for "dirty;" for the verb "to thank" it has two words, for "to pluck," four; for "to carry, command, entice, lie, raise," it has five each; for "to creep, return, pierce, see, squeeze," six each; for "to care, draw, roll," seven each; for "to make, place, push, turn," eight each; for "to seize and split," nine each; with fourteen for "to cut,"

and sixteen for "to strike." One other illustration of the copiousness of the language is worth mention. The Greek and other cultivated tongues have different words for "to wash," according as the operation has reference to the body, or to clothes and the like; and, where the body is spoken of, their synonyms will sometimes define the limb or part which is the subject of the action. The Fijian leaves these languages far behind; for it can avail itself of separate terms to express the washing process, according as it may happen to affect the head, face, hands, feet, and body of an individual, or his apparel, his dishes, or his floor.

Fijian literature is in its cradle, but its infancy gives promise of a vigorous and energetic manhood. The New Testament and other parts of Scripture are printed in the language, and the Missionaries have published some useful books besides. These last, as the case of the people has affectingly required, have been, as yet, taken up for the most part with religious and moral subjects. As soon as possible, elementary works on various branches of general knowledge will be supplied for the use of the Mission schools.

In the year 1850, two literary productions of great merit issued from the Wesleyan Mission press at Viwa: the one a Grammar of the language, the other a Fijian-English and English-Fijian Dictionary, both by the late laborious and excellent Missionary—who did so much towards preparing the way for the forthcoming Fijian translation of the Old Testament,—the Rev. David Hazlewood. This is a name which ought not to die. Mr. Hazlewood's predecessors and contemporaries had studied the language; they had represented it by an alphabet, which all philologists will confess to be at once appropriate, simple, and scientific; they had collected vocabularies, and lists of phrases and idioms; they had printed numerous translations and original compositions in Fijian; they had provided themselves with manuscript illustrations of its system of sounds, of its general structure, and of its leading peculiarities: it was reserved for him to draw up and publish the first Grammar and Dictionary of the language properly so called. Mr. Hazlewood's Grammar is a book upon which the Bopps and Grimms of Germany will look with respect, for its philosophical accuracy and completeness, at the same time that they eagerly drink up its precious philology. In point of simplicity, comprehensiveness, and scholarly handling of its subject, it is a worthy associate of a Grammar of the Kafir tongue, which a Wesleyan Missionary in South Africa, the Rev. John W. Appleyard, published in the same year, and which is one of the most valuable contributions to linguistic science, that the world has re-

ceived for many years past. Mr. Hazlewood's Dictionary is a work of great pains, and both the selection and the arrangement of his materials are such as might be looked for from the author of the Fijian Grammar. Appended to the Dictionary are two important tracts; the one being a list of the Fijian Islands, with their bearings and distances from either Mbau or Lakemba, so far as they are known; the other containing the names of the leading objects belonging to the natural history of the country, as plants, fishes, insects, and the like.

With a language such as has now been described, and with the blessing of God upon the continued labours of Christian Missionaries among a people so strong-minded, so enterprising, and so versatile as are the subjects of this volume, there is no reason why Fijian literature should not by and by take rank with the noblest cultures, to which the Gospel is at present shaping the genius and heart of so many heathen populations of our globe.

The first of the missionaries who were sent to the island of Oahu in the year 1819 were the Rev. Messrs. King and Hall. They were accompanied by a number of native converts, and they commenced their labors at the place now known as Honolulu. The success of their mission was such that in a short time a large number of natives were converted to the Christian faith. The Rev. Messrs. King and Hall were succeeded by other missionaries, and the number of converts continued to increase. The mission of the Rev. Messrs. King and Hall was the first of a series of missions which were sent to the islands of the Sandwich Sea by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

PART II

MISSION HISTORY

JAMES CALVERT

The mission of the Rev. Messrs. King and Hall was the first of a series of missions which were sent to the islands of the Sandwich Sea by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The success of their mission was such that in a short time a large number of natives were converted to the Christian faith. The Rev. Messrs. King and Hall were succeeded by other missionaries, and the number of converts continued to increase. The mission of the Rev. Messrs. King and Hall was the first of a series of missions which were sent to the islands of the Sandwich Sea by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

PART II.
MISSION HISTORY.

BY
JAMES CALVERT.

PART II.

MISSION HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS—LAKEMBA AND REWA.

IN the entire annals of Christianity, it would be difficult to find a record of any of its enterprises so remarkable, or followed by such astonishing success, as the Mission to Fiji. The reader of the foregoing chapters will be able to form some notion of the task which was undertaken by those who first resolved to bring the old converting power of the Gospel to bear upon these far-off islands. The portraiture already given is but an imperfect sketch, and, necessarily, most imperfect in the most prominent features. The worst deformities, the foulest stains, disfiguring and blackening all the rest, are the very parts of Fijian nature which, while the most strongly characteristic, are such as may only be hurriedly mentioned, dimly hinted at, or passed by altogether in silence. The truth is just this, that within the many shores of this secluded group, every evil passion had grown up unchecked, and run riot in unheard of abominations. Sinking lower and lower in moral degradation, the people had never fallen physically or intellectually to the level of certain stunted and brutalized races fast failing, through mere exhaustion, from the mass of mankind. Constitutional vigour and mental force aided and fostered the development of every crime; until crime became inwrought into the very soul of the people, polluted every hearth, gave form to every social and political institution, and turned religious worship into orgies of surpassing horror. The savage of Fiji broke beyond the common limits of rapine and bloodshed, and, violating the elementary instincts of humanity, stood unrivalled as a disgrace to mankind.

After the wild and extravagant tales brought home by seamen about the islands of the South Seas became partly confirmed and partly corrected by the report of more intelligent and trustworthy voyagers, the thought of so much degradation and cruelty gave great grief to many good hearts in England; but it was not till the year 1796 that any Missionaries were sent to the Friendly Islands. That disastrous expedition forms a dark and stormy morning to the brighter day of success which now shines over the Pacific. For nearly twenty years, too, did devoted men of God labour in Tahiti, ever sowing, tearfully sowing, but reaping nothing all that time.

No wonder that, under such influences, the new missionary zeal at home flagged, and it seemed to some as though these disappointments proved that the time was not yet come for the conversion of those far-away tribes. But the heart of British Christianity had been deeply stirred with sympathy, and had fully awakened to a conviction that no power but that of the Gospel, no improvement short of actual conversion, could deliver the savage Heathen from the many evils with which they were cursed, or confer upon them the blessings of a genuine civilization. Any considerable outward reform, in the case of a nation as well as of an individual, without an inner regeneration, can only result in a sham success, or ever be otherwise than the skinning over of an unhealed sore. The attempt to work this thorough change in Polynesia had been made; Christianity had put in her claim for those many islands, and was committed to the work of their conversion. Success came at last. Forty years after the arrival of the ill-fated missionary band who came in the "Duff," Christianity had spread throughout the three groups of the Friendly Islands, and reached as far as Keppel's and Niuafoou Islands, Wallis's Island, and three hundred miles northwards to the Navigator's Group. This extension of Christian influence was chiefly owing to the enterprising zeal of the new converts, who, longing to give others what had so greatly blessed themselves, "went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." The glad tidings of such results greatly encouraged those who had thought, and prayed, and laboured at home, on behalf of these distant "isles of the sea." The Wesleyan Tongan Mission proved to be a grand success, and the missionary zeal of the churches received an impetus which pushed forward to more glorious achievements.

A history of the Friendly Islands, giving details of the Mission there, has been supplied in the elegant illustrated work recently published by Miss Farmer, who has furnished much valuable information

about those beautiful islands, and the wonderful work of God wrought there.* The Tongans seem to have always been good sailors, and held intercourse with several other groups, especially with Samoa, the people of which resembled them in colour and general physical formation, as well as in some of their customs, while there was a remarkable similarity in the language of the two groups. But the Viti Islands—or, as the Tongans call them, Fiji—presented great attractions in the fine timber which they supplied so abundantly for building their canoes, and the large sails and masts for which they were famous. The trade-wind is favourable for the voyage from Tonga, which occupies from two to four days, the distance to the nearest Fijian land being scarcely two hundred and fifty miles. While passing, also, to and fro in their own or neighbouring groups, the strong prevailing wind often drifted the Tongans to those dreaded shores of Fiji, where, according to a horrid law, all who escaped from shipwreck were killed and eaten. Some, however, of these unwilling wanderers were otherwise received. It has lately come to light that a distinct tribe of Tongan origin exists more than a thousand miles from their mother country, in one of the islands of the New Hebrides. They have sprung from the Chief and crew of a canoe that drifted long ago from the Friendly Islands, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. At Rewa and Kandavu there is a peculiar class of natives called “Tonga-Fiji,” whose forefathers came there from Tonga in the remote past. This mixed race has become connected with Rewa; they have lost the language, but, until lately, retained some of the customs, and worshipped the gods, of the Friendly Islands.

The largest immigration of Tongans has always been to Lakemba, the chief island in the windward group, and to which about twenty smaller islands are tributary. Here, consequently, these people are found in the greatest number. Drifted there, or coming to build canoes, or to trade, they had to wait for a change of wind before they could return; for their craft could do but little at beating, especially against the strong breeze which generally blows when there is a change, and which frequently drove them back again to Lakemba for shelter, where they had to remain for months, and, in some instances, even for years. In drifting, a canoe becomes unmanageable, and sails and rigging are often lost, so that the crew would be without the means of effecting their return. Here they soon fixed themselves. Although it is the least savage part of Fiji, yet wars were frequent in the district, and the strangers secured the favour of the prevailing powers by fight-

* *Tonga and the Friendly Islands: with a Sketch of their Mission History.* London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1855.

ing on their side, and sailing about to levy tribute under the orders of the Chief. Thus they gained influence, and the possession of property in Fiji, while they owned no actual government, and led comparatively lazy lives. In the former part of the present century, there were several distinct colonies or establishments of Tongans on Lakemba, and others of the same race were found residing on the adjoining islands.

In some respects the Fijians were gainers by the visits and residence of their foreign guests, who introduced pigs, fowls, and muscovy ducks to increase their supply of food; axes, hatchets, chisels, plane-irons, and knives, to supersede the clumsy tools with which they had hitherto worked; calico and prints for comfort and adornment; and whales' teeth, with shells and other articles, which enriched the people with increase of their primitive currency.

But it was a far greater boon than any of these that the Tongans at last brought with them, which at the same time awakened and satisfied new desires; began to lift up the people from their almost hopeless degradation; enriched them with an imperishable wealth; and set in motion a renewing and elevating power, which has already changed the aspect of Fiji; pressing forward in spite of all resistance; triumphing over treachery, persecution, and bloodshed; smiting the structure of a false and horrible religion, and proving its rottenness in its ruin; leading tens of thousands from among the foulest crimes and deepest social wretchedness into virtue and domestic comfort; and, in short, carrying out, in the only sure way, the work of civilization.

After a while, there were found among the Tongan sailors who visited Fiji, some who had become converted to Christianity at home; and these, on arriving in the strange land, zealously set about making known what they themselves knew of the Gospel to their own relatives, and then to the Fijians. Thus was the Christian religion first introduced into the group.

In the Friendly Islands, the dreadful state of Fiji was known and mourned over; and when, in the year 1834, the little Tongan church was blessed with that remarkable working of the Holy Ghost, when thousands not only turned from the profession of idolatry, but became truly converted, and showed afterwards the outward signs of a changed heart, and when the King and Queen together sought and found pardon through Jesus Christ,—in the midst of their holy enjoyment and gratitude at Tonga, Fiji was remembered with sympathy, and an earnest desire sprung up both among the people and their Missionaries to send to that group those who should teach its savage inhabitants the Gospel of Jesus. The newly converted King, George Tubou, with all the

vigour of character which had distinguished him as a Heathen and a warrior, felt greatly interested in the spread of that religion which he had just begun to enjoy. Earnest prayers were offered that the way might be opened for sending Missionaries to the Fijians, some few of whom had already become converted in the Friendly Islands, and one had even begun to labour as a good and zealous exhorter.

At the Friendly Islands District Meeting, held in December, 1834, the case was fully considered. It was felt that the spreading work in Tonga required more than all the strength of the Missionaries then out there for its proper management. But the hearts of these men were deeply moved by what they were constantly hearing from Fiji. There was much to induce them to stay where they were. The freshness of youth had passed from them. Their homes were established now, and their children gathered round them. They were beginning to reap the fruit of much toil, and suffering, and danger. But in that outcry of savage passion which reached them from "the regions beyond," they heard only the wail of unresting sorrow and unending pain. The comfort and the cure were in their hands, and the voice of their Lord sounded to them as clearly now as ever, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." They heeded the charge, and, counting all the cost, solemnly said, "Amen." Two of their number must go to Fiji. The Rev. William Cross, and the Rev. David Cargill, A.M., were appointed to commence the new mission. Mr. Cross had been eight years, and Mr. Cargill two, in the Friendly Islands. With their wives and little ones they waited at Vavau for an opportunity of proceeding to the new scene of labour. While here, they began to learn the language. An alphabet was at the same time fixed, and, at the Tonga press, a "First Book" in Fijian, of four pages, was printed. A short catechism was also prepared at the same time, and put into the printer's hands.

The Captain of a schooner calling in at Vavau had agreed to take the missionary party to Fiji; and the two families embarked on the 8th of October, 1835, and reached Lakemba on the 12th. King George of Tonga had, from the beginning, manifested his sincere interest in the undertaking, and now sent an influential person with a present to Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba, and a message urging that the Missionaries should be well received, and stating what benefits he himself and his people had already derived from the presence and teaching of these men and their brethren.

Early in the morning, the two Missionaries went ashore in a boat, the schooner, in the mean time, lying off without coming to anchor.

Deafening shouts along the shore announced the approach of the vessel, and drew together a great crowd of wild-looking Tongans and Fijians, armed and blackened according to their custom, to receive the strangers.

At the very outset, the Missionaries had a great advantage in being able at once to converse with the people without an interpreter; for many of the Fijians at Lakemba, through very long intercourse with the Tongans, could speak their language. The King talks it as readily as his own tongue. Thus the visitors passed through crowds of Tongans, hailing them with the friendly greetings of their own land; and, leaving behind them the Tongan houses,—stretching for nearly half a mile among the cocoa-nut trees on the shore,—they came at once to the King's town, which lies about four hundred yards inland. In one of his large houses, they were introduced to the King and some of his Chiefs. Tui Nayau readily promised them land for the Mission premises, and desired that their families and goods should be landed forthwith, promising that temporary houses should be erected as soon as possible. In the mean time, one of his own large houses was offered to the strangers, who, however, feared to reside within the town, considering it unhealthy from its crowded state, and the embankment and moat by which it is surrounded. The interview was very favourable; and a suitable place having been chosen for the new dwellings, between the town and the Tongan settlement, the Missionaries returned to the schooner to give in their report to their wives and the Captain. The "Blackbird" then cast anchor, and the families, who had suffered very severely from seasickness, were only too eager to get ashore. A large canoe-house on the beach, open at the sides and end, was given them as their dwelling until proper houses could be built. Under this great shed the two families passed the night, but not in sleep. The curtains had been left on board with their other goods, and they speak of the mosquitoes that night as being "innumerable and unusually large." Great numbers of pigs, too, seemed greatly disquieted, and kept up a loud grunting all round until morning. Here, then, beneath a canoe-shed, the missionary band spent their first night in Fiji, the wives and children worn out with their voyage, stung by numberless mosquitoes, and the crying of the little ones answered by the grunts of pigs running about in all directions. Glad enough were they, the next morning, to accept the Captain's invitation, and go back to the vessel until their houses were ready.

House-building is sharp work in Fiji. On the 14th, a large company of natives, having prepared posts, spars, reeds, etc., assembled at the chosen site, and commenced operations. On the 17th all the fur-

niture, articles for barter, books, clothes, doors, windows, and various stores were landed and carried to the two houses, and that evening the families took possession of their new homes.

The next day was the Sabbath. The Missionaries opened their commission by preaching twice out of doors, in the Tongan language, to about a hundred and fifty Tongans and Fijians. The King was invited, and came to the morning service, listening very attentively.

Thus the work was fairly begun; and hard work it was. As they could spare time from their carpentering and fitting up the houses,—putting in windows, hanging doors, etc.,—the Missionaries applied themselves diligently to the study of the Fijian language. They soon found that the alphabet which they had arranged at Tonga was defective; and, after very full examination on the spot, additional characters were introduced, and the powers of others altered, and the alphabet as it now stands, answering admirably the requirements of the language, was established.*

One of the most important objects to be accomplished was the translation of the sacred Scriptures. Aided by the analogy which subsists among all the Oceanic tongues, the Missionaries, from their previous intimacy with the Tongan, were soon able to master the Fijian language; and, by the help of the Fijian Teacher, who had accompanied them from the Friendly Islands, and other natives, they were soon able to send a revised version of the first part of Saint Matthew's Gospel to the Tongan press, where twenty-four pages 12mo. were printed and forwarded to Lakemba. This small portion, including our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, proved very valuable. Urgent application was

* In July, 1830, the late Rev. John Williams and the Rev. Mr. Barff called at Tonga, on their way to Fiji, with two Tahitian Teachers. From the painfully distressing accounts received from Mr. Samuel Henry and others, they were "induced to re-consider and re-arrange their plans;" and they abandoned their "original intention" of going to Fiji. The two Teachers were sent by Captain Lawlor and Mr. Samuel Henry; and an old Fijian Chief, who had been at Sydney, also accompanied them, taking the Teachers under his charge. These Teachers went to Lakemba, where they remained for a short time with Takai. Being persecuted there, he and they removed to the small island of Oneata, where they built a chapel. A few persons there joined them in the worship of the Lord. These Teachers had not been visited at all since they were sent from Tonga. They were industrious in planting their food, and fishing, and their conduct was good; but they had not been successful in their Mission either at Lakemba or Oneata. The Rev. W. Cross, in visiting them in 1836, says, "The two Tahitian Teachers, and Takai, the Chief under whose protection they reside, requested to be taken under our pastoral care. It is remarkable that, though these Teachers have been in Fiji nearly six years, neither of them has attempted either to exhort or pray in the Fijian or Tongan languages, or to teach any of the people to read. This being the case, we considered it necessary to place another Teacher with them, and fixed upon one who understands both." These two Teachers were requested to pray and teach in the Fijian language. They attempted, but were never able to enunciate the language at all correctly. However they continued as Local Preachers with the Wesleyan Church, and conducted themselves in a very becoming manner, until it pleased God a few years ago to take them home. They both died in peace.

made to England for printing apparatus and a man to manage it. A Grammar and Dictionary were commenced, and the translation of the Scriptures vigorously pushed forward, as time would allow.

There was preaching every Sunday, and during the week services were held in the Tongan language. Many Tongans who had hitherto roved about in Fiji in the unchecked indulgence of every vice, acknowledged the power of the Gospel. Many became truly penitent, and mourned bitterly over their past evil ways. These converts, being desirous to lead a new life, and no longer wishing for the licentious course which was freely open to them in Fiji, returned home to their own land; and many a warm greeting took place between them and their friends, who had also received the blessings of Christianity since they last met. Thus it was difficult, for some time, to form any correct notion of the actual results of the new Mission. On July 20th, 1836, the Rev. C. Tucker of Haabai, Friendly Islands, writes, "A canoe arrived here this morning from Fiji: it left Lakemba, the island where the brethren Cross and Cargill are labouring, on Thursday the 11th, and reached Tofuaa, one of the most westerly islands of this group, on the 13th; but the wind becoming foul, they could not proceed to this place until to-day. There were fifty persons in the canoe, besides children, namely, thirty men and twenty women, principally Tongans. They all began to meet in Class while in Fiji; and, prior to their coming up from one of the leeward islands to Lakemba, they were under the care of Joshua, who is a converted Fijian, and has been a Class-Leader and Local Preacher for some years. I rejoice to hear of the success which has attended the labours of the brethren in Fiji, and of the pleasing prospects which present themselves at some of the distant islands of that group. They are Tongans chiefly who have as yet embraced Christianity in Fiji." In October, 1837, a fleet of canoes left Fiji, in which "about three hundred persons removed to the Friendly Islands, who had been brought to the profession of Christianity at Lakemba, and two hundred of whom were meeting in Class."

Hitherto these Tongans had been notoriously wicked, even in Fiji. They were influential, and feared. They were courted by the Chiefs to secure their help in war, and the service of their canoes for the transmission of property. Leading, at all other times, an easy, idle, well-fed life, they were always ready for dancing and mischief. When some of the most famous and stout-hearted of these became converted, and changed their manner of life, it had a telling effect on the minds of the Fijians, some of whom, in after years, welcomed back these men as fellow Christians. Many of the Tongans who became Christians

remained in the land of their adoption; but some of them were half-hearted and insincere in their religion, and have since done very much to hinder the Mission work in the Fiji group. Some, however, were men of another stamp. Their religion was thorough and sincere. The distance is great indeed from the desperate, lawless, and vile course which these men held, to the high standard of morality which the New Testament teaches; yet Christianity elevated them to that standard, and thereby wrought a triumph which no drilling of mere moral culture could have achieved: it went deeper than any other system could have reached, exercising, as it did, a power which no other could command. It did more than reform these licentious savages. In changing their hearts it wrought in them a new style of ideas, a new class of motives. In the breast of the relentless warrior, the treacherous savage, the wily and suspicious Heathen, it set up a quick and active charity, giving birth to strange emotions never felt before,—the emotions of sympathy and love for those whom they had hitherto known only as the sharers or the objects of their crime. They felt impelled to spread, as they could, the knowledge of that truth which had been the means of thus completely renewing them. Most hearty and zealous were many of these early Tongan Christians in carrying out, in every possible way, the spread of scriptural holiness through the land. They were constant and laborious in schools, and useful as Class-Leaders and Exhorters. Denying themselves, and taking up their cross, they followed Christ diligently, striving hard to do something to repair the mischief they had effected by their past wickedness. Their services were invaluable, and it cannot be doubted that they were supplied by the Lord to meet the peculiar exigency of this difficult Mission. No better pioneers could have been found. They sailed with their Chiefs to many islands, and had influence with men high in power. They were not hindered by the fears to which Fijian converts are liable, and boldly professed Christianity. Their position was independent, and they held family prayer, generally accompanied with singing, on board their canoes, or in the houses where they stayed in their frequent voyages. Thus was the name, and something of the character of Christianity, made known more widely and in shorter time than it could have been by any other agents.

Tongan Teachers of rare excellence have at various times, from the beginning, gone forth from their own country to take part with the Missionaries in evangelizing Fiji, watching over the converts and feeding the churches in remote towns and far scattered islands.

Every day, and all day long, the Missionaries and their wives were

compelled to hold intercourse with the natives. The arrival of these strangers was a new era in Fiji. Many now obtained an axe or a hatchet, or plane-iron, or chisel, or knife, or razor, or iron pot, or some calico or print, or other article, for which they had often longed hopelessly before, and which was given in payment for fencing, building, gardening, or other services; as also for pigs, fowls, fish, crabs, fruits, and vegetables. Thus, too, were purchased wooden bowls, mats, curtains, etc.; for in no other way could these or other things be procured for the use of the Mission families. A new stimulus was thus given to native industry, and new comforts were introduced among the people. Another result was, that the Missionaries were brought into contact with many from distant towns and islands. A fair and regular way of dealing; the purchase by useful articles, of industrial produce, which was known to be for home use, and not for gain; and the sight of English comforts in the Mission-houses; made a very favourable impression on all who came. On the return home of these visitors, what they brought back was the object of general admiration, as what they had witnessed became the theme of general conversation. The consequence was natural. Many more came *me sarasara*—to see, as well as to sell, and the thing grew into a nuisance. However, it had to be borne; and then, too, it gave an opportunity of teaching many who could never have been visited at their own homes. Thus the great object of the Mission was helped forward, and the fame of the new religion spread in every quarter. It was frequently the case that large parties visiting Lakemba from distant islands, would ask permission to inspect the premises, which was generally granted. These visitors, having nothing to do, were generally disposed to stay longer than was necessary for any good purpose, and would prowl about, picking up any knife or other small article that they could lay hands on, and secreting it, with marvellous cleverness, in their scanty clothing. Increased watchfulness was the result; and such parties, after having spent time enough in examining the place, and having listened with attention to a statement of the objects of the Mission, were informed that the Missionary or his wife had other business, and were kindly reminded of the expediency of their attending to their own affairs elsewhere.

Considerable losses, and such annoyance, but great good as well, came of all this. The natives took notice of everything, and could not help admiring the domestic comforts, regularity of meals, subjection of children, love of husband and wife, and general social enjoyment, which could only be taught by a practical exhibition of them in everyday life. In this respect, as well as in many others, the French Priests

who have come to the Islands have laboured under insurmountable difficulties, in their attempts to gain influence over the minds of the people.

The houses so hastily put up for the Missionaries were only intended to shelter them until the King should erect the more substantial buildings which he had promised. Week after week passed on, and the promise remained unperformed, until, one day, a hurricane blew the temporary dwellings down, and the King could delay no longer. The work was then carried on in earnest; and tolerable Mission-houses were soon completed. A chapel was much needed, and the posts and spars of the ruined houses went towards the erection of a place fit for public worship; the Tongans helping to put up the materials thus prepared. Thus, while the storm caused great inconvenience for a time, it led to more comfortable housing of the Mission families, and the building of a chapel. All this, however, brought a great addition of labour upon the new settlers; and any extra exertion in such a climate is very exhausting for Europeans. A desk of some kind was wanted for the chapel, and doors, windows, and other necessaries had to be made for the houses. This work fell on the Missionaries, and, after a time, was brought to some sort of completion. Peculiar qualifications are needed for a Missionary. Besides a head well stocked with general knowledge, he must have a ready hand, fit for any work, or he will have a poor time of it among such people as these Fijians; and worse still will he fare if, in addition to all other endowments, he is not blessed with a good and easy temper.

Thus the commencement of the new year found the Missionaries possessed of a new chapel, with a regular congregation of nearly two hundred persons. Classes had been formed for church members, and a school started for pupils of all ages. On March the 20th, a Sabbath morning, thirty-one adults, who had been under careful instruction, were publicly baptized. This sacrament was never administered indiscriminately to all who had merely forsaken their heathen practices and attended the Christian services; but only to those who had received sufficient instruction, and thereby acquired an enlightened knowledge of the obligations thus imposed upon them; while there was required good evidence that the candidates sincerely embraced the Christian religion, and endeavoured to live according to its principles. The greater part of the thirty-one just mentioned were Tongans; and, in the afternoon of the same day, twenty-three of their children were also baptized. By this time several Fijians had given up Hea-thenism, and become avowed worshippers of the true God. Some of

these were evidently sincere, and became candidates for baptism at the next time of its administration.

The island of Lakemba is about thirty miles in circumference, and contains, besides the King's town, and the three Tongan settlements, eight other towns, giving a population to the entire island of about four thousand. These towns are situated at intervals round the coast, and many of the people belonging to them, on their visit to head-quarters, had seen the Mission premises, and gone home to tell of what had excited their own admiration. Thus the number of visitors increased, and after a while many became dissatisfied with their own gods, and tired of the exactions of the priests, and came regularly on the Sunday to worship at the new chapel. In doing so, they had to pass by the King's town, which gave rise to much talk and ill-feeling about these common people, who presumed to think for themselves, in the matter of religion, and even dared to forsake the gods of their own land, in favour of the new God of whom these strangers spoke. As the people became more enlightened, they refused to work on the Sabbath, and to present the accustomed offering of first-fruits to the god of the King's town, declaring that they believed him and the other deities of the island to be no gods at all. Threats were issued by those in authority, but, in the case of many, proved ineffectual. Things would probably have been hastened to a painful crisis by severe measures, had it not been for the fact that a powerful Tongan Chief, whose party formed the great protection of Lakemba, against its utter subjection to Mbau and Somosomo, had publicly avowed his conversion to Christianity. Some years before, at the earlier stage of the Tongan Mission, this man had made some profession of the new religion, but during his after residence in Fiji had become once more thoroughly heathen. The presence of this important person at the head of the young ranks of Christians insured their protection from actual violence. The King and his brother were sorely troubled to know how to act. The *lotu*, as they called the Christian religion, was spreading, and already producing strange results. Beyond the chief island of Lakemba, into several of her tributary islands, the influence extended. The priests were consulted, and forthwith became violently inspired, declaring that the gods were much agitated, and gathered in anxious conference in the spirit-world, concerning this foreign religion. The King's god spoke very decisively. First he gave notice that he would send a partial flood, and set the strangers, with their new worship and all belonging to them, swimming in the sea. Soon a more direful visitation was announced. The island was to be turned inside out, and all dwelling upon it to

share the common ruin:—the Mission party for daring to bring their religion to a place where such powerful gods held sway; and the King and people for permitting them to gain any footing there. As long as nothing but threats—human and oracular—were brought to bear against the converts, it mattered little; but actual annoyance became more and more frequent, and the relatives of the Christian natives began to fear to show them any kindness. It was made known that as soon as preparations for building the new temple were sufficiently matured, the event of setting the first post was to be celebrated by the killing and eating of some of the Christians. Fear of the great Tongan was no longer to stand in the way, and measures of powerful suppression were to be at once taken. On a day secretly fixed, a large party of young men set out, and attacked the two small towns of Wathiwathi and Waitambu. The houses of the Christians were pillaged, their stores of food taken, and their crops destroyed, while their wives were led off to the King's house. As yet, however, life had not been sacrificed, and some of the persecuted found asylum in the town of the Tongan Chief, in consequence of whose interference the stolen wives were also restored.

Christianity has always received ultimate gain from the persecution aimed at its overthrow. It was so now in Fiji. True, the first apparent effect was to frighten many half-persuaded ones, and deter them from yielding to their convictions; but the general result was most beneficial. The calm boldness with which these Christians kept to their new principles, heedless of the threats, annoyance, and persecution to which they were subjected, and which were likely enough to lead to bloodshed,—all this was a strange and unheard-of thing: an unknown power was manifestly among them. And not only did the Christians endure hardships without repining, but they were actually cheerful under it. Then, too, it was utterly opposed to all Fijian ideas, that men should suffer so much, and yet seek for no revenge on their enemies; nay, should even show good-will and pray for the King and Government, while they proved their sincerity by labouring diligently in public works, and paying tribute with all readiness. Some who had suffered loss of all things and banishment for Christ's sake, were at last permitted to return to their homes, where they found themselves greeted with a strange respect. Among these exiles from Waitambu, was a man of noble and vigorous character, named Moses Vakaloloma. His wife was a kindred spirit, and their family were well trained. For several years this man worked hard and well as a Local Preacher, and at last died happy in the Saviour. One of his sons is now a devoted Teacher in a distant part of Fiji.

General attention was thus thoroughly roused to the Missionaries and their teachings, and the people began, at the same time, to canvass the claims of their own priests. The many failures which these inspired prophets made were collected and discussed; and the many promises of cure to the sick, or fine weather or winds to the people generally, which had never been fulfilled, now constituted the subject of grave inquiry. To increase the danger in which the priestly system stood, the Missionaries were daily gaining influence of the most solid kind. The Mission-houses were more often visited by the people, who got there so many things to improve their condition and increase their comfort. And by this time the Missionaries could talk to them in their own language, which greatly enlarged the opportunity of doing good. Thus the work became settled, and struck root quietly but firmly. Preaching was held regularly in the houses of converts, in four towns on the coast. Day-schools, held for an hour and a half at daybreak, were also established, and written books added to the scanty supply coming from the Tongan press. Scripture-Readers, Exhorters, and Class-Leaders were raised up; the Missionaries regularly visited each town, and the number of converts gradually increased.

At the end of this first year of the Mission, seventy-nine adults, and seventeen children were received into the Christian church by baptism, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to two hundred and eighty persons, eighty of whom had lately come from Tonga.

In the mean time the domestic condition of the Mission families became somewhat painful. The supply of "trade"—articles of barter—which they had brought, proved too small. Everything they required had to be obtained by this means, and the expense was heavy. Houses and fences were not unfrequently blown down or greatly damaged by hurricanes. Servants were not very bright, and had to be multiplied accordingly, while their clumsiness destroyed many things that could not be replaced. Before the year's supply was out, the Missionaries and their families had to use musty flour for months, and suffered many privations, which, no doubt, affected the health of some. The frequent visits of the natives, whom they were careful not to offend, proved also a severe tax on their store, as well as their time.

In June, 1836, the "Active," having taken five Missionaries to the Friendly Islands, went forward with supplies and letters to Fiji. All were landed safely, to the great joy and relief of those to whom they came. On leaving for the Friendly Islands, this vessel was wrecked within forty miles of Lakemba, but all hands were saved. This and

other wrecks among the difficult navigation of Fiji made owners of vessels backward to charter for those islands, while Captains could rarely be found willing to undertake the perils of the voyage. In former times all shipwrecked seamen had been killed and eaten at Fiji, but now, so far had Christianity done its work, that the crew of the "Active" were unmolested, and, in a few days, returned to Lakemba. The Captain, mate, and supercargo became guests at the Mission-houses, while the King promised to support the men. In this way the domestic supplies were more rapidly exhausted. But the sailors repaid their entertainers by working to improve the houses and premises. Stools, bedsteads, and other useful pieces of furniture were made from wreckage picked up by the natives; and Mr. Cargill at last reached such a high degree of luxury as to have part of the floor of his bedroom boarded, whereby much more comfort was secured than by mats.

Four of the wrecked men soon became very impatient to get to some of the leeward islands, where they would be more likely to meet with a vessel. In less than a month, in spite of many warnings, they left Lakemba in a small boat. The next day some fierce natives, who happened to be on an uninhabited island, spied the boat, and gave chase in their canoe. All four men were miserably butchered, and eaten. In general, however, the Fijians object to the flesh of whites, saying that it tastes salt. The Captain, having an unexpected opportunity, proceeded to Sydney, where he reported the loss of his vessel, and the fate of the murdered men. Captain Crozier, of H.M.S. "Victor," was sent to make inquiry into the case, and reached Lakemba on December 1st, 1836. Having called at Vavau, he kindly took on letters, books, and a most seasonable supply of articles of trade for the Missionaries in Fiji. Inquiry was made into the late outrage, and, through the intercession of the Missionaries, the affair was quietly settled.

The little stock of flour at the Mission Station became exhausted, and the two families were left without bread, having to subsist as well as they could on "yams and salt, with cakes made of arrow-root and yam." In March of the following year, the colonial brig "Minerva" had been chartered to take the Mission supplies to the Friendly Islands District, of which Fiji then formed a part. The Captain, however, fearing the navigation and the people of Fiji, refused to go further than the Friendly Islands; and presently a Tongan canoe reached Lakemba, bearing letters and the provoking information that the stores were lying to spoil within four hundred miles. The whole of the members of the Mission suffered great injury by this long privation; while the refusal of the Captain to visit Fiji had a most evil effect upon the minds

of the natives. To increase the distress of the Mission families, it was now a time of great scarcity on the island. Pigs were *tabu* for two successive years; and, as yet, the Missionaries had not begun to feed their own pork. Even fish and crabs became rare. The articles of barter were all gone. Prints and calicoes, sorely wanted for family use, were parted with to obtain food, or for the payment of wages. Trunks, wearing apparel, and everything else available, were thus disposed of. Mere conveniences, such as cooking utensils or crockery ware, had disappeared, so that Mr. Cargill had only one tea-cup left, and that had lost its handle. This state of things lasted until the end of the year, when an opportunity at last came of sending help from Tonga.

In August, 1838, Fiji was visited by H.M.S. "Conway," under the command of Captain Bethune, who had just taken to the Friendly Islands Mr. and Mrs. Lyth, after they had waited some months in Sydney. Captain Bethune very kindly brought a supply of stores from Vavau for the Missionaries; and, on his arrival, conveyed Native Teachers to another part of the group, while he offered a passage to either of the Mission families, and in other ways rendered most efficient help. On this occasion Mr. Cross acknowledges the receipt of a large supply of clothing, etc., for which he had written about three years before, and which had been nearly two years in coming. With great avidity did these Missionaries frequently read letters which reached them fifteen or eighteen months after they were written. Thus, surrounded with difficulties, and suffering many things, the Missionaries toiled on, often prostrated by over-working, while their families were rarely free from sickness. Mr. Cross became so ill as to make his removal to Australia seem necessary; but before arrangements to that effect could be completed, he got much better, and resolved to continue in Fiji.

Let Christians at home try to realize the state of things at the Lakemba Mission Station. Men of education, accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, were there, suffering privations of the most severe kind, which were harder to bear because they fell too upon their wives and little children. Looking at such scenes from a distance, a haze of romance hangs around them, hiding the commonplace details of suffering. Immediate contact soon destroys the romance. No ordinary gifts of grace could keep men and women faithful to their work in such circumstances. No motives of gain could support them in such a position as theirs. They came and settled there only to do good; and seldom did any adventurers, on arriving at the scene of

their effort, find a more hopeless or forbidding prospect. Now and then, news came to England of the Mission in Fiji; but that intelligence consisted chiefly of results gradually and painfully reached. What those results cost,—of labour, of sickness, of pain, of disappointment, of outraged feeling, of strong cryings and tears,—the Missionary's God only knows. If these things were more thought of at home, prayers on behalf of Missionaries would not be so few or so formal; the fashionable annual guinea would be a matter of self-reproach to many, and the shabby givings of an unchristian stinginess would look shabbier than ever. The gifts cast in the Lord's treasury by those whose enjoyments are never lessened by the offering, always look meagre and unworthy when compared thus with the sacrifice of those who of their penury have cast in all they had.

The two pioneer-Missionaries of Fiji could not long be content to limit their work to Lakemba and its immediate dependencies. Tui Nayau, the King, though declaring his purpose of becoming Christian, put off the decisive act, stating that he feared to be the first great Chief who should *lotu*, while others of wider influence, and to whom he was tributary, still maintained the old religion. All the time, however, he showed the real state of his feelings by carrying on a regular system of oppression and persecution against the new converts. At last, in consequence of their urgency, he strongly recommended that one of the Missionaries should go and live with some greater King, the King of Mbau or of Somosomo, and persuade him to take the lead in becoming a Christian. Being very anxious to stretch out their efforts more widely, the Missionaries determined to follow the King's counsel, and thus carry the Gospel to another and far more important part of Fiji. The difficulty seemed great; for the stock of articles of barter was very low, and houses would have to be built and food purchased in the new place: in spite of this, Mr. Cross, whose health was much shattered, resolved to go to the opposite part of the group. He left Lakemba at the close of 1837, in a vessel belonging to Chevalier Dillon, to whom he paid £125 for conveying himself and family, with their slender store of household goods. Their destination was Mbau, a small islet scarcely separated from the coast of the great island of Na Viti Fevu. This place was then fast rising to the position of power which it has since occupied; and the new visitors arrived at a most important time, when a seven years' civil war had just passed its crisis.

Driven out by a powerful and far-spreading rebellion, Tanoa, the old King of Mbau, had long been exiled; but Seru, his young son, was permitted to remain, and kept himself out of the way of suspicion.

The Chief of Viwa, who was a shrewd old man, and one of the leaders of the revolt, noticed that Seru was a clever youth, and advised that he should be killed, to prevent his doing any mischief to their cause. But the others could not believe there was any danger to be feared from a mere lad, and permitted him to live. With great skill Seru laid his plans, and quietly won over to his father's side several adherents of great influence, among whom was Seru's early and faithful friend Verani, the nephew of the old Viwa Chief. One night the part occupied by the royalist confederates was quickly separated from the rest by a fence; and, to their consternation, the rebels found their quarter of the town in flames. This scheme, carried out with great vigour and address, proved decisive. The rebels fled hastily on to the mainland; but were afterwards delivered up to their old master, and Tanoa's return to Mbau was celebrated by the killing and eating of these prisoners, many of whom were Chiefs of rank.

Two human bodies were in the ovens when Mr. Cross arrived; and though the King's son, who was now called Thakombau,* agreed to receive him, and showed him a place where he might build a house, yet the island was so crowded, and the excitement still remained so great, that he hesitated to settle there at present; especially as the neighbouring King of Rewa, whose authority and possessions were next in importance to those of Tanoa, offered protection and land to Mr. Cross, and gave free permission to his people to become Christians as they might wish.

Accordingly on the 8th of January, 1838, Mr. Cross and his family landed at the town of Rewa, which has access to Mbau by a river about twelve miles long; but the distance by sea, round Kamba Point, is twenty miles. A small place was set apart for the present dwelling-place of the strangers; and on the following Sabbath a service was conducted in the Lakemba dialect, and attended by about twelve persons. A week afterwards Mr. Cross had mastered some of the dialectic differences of the language as spoken at Rewa, and was able to talk to the people in their own way.

And now a time of darkness and trouble came upon the little house where the strangers lived. It altogether formed but one room, and that was small, low, and damp. And here the Missionary sickened; and for six weeks he lay ill, first with intermittent fever, and then with

* Thakombau means literally *Evil to Mbau*, and refers to the destruction and terror caused by his successful *coup d'état*. At this time Seru received also the name of Thikinovu, *Centipede*, in allusion to the stealthy way in which that creature approaches, giving no notice of its presence until its formidable bite is felt. This name, however, fell into disuse, while the other remains.

cholera, and then with typhus fever, until his strength was all gone, and his poor wife saw closely threatening her the hard lot of being left alone with her little ones among cannibals. At this distressing time, Mr. David Whippy, an American settler at Ovalau, went to Rewa, and gave invaluable help to the sufferer and his family. By God's mercy, Mr. Cross recovered to a great extent from his sickness, and the King forthwith set about building a house for him in good earnest; so that he soon had a large and comfortable dwelling on a raised foundation. By this time the Mission at Rewa was thoroughly set on foot; but the services were held out of doors, until a Chief of some rank and his wife became Christians, when their house was opened for worship, and as many as a hundred hearers would sometimes meet there to listen to the Missionary. A school was formed, and a successful prospect seemed opening up; but here also persecution arose, and Mr. Cross was once nearly losing his life by one of the stones which were now often thrown among the Christians. An attempt was also made to burn the house where they assembled. In the person of the King the Missionary had a protector, who, together with his wife, helped the work, and reproved his own brother for taking part in the persecution.

Near the end of 1838, the Chief of Viwa—another of the small islands off the coast of Great Fiji, a few miles north of Mbau—requested Mr. Cross to send him a Teacher. This Chief, Na-mosi-malua,—*The pang hereafter*,—was a most remarkable man. At the request of a Mbau Chief who had headed the rebellion against Tanoa, Namosimalua, with his nephew Verani, had captured the French brig, "L'aimable Josephine," and killed the Captain M. Bureau, and most of the crew, in 1834. Two French ships of war, under the command of M. d'Urville, were sent to Fiji, in 1838, to be revenged for this outrage. On the approach of the vessels, the Chief, with most of his people, fled to the mainland, while a few remained concealed, and watched a body of armed men land on Viwa, who, finding the town deserted, set fire to the houses, and took away such property as could be found. M. d'Urville says, that "the behaviour of the savages in this affair was treacherous and detestable;" but he did not know till afterwards that M. Bureau had allowed his vessel to be used in native wars, "during which he even suffered the body of an enemy to be cooked and eaten on board."

On the departure of the ships, the Chief and his people returned to Viwa, and found their town destroyed, their crops spoiled, and many things which were valuable to them taken away. This calamity brought Namosimalua to consideration, and made him look anxiously towards the *lotu*, which, as yet, he had neglected. Mr. Cross hesitated to com-

ply with his wish for a Teacher. He knew him to be a man of blood, beneath whose arm hundreds of victims had fallen, and feared lest this was only a scheme of revenge upon the whites, who had just punished him so severely. Namosi told Tanoa that he intended to *lotu*, as he was afraid of the white people. The old King expressed his approval, and advised him to reform fully. A Teacher was sent, and Namosi built a large chapel, where many of his people joined him in the new worship.

Thus closes the first scene in the Fiji Mission. The work has begun at two important centres. Two men, single-handed, are battling with almost incredible difficulties, but cheered with some success. The leaven of truth has been introduced, and already shows itself; but the opposition becomes more obstinate, and the mass of the people seem to be growing more debased and devilish than ever. The two Missionaries long for help, and at last it comes.

As the Mission in Fiji had been an offshoot from that at the Friendly Islands, the men who laboured in the latter District felt that the interests of the new work, to which two of their number had so nobly devoted themselves, were committed to them. They saw that many more Missionaries would be required at once, and therefore directed the Rev. James Watkin to draw up an Appeal on behalf of Fiji, which the Missionary Committee in England published in the "Notices," and in the "Quarterly Paper." In some prefatory remarks, the Committee say with reference to the Appeal:—"Some of its statements may perhaps be deemed almost too horrible for publicity; but we can assure those who are inclined to adopt that opinion, that we have omitted several disgusting particulars, included in the original communication, and that neither the whole, nor the worst, is even here told in detail. But as such abominations do exist, we think it would be a criminal delicacy that would withhold the substance of these recitals from the public view." Then followed that stirring and earnest Appeal which many will remember well, and which, under God, had so much to do with the success of the Fiji Mission. After setting forth in the most forcible way the horrors of Fijian cruelty, and the sufferings which the people endured, and proving that nothing but the Gospel could meet their case, more Missionaries are asked; and the Appeal closes with the following glowing sentences of simple earnestness, which still have power as applied to the whole Missionary work.

"But some may think that the Fijians are not yet ready for the Gospel. Brethren, they will never be ready for it, in your sense of the expression, unless it be *sent* to them.

But the door is absolutely open : our brethren already there have at least five Stations, which might be advantageously occupied ; for the very presence of a Missionary has a great influence, though he should not speak a single word. On each of these five Stations there ought, at least, to be two Missionaries. But where are the men, and where the funds? *In England*, is the writer's answer ; in benevolent but distant England ; and it is an awful consideration that before help can be afforded, many a Fiji widow will have been strangled ; many a Fiji warrior will have gone into eternity ; many a cannibal feast will have taken place ; and hundreds of immortal spirits will have terminated their probation. Without hope, and without God in the world, they are living and dying. O hasten to their shores, that, before they go hence to be no more seen, they may learn something about the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent ! O that pity for Fiji may lead all who read this Paper to do all they can for the augmentation of the Missionary Fund ! The Committee are anxious to do all they can for this and other cases ; but unless their pecuniary resources be greatly increased, they cannot do all that is required. We call upon all for help. *Ye rich men*, we call upon you to give more largely out of the funds with which God has intrusted you. 'It is required in a steward that a man be found faithful.' Give of what God has given you, and he will reward you. *Ye tradesmen*, give articles suitable to the establishment of a Fiji Mission on a large scale ; for a Mission on a large scale is necessary. Polynesia presents no finer a field for missionary enterprise than in Fiji. *Ye young men* of talent and piety, who are putting on the harness in order to engage in the work of Missions, offer yourselves for Fiji, and come out with burning zeal for the Lord of Hosts, and ardent love to the souls of men. *Ye Christian Parents*, see that you do not withhold your sons and daughters from the work : *at your peril, do not*. *Ye Collectors, Male and Female, Adult and Juvenile*, redouble your exertions. We give you another motive to increased effort ; another motto,—'*Fiji, Cannibal Fiji ! Pity, O pity, Cannibal Fiji !*' Surely the set time to favour Fiji is come. Let the Gospel enter this open door, and the scene shall be changed. Peace shall be substituted for war ; love and amity, for hatred and variance ; the moral desert shall become the garden of the Lord ; Fiji shall praise the name of our God, and pray for blessings upon the people who sent them the Gospel. Come then, ye Christians, to the help of the Lord. Think yourselves, as you really are, *honoured* by the invitation. The call is solemnly made to you. O listen to it, supported as it is by the wailings of widows and the cries of murdered human beings,—murdered to furnish the murderers with a feast ; and comply with its prayer, by contributing more largely to the Mission Fund ; and the blessing of the Highest, as well as the blessing of them that were ready to perish, shall come upon you. Add to your contributions your *prayers*, that the blessed state of things predicted by the Prophet Isaiah, ii. 2-5, may soon be realized in reference to Fiji, and throughout the whole world. The Lord incline thy heart, Reader, to pity the poor Fijians, and to help according to thy ability ! *Give*, if thou art able, largely ; and if thou canst not give, *pray*. O pray for poor cannibal Fiji, that God would pour out His Spirit upon that wilderness, so that it also may be glad, and blossom as the rose ! Amen."

This Appeal was extensively circulated at home, and read at the Missionary prayer-meetings, and the deepest feeling of concern was aroused for the people on whose behalf it was made. Strong sympathy was felt with the two lonely labourers in Fiji, and earnest prayers were sent up for their safety and success. Contributions came fast flowing into the Mission House, and letters urging the Committee to meet the pressing demand. The Society was already burdened with debt, and other Stations required assistance ; but this claim seemed to surpass

all others in its imperative call for help. It was accordingly resolved that two Missionaries should be moved to Fiji from the Friendly Islands District, and that two more should accompany them from England, thus increasing the staff to six. The importunate demand for a printer and printing apparatus was also attended to, and printing and bookbinding materials were ordered.

With noble liberality, Mrs. Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire, offered to pay all the expenses of the outfit and passage of the Rev. John Hunt, who had been appointed to proceed with the printer. In addition, this lady offered £50 a year towards his annual expenses, for three years, provided that the Committee would send another Missionary, and thus raise the number to seven. Encouraged by this and other liberal aid, the Committee resolved to comply with Mrs. Brackenbury's request, and send three men instead of two from England. This they were the more anxious to do, as they had just come to a friendly arrangement with the London Missionary Society, to occupy the Fiji group by themselves, leaving that Society to work in the Navigator's group.

In April, 1838, the Revs. John Hunt, T. J. Jagger, and James Calvert, with their wives, sailed from England; and in the following December landed at Lakemba. Fiji was now made a separate District, with the Rev. David Cargill for its Chairman.

At the first District Meeting held at Lakemba, it was resolved that no new Station should be commenced, as the Missionaries who had just arrived had not yet had time to learn the language. The most pressing business was to relieve Mr. Cross, who, on account of his shattered health, had received permission to remove with his family to Australia. The arrival of fresh help gave him the opportunity of withdrawing. Mr. Hunt began his career in Fiji by nobly consenting to go, at the request of the District Meeting, to Rewa, to relieve Mr. Cross. He had no knowledge of the language or the people; yet, he did not hesitate to go alone with his wife to dwell and work among the strange cannibals. On reaching Rewa he found Mr. Cross much better, and very unwilling to leave the young Missionary alone. Mr. Cross had passed through all the suffering and privation and difficulty belonging to the missionary life, and knew well the double affliction of a solitary Station; so he resolved to stay, not finding it in his heart to forsake one so thoroughly inexperienced, yet placed in peculiar difficulties. He chose rather to die at the work.

Mr. Hunt brought with him good stores of articles for barter; so that the comforts of the Mission house were greatly increased, and

more attention could now be given to Rewa, and the towns surrounding it, as well as to the island of Viwa. Already fruits were being gathered in the Mission. By many natives the temples, gods, and priests were altogether abandoned, and some betook themselves to earnest prayer to the true God, showing the sincerest penitence, and entering fully into the joys of God's salvation. At Rewa and Viwa, one hundred and forty openly avowed themselves as worshippers of Jehovah. A brother of the King encouraged the people to pelt the Christians while at worship, and one night caused their houses to be plundered. Mr. Hunt writes,—

“We expected to have our turn next. Mrs. Hunt and I were not very comfortable, especially about midnight, when the death-like stillness of the town was broken by the firing of a musket. We thought, ‘Surely this is the signal for the attack,’ and expected nothing less than to have our houses plundered. Mr. Cross slept comfortably enough. He was the old veteran who had stood the shock of many a battle; we were the raw recruits just introduced into the field, and consequently we felt the timidity which most experience on the first charge. The Chief never came near us; and the King called a meeting of Chiefs shortly after, which was the means of checking the persecution for a time. Our people stood firm during these trials, and were enabled to ‘take joyfully the spoiling of their goods,’ affectingly referring to their better and more enduring substance. Shortly after a number of the Viwa people had embraced Christianity, a man of some note sent a message to the King of Mbau, to allow him to kill Namosimalua. Instead of complying with his request, the King sent to Namosimalua to inform him of what had taken place, advising him to kill the traitor, and the whole of his relatives. He replied, ‘No, it is not consistent with the laws of Christianity to punish the innocent with the guilty.’ The traitor himself was spared, when he sued for mercy. This is the more remarkable, as Namosimalua had been noted for killing his own people for trifling offences, and often for none at all, but merely because he suspected them. The man whom he thus generously pardoned is now a member of the Church.”

The Mission, though small, had now got a firm footing in the very heart of Fiji. Many of the Mbau people frequently visited Rewa, and made earnest inquiry concerning the *lotu*. Once a fortnight the Missionaries visited Viwa, calling when possible on Tanoa and the Mbau Chiefs on the way.

But the light of the Gospel as yet spread over a very small circle of Fiji, and the circumference seemed formed of an almost impenetrable darkness. Scenes too horrible to be described, too full of fiendish cruelty to be imagined by any who had not witnessed them, were constantly taking place within a short distance of the Missionaries; while every vice was committed, and every form of suffering endured, by the people among whom they lived.

Cannibalism soon lost its dreadful novelty, and began to be regarded as a matter of course. Yet, the great converting work was going on, and the servants of God, in all their toil and danger, knew that they had kindled in Fiji a brightness which should never be put out; and

brought in a great power which should never be bound or destroyed, but should work on, with sure and mighty conquest, until the face of all those islands, in its changed loveliness and peace, should declare how the hearts of the people were become new.

At Lakemba, in the mean time, the new Missionaries had been hard at work transcribing a copious vocabulary and grammar of the language, both of which had been compiled by Mr. Cargill. A printing-office was also built, and the press set up and the types arranged. All the materials had arrived in good order, and in February, 1839, the first part of the Conference Catechism was printed in Fijian; and soon after, the Gospel according to St. Mark.

Here we have a great and ever-to-be-remembered fact in the history of Fiji. Among a people who, three years before, had no written language, and the darkness of whose degradation seemed beyond the hope of enlightenment, there was now at work that engine, wherein civilization has reached her highest triumph, and humanity risen to the exercise of unmeasured power. This fact, so great in itself was made more glorious by the certainty, that the fountain of knowledge, thus opened, should only send forth the truth, and supply to the thirsting thousands of Fiji the "water of life freely."

The establishment and starting of the printing concern greatly encouraged all who had to do with it, while it filled the heathen King and Chiefs with astonishment. The new Missionaries had passed well through the hottest months, and thus become climatized. They also had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the terrible hurricanes which sometimes visit those seas; for twice since their arrival had the dreadful scourge come, and spread ruin on every side. By this time, too, their constant study and daily intercourse with the people had enabled them to acquire enough of the language to make themselves well understood.

Mr. Lyth, another Missionary, who had been at work in Tonga, was expected to arrive soon in Fiji; and it therefore became a matter of growing anxiety, what should be done in distributing a force which was daily becoming more effective. The occupation of Lakemba, rather than any other island, had been a necessity at the outset; but all felt that the windward group was too far from the more important parts of Fiji, while it was also less thickly populated, and that by tribes whose influence was comparatively small. Urgent entreaties for a Missionary had been sent from Somosomo, a place of great importance in the north, and the seat of considerable power. Just at this time a small schooner, built by some Englishmen and Americans who lived at Ovalau, called

at Lakemba on a trading trip; and it was at once resolved that she should be engaged to carry the Chairman of the District, and one of his colleagues to Rewa, where a Special District Meeting was to be held, to consult with the two brothers there, as to the best plans to be adopted. On the 3rd of May, Messrs. Cargill and Calvert received a hearty welcome from the Missionaries at Rewa; and four days after, as the result of long deliberation, it was resolved that, on Mr. Lyth's arrival, the printing-press should be removed to Rewa, and that two new Stations should be commenced. Rewa seemed, in every respect, suited for the central Station. It was in an extensive and populous district, not far from Mbau; its Chief was of very high rank, and exerted great influence at the seat of supreme power. This would be the part where most books would be wanted, and where most Missionaries would be required. Labour and food were very abundant, so that there would be scarcely any danger of the Mission families suffering, as they had done at Lakemba, for want of supplies, while men to work the printing establishment could also be easily obtained.

In July Mr. Lyth arrived, accompanied by Mr. Spinney, the seventh Fijian Missionary sent in accordance with the engagement made with Mrs. Brackenbury. It was, however, a great grief and disappointment to the Missionaries that Mr. Spinney only called at Fiji on his way to Sydney, where he was hastening evidently to die. For nearly four years he had worked at Haapai, in the Friendly Islands, with great success. His earnest and unrelaxing zeal had proved too much for his strength; and, six months before orders came from England for his removal to Fiji, he broke down altogether. Pulmonary disease, already far advanced, shut out all hope of recovery, and it was resolved that he should be removed to the Colonies, where the effect of change of air might be tried, but more especially that Mrs. Spinney with her three little ones might not be left a widow in the islands. This devoted man and his wife were greatly beloved by the Missionaries and the natives. Mr. Lyth was unwearied in his affectionate attention to the sick man, until he took a sorrowful farewell of him in Fiji. Mr. Spinney went on to Sydney, where he died, in great peace and joy, on the 10th of February, 1840.

The loss of such a valuable man was deeply felt, and the Missionaries who were left saw that they must give themselves up with all the more heartiness to the work. Directly after the arrival from Tonga, the vessel which had just come from thence was engaged to carry into effect the plans of removal which had been made.



GRAVE OF MR. CROSS.

CHAPTER II

SOMOSOMO.

ONE of the new Stations to be supplied with a Missionary was Somosomo. This place is a town of very great importance, situated on Taviuni, an island lying off the south-eastern point of Vanua Levu, or the Great Land.

In the year 1837, not very long after the first arrival of Missionaries, Tuithakau, King of Somosomo, accompanied by his two sons and some hundreds of his people, visited Lakemba, where he saw the Mission Station and its inmates. What chiefly struck the royal visitors was the supply of knives, hatchets, iron pots, and other useful things, which the Lakembans were able to procure from the Mission-house; and it seemed a very unbecoming thing that so unimportant a people should be enjoying such great advantage, while they, who were so powerful, were without it. Very strongly was their plea for a Missionary urged. They said, "The Chief of Lakemba is not powerful; his people are very few and poor, and he cannot practise what you

teach without the consent of more influential Chiefs. If you come to see us, we will allow our children to be taught to read on your first arrival; and we will listen to your doctrine, to know if it be true or false, beneficial or useless." The King's eldest son, on one occasion, occupied Mr. Cargill's attention for two hours, proposing questions about the nature and design of Christianity. When asked if he believed the statements to be true, Tuikilakila replied, "True! Everything that comes from the white man's country is true: muskets and gunpowder are true, and your religion must be true." The earnestness shown by these Somosomans to have a Missionary was certainly not of the most encouraging kind: but there were many things which made it seem right to comply with their wish. The King's territories were very extensive. The two sons were not only of high rank on their father's side, but their mother was a Mbau lady of highest family, which made them *Vasus* to all the Chiefs and dominions of Mbau. In addition to the influence thus acquired, they were desperate characters, and universally feared. Hence it was resolved that Missionaries should be sent to Somosomo, and the King went home with a promise to that effect, to be fulfilled as soon as a supply should reach Fiji from England.

In July, 1839, Mr. Hunt was removed from Rewa, and, accompanied by Mr. Lyth, went to Somosomo. Here the Missionaries found all the horrors of a Fijian life in an unmixed and unmodified form; for even in the other islands Somosomo was spoken of as a place of dreadful cannibalism. Urgently and ingeniously had the King and his people pleaded for Missionaries; yet now they had come, no one welcomed, but every one regarded them with the greatest indifference. The old King's great house was given up for the use of the two families, but beyond this no one seemed to notice them. This was very trying; but severer trouble awaited them. When they arrived, they found the people expecting the return of Ra Mbithi, the King's youngest son, who had gone with a fleet of canoes to the windward islands. After the Missionaries had got all their goods landed, and before the vessel in which they came had left, tidings reached Somosomo that Ra Mbithi had been lost at sea. The ill news caused terrible excitement in the town, and, according to custom, several women were at once set apart to be strangled. The Missionaries began their work by pleading for the lives of these wretched victims. The utmost they could effect was to get the execution delayed until the schooner should have gone to search for the young Chief, and bring back further information. The vessel returned, but not with any more favourable news. Now a

greater number of women were condemned, and again the Missionaries pleaded hard that they might be spared; but the old King was angry with the strangers for presuming to interfere with the affairs of his people, and indignant at the thought of his favourite son dying without the customary honours. Once more, however, the strangling was put off. Canoes, which had been sent out to search, at last returned, bringing the intelligence that all was true. It was generally known, but not openly talked about, that Ra Mbithi, had drifted on his wrecked canoe to the island of Ngau, where he had been captured and eaten by the natives. Remonstrance and entreaty were now in vain. Sixteen women were forthwith strangled in honour of the young Chief and his companions, and the bodies of the principal women were buried within a few yards of the door of the Missionaries' house.

Thus began the Mission to Somosomo. What the Missionaries and their families suffered there, will never be fully known. Much which became dreadfully familiar to them by daily occurrence, could not be recorded here. All the horrors hinted at, rather than described, in the first part of this work, were constantly enacted in their most exaggerated forms of cruelty and degradation in Somosomo. It would spare the feelings of the writer, as well as the reader, to make no further reference to such dark abominations; but the history of this Mission cannot be given without the narration of some facts which would otherwise be concealed.

On Feb. 7th, 1840, Mr. Hunt writes:—"Last Monday afternoon, as soon as our Class-meeting was over, a report came that some dead men were being brought here from Lauthala. The report was so new and so indefinite, that at first we did not know what to make of it. Almost before we had time to think, the men were laid on the ground before our house, and Chiefs and priests and people met to divide them to be eaten. They brought eleven to our settlement; and it is not certain how many have been killed, but some say two or three hundred, others not more than thirty. Their crime appears to be that of killing one man; and when the man who did it came to beg pardon, the chief required this massacre to be made as a recompense. The principal Chief was killed, and given to the great Ndengei of Somosomo. I saw him after he was cut up and laid upon the fire, to be cooked for the cannibal god of Somosomo. O shame to human nature! I think there are some of the devils even that must be ashamed of their servants eating human flesh, and especially those who are gods, or the habitations of gods. The manner in which the poor wretches were treated was most shamefully disgusting. They did not honour

them as much as they do pigs. When they took them away to be cooked, they dragged them on the ground: one had a rope round his neck and the others took him by the hands and feet. They have been very strange with us ever since. They refuse to sell us a pig; and have threatened us, and treated us in such a way as to give us reason, so far as they are concerned, to expect the very worst. But we know, while we give ourselves to God, and say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done;' God will not say to us, 'Neither Mine nor yours shall be done, but that of the Heathen.' O no; God will not give them the reins of His government. Here we rest: God is ours in Christ: ours if we live; ours if we die; ours in all respects; our 'Father and our Love.'"

Every day the position of the Missionaries became more trying and more dangerous. The ovens in which the human bodies were cooked were very near their dwelling; and when cannibal feasts were held, the blinds were closed to shut out the revolting scene. But this greatly offended the natives, who also felt much annoyed at the interference of the strangers, and their faithful reproof of the wickedness of the land. These bold and faithful servants of God were now plainly told that their lives were in danger, and would soon be at an end. One day the King's son, club in hand, came in a fury to kill Mr. Lyth, who had indignantly refused to purchase part of a melon of the King's favourite wife. Mr. Lyth escaped to his bedroom, and Mr. Hunt held the angry Chief in conversation until his rage had cooled down.

Threats were more and more plainly uttered, and one night there was every reason to believe that the murderous purpose of the savages was to be carried into effect. The natives, for some time past, had been growing bolder in their theft and insults and defiance, and now the end seemed at hand. A strange and memorable night was that, in the great, gloomy house where the Missionaries lived. Those devoted men and women looked at one another and at their little ones, and felt as those only can feel who believe their hours are numbered. Then they went, all together, for help to Him who ever shelters those who trust in Him. They betook themselves to prayer. Surrounded by native mosquito curtains, hung up to hide them from any who might be peeping through the frail reed walls of the house, this band of faithful ones, one after another, called upon God through the long hours of that terrible night, resolved that their murderers should find them at prayer. Noble men and women! Theirs, at least, was the martyr's heart. They left their homes in England, knowing that they risked life in coming to the islands of blood; and they were content to die. Their

sacrifice had been made for the sake of God ; and now, in the hour of peril, they bent their knees to Him, ready to complete that sacrifice. Just at midnight, each pleading voice was hushed and each head bowed lower, as the stillness outside was suddenly broken by a wild and ringing shout. But the purpose of the people was changed, and that cry was but to call out the women to dance ; and thus the night passed safely.

Every opposition was made to the work of the Missionaries. The Chiefs forbade their people to become Christian, declaring that death and the oven should be the punishment for such an offence. The health of the Mission families was suffering through confinement to the town ; for the King's promise to build them a house had never yet been fulfilled. Early in 1840, Commodore Wilkes, with two ships of the United States' Exploring Expedition, visited Somosomo, and expressed great sympathy with them, placing at their disposal one of his vessels, if they chose to go to any other part of Fiji, and undertaking to remove all their goods, without allowing the natives to molest them. He writes in his narrative, "It is not to be supposed, under this state of things, that the success of the Missionaries will be satisfactory, or adequate to their exertions, or a sufficient recompense for the hardships, deprivations, and struggles which they and their families have to encounter. There are few situations in which so much physical and moral courage is required, as those in which these devoted and pious individuals are placed ; and nothing but a deep sense of duty, and a strong determination to perform it, could induce civilized persons to subject themselves to the sight of such horrid scenes as they are called upon almost daily to witness. I know of no situation so trying as this for ladies to live in, particularly when pleasing and well-informed, as we found these at Somosomo." The great kindness of the United States officer was much valued by the Missionaries ; but their work was begun, and they were resolved not to leave it. They were the right men, and their wives the right women, for such a position ;—men and women of prayer, and faith, and unbending fidelity.

In July, 1840, the General Superintendent of the South Sea Missions, the Rev. John Waterhouse, visited this Station, where he found Mrs. Hunt very poorly, while her husband was away at Rewa, whither he had gone to afford brotherly sympathy to Mr. Cargill, whose most excellent wife had just died.

At this time the Missionaries reported as follows :—

"We were the first Missionaries to Somosomo. No harbinger had prepared our way ; consequently we had to bear many trials, and to contend with much opposition, peculiar to a new Station.

"The inhabitants of Somosomo are proverbial, even in Fiji, for their depraved habits, and especially for their *cannibalism*: and all that we have seen of them during the past year, fully warrants the opinion which their neighbours have formed of them, and shows that they are right in considering them to be *the vilest of the vile*. But though we have had to enter a field altogether uncultivated, and to sow the precious seed in a soil most unfriendly to its growth, the Lord has verified His own promise. His word has not 'returned unto him void,' but it has in some measure 'accomplished that which he pleases, and prospered in the thing whereunto He has sent it.'

"Hundreds, from all parts of the dominions of Tuithakau, have heard the Gospel, while visiting this place to trade, etc. Many of them have manifested great interest in the things they have heard, and have taken the good news to their different towns and islands.

"The general feeling of the people at present is good. They only wait for their Chiefs to lead the way, and then many of them would at once embrace the truth. We preach to them every day, and sometimes many times a day to the strangers who come out of curiosity to see our dwelling-house. Until lately, the King's son, (Tuikilakila,) who is the real sovereign of this place, has maintained a determined opposition to Christianity. He has, indeed, allowed us to preach and teach the people; but he thought it would be in vain, as he had expressed his determination to kill the first poor man who should profess our religion.

"But the Lord took care for this also; for it so happened, that the first person who renounced Heathenism, and publicly worshipped the true God, was the King's brother, a great Chief, and the nearest relation of Tuikilakila, except his father. He was recommended to embrace Christianity by the King himself, in order that his life might be prolonged by the power and love of the true God, and the spiritual and temporal medicine administered by His servants. A few days afterwards, another Chief of high rank followed the example of the King's brother, no doubt for the same reason, and soon after another man of some respectability; and about the same time a poor girl, whom we delivered from the murderous hands of a Chief, who was about to strangle her because she was ill.

"The great reason why these people are disposed to receive Christianity is, that they may possess bodily health. However, we are thankful for this beginning, feeble as it is; and uncertain as it may seem, that those who embrace our holy religion in order to be restored to health will continue to serve the Lord when that object is accomplished, yet even by such a beginning the way is open for many to receive instructions, who were before afraid, because all the powerful Chiefs were Heathens.

"This commencement of our work has been much favoured by the restoration of our servant-man from the brink of the grave. He was very ill for a long time. All pronounced him past hope of recovery, and the King desired to have him buried! But the Lord blessed English medicine and English nursing, and restored him to perfect health. This had a good effect on the minds of the people, and we trust it will be a lasting blessing.

"We have at present twenty-one professing Christians on this Station, twelve of whom meet in Class. We have had from thirty to forty in our school at different times; but having no regular place of worship, their attendance at school, and our attention to them, have been irregular. The King has promised to build us a chapel, and he appears to be sincere. We believe the time is come for an enlargement of our borders, and an extension of our exertions. The fields are whitening for the harvest:—we pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust us forth, and make us unceasingly devoted and successful labourers. At present we can only report a day of small and feeble things. But who hath despised it? We know of whom it is said, 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory; and in him shall the Gentiles trust.'"

Success came slowly, and much of it only indirectly. In the following year several women were saved from strangling at the intercession of the Missionaries. This was a great point to gain, and one which had been found more difficult to reach in other neighbourhoods where Christianity had shown a more positive success. The lives of war captives were also spared in several instances; and even on the event of large canoes being launched, and making the first voyage, no human victims were killed,—a neglect which, at that time, was unprecedented in Fiji. But perhaps the most important advantage of the Somosomo Mission at this time was in the prevention of persecution elsewhere. The Chiefs of Somosomo were powerful and of widespread influence, and Christianity had already reached several distant parts of their territories; but the fact that they had a Mission Station under the royal sanction at home, kept them back from persecuting in other parts. Besides this, had the Mission not been established there, the Somosomans would undoubtedly have joined with Mbau and other places, stirring them up to resist the new religion.

During this year the young King became very ill, and all the Fijian remedies failed to do him good. Mr. Lyth had studied medicine before becoming a Missionary, and now offered to attend the King, who received his kindness with evident gratitude. Mr. Waterhouse thus describes this Chief: "Such a Goliath I had not seen before. We measured together, and I found him to be the head and neck taller than myself, and nearly three times the bulk; every part indicating the strength of a giant. This is the King whose mandate is life or death. He called at the Mission-house. Such a human form (all but uncovered) was enough to frighten Mrs. Brooks," who called there on her way to Sydney, and "who had seen nothing of the kind in the Friendly Islands; and more especially so, when he took her child (about seven weeks old) into his arms, and put his great tongue in its mouth!" This monster was greatly reduced by his long sickness, and his doctor made diligent use of the opportunity thus afforded of preaching Christ to him. He got well again, but did not abandon Heathenism. Yet he was evidently altered, and showed a milder spirit ever after, always treating Mr. Lyth with great kindness. The old King, too, took a great fancy to him, and would often send food to the Mission-house, expecting, however, occasional gifts of knives, iron pots, etc. Once, when the old man was ill, Mr. Lyth, in anxious concern about his salvation, spoke more pointedly than before, declaring that the gods of Somosomo were no gods, and could do him no good. On being urged to forsake his old faith and turn to the true God, the mildness and

friendship of this "virtuous Heathen" forthwith vanished, and, seizing the Missionary's coat, he called loudly for a club to kill him. The old Chief was ill, but his rage made him dangerous, and he clung hard; but luckily the garment was of light material, and Mr. Lyth, making a spring, left his coat-tail in the hand of Tuithakau, and, without taking his hat, set off home, where he quietly waited until his patient's anger had cooled down.*

In June, 1841, Mr. Waterhouse again visited Somosomo, and left the Rev. C. Tucker and Mrs. Tucker, to stay with Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Lyth, while their husbands were away at Lakemba, at the annual District Meeting. An account of this visit, written by Mrs. Tucker, appeared in the Quarterly Paper for March, 1844.

The work of the Missionaries became much hindered and confined by the wars of the people; but a canoe from Wallis's Island (Uea) drifting to Somosomo gave them an opportunity of teaching something of the truth to the strangers who thus came among them, and not without good result. Twelve pages of St. Luke's Gospel were, by this time, printed in the Somosomo dialect, and at the District Meeting of 1842 the following report was sent home. The new Mission-houses referred to had to be built on the north side of the island and under a cliff, so that the refreshing influence of the trade-wind was lost, and the health of the inmates suffered in consequence:—

"During the latter part of the last year, we made an attempt to remove the Mission premises from the middle of the town to a convenient and more healthy situation by the sea-side. At the commencement of the present year, many considerations led us to determine to renew our efforts, and by the blessing of God we have been successful; so that we have now two comfortable Mission-houses, with out-houses and gardens connected, all within a good fence, and in as good a situation as we could have in this part of the island. We need not say that this has taken up a great deal of time, and required considerable personal labor and attention.

"In addition to our building, etc., we had, during the early part of the year, a great number of Tongans and Ueans, to whom we felt it our duty to devote a considerable share of our time. Mr. Lyth preached to them regularly in their own language, and many, we believe, were really benefitted by the means used. They were also taught to read, and the children regularly catechized. In March, 1842, the Ueans departed, by way of Tonga, for their own island; and the greater part of the Tongans went on a voyage to Tonga. Their places, however, have since been partly filled up by others from Tonga. When the Ueans came to Somosomo, most of them were Heathens, and a few were Roman Catholics. When they went away, twenty-eight of them were on trial for church-membership, several were married, and we have reason to hope that some of them had received much spiritual benefit. Our best native helper accompanied them to their own land, according to the appointment of the last District Meeting. The Tongans, with a few exceptions, improved much in knowledge and experience while here.

"Our little society of Fijians has prospered during the year. None have been added

* See the account of Tuithakau's death, vol. I., p. 193.

to our number, except from other parts of the group. We meet in our chapel daily for teaching school, or preaching; and we often feel that God is with us. Our congregations vary very much. We have the greatest number of hearers when strangers are here; not many of the people of Somosomo can be prevailed upon to hear the word, and none of them regularly.

“Our English preaching and Class-meeting have been means of grace to our own souls.

“The principal Chiefs of this place are (though very different from what they were) not likely to embrace Christianity at present; and such is their power over the inferior Chiefs and people, that the fear of them almost prevents them thinking for themselves.

“We have visited the other towns and villages on this island during the past year, (some of them several times,) and visited the houses of many of the people to converse with them; and we trust our labour has not been altogether in vain. The people in all instances are glad to see us, and listen to our instructions; though many of them, we fear, do not reduce to practice what they learn. Two or three Chiefs profess to be favourable to our cause; but it is impossible at present to say whether they are sincere or not.

“The Lord has seen good again severely to afflict Mrs. Hunt. She has been literally brought down to the grave and raised up again. Our mercies have been very many, and we are neither faint nor weary in our work. There is an amazing change in many of the people; and though we do not see that direct and decisive fruit of our labour which we earnestly desire to see, yet we cannot say, even in our most gloomy moments, that we labour in vain or spend our strength for nought. ‘The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.’”

At the same District Meeting, Mr. Cross again obtained leave to go to the colony, believing that another year in Fiji would kill him. Just then came the sad news of Mr. Waterhouse's death. His loss was deeply felt; for he had become most intimately acquainted with every detail of the Mission, and had shown the greatest interest in all. Mr. Cross once more permitted his zeal to go beyond due care for his health, and, feeling how slender a staff of labourers were present to do the great work he loved so well, he consented to remain, on condition that he should reside with Mr. Lyth, who, writes Mr. Hunt, “had been made instrumental, in the hands of God, in raising Mrs. Hunt from the margin of the grave, during the previous year; and it was now fully believed that his professional attention and society would be of essential use to Mr. Cross. He could not have removed with comfort to the colony, if any Station was to be given up in consequence. It was far easier to die in the work than, under such circumstances, to leave it.” This arrangement was carried into effect in September, when Mr. Cross joined Mr. Lyth at Somosomo, and Mr. Hunt went to supply his place at Viwa. The fatigue of removal, and want of efficient servants, added to the exhaustion caused by his disease, proved too much for the sick man, and, in spite of Mr. Lyth's diligent attention, he died on the 15th of October, trusting and rejoicing in Christ. A house was built, in native fashion, over the grave of the Missionary; and beneath the

same thatch were several tiny graves, where the devoted men and women of that Mission had laid their little ones who had died early in the land of strangers. Mr. Williams, on hearing of the death at Somosomo, at once set out from Lakemba in a canoe, in order that he might do all that sympathy could, to comfort the widow, and help in preparing for her departure with her five orphans when the Mission ship should arrive. He also prepared a neat wooden monument, with an inscription, to place over the grave of Mr. Cross.*

At the District Meeting in 1843, the state of affairs at Somosomo caused the Missionaries great anxiety. Much of their best labour had been expended there, but with small visible result. Yet it seemed likely that to abandon the Station just then would be to imperil the safety of several infant Churches in other parts of Fiji, where the influence of Somosomo was felt. It was also felt that it was not the place for a solitary Missionary; so the Rev. Thomas Williams joined Mr. Lyth in August, and in September of the following year, on Mr. Lyth's removal to Lakemba, the Rev. David Hazlewood, who had lately arrived from Sydney, came to the Station.

In June, 1845, Mr. Williams writes as follows:—

“Our opportunities of preaching to strangers from other parts of Tuikilakila's dominions have been unusually numerous. Several hundreds of these strangers, influenced by curiosity, have visited our houses, and the little place in which we assemble for public worship; and in these their attention has been directed to Jesus Christ, the friend of poor, sinful, deluded Fijians. We have also frequently, and, when practicable, regularly visited them and the Somosomo people in their respective habitations. We mostly find a welcome; and the people often inquire, with a degree of seriousness, what constitutes the wide difference between us and them; but they scarcely dare think of embracing that religion which secures to those who cordially embrace it present and everlasting happiness. At the commencement of the year 1845, we were rejoiced to see a movement amongst some of the people in favour of Christianity; but it was of short duration. It is true, a respectable Chief amongst the Somosomo people gave in his name as a Christian, in consequence of his wife having fallen down dead; but, as he is so afraid of the King that he dare not unite with us, even in our regular Sabbath services, his union with us, under such circumstances, tends to discourage persons of the lower classes, who may think of following his example. Indeed, the people do not fear without a cause, the King having publicly repeated his determination to kill and eat any of his people who may profess and interest themselves in the religion of Jesus. He has further shown his dislike to religion, by his severe conduct to a few semi-Christian Tongans who reside here, on account of some of them expressing a determination to attend our Sunday services. As the King's authority here is absolute, the people do not dare to oppose themselves to him in such a matter as religion. The excellency of religion is but partially perceived by them, whilst they have the most debasing idea of their King's power.”

* *Memoir of the Rev. William Cross, Wesleyan Missionary to the Friendly and Feejee Islands: with a short Notice of the early History of the Missions.* By the Rev. J. Hunt. Second Edition. London: Mason.

For nearly two years after this, did these devoted men toil wearily on, amidst the most disheartening opposition, before they could persuade themselves to leave Somosomo. The King still resisted the truth, and was constantly engaged in wars, while the people seemed to become more and more indifferent to the Gospel. At the District Meeting of 1847 it was therefore resolved to forsake this comparatively barren field, and give extra attention to other parts, where Christianity was received gladly, and where already it had worked great changes.

When once the removal was fixed, the greatest care had to be taken to hide the fact from the natives. For some months the Missionaries were quietly at work preparing to go. They managed to get away some boxes of clothes and articles of barter, and almost all their books and other goods were packed ready to put on board the "Triton," when she should arrive. Most of the screws were taken out of the hinges of doors and windows, so that everything could be removed on the shortest notice. While all this was going on, the "Triton" anchored off Somosomo, quite late on the evening of the 28th of September. Two of the brethren—Messrs. Lyth and Calvert—who had come from Lakemba to help in the removal, went ashore at once, giving orders for the boats to be at the beach early the next morning. At day-break, the native servants, a few Tongans, and two or three Viwa people assisted the sailors in carrying the baggage to the boats, which was done very quickly and quietly. The fact that the premises were a little way out of the town helped to keep the removal more secret. After the boats had safely deposited the most valuable articles on board the ship, the Missionaries went to the King, and told him calmly, that as he was engaged in war, and not disposed to attend to their teaching, and as the Mission families had suffered very much from sickness, they had determined to leave Somosomo for a time, and dwell in some other part of Fiji, where the people were anxious to become Christians. Having thus taken formal leave, they got all available help to forward the removal of their goods, so that when the young men returned in the evening from the fields, and crowded about the premises, there was nothing of value left on shore. Some of the natives were very troublesome, and several things were purloined. "Where are you going with that door?" asked a Missionary of a man who was hurrying off with a large door. "I'm taking it down to the boat, Sir." "Well, but you are taking it the wrong way for the boat; you must turn this way." And so he did; but a good many things went the wrong way before all was done, yet far less was lost than had been expected. The chief annoyance to the natives was the consciousness that they were

losing a source of wealth and honour. Towards evening a tiresome old Chief took up a board, and Mr. Williams stopped him; whereat the old fellow was very angry, and seized his great club, vowing that he would there and then kill the Missionary. Mr. Calvert interposed, and begged the old Chief to be quiet, and comfort himself by taking off the board; but the ship's crew were much alarmed, and seemed glad to get on board with their charge. That night all the Mission party slept on board, leaving nothing but fragments of flooring, etc., ashore; and the next morning the "Triton" left Somosomo.

The actual amount of good accomplished by the Missionaries at Somosomo cannot well be estimated. There was little success to show, according to the ordinary rule of statistical return; but a very important work was effected nevertheless. The people were dark and bad beyond other Fijians, of haughty disposition and diabolical temper, and exercised great influence at Mbau, Lakemba, and almost all parts of the great adjoining island of Vanua Levu. Thus, though the Missionaries made but little visible impression on the Somosomans themselves, yet all that was done among them told upon the work through a great part of the group. And even in the people among whom they toiled some good general results could be seen. Brethren on distant Stations visited by the Somosomans could see a great difference in the behaviour of these abominable cannibals. The preaching and prayers, the daily conversation and endurance of the labouring and suffering servants of Christ, produced some beneficial effect. The men of Somosomo were thereby restrained from hindering the work at Lakemba, and other places to which it had now spread through their wide dominions. During the residence of the Missionaries here, many visitors from other islands had called, and taken home with them the glad tidings which they heard proclaimed. Some actual conversions took place in Somó-somo. Among them was that of a foreigner who was left sick, under the care of the Missionaries, by a whaler. He forsook Popery, which had for years kept his mind in darkness, and died happy in an assurance that he was justified by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

While this Station was kept up, those who laboured there had more leisure than on the other Stations, and diligently used it in studying the language, and working at translations. It was now that Mr. Hunt gave that close attention to the written word of God, which enabled him, a few years after, to furnish such an admirable Fijian version of the New Testament.

One great good which the Missionaries and their wives devoutly

acknowledged, and for which the native Churches everywhere had cause for gratitude to God, was the discipline of suffering and patience which their residence at this place of horror brought upon them. Men and women who had so triumphed in the strength of grace as to keep up a good courage, and endure untold hardships and miserable disappointment, "as seeing Him who is invisible," were found nerved with a wonderful power when they came to carry on the same work under other circumstances. Of those who yet survive, more personal mention may scarcely be made; but the reflection can hardly be omitted here, that the exalted piety and unconquerable zeal of John Hunt were greatly matured and refined in that Somosomo furnace; and here, too, David Hazlewood became baptized with a large measure of the same spirit which also enabled him to persevere even to the death, while he gathered those stores of philological information which enabled him afterwards to bless the Mission with his excellent Fijian Grammar and Dictionary.

After the giving up of this Mission, two French priests made an attempt to establish Popery on the island, and settled on the spot where the Mission premises had formerly been. The natives soon found that these new teachers were very different from those who had just left them. They were irritable and easily annoyed, and most indefatigably, therefore, the people teased them in every possible way, despising them and their instructions. This was also caused largely by the bad policy of the priests in beginning at once to abuse the late Missionaries. Now the natives of Somosomo, though they were sadly regardless of the good things which these Missionaries told them, yet admired them very much, and had many opportunities of enjoying their kindness; and now, ever since they left, had felt very sore that they had lost such valuable friends. So when the "padre" began to abuse the former teachers, and exhort these Heathens to become *Katolika*, they were greatly put out, and deemed the request a preposterous and inexcusable piece of impertinence. Hence it was, that after enduring for a while, the "fathers" were glad to get away.

The subsequent history of Tuikilakila may here be recorded. In 1853, after he had succeeded his father in the government, and therefore assumed the royal name of Tuithakau, he planned a visit to the superior King of Mbau, who was then in some difficulties. For this purpose the "Packet," belonging to William Owen, Esq., of Adelaide, was engaged, and loaded with a vast amount of Fijian property for tribute. About a hundred of his people formed the retinue of the Chief. In consideration of property received, and in payment of passage and freight, the small island of Kioa, in the straits of Somosomo, was ceded to Mr.

Owen, the deeds being properly drawn up at Sydney, and now signed in the presence of several witnesses. The vessel reached Mbau safely, and Tuithakau expressed great pleasure at again meeting his old friend Mr. Lyth.

There seemed to be some encouraging signs in the case of Tuithakau ; but at heart he hated the Christians still, and allowed and encouraged his sons to persecute such of them as lived on islands, near Lakemba, subject to him. In one case the Teacher's wife was shamefully ill-treated by these savages, property of the Christians forcibly taken, a chapel burnt, several of the *lotu* people killed, and the lives of others attempted. Some who were spared revolted, while others who kept to their religion had to flee to Lakemba. None of the Teachers were allowed to remain. In the mean time, the King found himself in trouble at home. " Being often reproved," he had " hardened his neck," and, one night in February, 1854, he was murdered while asleep on his mat, at the instigation, if not by the hand, of his own son. That son was also killed, to revenge the father's death, by his brother, who himself was soon assassinated. Then the town of Somosomo, where the Missionaries had laboured so long, and where that people of proud wickedness had despised their word, soon became utterly deserted. Civil war, in which brother was set against brother, and cousin against cousin, in deadly defiance, made the land desolate, and many fell.

Since then the truth which the rejected Missionaries left behind them has sprung up in marvellous growth. The remaining Chiefs and people have become humbled, and many thousands in Somosomo and its dominions are giving up their heathen practices, and show the most anxious eagerness to have Missionaries among them once more. As a proof of their sincerity, they have, in many places, built a chapel and Teacher's house. But, as yet, the Station has not been reoccupied, simply for want of means. The claims of the work in other parts of Fiji, where it has so widely spread, require all the help which is at present available, and far more. In the mean time, the multitudes of Somosomo and its dependencies are waiting ready to put themselves under the guidance of the Missionary. When can their want be supplied ?

CHAPTER III.

ONO.

WE now come to one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the Fijian Mission. The scene of the events to be recorded lies far away from the rest of the group, and at the point most distant from the place the Mission to which has just been narrated. About a hundred and fifty miles, south-by-east, from Lakemba, to which it is tributary, is a cluster of small islands, forming the most southerly extremity of Fiji. The chief island of this little group is Ono.

In 1835, the same year in which the Missionaries first came to Fiji, Ono was visited with an epidemic disease which killed many of the people, and, together with the destructiveness of late wars, thinned their numbers in such a way as to excite great uneasiness and alarm. Offerings of food and property were brought in plenty to the gods of Ono, and the rites of their worship were observed with all zeal and perseverance; but no relief came. Just at this time, one of the Chiefs of the island, named Wai, went to Lakemba, bearing the accustomed tribute. While there, he met with Takai, a Fijian Chief, who had visited Sydney, Tahiti, and the Friendly Islands, and had become a Christian. From this man Wai first heard about the true God; though his information amounted to little more than the fact that Jehovah was the only God, and that all ought to worship Him. Carrying this scanty supply of truth with them, Wai and his friends went home. But far more precious than the cargo of tribute they took away was the first glimpse of light which they brought back. The introduction of that first element of Christianity, though but dimly understood, was the beginning of a new age of healing and of gladness to those lonely isles.

The Ono Chief and his companions felt well assured that their own gods could not deliver them from the present calamity, and therefore resolved to forsake them and pray only to Jehovah, of whom they had lately heard. Several more approved of their purpose, and determined

to join them in the new worship. The late visitors to Lakemba had also heard something concerning the Sabbath institution, and resolved to set apart every seventh day as holy, to be used only for the worship of God. Food was accordingly prepared for the Sabbath, and the best dresses were put on, and the bodies of the worshippers anointed more profusely than usual with oil. But on meeting together, they found themselves in a great difficulty about the conduct of the service. None of them had ever tried to pray; but they had always been accustomed to employ the mediation of priests in their religious observances. A heathen priest was therefore waited upon, and informed of the purpose and perplexity of the people. Whether moved by his own good temper, or by fear of the consequences of refusal, the priest consented to become chaplain; and in this strange groping way did these Ono Heathens feel after the Lord, if haply they might find Him. When all were seated, the priest offered prayer in terms after the following fashion: "Lord, Jehovah! here are Thy people: they worship Thee. I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do thou bless these Thy people: keep them from harm, and do them good." Such was the first act of worship rendered to the Almighty in the far-off island of Ono. After it was over, the people returned to their usual work for the rest of the day, and, with the Heathen priest still for their minister, tried to serve God, as well as they knew how. But they were not satisfied, and a great longing grew up among them to have some one to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly. A whaler, on her way to the Friendly Islands, called at Ono for provisions, and a passage was engaged on board of her for two messengers, who should lay the case of the people before the Missionaries at Tonga, and beg them to send a teacher. The return from such a voyage is a long affair in those parts; and since the time when Wai came back from Lakemba, after having heard of the *lotu*, many months had passed.

The Lord, who knew the desire of those simple hearts, making such clumsy efforts to struggle up to him out of their old religion of falsehood and crime, was not unmindful of their prayer. In May, 1836, a canoe left Lakemba bound for Tonga, having on board a number of converted Tongans. The wind was contrary; the canoe got out of her course, and drifted away to Vatoa or Turtle Island, not more than fifty miles from Ono, and between it and the main group. A young man who had taken at baptism the name of Josiah, was one of these Christians, and conducted their worship during the voyage. He heard that the people at Ono were inquiring for light, and immediately hastened

to tell them all he could of the Gospel. Greatly did the little company of truth-seekers rejoice when this young man came among them, bringing the light they had so earnestly desired. Josiah at once took the place of the old priest, and, day by day, led the devotions of the few who would worship God. On the Sabbath he tried to teach them more fully. Soon the little company grew to forty persons, and a chapel was built to hold a hundred people. The whole of the Sabbath was now hallowed, and some learned to pray for themselves.

In the mean time the two messengers had got to Tonga, where they learned that two Missionaries had been sent to Lakemba, and that they must apply to these for such help as they required. On returning with this message, the men were astonished to see how great a change had taken place during their absence, and the general desire was very strong that a fully qualified teacher should be obtained. But the voyage to Lakemba and back was long and beset with dangers for the native canoes, and teachers were very scarce.

Yet the Lord was watching over the springing of the new life in Ono, and again sent help. A wild youth belonging to the island had wandered as far as Tonga, where he heard and felt the truth. Coming to Lakemba, he became soundly converted, and continued there for several years a consistent member of the Church. Under the care of the Missionaries he quickly acquired knowledge, and applied himself with great energy, so as to be able to read and write well. He was made a Local Preacher, and, after a time, sent back to his own land "to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ."

It was not until the beginning of 1838 that this Teacher, Isaac Ravuata, could get a chance of going to Ono. This delay, however, had the great advantage of leaving him longer under the care of the Missionaries, and thus fitting him the better for taking charge of a new Church at such a distance from their Station. On Isaac's arrival in Ono, he found that a hundred and twenty adults had already given up their old idolatry, and declared themselves worshippers of the true God; and, considering the scanty instruction they had received, these people were living remarkably well-ordered lives. They received their new Teacher, for whom they had waited so long, with great delight, and greedily drank in the lessons he taught them, doing all they could to secure his comfort by supplying him with abundance of food and clothing.

Isaac sent back word by the canoe which had brought him to his friends, that he was in want of books. Mr. Cargill's "time was already occupied in preaching four times on every Sabbath and several

times during the week, in translating a portion of the Scriptures, and in other missionary engagements; yet he felt great pleasure in spending a portion of his time in writing elementary books, to supply, in some measure, the great demand, and instruct the natives in the doctrines of the Bible. He wrote many copies of the First Part of the Conference Catechism, and forwarded them to Onno by a native canoe." Mrs. Cargill helped her husband in this labour of love.

"Some of the converts at Onno were so desirous of receiving instruction from the lips of a Missionary, that they undertook a voyage to Lakemba for that purpose. The canoe in which they sailed was manned principally by Heathens from Lakemba; and whilst they were performing the voyage, a bird called *lawedua*, ("one feather," which is in its tail; the common tropic bird,) and considered sacred by the Fijians, in consequence of its being supposed to be the vehicle by which a certain Fijian deity is conveyed from one place to another, lighted upon a part of the canoe, and was caught by a heathen native. All the Heathens in the canoe sat down, in order to salute and reverence the sacred personage, whom they believed to be represented by their visitor. One of the Onno Christians, named Ndrala, a young man of genuine simplicity and much fervour, affected by the humiliating superstition of his countrymen, and influenced by a desire to enlighten their minds, assured them that the bird was neither divine itself, nor the representative of a divinity; and requested them to let him make an experiment with the imaginary god. They refused to allow him to handle the bird. Ndrala, however, was intent on his purpose, and, watching a favourable opportunity, seized the object of the adoration and homage of his fellow voyagers. He then told them that it was his intention to kill and eat the bird; at the same time assuring them that if it really were a deity, it would save itself by flight; but that if it were merely a bird, he should be able to execute his intention. The Heathens beheld him in silence, and in considerable apprehension respecting their safety for allowing such sacrilegious language and conduct. The young man killed the object of their worship, and, having made a repast upon it, appealed to the spectators respecting the divinity of the bird. He then assured them that it was merely a creature, and not a god; and that its death was a sufficient proof of the accuracy of his statement."

This same man turned out well. He was baptized on his arrival, taking the name of Lazarus. While at Lakemba, he was a great comfort to the Mission families, giving them every possible help, and even washing clothes for them. A man of such influence and good will was of great value at the beginning of the Mission. His religion was

thorough and intelligent, and his attendance at all the religious services regular. He kept close to the school, and resisted all temptations to lead him aside from his purpose in coming to Lakemba. He learned to read and write, and, being anxious to do good, was employed as a Scripture Reader and Exhorter, and afterwards as a Local Preacher. He is now a Teacher in a distant part of Fiji, where he has made great sacrifices for Christ, during a long siege of the district and town where he resides, and to which many native Christians fled when burnt out of their former dwellings. Lazarus Ndrala, though not very gifted, has been a most useful man. His decision of purpose at the beginning,—leaving his native land to gain new Christian privileges,—the diligent use he made of his advantages, his willingness to go anywhere and hazard his life, and his uniform and entire devotedness to the cause of Christ, have contributed, by God's favour, to make him a great blessing to Fiji.

On the arrival of John Havea, a Native Teacher from Tonga, he was sent, by the first canoe which sailed that year, to take charge of the Church at Ono. He rejoiced to find that so many were Christians, and a considerable number so in name.

In May, 1839, the Missionaries planned a visit to Ono; but the wind was unfavourable, and the owners of a small Fijian vessel, which had been engaged for the voyage, refused to go. All available help was sent to aid in carrying on the remarkable religious movement in this distant part. In August, Lazarus Ndrala, accompanied by another Tongan Teacher, Jeremiah Latu, went to Ono, carrying a supply of copies of the First Catechism. The staff of Teachers was thus increased to four. The returning canoe brought back good news. One hundred and sixty-eight men and one hundred and sixty women had become worshippers of the Lord. After using, for some time, the houses of different converts for their devotional services, a chapel had been built at each of the three principal places; in one case the building measured fifty by twenty-five feet, and was yet too small. The Christian crew of the canoe gave a good report of the progress and effects of Christianity at the two inhabited islands of the Ono group. They stated that the chapels were crowded to overflowing; that the converts were most anxious to be taught, and had scarcely allowed them to sleep at nights, so eager were they to get as much knowledge as they could from their visitors during their stay. They earnestly entreated that a Missionary would visit them, to administer the sacraments, and marry them with religious rites.

By the same canoe intelligence came to Lakemba that the little isl-

and of Vatoa—the nearest to the Ono cluster—had become *lotu*. One of its inhabitants had been converted at Lakemba, and, on his return home, had persuaded the people to forsake their old religion. When the Lakemba canoe, with the Teachers on board, called on the way to Ono, the good work was greatly helped by their visit, so that all the inhabitants, sixty-six in number, professed Christianity, and begged for a Teacher.

Among the directions given by the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society to its Missionaries is found the following: "No man living in a state of polygamy is to be admitted a member, or even on trial, who will not consent to live with one woman as his wife, to whom you shall join him in matrimony, or ascertain that this rite has been performed by some other Minister: and the same rule is to be applied, in the same manner, to a woman proposing to become a member of Society." To this rule the Missionaries strictly adhered. Any man, having more than one wife, who offered himself as a candidate for membership, was required to select one to whom he should be duly and religiously married, and reject all the rest. In some establishments, of course, such a change was of great importance, and considerable difficulties seemed to stand in the way. It is these difficulties that have made some, even in high ecclesiastical position, plead for the toleration of polygamy in the case of those who are converted while living in its practice. But these difficulties have always been found to give way before a clear assertion of the right, and an unbending exaction of its observance. The practice in question is "only evil continually." It is discountenanced and condemned by Holy Scripture. It forms an unfailing source of domestic misery, family quarrels, and civil war. It dooms the children to neglect, and teaches them little but to hate the other children of the same father. Without fear or favour, therefore, the Missionaries in all cases enforced their rule in this matter, and found that here as elsewhere difficulties yielded to the firm maintenance of right principle. The ultimate injury done to the dismissed wives is not so great as appears to those at a distance. It must be remembered that their position, with the exception of that of the chief lady, was merely one of concubinage, in which they were always exposed to the capricious tyranny of their lord, and the more malicious despotism of the favourite wife, while, among themselves, perpetual jealousies made peace impossible. Another important fact must be borne in mind. Polygamy is actually confined to comparatively few. It is only the wealthy and powerful who can afford to maintain such an expensive indulgence. Hence there are always to be found husbands for the discarded women, who "go

off" the more readily for the prestige of having belonged to a high-rank house. At Ono the people were fully prepared to yield to the Scripture law, and waited anxiously for the coming of the Missionary to join them in holy wedlock.

The other Missionaries were now scattered in different parts of Fiji, leaving Mr. Calvert alone at Lakemba, with more than twenty islands forming the "Circuit" over which he had to watch. Tui Nayau, the King, and most of the Chiefs and people, were still heathen. Ono was a long way off, and, moreover, to windward. The voyage in a canoe was perilous, and took several weeks and sometimes months of absence. Neither was a canoe, large enough and sufficiently sea-worthy for such a journey, to be easily obtained. Yet the claims of Ono were very strong. The work of God had greatly and marvellously grown there, and the report of it was noised abroad throughout Fiji. The new and unorganized Church was pleading hard for a pastoral visit, and their plea moved the Missionary's heart deeply. But there was another difficulty that troubled him more than the long and dangerous voyage in the frail canoe. His wife and little one must be left alone while he was away,—a position the painfulness of which cannot be realized by those who know not what it is to have lived among such people as the Fijians. In sight of all the difficulties, and of this last most of all, the Missionary wavered. Mrs. Calvert said, "Do you intend to go?" "How can I?" he replied. "Why not?" she quietly asked. "How can I," said he, "leave you alone?" Let her answer be remembered: "It would be much better to leave me alone, than to neglect so many people. If you can arrange for the work to be carried on here, you ought to go." Yes, let that answer be remembered. Let it be borne in mind to reproach some of us for the wretched pittance of service we eke out to God, and call it "a living sacrifice." Let it be borne in mind when the world vaunts its heroism. It was not the cold word of an impassive indifference that cared for nothing, nor the rude boast of an unnatural and indelicate strong-mindedness. The heart from which that strong word came was as gentle and loving, as warm and as womanly, as any that ever crowned a man's life with wealthy joy. But it was "strong in the Lord." Let professing Christians, lolling on the pillows of lazy comfort, and thinking to purchase exemption from active service for God by the appearance of their names in the columns of respectable "Reports,"—let them go and study the scene just described, in that lone Mission-house at Lakemba. And let timid, tender hearts, fearing the roughness of the way of service in which their warm love for Christ would lead them, gain cheering and help from seeing how, all

the world over, the Master's word is good, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Let the Church thank God that He has provided such women for such a work as that of the Fiji Mission. In all cases they have been helps meet for men engaged in that great and perilous enterprise. They have never hindered their husbands; but, as in the case just given, from them has ever come a cheering voice, urging on the work.

Mr. Calvert now resolved to visit Ono as soon as he could find a suitable craft in which to make the voyage. The necessity was made to appear more urgent by fresh news received. In compliance with the request of the Vatoans, a Native Teacher—a man of great sincerity and earnest prayer—had been sent to them; and the canoe which conveyed him was ordered to go on to Ono, and fetch food, which was very scarce about Lakemba in consequence of a hurricane. On December 26th the canoe returned, heavily laden with yams, which were greatly needed by the Mission family; and news came by the same means that the presence of the Missionary was more required than ever. The *lotu* was advancing in Ono, and confirmed at Vatoa; but, at the former place, the head Teacher had proved unfaithful.

Something may be said very fitly here about the use of native agency in carrying on such a Mission as this. In very many cases the native converts have, after due training, proved most valuable helpers in the work of evangelizing. Men of heroic boldness, of unwavering devotion, and blameless integrity, have thus been found and employed with great success. But the whole history of the Mission has proved that the Native Teachers must be under the direct guidance of the Missionary, as they are not equal to the management and control of an infant Church. In the case of the Ono Teacher, there seemed to have been, first of all, carelessness in the performance of his work, and then a proud assumption of dignity, followed too soon by a fall into sin.

A further motive was thus given for the visit of the Missionary to this distant Station; and happily just at the time a brother-in-law of King George of Tonga was at Lakemba with a large canoe, and consented to take Mr. Calvert to Ono, who accordingly embarked on the last day of 1839.

Vatoa was reached in a few days, and here things were going on well. During the five weeks in which the Teacher had been on the island, great progress had been made, and the Missionary found that the Chief could already read better than his instructor. This man had also selected his oldest wife, who had borne him children, and was now

married to her with religious form. Eleven other couples were united, and two persons baptized. Going on to Ono, Mr. Calvert baptized 233 persons, and married 66 couples. Many gave clear evidence that they had been already baptized by the Holy Ghost, and were leading blameless lives. The work which had been accomplished was wonderful and cheering. Among the Christians the Sabbath was strictly observed, and the schools, and various religious services regularly attended. Several young men offered themselves as Teachers, to go, after due training, to preach the Gospel in other parts of Fiji.

But all this had not come to pass without rousing the alarm and ill-will of the heathen part of the inhabitants, who had all along persecuted and annoyed the *lotu* people; and now, seeing that the new religion was growing so fast, and taking such firm root, they proceeded to more open acts of opposition, and it was feared that there would be a fight before the Missionary left the island. One of the converts, on becoming married to one woman only, had discarded a former wife who was related to a Heathen of great self-importance, and who took up the matter as a serious offence. Mr. Calvert, however, succeeded in making matters smooth before an actual rupture took place.

The change accomplished in these Ono Christians was not one merely of profession, but genuine and thorough. Many were fully reclaimed from their past bad habits, and rejoiced continually in God, showing the greatest interest in the spread of the Gospel, according to the teaching of which they tried to shape their lives.

Among the candidates for baptism at Ono was a young lady named Tovo, of the highest rank in the island, who had become truly converted. She could read well, was very active in teaching, both at the school and in private, and showed great diligence in visiting the sick, and doing all manner of good. According to custom, she had been betrothed in infancy, and her future husband was the old heathen King of Lakemba. This was well known, and Mr. Calvert refused to baptize the girl unless she resolved that, at any cost, she would refuse to become one of the thirty wives of Tui Nayau. Tovo declared her firm purpose to die rather than fulfil her heathen betrothal. The old Chief her father, and all the Christians, resolved to suffer anything rather than give her up. When this was made quite clear, the girl was baptized, taking the name of Jemima.

After an absence of twenty-two days, Mr. Calvert got safely back to Lakemba, rejoicing greatly in what he had seen at Ono. He immediately informed the King of Tovo's baptism, and showed him that she could not now become one of his many wives. But the Heathens at

Ono saw the importance of the crisis, and were quietly urging Tui Nayau and his Chiefs to demand Jemima. Whereupon the King equipped a fleet of eleven canoes, to go to Ono, manning several of them with fighting men. Hearing of this, the Missionary went to him, and, presenting a whale's tooth, said, "You are preparing to voyage to Ono. I understand that you intend to compel Jemima to be brought to you. I beg you will not do so, but allow her to remain at her own island, a Christian."

"O no; I am only going there for tribute,—sinnet, cloth, and pearl shells."

"If so, why do you take your warriors with you? I should have thought that, if you were merely going for tribute, you would have taken sailors; but, instead of that, you take a number of warriors."

"O, they are good sailors also. I shall manage very well with them."

"Tui Nayau, before I leave you, I warn you faithfully. I love you, and therefore warn you. God's people are as the apple of His eye. In thus fetching the girl, you are fighting against God. You will imperil your own safety if you go on such an errand. Remember that on the sea, and at all the islands between Lakemba and Ono, the Lord Jehovah rules supreme, and can easily punish you if you are found fighting against Him. Take care what you are about."

"O no; I don't intend anything of the kind. I am only just going to my own island, to fetch tribute, as I have done before."

Finding that he could get no acknowledgment or concession, Mr. Calvert said, in parting, "I hear what your mouth says, but do not know what your heart intends. I do not know what you really purpose; but forewarn you, that you are risking your own safety, if you attempt to fetch that girl from Ono."

On the Sunday, the King sailed with his warriors. He had been requested to delay starting till the Monday, as two of the canoes, on one of which was his brother, were manned by Christian Tongans. He refused, telling them to follow the next day. The voyage went on prosperously, and the party stopped night after night at the various islands lying in the route. Thus they visited Komo, Namuka, Ongea; and at last reached Vatoa, within a short day's sail of Ono. There Tui Nayau threw off all disguise, and by his ill-treatment of the Vatoan Christians showed plainly what he purposed at Ono. Food and property were wantonly destroyed, and no one might complain, as the people had committed the great offence of having become Christians before their King. Wishing to make very sure, the expedition waited

several days for a fair wind. Four canoes, carrying men of the sailor tribe, who live by piracy and pillage, were sent on at once, to be ready for any emergency, and to do the King's will, should any disturbance arise. These canoes, with about a hundred souls on board, were never heard of again. Either they went down at sea, or were cast on some island, when they would, according to law, be killed and eaten by the inhabitants.

A fair wind came, and the King started with two canoes manned by heathen Tongans. But the wind shifted, and though they sighted Ono, they could not lie up for it. The canoes were brought as near to the wind as possible, and tried to beat; but, do what they would, they still drifted to leeward. They saw the reef and high land, when the wind freshened, and they were obliged to strike sail. The masts were lowered, to let the canoes drift as easily as possible, and all chance of making Ono was gone. Things were now in a bad way with them. The breeze got stronger, and the sea was very rough, making the canoes pitch and labour terribly. Then the canoe-house was loosened, and the sailors were in great fear; for, even if they escaped the waves, they knew not to what shore they might drift, to perish more miserably by the hands of the natives. As the night closed over them, the King seemed to give up all hope of escape. He thought of the Missionary's warning, and was very fearful. Making up his mind to die, he oiled himself, put on his royal dress and a beautiful necklace, and awaited his fate. He prayed to his god, promising great offerings, and the sacrifice of a large pig fed by his own hand, if he should return safely. Next morning, both crews were delighted to find themselves in sight of each other, and far away from Kandavu or Viti Levu, at neither of which islands could they have landed in safety. During the day they got to Totoya, where the indirect influence of Christianity had already produced a change, and where the King and the Tongans were known and respected. After receiving for several days kind treatment, for which the Totoyans would expect a generous return on their next visit to Lakemba, the wind became fair, and the two canoes started for Lakemba. Immediately on their return, the King begged the Missionary that his "words of warning might never follow him again." He was very kind to Mr. Calvert; and when the Tongan sailors were expecting a feast on the great pig that was to be sacrificed to the god, they heard, to their infinite chagrin, that it had been sent to the Missionary, who had already salted it down. Thus did the King unmistakably declare his conviction that he owed the preservation of his life to the mercy of the Missionary's God.

It has already been mentioned that two canoes belonging to Christian Tongans had not started with the rest from Lakemba on the Sabbath: they left the next day, and joined the King at Vatoa, bringing with them Toki, the King's brother, and his Fijian followers. This man was inveterate in his opposition to Christianity, and had been one of the principal movers in the present expedition. It is not a little remarkable that these two Tongan canoes, manned with Christians, left Vatoa in company with the King, and reached Ono in safety, while the other canoes, which were much superior craft, drifted away, and were almost lost.

Toki first landed at the small island of Ndoi, whence news was taken the same evening to Ono, that he had come for the purpose of taking Jemima by force. At this crisis the *lotu* people resolved to stand firm, and defend themselves, determining to suffer destruction rather than give up the girl. The Heathens round them, who had been so bitter against Christianity, now feared the injury that would come to their own lands, and to such of their relatives as belonged to the *lotu*. Seeing the firmness of the Christians, and finding that they were already beginning to fortify their town, so as to be ready for Toki's attack the next morning, they went and freely offered to make common cause with them against the King's brother. All the houses, therefore, were at once forsaken, and the people assembled in a good position, which they worked hard all night to fortify. A messenger came to Toki, informing him that all the Ono people were one in their intention to resist his attack; but were quite willing to feed him and his people, if he came peaceably, and to present the usual tribute. He immediately sent back two messengers, to say, with all respect, that he had come in peace, and intended no harm; that, if he had entertained the thought of war, he should have sent them a message to that effect, in Fijian style, that they might have been prepared. Arrangements were at once made for Toki and his party to land quietly at Ono. The people again dispersed to their houses, and set to work to prepare food for their visitors, whose conduct, however, was by no means friendly, so that a close watch was kept on them. The Heathens kept guard while the Christians were at worship, and the Christians watched while the others presented property or food, or were engaged in the native dances. Three months passed thus, when, no news having being heard of the King and his party, Toki received the usual tribute, and returned to Lakemba. But his visit had made him hate the *lotu* more bitterly than ever. He was annoyed at seeing the Ono people so firm, going about armed, and forbidding dances and drum-beatings on the Sabbath, because it was contrary to the new relig-

ion. The object of the voyage was utterly lost, and fresh and more decisive measures were talked over for the suppression of Christianity.

But in all these things the good cause prospered, and Christians in other parts were greatly enheartened by the noble firmness of the Ono people, while many others began to inquire what there could be in the new religion to make its professors so different from all other men.

At last the Missionaries got the King to consent that Jemima should remain at Ono, whither the intelligence was at once sent that he was ready to receive the usual gift of property as a compensation. On the 18th of March, 1841, large balls of sinnet arrived from Ono, and were presented the next day, with several articles supplied by the Missionaries, as the customary offering, which, being accepted, the girl was allowed to marry any other man; but had she dared to do so before, the man's life would have been forfeited, and the island on which they lived subjected to severe punishment. Tui Nayau received the offering, but returned an equivocal answer. On the 20th, therefore, the Missionaries went to his house with fresh gifts, urging him to fulfil his promise. But evil counsellors were round him, who were jealous for their native customs, and bitter against Christianity. Some time had elapsed since the King's disastrous voyage, and its wholesome lesson seemed forgotten. He was evidently anxious to have the girl. Besides, the Ono property was already in his house, and no one dared to remove it. Such articles as were known to have been supplied by the Missionaries were returned, with an intimation that Jemima must be brought. The Ono people were now in fear all the while they remained at Lakemba, and their failure excited much alarm among their friends on their return.

About four months later, in July, Mr. Waterhouse, the General Superintendent, paid his second visit to Fiji; and, on hearing of the case of Jemima, went, accompanied by the Missionaries, to try to prevail on the King to forego his claim. "But," he writes, "under the influence of his Chiefs, he was invulnerable; and nothing now remains for her but a compliance with his wish, or death."

The Ono Christians refused to take the girl to Lakemba, and would not let the Heathens meddle with her; so the King sent a Chief who had always been successful in collecting property at Ono; but he also failed, and the King was afraid himself to venture again on such an errand. In these circumstances the Christians betook themselves to prayer, and stood firm. Several converts were added to their number; but the help of the Heathens was gradually withdrawn after Toki left the island, and, once more, the *lotu* people became exposed to persecution from their own neighbours.

After having held the District Meeting, Mr. Waterhouse sailed in the "Triton," with several of the Missionaries, to Ono, and on July 28th writes, "Last night we reached Vatoa, distant from Lakemba 110 miles. The natives came after dark in a canoe, in which Messrs. Hunt and Calvert went ashore to make arrangements for our work. This morning we breakfasted soon after day-dawn, and hastened to them, when we were received with a cordial welcome. I was much affected while hearing of the wicked and cruel conduct of the Lakemba Heathen, who, more than twelve months ago, visited this land in thirteen canoes; and having eaten their yams, nuts, etc., wantonly destroyed what was unripe, leaving the Teachers exposed to famine, and then threatened to bind them, skin them, and dry them in the sun. On hearing this, a Christian Fijian, an important Chief, who had accompanied them, said, 'I can bear with your eating, and wasting all their food; but I cannot endure to see the servants of God used in that way; and if it is done, we must make war!' The heroism of this man saved them; and they set sail to Ono to compel a Christian woman to be the King's wife, he having thirty or forty before. They had not, however, proceeded very far, before four canoes were lost, and one hundred of them were drowned. 'Verily, there is a reward for the righteous; verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth.' We called upon the Teachers, whose persons, houses, and gardens do them the utmost credit. Here is a beautiful chapel: the pulpit is made out of a solid piece of wood, which a native was oiling to make it shine. Our time was now taken up with examining the candidates for baptism, in baptizing them, in addressing them on the importance of the sacred ordinance, and their individual duty, as those who were baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The number now baptized was fifty-three; one couple was married; and the whole company who attended the chapel had new native cloth dresses on,—men, women, and children. A more interesting sight I do not expect to see, especially when it is remembered that less than two years ago they were perfect Heathens, and that now they have all renounced Heathenism, and acknowledged God to be the Lord. While we were ashore, the ship had to keep out at sea, on account of the dangerous reefs; and we used all diligence to get on board as soon as practicable. We had a good supply of wholesome food under a large tree; our table, the ground; our plates, the leaves of a banana tree; our food, boiled fowls, fish, and yams; our soup-plates, cocoa-nut shells; our carvers, natives' fingers; ourselves without knives, but thankful that we could use our hands; our beverage, the milk of cocoa-nuts; our towels, the green rind of the banana

tree ; and every other thing to correspond : so that, with a good appetite and thankful hearts, we were as happy as our friends in England at their more sumptuous repast. Before dark we were not only on board the 'Triton,' but had passed the reefs on which the American whaler 'Shylock,' was wrecked thirteen months ago, and her crew saved ; and where formerly an American ship was lost, and her crew killed and eaten by Ono people visiting at Vatoa."

On the following morning, the "Triton" was off Ono, and very soon, though the sea was rough, was visited by small canoes full of the natives, who were anxious to tell how things were going among them. The Missionaries now heard, for the first time, that the island had been the scene of war for the last three months. It seemed that the Heathens had been persecuting the Christians, killing and eating their pigs, and stealing their food ; all which annoyance and loss was borne patiently for a time, until, anxious for peace, the Christian Chief called a meeting and presented an offering to the other party, begging that their ill-treatment might cease, and quiet be restored. Several such meetings were held, but the few Heathens who were disposed for peace were overruled by the rest, who were bent upon destroying the *lotu*, and went about armed, frequently threatening the Christians. Things went on thus for some time, until, one Sunday, as Enoch, a Tongan Teacher, was going, in company with another man, to preach, they were surrounded by a party who attacked them, and from whom they hardly escaped with their lives. An open declaration of war was thus made, and the Heathens took up their position on a hill, difficult of access, and protected by the embankments which they threw up. They met some Christians outside, and killed one and wounded another, and then fled, leaving the body. This being reported at the town of Ono Levu, just after the prayer-meeting one Sunday morning, the Christians went to fetch the corpse, and then returned to preaching. There was now regular fighting for several weeks, when, at last, the Christians took the enemy's position by surprise, leaving no chance of escape. To the astonishment of the Heathens, who had been so abusive and cruel, and contrary to all Fijian precedent, the lives of all the conquered were spared, and their ill-conduct freely forgiven. Hereby a greater victory was won ; for the hard hearts of the Heathens were softened by this unexpected and unmerited clemency, and no more opposition was shown to the true religion, but many who had before been its enemies now confessed its power, and sought Christian teaching.

This was the eleventh day since peace had been made, and the people, knowing that the Mission ship would soon call, had not yet dis-

persed to their homes, but were still at the chief town. Mr. Waterhouse says, "On reaching the place, we found all the Chiefs seated under the wide-spread branches of large trees, waiting to receive us. I requested Mr. Calvert to make known to them my object in coming with the brethren Hunt, Lyth, and himself. The leading Chief then replied, expressing his pleasure at seeing us, and said, addressing Mr. Calvert, 'After you left us on your former visit, we continued to sit, until our heathen neighbours began to plunder and to fight us. We were then compelled to war: but ten nights since they all came over to us, and we are now all living in peace together in this place. As we expected the ship coming, we remained here, and shall continue until you leave us, and then all will go to our own places as before!' As there was a great space of ground, I requested the *lali* to be beat for service, seeing the large chapel could by no means contain them. At the sound of the drum, men, women, and children came and formed a large circle; the Chiefs, many of them venerable through age, sitting in front of us. I preached on the nature and importance of true religion, showing that it was God's free gift, but must be sought by genuine repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Calvert interpreted with great readiness, while every eye seemed fixed upon us, and every ear open. After preaching I met the Teachers, to inquire into the cause of the war, the manner in which it was conducted, etc. On hearing the whole, we were led to the conclusion, that the Christian party manifested the utmost forbearance, and that such mildness in war was never before known in Fiji. That the Heathen, who were at least one half of the population, should be all spared on their surrender, and treated, not as slaves, but with the utmost kindness, is a conquest which Christianity alone could achieve. Many of the Heathen had long wished to embrace the Christian religion, and all of them seemed to consider the Christian's God the true God, or the victory would not have been so singularly given them, and such unparelled mercy shown. We continued, every man, employed in one way or other, till late in the evening, with the exceptions of a few moments spent in eating baked fowl, yam, etc., as at Vatoa. We then had a mat placed on the ground, and tried (but on my part in vain) to sleep.

"After examining (on the 30th) the candidates for baptism, the *lali* was beat, and the chapel was soon filled. I baptized twenty-two adults and twenty-two children, giving an address before and after, upon the solemn engagement upon which they were entering. This service occupied nearly two hours; at the close of which we held service under the trees, as before. The entire population attended. I preached from

Acts ii. 26. Mr. Calvert interpreted with great ease; and a more attentive congregation was never seen. After service forty-four couples were married. I then met the Teachers; afterwards the Class-Leaders; and examined all the Teachers and Local Preachers as to their Christian experience. Having been engaged in this way from nearly day-dawn till almost two o'clock, a baked pig with yams, in native fashion, was served up, of which we all partook freely, (not having had any breakfast,) and then hastened to the ship; but our canoes could not weather the storm; the boat, however, succeeded in crossing the reef, and, through broken waves, we reached the vessel in safety." Sixteen pigs and a number of yams were given by the people, and conveyed to the vessel.

Thus there was peace at Ono, and all the people were turning from their old ways. Nowhere else in Fiji had the truth prevailed in so remarkable a way, yet it was impossible to pay so much attention to this island as it required. There were only six Missionaries in the whole group, and one could not be spared to reside in so distant and isolated a position. At the late District Meeting, before the greatness of the work at Ono was fully known, it had been resolved that Silas Faone, a Tongan Teacher, who had laboured with zeal and success at Rewa, should be sent to this distant island to superintend the infant Church there. He went, and was received with every demonstration of joy, the people bringing him presents as tokens of their gratitude for his coming among them. This man was remarkable for his piety and zeal, and carried with him the influence resulting from his being a Chief of high rank.

In 1842, the Rev. Thomas Williams visited Ono in a canoe. Only three of the inhabitants remained heathen, and these embraced the religion of Jesus while the Missionary was there. He baptized nearly two hundred persons, and greatly admired their seriousness. Among the three hundred church-members, he found many whose Christian experience was sound and clear, while the people generally were eagerly seeking religion.

A heathen Chief from Mbau, who had set out with the purpose of going to Tonga, had lately drifted to Ono, where he stayed some weeks. Instead of being killed and eaten with his crew, in Fiji fashion, he was surprised at receiving the utmost kindness and hospitality. After having had a full opportunity of watching the Christians, he said on his arrival at Lakemba, "I now know that Christianity is true and good. I have seen people truly in earnest. They act differently from those whom we see here" (referring to the Tongans at Lakemba). "I now

wish to become a Christian, which I shall do before long; and, when I do, I shall abandon all my old ways. Fijians will be in earnest, when they embrace religion."

There was one very important point, on which the effect of Christianity had not yet been seen among the new converts. With much jealousy and misgiving, the heathen Chiefs had watched great changes brought about by the *lotu*. Old institutions had been utterly disregarded, and even polygamy denounced as unlawful. But constant domestic brawls had often suggested doubts as to the blessings of polygamy, and the Mbau Chief, long before he became a Christian, replied to a man who said, "Sir, Christianity is an evil. It requires us to give up all our wives but one."—"Nay, that is right: it is as God intended it; and that will not be a difficulty to our becoming Christian." The firm standing to their principles by the Ono Christians had proved that their religion was no mere profession, but was ready, if necessary, to resist even the King's command, if obedience was contrary to the law of God. Most anxiously, therefore, the Chiefs regarded the momentous question of tribute, and watched uneasily the effect of the *lotu* in this particular. With the Christians themselves this was also a difficulty. Hitherto they had been under club-law, by which a Chief could go and demand anything belonging to the common people. By this system all industry was discouraged, and the people had no inducement to rise from their poverty into a position which would only expose them to the tyrannical exactions of their superiors. The Chiefs themselves suffered loss from this state of affairs; for their supplies were precarious and scanty. Another great difficulty was found in the fact that the people, though they were never so willing to pay tribute, did not know exactly to whom it was rightly due; for any one of slight importance could go and claim the produce of his poorer neighbour's sty or garden. A clearly defined system of rights was greatly needed. But to this many, especially of the petty Chiefs, demurred. If things came to be put on their right footing, they felt that some of their claims would be disallowed altogether, while the injustice of their former impositions would be declared in the face of all. All these things beset the path of the Missionaries in their effort to teach and raise the people. From the first, they had strictly enjoined the necessity of subjection to those who were in authority; and that the people should *diligently provide and cheerfully render tribute in property, and willingly obey their Chiefs in all reasonable labour and service*. All parties were, therefore, watching with great interest the effect of Christianity on the temporal condition of every class of the people. Ono was the only place of importance

where the new religion prevailed; and after the firmness of the people in keeping to their principles, it became a question of great moment how they would act in the matter of tribute. At this time, while so many eyes were upon them, the Christian people of Ono cheerfully paid the usual tribute, and acknowledged the authority of those who were over them. The news of this went, side by side, with the news of the spread of the *lotu* at Ono, and great good was thus effected throughout Fiji.

Tui Nayau and his heathen Chiefs had now lost all their partisans at Ono, and the Christian girl was left undisturbed, though unable to be married, as the King had never formally relinquished his claim.

In addition to the two Tongan Teachers, Silas Faone and Jonah Tonga, and the two natives already mentioned, there were raised up among the Ono people several men of great worth and zeal, who were made very useful. The printing-press now furnished a larger supply of books. Portions of the New Testament and of Genesis, the First and Second Wesleyan Catechisms, and Short Sermons, giving a simple system of theological teaching, were eagerly sought after by the people, and the sermons were greatly treasured by the Teachers, Class-Leaders, and Exhorters. Many could read well, and seemed anxious to learn, and some began to write as well.

In October, 1845, Ono was again visited by a Missionary, who was gladdened by tidings of a great work of good which had been going on there. On the Sunday after Whit-Sunday, while the service at the adjacent island of Ndoi was being conducted by Nathan Thataki,—who remains to this day a devoted labourer in another part of Fiji,—the people began to weep aloud. The preacher was much affected, and sank down, unable to proceed. A note was sent across to Ono to the head Teacher, Silas, who immediately came, and again assembled the people for service; but the emotion and excitement were so great that he was not able to preach. They then prayed together, and, as in the olden time, the Holy Ghost fell upon them in great power. Silas begged the people to go with him to Ono, and they crossed over, dividing themselves into parties for the different chapels where prayer-meetings were held. The holy influence now spread on all hands. Old and young became alarmed and earnest about their souls. In a few weeks, about two hundred persons showed good signs of having been truly saved. Great was the joy of these new converts, and whole nights as well as days were spent in praise and prayer. Several said they should like to die soon, lest they should sin again; and many offered to go to the most dangerous parts of Fiji, to tell about the salvation which had made them so happy.

The Missionary was rather astonished and perplexed at finding that *eighty-one* men had been allowed to exhort and preach during the progress of this remarkable movement. He greatly feared lest he should hurt some of these by requiring them to keep silence in public; and a meeting of the Native Helpers, Local Preachers, and Exhorters was called. It was a deeply interesting assembly, and all were permitted to tell, out of their full and simple hearts, what they had experienced of religion. Their testimonies were short, clear, and artless. Some of their statements are worthy of record. One said, "I love the Lord, I know He loves me; not for anything in me, or for anything I have done; but for Christ's sake alone. I trust in Christ and am happy. I listen to God, that He may do with me as He pleases. I am thankful to have lived until the Lord's work has begun. I feel it in my heart! I hold Jesus! I am happy! My heart is full of love to God!" Before the meeting closed, Silas was requested to pray. He was a man of great power in prayer, and, as he pleaded, the general feeling became intense. The Missionary, who was very weakly, writes: "The effect upon my poor frame was thrilling, but very enlivening. My spirit was quickened and refreshed. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for what I see, hear, and feel! What hath God wrought! 'Blessed and praised be His holy name, who only doeth wondrous things!'"

On the following day the Missionary met these men again; preached and baptized eleven children. In the afternoon, he opened a beautiful new chapel, the old one having been destroyed by a recent hurricane, which had also done great damage to the yam crops. He then had an interview with the three principal Chiefs, and made arrangements for the regular maintenance of the Teachers, and other matters affecting the Society, urging also the importance of a regular payment of tribute to the Chiefs. All these counsels were well received.

Early the next morning, Tubou Toutai, a Tongan Chief from Lakemba, came to the Missionary's mat, and asked for his prayers, as his canoes were preparing for sea. Shortly after, the old Ono Chief came and asked the Missionary to accompany him to the other Chiefs, who were waiting to receive him, to present a large ball of sinnet, begging him to excuse the limited value of the gift, on account of their poverty. Two canoes went off to the vessel with provisions, and brought back medicines and a pair of goats. The Teachers were again met, and supplied with the Morning Service of the Book of Common Prayer, which was explained to them as a form to be used every Sunday morning. Other arrangements of church order were made, and the Local Preachers and Exhorters again assembled. One of the Exhorters prayed.

In his prayer, while referring to the redemption by the blood of Christ, he said: "We do not wish to snatch from Thee the life Thou hast given. Do with us as seems good." All responded heartily, and the movement was overpowering. The Missionary asked some to tell their Christian experience.

Thomas Thiri said: "I know that God has justified me through the sacred blood of Jesus. I know assuredly that I am reconciled to God. I know of the work of God in my soul. The sacred Spirit makes it clear to me. I wish to preach the Gospel, that others also may know Jesus."

Zechariah Wavoli said: "The Spirit works mightily in my soul. I love all men, especially the servants of God."

William Raivakatuku was asked whether he was afraid of death. He replied: "I listen only to God. If He appoints me to die, I am not in the least afraid."

Julius Mbajinikeli said: "One good thing I know,—the sacred blood of Jesus. I desire nothing else."

Silas Faone said: "I have a rejoicing heart. I greatly rejoice. When in Tonga, I had the love of God, but it was not complete. In Rewa I had it also. Now, in Ono, my love is perfected. It is full! I wish only to live to God through Jesus."

From among the eighty-one men who had been employed by Silas, ten were selected as Local Preachers, eight of whom were to accompany the Missionary, to be sent to different parts of Fiji. The rest were made Prayer-Leaders. These eight were quite cheerful about leaving; and the meeting was closed with prayer. Several prayed, and all were deeply moved, especially when Silas exclaimed, with simple fervour, "They go. They are free to go. We stay on this small island agreeably to Thy will. *We would all go, Thou knowest*, to make known the good tidings."

In the evening the Missionary visited a Local Preacher who had been ill for three years. In reply to the question, "Are you afraid to die?" the good man said, with great calmness and simplicity, "No. I am sheltered. The great Saviour died for me. The Lord's wrath is removed. I am His." To another remark he answered, "Death is a fearfully great thing, but I fear it not. There is a *Saviour* below the skies."

The next day was Sunday, when the Missionary, though very poorly, preached in the morning, and afterwards administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to nearly three hundred communicants. After sleeping awhile, he held a love-feast in the afternoon, at which many spoke

with simplicity and power. On the Monday morning he sang and prayed with the people on the beach, and then went on board, accompanied by the eight Exhorters, five of whom were married and took their wives with them. On the following day they called at Vatoa, where one couple was married, and five persons were baptized.

It was not till nearly a year after this that Ono had another visit from a Missionary. In September, 1846, the Rev. John Watsford was appointed to remove from Viwa to Lakemba, and, on his way, called with the Rev. R. B. Lyth at Ono. Some difficulties had arisen through the mismanagement of the head Teacher, who, as already stated, was a Chief of rank, and had carried matters with a somewhat high hand, assuming great authority, and receiving many presents. The Papists also tried to get to work on the island, and the Teachers and people needed oversight and instruction. The Missionary at Lakemba, Mr. Calvert, was broken in health, and unable to work his wide Circuit; yet it was deemed best to leave Mr. Watsford for one year at Ono. Here, then, with his wife and children, he remained, whilst Mr. Lyth went on to Lakemba, to remove his family and goods to Viwa.

In about five months Mr. Watsford wrote to say that things were in a cheering state, and that he was taking great pains with the Local Preachers, meeting them twice a week, and adopting plans to set them thinking for themselves,—an end always difficult to reach with the natives. An Infant School was established in each town; but the Missionary complained of want of school apparatus. Many of the boys and girls could read well, and write a good hand. Mr. Watsford also paid great attention to the prosperity of the people in other ways. He persuaded them to lay by larger stocks of arrowroot for the children and sick, and to boil down the sugar-cane juice. He also contrived a machine to help them in rope-making, and tried to show them how they might manufacture their sinnet more easily and economically. He wanted to bring pumps into use for the canoes, and blocks to ease the labour of hoisting the sail; but it was hard work fighting against the prejudices of the people, and moving their apathetic contentment with their old Fijian ways. Medicines were administered with great success, although, in this respect also, there was much prejudice to contend with, and many of the remedies were ridiculously misapplied. Mr. Watsford's lancet broke,—for such things soon rust and become brittle in the Islands,—and he was obliged to use a penknife instead, until further supplies came.

This arrival of supplies at the different Stations of the Mission was an affair of no small importance, and only occurring at long and uncer-

tain intervals. Many were the inconveniences and sufferings and dangers resulting from this delay ; but these were not complained of, or even mentioned, except when friendly correspondence between the different Stations made them known, and brought about such an interchange of comforts as the slender store of each could afford. A glimpse of how things went at the lone Station at Ono will instruct and interest those at home, and perhaps stir them up to pray more earnestly for blessings on the far-off Missionary and his household. In one of his letters, Mr. Watsford writes, referring to his wife's recent confinement without the ordinary comforts and attention her case demanded :—"It was an anxious time. If it please God, I never wish to be alone again on such an occasion ; and I wish that no other brother, with experience anything like mine, will ever be alone at such a time. It is going through the fire ; and a Missionary should, if called to it, pass through the burning flame ; but it is questionable whether it is well to take him, or let him go, through. In the same letter he says : "There cannot possibly be any place in the world, I should think, as bad as Ono for mosquitoes. I thought Rewa was bad enough, but it is nothing to Ono. No rest day or night. I cannot tell you how we have been tormented. When your letters came, we did not know what to do to get them read. We could not sit down to it. We had to walk, one with the candle and one reading, and both thrashing at them with all our might. We could not sit to get our food. And, although we did everything we could to keep them out of the curtains, yet they get in in numbers, and night after night we can get no sleep. Mrs. W. was wearied out, and James was bitten most fearfully. Very many of the people went to sleep at Manā, an island free from mosquitoes, on the reef, and they advised us to go there, which we did at last. We had a house taken there, and lived there three weeks. We then came back to Ono Levu. Since then we have had hot weather, and fewer mosquitoes ; but lately we have had much rain, and they are now very troublesome. I am scratching and kicking with all my might while I write this. They 'never tire nor stop to rest."

"Our flour is very bad. We have had to throw a good deal away ; and what we eat is very bad ; it sticks to one's teeth, and not to one's ribs. It must have been made from smutty wheat, or from some which, after it was cut, got wet with rain in the field, and *grew*, as I think, the farmers call it ; or the casks of flour must have been in the sea ; and although pork or beef may be preserved by salt, yet flour and butchers' knives *vakamasima'd*, ('salted,') as you call it, will not do. I am inclined to believe that the first is the case, and that the fellow is a *rogue* who suqqled it."

When the Rev. Walter Lawry was on his tour, as Superintendent of the Missions, he was requested to call at Ono, on his way from the Friendly Isles, and to bring Mr. Watsford and family away with him. On September 10th, 1847, he has in his journal:—

“We made Ono, and received a note from Mr. Watsford, but could not anchor the vessel, as the small opening in the reef only admits a boat at certain times of tide, and through this opening there is generally such a rush of the waves from without, meeting the mighty flood from within, that the passage is not merely dangerous, but awfully terrific. The same precisely is the case at Lakemba, where we had to ‘shoot the gulf’ in our whale-boat, with four oars, and Captain Buck at the steer-oar, all of which were knocked about as a leaf is tossed by the mountain torrent. In vain was the cry of ‘Larboard oars,’ and then ‘Starboard oars:’ for, when all was done that skill and strength could do, the war of the elements set us at naught. Then Providence sent aid to maritime skill, without which we could not have re-entered the open ocean on our way to the brig. Our work is rendered very trying by these reefs, where no harbour exists for the vessel, and only such rapid gulfs for our boats. But Ono is a little gem in the Christian’s eye; for nearly all the adult population are consistent members of the Christian Church, and all the children are under instruction. The total number of souls is four hundred and seventy-four, and of church-members three hundred and ten.”

At the next District Meeting it was resolved that Ono needed and should still have special attention, and that a Missionary should be sent for another year. The Rev. David Hazlewood was appointed to go, and the following extracts from his journal are full of interest:—

“ONO, Oct. 25th, 1848.—After calms and foul winds, and calling at Lakemba to land Mr. Calvert and the goods for that Station, we this morning came within sight of Ono. When we approached the entrance of the reef, the natives came off in a canoe to take us and our goods ashore. We were no sooner with the Ono people, than we felt ourselves safe and at home. They had to work with all their might, as the current was running fearfully out at the entrance. But as love feels no load, the people here think nothing too difficult, or too much, to do for a Missionary. They also gave the Captain as many yams as he could stow away, as their contributions to the work of God; besides some native curiosities to Mr. Lawry, for the bazaar at New Zealand. Sunday, 30th.—I preached at Ono Levu, the chief town of Ono, from 1 Cor. i. 23, to a deeply interesting and serious congregation. How different even the external appearance of these Christians from that of the Heathen! These indicate in their countenances the dreadful state of their minds, whilst the Christians as evidently show the change which has taken place within. Nov. 1st.—Having brought sixty copies of the Fijian New Testament, as the share for this place, I this day began folding the first half-sheet. Folding, stitching, and binding, is new and strange work to me; but I found the advantage of the little instruction I had received from Messrs. Williams and Calvert on this subject, and did them, not elegantly, but as well as I could, which perhaps would be almost as strong and serviceable as others more engaging to the eye. A few days after I began, four or five of our Native Local Preachers came, and kindly offered their assistance, which was gladly accepted. I taught them to fold and stitch, and they were a very great help to me, so that we finished them in five weeks, which, for us novices, I considered a great achievement. Our humble efforts at binding might be laughed at by librarians, but were highly appreciated by the untutored eyes and minds of the natives. They paid for them well in native produce, chiefly in sinnet, which is very needful for Mission purposes in Fiji. 4th.—I went with my wife and children to Matokana, a village about two

or three miles from Ono Levu, and preached from Eph. iv. 30, and baptized four children. The people showed us every mark of respect and kindness. We visited two or three very aged women, who, it was said, had never seen a white woman or child before. They expressed great astonishment, and seemed not to know how to make enough of us. 5th.—I had the Teachers and Local Preachers together, to hear them read, and lecture to them, and examine them, and answer such questions as they might propose; which practice I continued every Tuesday and Friday. Sunday, 7th.—I preached in the morning at Ono Levu, from Matt. iii. 11, 12, and afterwards baptized ten children and one adult. I endeavoured to show the nature of baptism, as the sign of our covenant with God, its obligation on us as a command of Christ, and the necessity of keeping this covenant constantly in remembrance, etc.; and we had a good time. May the Lord baptize us all with the Holy Ghost, and with fire! In the afternoon I went to Waini, and preached on Philip and the Eunuch, and baptized three children.

“ Our weekly services at Ono are as follows :—Sunday : morning, prayer-meeting; forenoon, the adults and children assemble to chant the Conference Catechism, or *Taro Lekaleka*, a shorter Catechism prepared by Mr. Hunt; immediately after which we have preaching; afternoon, preaching. Monday : forenoon, the children’s school, at which each one repeats as much as he or she remembers of the sermons preached on the preceding day. The children’s school is held in the forenoon of every day in the week, except Saturday. In the afternoon the adults meet, and are also questioned concerning the sermons of the preceding day; and I am happy to say, that I generally hear the entire substance of the sermons they have heard on the Sabbath, and sometimes on the week-days too. The Fijians certainly appear to have most excellent memories, when they like to exercise them. When this is over, they chant a little of the Catechism, and then hold a prayer-meeting. On Tuesdays and Fridays, in addition to the infant and adult schools, I meet the Teachers, as above mentioned. On Wednesdays I preach at Ono Levu, hold Leaders’-Meeting, and give out the work for the following week. On Thursdays we have preaching at the other towns, one of which I usually take myself. In the afternoon we hold a sort of juvenile Class-Meeting. Friday : schools and Teachers’-Meeting as above. Saturday afternoon, prayer-meeting. These, in addition to dispensing medicines, visiting the sick, etc., you may suppose are sufficient to keep one fully employed. No moment lingers unemployed in Ono. May the Lord crown our multiplied means with success! 20th.—Intending to administer the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper on the following day, I translated an abstract of the Communion Service of the Church of England. Sunday, 21st.—I preached in the forenoon from 1 Cor. ii. 28, 29; and in the afternoon administered the emblems of the Saviour’s dying love to the Ono Levu people. We had an excellent time. The Lord was in His ordinance, and we felt it indeed good to be there. Many wept aloud, and the tears were seen streaming from the eyes of many others. To avoid confusion, I called them up to the communion-rails by Classes, two Classes at a time, which answered well. On the following Sabbath I administered it, in like manner, to the people from the other towns; which made about an equal division of the communicants, they being too many to take it together at once. Dec. 14th.—I visited a good number of Heathen from another island, who came here to bring some Ono people, who had drifted away in a strong wind when coming from Lakemba, and were supposed to be lost. I preached to them, as I did also in the following week; and endeavoured to show them the superiority of Christianity over Heathenism in all respects, both temporal and spiritual. Having learned pretty well what Heathenism is at Somosomo, I endeavoured to show them its absurdities, and the unreasonableness and danger of neglecting the blessings of the Gospel when offered, etc. They heard with good attention, and, I hope, not without some profit. One of them embraced Christianity while at Ono, and many more have embraced it since. 15th.—I endeavoured to teach a young Chief and Teacher here the use of the compass, which is very important in this isolated place, of which they appear now fully sensible. He seemed very apt at

learning it. 25th, Christmas-day.—We had an excellent time at our prayer-meeting in the morning, and also at our preaching in the forenoon. Many of the people wept and shouted aloud for joy at the commemoration of the birth of the Lord of life and glory; and, what is better, they show, by their lives, that their professions of love are not professions merely, but a blessed reality. After service, the people partook of their Christmas feast in our garden. Their fare was plain; but they partook of it with gladness and unity of hearts. Eating together in this way was unknown to them in their heathen state; but they now enjoy it exceedingly, and it tends to promote brotherly feelings.

“29th.—We held a love-feast at Ono Levu, at which most of the people from all the other towns were present. Between thirty and forty spoke their religious experience, briefly, but to the point, and with deep feeling. I will give an abstract of what some of them related; and am only sorry that I cannot give it the effect which it would have, if spoken in their own language and own manner. Nathan Thataki, Local Preacher, said,—‘I have formerly shown my early experience. When I first heard the Gospel preached, I repented, and was very much ashamed. I became acquainted with my sins one Sunday. I looked to every thing on earth, and found no Saviour: I then looked to Jesus, and knew that in him I had salvation.’ Joel Ketetha, a very acceptable Local Preacher, said,—‘Julias Naulavou met me one Sunday, (I did not know it was Sunday, being a Heathen,) and took hold of my hand, and said, “Young man, what are you seeking in the world? If you are seeking happiness in riches, or anything else this earth can afford, you will not find it. Seek the Lord, and you will find it.”’ He began to attend the means of grace, and Julias’s words ended in his sound conversion. Meshach Senimbua, Teacher, said,—‘One great thing I know is, my sins; another is, the love of God. It is a new thing for me to love men. When I hear of men that I have not seen, I love them; and I love those I have seen. I know that this is (the effect of) the love of God (in my soul).’ Zephaniah Tui Moala, the old Chief,—‘These are new things to me in these days,’ (referring to our love-feasts). ‘I did not know them formerly. My soul is humbled. I rejoice greatly in the Lord. I rejoice greatly for sending His servants.’ It was a great effort for him to speak, through the deep feeling of his soul. Jonah Tonga, Tongan Teacher,—‘I desire that God may rule over (or direct) me. I desire not to govern myself. I know that I am a child of God: I know that God is my father. My friends wrote for me to go to Tonga; but I wondered at it. I wish to obey the Father of my soul.’ Isaiah Vata, Local Preacher,—‘I know that God is near, and helps me sometimes in my work. I love all men. I do not fear death; one thing I fear, the Lord.’ Ham Rara, Local Preacher,—‘Sometimes I did not expect to live so long as to-day; therefore I strive to do the will of God. I rejoice that the Lord has called me to His work. If God see fit to take me to another land, to preach the Gospel, well: if He see fit that I should die in Ono, very good. I intend that God should rule me.’ Joel Moto, Local Preacher,—‘I repented. I could not rest. I knew how great the wrath of God was. I feared only for many months, perhaps four; then the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit that I was His child. Sometimes I still feel that my sins are great, but that God saves me again.’ Leva Soko, a female Class-Leader, a most holy woman, amongst other things, said,—‘My child died, but I loved God the more. My body has been much afflicted, but I love Him the more. I know that death would only unite me to God.’ John Toka, Teacher from Ongea, a native of Ono, but who was here on a visit, spoke very affectingly and nobly:—‘I did not leave Ono (to go to Ongea) that I might have more food. I desired to go that I might preach Christ. I was struck with stones twice while in my own house; but I could bear it. When the canoes came, they pillaged my garden; but my mind was not pained at it: I bore it only. If I am to eat *vua ni kacu*, (“bad food,” very good;—he meant, for the cause of Christ. Poor fellow, there is a sad contrast between Ono and Ongea; the former being one of the best islands in Fiji for food, and Ongea one of the worst: yet he was nobly willing to endure anything for the people’s sake and the Gospel’s. Elijah Mbila,—‘I know that there is no good thing in my heart. I know that God

is near me every day. I know that my life is short, and I wish to finish it in serving God.' William Raivakatu, Local Preacher,—'When I am in Ono, I receive much of the Holy Spirit; and when I sail to other lands, it is the same. Sometimes I have been in death; but my mind was firm,—it did not shake; I did not fear.' And he had been near death in its most frightful form, too. Julias Mbajinikeli, Local Preacher,—'I am a very bad man; there is no good thing in me; but I know the love of God. There are not two great things in my mind; there is one only,—the love of God for the sake of Christ. I know that I am a child of God. I wish to repent and believe every day till I die.' Fifita, a Tonga woman,—'I know that I am reconciled to God through Jesus Christ. I wish to live to hear the Gospel; for this only I wish to live in the world.' Daniel, a Local Preacher, spoke well. Among other things, he said, 'I wish to pray much. I read of Daniel praying three times a day, and of Jesus praying all night. I wish to pray very much.' Silvanus, a Tongan Class-Leader, said, he was convinced of sin while hearing the late Mr. Cross. 'My mind is like Paul's; I leave the things that are behind, and reach forth to those which are before: I press towards the mark for the prize of my high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus. I do not wish to live for earthly riches, but for God only.' Jeremiah, Tongan Teacher, said,—'I have heard of the way in which others were brought to God: some by hearing the Missionaries. The *Talatalas* (Missionaries) were taught by their parents when children,' (alluding to Mrs. Hazlewood's experience, who had preceded him). 'My father and mother taught me also; they taught me in the knowledge of god also; but it was a false god. They beat me to make me worship a false god, and I became wise in the worship of false gods. But when my parents died, I rejected them, and embraced Christianity.'

"During the month of January we had heavy rains; and the weather being excessively hot, the mosquitoes became so annoying, that, towards the end of the month, we could get no rest day or night. Our bed curtains were not proof against them; and for several nights we sat up, brushing them away from ourselves and our children; till, not being able to endure any longer, we removed to a little island on the barrier-reef, a mile or two from the larger islands. Here we were pretty free from mosquitoes; and Mrs. Hazlewood and children were obliged to remain for several months. I used to go backwards and forwards every day, to attend to the services, the sick, etc., which was a great tax on my time, and in rough weather very unpleasant, and not without danger, going in little canoes.

"March 15th.—According to promise, I preached a missionary sermon. Most of the people (men) from all the towns came to hear; and I endeavoured to show them what most of them were ignorant of before; namely, the rise and progress of Methodism, and its present state, and number of Ministers and members; how the Ministers were supported by the contributions of the people; and the present state of many heathen nations. I also endeavoured to impress on their minds the large expenditure necessarily consequent on Mission work; that when we first go into a heathen land, we have no support whatever from the people of the land; that all our support must come from those who have embraced Christianity, and loved immortal souls; that it was the duty of all who experienced the benefits of Christianity, to endeavour to extend those benefits to all men; that all who know the Lord are expected to lend a hand to the work of the Lord; that I did not reprove them by saying this, as I was happy to see they were doing what they could, and hoped they would consider it a duty, and still continue to do so. I read a short report, a copy of which several of the Local Preachers were eager to obtain. After sermon, I called upon three of them to pray, which they did with their whole heart and voice. It was something new to them, and I hope will not be without benefit.

"22nd.—A canoe arrived from the islands near Lakemba, but brought no letters from our dear brethren, as it came unexpectedly. We heard, however, of several painful circumstances which had recently occurred; the worst of which was the murder of Josiah, one of our Teachers at Lomaloma, by the Heathen there. He was a native

of this place; and his friends here performed the usual ceremonies for the dead, by making food, etc. I am happy to say, that I did not hear a murmur or desire of revenge in any way expressed by his friends. I believe the worst thing they wished concerning the murderers was, the conversion of their souls to God and holiness.

"24th.—I lectured to the Teachers on the foreign words introduced into the New Testament, showing that they were as few as possible, but that we were under the necessity of introducing some few. I endeavoured to make them understand their meaning, that those passages in which they occur might not be as a blank to them. In a subsequent meeting, I asked them if they understood and remembered the signification I had given, and was happy to find that my endeavour was not in vain.

"31st.—In our Teachers' Meeting we read the nineteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. It happened to fall to the lot of an old Teacher, Joseph, to read the eighteenth verse; which is, 'Where they crucified Him, and two other with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.' He read it with some difficulty, and then burst into tears, and wept aloud. And that his were not tears of mere natural sympathy, his conduct fully testifies. This man was once a cannibal, though not many of the present generation of Ono people have been.

"April 5th.—The wind for some days had been strong; but to-day it increased mightily, and continued to increase till midnight, when it blew a fearful hurricane. Myself and one of our dear little girls were at Ono Levu; and my wife and two other children were on the little island on the reef, mentioned before. I and one of our Teachers sat up all night, watching our house, and expecting every renewed blast to bring it to the ground. The roar of the sea, and the howling of the wind, and the rain descending in almost a solid mass, made it a most dismal night. Such was the roar of the wind in the trees, and the breakers on the reef, that we did not hear the crash of a house which fell not half a dozen yards from where we were sitting. But where were my dear wife and children? On a little island on the weather-side of the land, where they might, by one vast billow, be all swept in a moment into the foaming abyss, without the possibility of human aid. But where was our faith? Was there not One sitting above the water-floods, who could say to the proud waves, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?' Yea, and in Him our souls confided; and I felt but little doubt that their lives would be precious in His sight, and that He would either still the waves, or preserve them in the midst of them. He did the latter. In the morning, the rain having ceased, and the wind moderated in a slight degree, I walked out to see what had been done during the night. As might be expected, I found that many houses had fallen; and in many places the ground was literally covered with fallen banana and bread-fruit trees. I hastened to the sea-side, and looked towards the little island, on the safety of which all my earthly comforts depended. We could not discern any house distinctly, and concluded that ours had fallen during the night; but were happy to see that the trees, etc., made their usual appearance, and had not been materially disturbed. But there still appeared no possibility of approach to them,—the waves running and the wind blowing as if propelled by some almighty engine; as, indeed, I know not who that had seen them would have been disposed to deny that they were. About mid-day, however, the wind having somewhat abated, eight of the natives ventured to attempt a passage in the two little *paddling* canoes, the life-boats of Fiji. They succeeded, and returned in the evening, having the wind aft, and set my heart quite at rest concerning my treasures there. Our house, in which they were, had fallen, as we suspected, during the night, and they had made their escape into a small house belonging to one of our Teachers; which they managed so to prop up as to serve them for the night; but early in the morning the waves came up into it, and they were obliged to flee, and build a little temporary shed on higher ground, and further from the sea. The men who went removed the house of the Teacher, just mentioned, up to a safer situation, where we afterwards remained till we got a new house built. My canoe shared the fate of several others;

being drawn up high on the beach, it was carried back into the sea by the waves, and dashed to pieces; part of it being again thrown up on land in one place, and part in another: they were, however, collected, and afterwards put together again. It was not until the third day that I could venture across the water, to see my dear wife and children, the wind being still very strong. I found her quite comfortable, her mind having been kept in peace, free from all anxiety as to the result of her trying situation. Some of our people who were away at a little uninhabited island, not more than twenty or thirty miles off, knew nothing of the hurricane till they came home. We have not heard whether it reached Lakemba. We deem it a great mercy that it did not happen two or three months earlier, as, had it been the case, it would have left the people in great distress, or even quite in famine, as has frequently been the case in former years; but the yam crop was so far advanced as not to be materially injured by it, except that a good many rotted through the abundance of rain."

At the next District Meeting in 1848, it was found necessary to adhere to the original arrangement of limiting Mr. Hazlewood's residence at Ono to one year; and he was accordingly removed, and Joel Bulu, a deeply pious Tongan Teacher, who had been tried in the Fijian work, was sent to supply his place. In December Joel wrote to the Missionaries:—

"The work of God prospers at Ono. Some of the young men (who have been unfaithful) repent, and have begun to meet in Class. The people are in earnest. I also endeavour to be in earnest. I visit the towns, and from house to house. I question them, instruct them, and pray with them, and we are at rest in the love of God. We have had a profitable infant-school feast. I endeavour to teach the youths the meaning of the Holy Scriptures. At one lovefeast at Ndoi, the Holy Spirit wrought mightily in our hearts, and many stated their enjoyment of the Divine favour. In one week I go to Waini, and meet the Classes; one week to Ndoi, and meet the Classes; one week at Matokana, and one week at Ono Levu; and this I shall attend to quarterly. Please write to me, and tell me what I must do; for there is no Missionary near, to whom I can apply for information as to how I shall act in some cases. Remember me in your prayers, that I may have help, and that my mind may be enlightened to know what is right for me to do in the Church at Ono."

This Teacher was a man of great value, and proved himself so well worthy of the confidence placed in him, that he was received on trial as an Assistant Missionary, and, in due time, ordained by the imposition of hands, receiving authority to administer the sacraments. Most zealously and efficiently did he labour in Ono, until the claims of other parts of Fiji made his help more needed elsewhere, when other men, carefully trained by the indefatigable Mr. Lyth, were sent to Ono.

This island is now thoroughly Christian, and the people have been hearty and consistent in their religious profession, "adorning the

doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." No other place in Fiji has yielded, as yet, so full and quick a return of success, and nowhere else has the work been so permanent. More agents have been raised up here than at any other Station; probably not less than fifty. Some of these have proved zealous and acceptable labourers at home, and others have gone forth to distant parts of Fiji, hazarding their lives, that they might preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ." One has gained the martyr's crown, and many more are still faithfully at work, spreading the knowledge of the Gospel.

CHAPTER IV.

LAKEMBA.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Hunt and his companions, when it was resolved that the Missionaries should separate, and thus spread their forces more widely, Mr. Calvert was left alone at Lakemba.

The work already done was considerable. Much evil had been hindered, much light spread and actual good accomplished, the number of church-members now amounting to two hundred and thirty-eight, with many on trial, and many more in the schools. Native Teachers had been raised up and placed in four towns on Lakemba: Wathiwathi, Waitambu, Narothake, and Nukunuku; and on four dependent islands: Oneata, Mothe, Ono, and Namuka.* There was a well-built chapel, erected by the Tongans, near the Mission premises, capable of holding five hundred people.

All this encouraged the Missionaries to push their enterprise further, and try new ground. They saw the evil of placing men alone on separate Stations; but the demand was so pressing from several directions that they could not refuse to scatter themselves over as large a surface as possible. Thus it came to pass that Mr. Calvert was left alone at Lakemba in 1839. He had only arrived about six months before, and knew very little of the people or their language. The circuit was large and laborious, including thirteen towns on the island of Lakemba, and twenty-four surrounding islands, at distances varying from eighteen to a hundred and forty miles.

The pilfering tendencies of the natives made a residence among them anything but desirable. Besides iron pots and frying-pans, and articles of barter from the store, the two tea-kettles had disappeared from the Mission-kitchen. On night the reed wall of one of the dwelling-houses was cut through, and nearly fifty articles of wearing apparel taken away. None of the inmates were disturbed; and this was well; for a heap of stones left just outside showed that the burglars were pre-

pared for more mischief if they had been surprised. On this occasion the King and his brother expressed great indignation at the behaviour of the natives, and several children related to the culprits had a finger cut off in consequence. Considering all these things, it is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Calvert was rather uneasy at being left alone, and, at first, found it difficult to sleep soundly. Believing that if he showed his actual love for the Chiefs and people, he should thereby not only serve them, but get rid of much of his own anxiety and mis-giving, he set about his work in earnest, doing all the good he could to the bodies and souls of all with whom he came in contact. He laboured to be very kind in word and deed to Chiefs and people, and visited many in their houses. While this plan of acting was greatly helpful in gaining a knowledge of the language, it was also beneficial to those visited and conversed with; prejudices were removed, and kind feelings enkindled in the hearts of the people. The plan succeeded admirably. A better state of things was brought about remarkably soon; the Missionary could sleep comfortably; and he reported, "We are now free from robberies and insult, and live in great peace: your Missionaries and cause are respected by the Chiefs and natives, so that the Mission appears to have obtained a firm and permanent establishment here."

As yet, this new Mission had not produced enough native help to carry on the work efficiently, and here the connexional principle of Methodism came in well; for word was sent to Tonga how matters stood, and forthwith, although forming a separate District, ten proved men were sent thence to help the Missionaries in Fiji. These, with their wives and fifteen children, reached Lakemba, in a canoe sent by King George, on the 27th of July. The sight of these nobly devoted Christians, who had left their own privileged home for the darkness and danger of Fiji, greatly inspired the Missionary, who gave them a hearty welcome, and sent four of them on to Rewa by the first opportunity. The rest remained in the Lakemba Circuit, to strengthen places where inefficient teachers had been, and to enter on fresh scenes of labour, as they might open.

In the mean time Tui Nayau, the King, was opposing Christianity resolutely, but in secret, while Toki, his brother, showed from the first a determined and open resistance. At the large town of Nasangkalu, two persons had renounced Heathenism, and others were evidently disposed to follow them. Mr. Calvert, thinking it best to act quite openly, and thus prevent suspicion, went to the King and his brother, and laid the case plainly before them, begging that such of their people

as wished to become Christians might be allowed to do so without molestation. The Chiefs were assured that, so far from the converts failing in due respect, labour, or tribute, they would be instructed and required, as Christians, to pay full attention to their duty in all these matters. Both agreed that Christianity was "a very good thing," and promised to leave the people of Nasangkalu to worship God, if they saw fit. Cheered by the success of his interview, the Missionary set off next day to the town in question, when, on his way, he met two women, who told him that they had just been to Nasangkalu, by the King's order, to forbid the people to become Christians, and to order such as disobeyed to leave the town and seek shelter elsewhere. On his arrival, he found that the King's message had produced its effect, and the people refused to attend to his teaching. One man, however, followed the leading of his convictions rather than his fears, and, banished from home, cheerfully forsook all for Christ's sake, and, for safety, became servant to a Tongan, near the Mission-house, where he made good use of the instruction he received, and was sent, some time after, as Teacher to the distant island of Vatoa, where he laboured with fidelity and success, until his useful and consistent life was finished by a happy death.

The islands round Lakemba were brought under the influence of the truth simultaneously with the spread and triumph of the Gospel in Ono. In the case of each there was the same opposition, and the same eventual yielding of error to truth.

At *Oneata*, forty miles south-east from Lakemba, the efforts of a Fijian Teacher, with those of the old Tahitians already mentioned, together with frequent visits from the Missionaries, had produced great good. Many gave every proof of genuine conversion. Some young men became useful in prayer-meetings and schools, and a few as Exhorters and Local Preachers. The principal Christian Chief, Josiah Tumhola, was a kind and intelligent man, of great good-nature and simplicity of character. His piety was deep and earnest, and his efforts as a Local Preacher were acceptable. He held office as ambassador to Lakemba, and, when paying visits there in this capacity to bring tribute, exercised a good influence of restraint on the King and his brother.

The converts at Oneata increased, until the majority were Christians. Early in 1842, a new chapel was built, with great labour, and, as the Missionaries thought, far too large. But just then the King of Lakemba sent a message by a heathen Oneata priest, requesting that all would *lotu*, as it was not desirable for so small an island to be divided.

Many were also waiting for this permission, and forthwith the head Chief, the priests, and remaining Heathen of Oneata professed Christianity, and helped to finish the chapel, which was now just the right size for the whole of the inhabitants to assemble in.

The head Chief had several wives, one of whom was of high rank, being the daughter of a former Lakemban King, and given in acknowledgment of service rendered to her father by the late Chief of Oneata. The present Chief took her when his predecessor died, and now nobly gave her up, thereby losing the prestige and profit of such an alliance, while he became lawfully married to the wife of his youth, by whom he had children. The lady of rank returned to her friends.

In April, 1849, the new chapel was opened and filled with earnest worshippers. These Oneata people are singularly independent in character, and have thus escaped the servitude which oppresses so many of the small islands. They are very industrious and enterprising. Besides planting abundance of food, and manufacturing articles for tribute, they have excelled their neighbours in commerce, engaging and supporting canoe carpenters, and thus enlarging their means of communication with other parts of the group, whence they obtained various commodities, such as crockery and mats, which were not made among themselves. Somehow they boldly kept their canoes from the grasp of superior Chiefs, and thus their intercourse with other islands has been considerable. On becoming Christians, they spread diligently the knowledge of the Gospel wherever they voyaged, so that in many places they were made useful.

At *Vanuambalavu* especially, good was thus done. This is a large and populous island, seventy miles north by west from Lakemba, half way to Somosomo, to which it is tributary. The people of this island and the Oneatans were related, and had the same gods; and, therefore, according to Fijian custom, enjoyed the privilege of swearing at each other and pilfering each other's goods with impunity. Their intercourse was frequent, chiefly for the purpose of trade, when the Oneata people brought canoes and mats, receiving in return cloth and sinnet. Dancing and singing always accompanied these visits; but now the new converts were zealous in talking about religion, and urging its claims upon the people of Vanuambalavu, who were offended at this departure from their common gods. Nevertheless, good was done, and the first man who yielded to the exhortations of good Josiah and his people, was a Chief of high rank and renown belonging to the town of Lomaloma. Believing in the falsehood of Heathenism, and in the truth and value of the Christian religion, he boldly avowed his attachment to Christian-

ity, and began to worship the Lord. As a Heathen, he was feared and influential; but the mild rule of love is not regarded by dark-minded Heathens. The Chiefs opposed; and the priests, to please the Chiefs, and to vindicate their own false system, under professed inspiration, predicted a drouth, and that the earth would be so scorched as not to produce food because of this innovation. The priests were set fast when Mbukarau asked them how they would manage to live themselves when their god sent a famine. Happily he was a fearless man, unmoved by threats and slights, and just suited to take the first stand against the old system. In spite of opposition, he continued to profess Christianity, and live up to all he knew of it; and, when he heard that the Tongan Teachers had arrived at Lakemba, he immediately sailed thither to ask that one might go with him to Vanuambalavu. It was a sight to strengthen the Missionary's heart in his toil, to see that rough, powerful man, knowing that he had been standing alone in his profession of religion, and now had made a voyage on purpose to get some one to teach him and his people the way of the Lord. He went home with a promise that his wish should be attended to; and, shortly after, a Fijian Teacher was taken over by Josiah, who introduced him to his friends. By this time nine others had joined Mbukarau, and the little company showed great delight at the coming of the Teacher. Prejudice and opposition were giving way, and the Chief's house was crowded during the services held in it. He himself earnestly exhorted all to repent and believe the Gospel, and shortly was married by religious rite to his one wife. He became a Class-Leader and Local Preacher, and has since led a blameless life, being ever ready to endure persecution, and work to the best of his power at home and elsewhere. The name of Joseph Mbukarau is one well-known and much respected, even among the Heathen.

Vanuambalavu contains about three thousand inhabitants, and, with its several towns, is about equally divided into the two distinct provinces of Lomaloma and Yaro, both of which, though independent of each other, are tributary to Somosomo. The Teacher who had been sent proved unequal to the conduct of so important a Mission, and a Tongan Teacher, Daniel Tofale, who could speak Fijian, was placed in charge. This Daniel was an invaluable man, whose deep piety was further adorned and recommended by a kind disposition and a genial temper. He proved to be the right man to grapple with the difficulties of the new work in a land just waking out of the long death of Heathenism; and, by the blessing of God on his labours, converts were multiplied and confirmed.

Midway between Lakemba and Vanuambalavu stands the small island of *Tuvutha*, where the Christian Teachers often put in for the night on their journeys to and fro. Their exhortations on these visits at last took effect, and the Chief, with several of his people, gave up Heathenism. On hearing of this, Mr. Calvert at once set out to visit *Tuvutha*, intending to return next day; but a change of wind prevented this, so that he went forward to Vanuambalavu, where he baptized eight persons and preached, and talked with many of the people, being much cheered to find how firmly the cause of Christianity was already set in this important island. At Lomaloma, he heard that an American had just been murdered at Yaro by the husband of a woman with whom he had been overheard talking too freely. Being anxious to know whether the slain man was eaten, and wishing to converse with the people, Mr. Calvert went to Yaro, and found that the body had been thrown into a cave, where he gave it Christian burial.

The voyage home was dangerous and protracted, so that the trip occupied twenty-one days altogether, instead of two, as was at first expected. This was a time of weary suspense at the Mission-house; for the canoe in which the Missionary sailed was known to be very frail, and the navigation dangerous. The wind was still contrary and baffling; and, in attempting to reach Lakemba from Nayau, the canoe was headed off. A Fijian Christian on board, not knowing that Mr. Calvert understood Tongan, began talking to the Tongan sailors in their own language, urging them to put back. As soon as he had persuaded them, he said, "I think, Sir, we had better return." "If you think so, by all means let us return," quickly answered the Missionary, and the canoe was at once ordered about. After sailing some time on the backward course, the Fijian remarked, "Ay! we have gone a long way: we are still far from Nayau." Thereupon he got a little admonition on the folly of losing so much way as they had made, and seemed greatly chagrined, keeping silent until they reached Nayau, when, after they had anchored, the wind blew most furiously, and his face brightened up as he exclaimed: "Ay! it was not my tongue that spoke; but it was the Lord that spoke by my mouth, and brought us back again; so we are spared."

All were thankful; for the canoe, though the best that could be obtained that voyage, was not strong. Indeed, three days after her return to Lakemba, she was wrecked, while sailing to another island in a much less wind than that which blew at Nayau.

The number of converts continued to increase at Lomaloma, and among them were several young Chiefs; and, at length, the wife of

Joseph Mbukarau became a Christian. All seemed earnest and zealous, but they looked forward with considerable misgiving to the approaching visit of Tuikilakila, the terrible King of Somosomo, who had threatened to kill and eat any of his subjects who should *lotu*. He was now about to visit his Lomaloma dominions to receive tribute, and the report had been diligently circulated that he would carry out his threat on any who persisted in their adherence to Christianity. Then the members of the little Church betook themselves to earnest prayer, and determined calmly to abide the result. The great cannibal King arrived, attended by many of his people, sailing in several canoes. He heard of the fears of the Christians, and said, "The report is false. I never said so. Why should I? Is there any land where Christianity is not? Are not Missionaries living with me?" Thus were these good people set at rest, and their heathen neighbours surprised and confounded. This was one of the good results of the Somosomo Mission.

Another trial awaited the people of the *lotu*. They had hitherto refused to join in presenting first-fruits to the gods of the land, and to work on the Lord's day. Arrangements were made for the great event of the King's visit—the presentation of tribute—to take place on the Sunday. After trying vainly to get the day altered, the Christians firmly refused to take part in the proceedings. Their absence was sure to be remarked, and no one could foretell the effect such a slight would have on the much dreaded visitors. The next day, the Christians acknowledged the King's supremacy by bringing their own separate offering of tribute, which was very graciously received. This affair produced a most favourable impression on the minds of the Somosomo King and his people, showing, as it did, what was the genuine effect of Christianity when thoroughly carried out; but the Lomaloma Heathens, who expected far different reception for their Christian countrymen, were again greatly disappointed.

Many circumstances took place which tended to increase the influence of the new religion among the people. A woman who professed to be inspired by an evil spirit, soon lost her frenzy when brought under the influence of the Christian Teacher; and the priests found it more and more difficult to get up a good shaking under the inspiration of their gods. On one occasion, when a feast of many pigs and other food was duly prepared, and the priests seated round, ready to begin their convulsive performance under the divine afflatus of their several deities, Daniel, the Teacher, drew near, and spoilt it all. They looked at each other, but no one spoke, until one, bolder than the rest, became

agitated, and uttered an exhortation to the other gods to speak ; but it was a sorry attempt, and none had the heart to follow.

A Lomaloma priest sailed in company with several Christian canoes, and was wrecked. All on board escaped on the outrigger, which had broken loose. The Christians heard of the disaster, and went down to the shore, and found the priest's canoe had drifted in. They took out the mats and other property, dried them, and returned them to the owner, who refused for a while to receive them, saying it was so contrary to Fijian custom. Two Heathens who had got hold of some of the mats, acted in the old style, and kept them. The priest was astonished, and, wherever he went afterwards, told of the wonderful effects of the *lotu*. He even dressed as a Christian, saying, "Where shall I go? I have no god with me. Since the arrival of the Christian religion, I have not known any god. It is right that all should be Christian."

In the Yaro district of Vanuambalavu, good was done by the visits of the Lomaloma Christians and the Oneata people, so that several had already renounced their old religion and avowed their belief in the true God. These persons earnestly desired a Teacher ; but before one could be sent, the political aspect of the island suffered a great change.

The town of Ndaku-i-Yaro had rebelled against Yaro, to which it was lawfully subject. The Chiefs, knowing that they could not stand alone, offered to give themselves and their district over to Lomaloma. This offer, against the wish of Joseph Mbukarau and the other Christians, was accepted, and the Lomaloma Chiefs entered into alliance with the Ndaku people, and thus set themselves in direct opposition to Yaro. When matters were so far arranged, a party of Yaro people were surprised, and eleven of them killed and eaten, and one taken captive. Thus war was openly declared, and the Yaro King felt himself, justly, the injured party.

The Christians at Lomaloma were grieved and indignant at this unrighteous warfare, so treacherously and brutally begun ; and, in order to clear themselves from any suspicion of having consented to it, they openly sent to the Christians at Yaro, declaring their intention of removing at once to some neutral ground until peace was restored. At the same time they begged the King of Yaro to give up to them one of his small islands, named Munia, which was about nine miles from each of the contending districts. In time of war the Munia people were always in danger, and the island was often the object of contention, and somewhat difficult to protect against Lomaloma, which was the stronger in canoes. The King of Yaro approved of the plan, and even urged the Christians in his own town to join the others at Munia, in-

trusting them with a message to the people of the island, to the effect that he wished them to *lotu*, and to come down from their mountain fastness, where, through fear, they generally lived, and reside with the Christians at the sea-side. These two bands of confessors thus willingly exiled themselves for the sake of the Gospel of peace; and soon there arrived at Munia the Lomoloma Christians, with the noble Chief Joseph Mbukarau at their head; those from Yaro joined them; and the people of the island were won to form part of the community, receiving a solemn assurance that they should suffer no molestation or injury. A new town was built on the most favourable site, and the little colony flourished under the government of the good Lomaloma Chief. He and his people were declared exempt from all the claims of war, and permitted to sail about without hinderance, whereby they had the opportunity of doing much good on all hands.

The simple fact of that Christian colony, formed and established as it had been, produced a great effect in all Fiji. It seemed so strange that these people should thus stand out so boldly to protest against the venerable abominations of the land. It was also without precedent in Fijian history, that a tribe should leave an impregnable fortress in war time, as these Munians had done, and reside on the open coast. These things commanded attention, and the Heathens looked on and wondered, until they found themselves compelled to respect the religion which could work such great and strange results.

The war was now raging between the two districts of Vanuambalavu; but the Teacher, for whom the Yaro Christians had prayed, was sent, the Oneata people nobly giving up one of their own Teachers for the purpose. It was in February, 1844, that they sailed in six canoes, carrying the Teacher to Yaro. Two of the canoes they presented to their friends, and, in doing so, urged them to give up Heathenism. Some consented, and all seemed disposed to listen with attention and respect. Religious services were held, and, on the Sunday morning, a large house was set apart for worship; but it proved too small for the number of people who came to hear. In the afternoon, the King desired that there should be preaching in the open air, in front of his house, so that the people might sit down and be orderly. A great multitude assembled, and listened eagerly, for the first time, to the Gospel. But the war engaged too much attention to allow time for religious thought and inquiry for the present.

While the Heathens were carrying on the war with great fury, eating all the slain that could be borne away, the Christian colony at Munia prospered, and its people were industrious in cultivating the soil

and building good houses. All matters of religion were diligently attended to, and most of the natives of the island became worshippers of the true God. But these Christians also extended their efforts to the island of Thikombia, about twelve miles from them. The inhabitants of this island had been notorious for their wickedness and opposition to the *lotu*; but now they yielded to the influence of the example and exhortations of their new neighbours, and most of them forsook their old religion for that of the Gospel.

Any persons from either of the contending districts, when they reached Munia, were in a city of refuge; but, if captured on the way, they were a lawful prey. One day a Yaro canoe was nearly overtaken by one from Lomaloma, and about to be boarded, when a Teacher was observed to be on board, which was a protection to the canoe and all her crew. Some who wished to live in quietness, and serve God, went to join their friends on the small island. Among these was the priest of the principal god at Yaro, who thus abandoned his followers when they most needed such help as he had long professed to procure for them. The person who assumes the priestly office in connexion with that particular god, by professing to be possessed by the deity, is not allowed to have his hair cut. This poor fellow, accordingly, had been oppressed and annoyed with several years' growth of hair, from which he was now happily relieved by the application of scissors. Locks of his hair, which had become a yard long, were known by various names, having reference to his office. Thus one was called *cava levu*, "great wind," which would blow if proper regard were not paid to the offerings; another was, *modrai popo*, "rotten bread," signifying that, if not offended, he would make the crops so abundant, that the plentiful supply of fruit would cause the bread to rot in neglect; another was, *ika tavu*, "broiled fish," which was to be prepared for the priest as soon as the women returned from fishing, or the people would be punished. These dreaded locks were removed, and with them the false hopes and fears of many; and this, too, during a war when priests were in great demand. The war continuing, a native Teacher was sent to reside at Lomaloma, where he was received by the old Chief, who was the first fruit of Joseph's labour, and who had been persuaded to remain at home when the other Christians emigrated to Munia.

In October, 1844, Mr. Calvert visited these parts, accompanied by a Tongan Chief of rank and influence, hoping to succeed in establishing peace. At Munia seven couples were married, and twenty-five adults and eleven children baptized. At Lomaloma, twelve adults and five children were baptized. The peace-makers were allowed to pass to and

fro without molestation, though met and surrounded by large numbers of armed men. Whales' teeth were presented to both sides by the Missionary and the Tongan Chief, to back their entreaties for peace. This led to a declared reconciliation and a conclusion of hostilities; but the sore was evidently unhealed. One good thing, however, was done; the people saw and felt that the Christians wished their welfare, and received them accordingly, while many heard the Gospel, whom the Missionary had never been able to reach before.

After a little time war broke out again, though not with its former violence. The Ndaku-i-Yaro people, with whom the war originated, were not disposed for peace, as they had been obliged to forsake their own town, and were now dwelling at Lomaloma. Some of these men were the first to treat with violence the Christians, who had, all along, been permitted to pass freely where they would. On the 20th of November, 1847, while some of these miscreants were on the look-out for the enemy, they fell in with the Yaro Teacher, Josiah Lutu, who had come part of the way home with the Lomaloma Teacher on his return from visiting the sick Native Assistant Missionary at Yaro. The ruffians pounced upon this good man, killed him, mangled his body, and cut off his hand, which they bore away as proof that they had been successful in their enterprise*. The Chiefs of Lomaloma were much annoyed with this treachery of their *protégés*, which placed them in a very awkward position. They felt that they had no actual control over their heathen people, and all their priests miserably failed them at their greatest need. Moreover, the Tongan and Fijian Christians at Lakemba would be very likely to resent this outrage. The Christians could easily punish them, if they wished, especially if they were to strengthen the Yaro party, which had proved their match all through the war. After several consultations, some of the Lomaloma Chiefs resolved, as a matter of policy, to profess Christianity. This being settled, they employed Joseph Mbukarau, whom they had before despised, to go to the Tongans at Lakemba, and intercede for them. Two days, however, before his arrival, Zephaniah Lua, a Tongan Chief of high rank and influence, had sailed with a large company of Fijian and Tongan Christians, in twelve canoes, to make inquiry about the death of Josiah. Mr. Lyth had tried to prevent this large fleet, begging that only one or two

* Enoch Fakamafua, the native helper at Yaro, died two days after Josiah was murdered. Enoch was a Tongan, and had been devoted to the work of Missions for several years at Ono, and at Nukunuku, where he soon built a house and chapel with very little help. He was a faithful and uniformly devoted man, of excellent spirit. He lost five children while at Yaro, and suffered much from personal affliction; yet he refused to leave his work, giving himself fully to God's cause. His end was peaceful and happy. His wife was an excellent woman.

canoes should be sent. All entreaties were unavailing: the Missionary, therefore, besought each of the influential men of the expedition resolutely to resist any approach to war; and they all, with Zephaniah, pledged themselves to follow peace, while giving a demonstration of their disapproval of the murder. They were absent seventeen days, having visited Nayau, Mango, Thithia, and both the districts on Vanuambalavu. At every place they enjoined upon the people not to repeat the act done by the Ndaku-i-Yaro people. They did not get involved in war at any place, while they expressed their strong disapproval of the foul crime which had been committed. The Lomaloma people were very grateful for the mild way in which the matter was treated, and a general impression of a favourable kind was produced.

Teachers were stationed at various places on Vanuambalavu and the neighbouring islands, and some progress was made, when fresh troubles and persecutions opposed the Mission work. The Missionaries had now abandoned Somosomo, and, since their removal, a great change had taken place in the manner of Tuikilakila's treating the Christians in his wide dominions. At the adjacent island of Mango, subject also to Somosomo, the King's sons and people had brutally ill-used the Teacher, Paula Thama, a noble-minded Christian from Ono, and had subjected his wife to abominable treatment, so that both were obliged to leave the island. To the honour of these devoted servants of God, it should be known, that they were ready to go to other most difficult scenes of labour, where also they suffered many things for Christ's sake.

In 1854, some base characters at Lomaloma, freed from restraint, and instigated by the Somosomo Chiefs, attempted the destruction of all the Christians in their town. They had previously done all they could to exterminate the *lotu* by persecution, and by banishing the Teachers who did not belong to the place; but now actual extinction was aimed at, and reckoned upon with confidence. The plot was laid craftily, and every arrangement made with the closest secrecy. One night the Christians' houses were set on fire, and seventeen of the inmates murdered as they tried to escape. The rest got away in safety. As soon as the ill-news reached Lakemba, the Tongans again hastened to the relief of the oppressed. The fugitive Christians were placed in safety, and a vigorous inquiry instituted as to the origin and instruments of the massacre, when it was discovered that the whole affair was more than sanctioned at Somosomo. While there were some at Lomaloma who were determined in their opposition to Christianity, the Chiefs and people generally disapproved of the recent atrocity, and were all the more strongly disposed now to go over to the *lotu*. Yet,

for a long time, the Christians suffered ill-treatment, having their food stolen and property injured, while their ablest Teachers were sent away. Some suffered the death of martyrdom rather than disown their Lord, and the Missionaries and Christians in Fiji were earnest in prayer, that God would interpose on behalf of His people at Vanuambalavu. God heard prayer, and brought good out of all the evil. The Chiefs of the two hostile districts determined to end their old quarrel and live at peace, giving themselves up to the influence of Christianity. The wretches who were engaged in the massacre were given up to the Tongans, who spared their lives, but deported them to another island. Valuable Teachers were soon sent to the surrounding islands; and when the Lakemba Circuit was divided into seven branches for its better management, Vanuambalavu, with seven other islands, was formed into a separate and the most important branch, being placed under the care of a devoted Tongan Native Assistant Missionary, seven Native Teachers, and twenty-six school Teachers.

About this time the notorious persecutor, Tuikilakila, the King of Somosomo, died a violent death, and his dominions were plunged into a civil war. Some of those most active in the persecution in these parts were killed, and others had to flee for their lives.

This populous and extensive branch, where the struggle between light and darkness had been so long and determined, is now the scene of a great triumph of the Gospel. The Missionaries pay frequent visits in canoes to most of the Stations, and find the Native Assistant Missionaries of great use in visiting the places which they themselves cannot reach.

During the progress of the events just recorded, the Mission was slowly advancing at the chief island of Lakemba, which, besides several Tongan settlements, has ten Fijian towns and villages. It was, of course, impossible for the Missionary or his assistants to visit each of the many islands included in the Lakemba Circuit; but the truth reached all; for when people came to Lakemba to procure goods, or for other purposes, they always called at the Mission-house, where care was taken to impart instruction to the visitors. All, however, were afraid of the King and Chiefs in the principal town, so that, for a long time, there was not much apparent success. Yet this town was regularly visited by the Missionaries, who were occasionally cheered by tokens of good having been effected. On visiting Yavutha, a heathen Chief, who was sick, Mr. Calvert heard with gratitude of the fruit of another Missionary's teaching. Yavutha begged him to sit

near, and said, "I have desired a visit from you. I wished to go to your house that we might worship the true God together; but I could not. I have, therefore, made an offering to the gods we have worshipped. I hate them much. They are liars. I am greatly grieved because I have long neglected to worship the true God. I am now determined to pray to God. If I die while worshipping Him, it will be well. Mr. Cross is a good man. He was of few words; but we always felt when he spoke to us." In the presence of the Chief's three wives and several of his friends, Mr. Calvert made known to him more fully the nature of sin and the atonement of the Saviour, and then, at his request, prayed for him. Mr. Cross had then left four years, and this long-delayed result of good greatly encouraged his successor.

In several of the native villages on the island progress was made. Early in 1840, a neat chapel was finished at Narotheke, when one couple was married, and thirteen persons, who had been under instruction, were baptized. In this place, the heathens were very favourably disposed towards the Christians, and even helped in building the chapel. At the opening, a large quantity of food was provided and shared to people from nine towns, under the management of an influential old Tongan, who had become naturalized in Lakemba, and was the head man at Narotheke.

Besides the large number of resident Tongans at Lakemba, there were frequent visits by canoes from the Friendly Islands; and the visitors were generally careful in the observance of the Sabbath, and other points of Christian duty. Some, however, were not so faithful, and gave the Missionary a great deal of trouble. They would sometimes oppress and impose upon the natives, who, however disposed, were unable to resent the injury. This made the Missionary's position very delicate; for, while he had to encourage the Christian Tongans in all that was right, and repress any tendency to wrong, his chief work was among the Fijians, whose favour it was very important to secure.

One Sunday morning, information reached the Mission-house that there was a disturbance between the natives and the Tongans. It seemed that, as some Fijians were going to fish that morning, they asked some Christian Tongans which was the sacred day; and, on being told, set up a shout and shook their fish-spears at the Tongans, who could not brook the insult, but handled the others somewhat roughly. The Fijians, enraged, prepared for war; and both parties were soon in arms. Mr. Calvert at once ran to the Tongans, and then to the King, begging them to refrain from hostility. He met many running to and fro, ready for fighting; but, happily, no musket had as yet been fired,

or spear thrown, and the Chiefs were prevailed upon to prevent war. In the midst of the confusion, while the Missionary was hurrying from one to another to make peace, a Chief of high rank had asked the King to allow them to kill Mr. Calvert; but met with the reply, "No. He did not come here for the Tongans, but he is a Missionary to us; and, while I live, his life is sacred." Thus was God's servant preserved from his enemies, and the anxious fears of his wife, who was praying and trembling at home, was set at rest.

This great Circuit received immense advantage in the timely arrival of the Rev. Thomas Williams and his wife, on the 7th of July, 1840. Mr. Waterhouse paid a short visit on this occasion, and called at all the Stations. Twelve months after he was again in Fiji, and held the District Meeting at Lakemba, when all the Missionaries from the different stations were present, except Mr. Cross, who was unable to leave, in consequence of a massacre perpetrated near the Mission-house by the young Viwa Chief. During the Meeting rumors of war from Somosomo prevailed, and the people were all busy in throwing up embankments and repairing fences, while a constant excitement was kept up by the frequent shouting of alarming reports. The Missionaries, however, went on with the business of the District Meeting, working daily, from morning to night, until it was finished. On the Sabbath, Mr. Waterhouse preached to one congregation of Fijians and another of Tongans, and in the evening held an English service with the Missionaries and their families. He also examined several Local Preachers, and was pleased to find that only such men had been put into this office as were clear in their religious experience, and gave good evidence of a change of heart. Mr. Waterhouse's soul was greatly stirred by all he witnessed; so that he wrote: "I have now closed the business of the three Polynesian Districts, each of which is vastly important; but this the most so, from the circumference of its Mission-field, the immense population it contains, their physical and mental capabilities, their industrious habits, their profound respect for their Chiefs and all other official characters; but, withal, their awfully degraded and cannibal state; yet, more especially, from the influence Christianity is exerting:—*directly*, in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living God, and the raising up of Teachers of a noble order, who count not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they may win souls; and *indirectly*, in taming the savage, softening the horrors of war, and saving the shipwrecked mariners from the jaws of man-eaters;—to say nothing of various minor matters. The Missionaries have succeeded in fixing the moral lever which, by the supply of

suitable aid, and the blessing of God, will revolutionize the inhabitants of this interesting group of islands, containing a greater population than all the lands of New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, the Niuas, and Rotumah together."

During this visit of the General Superintendent, more effective measures were adopted for the training of native agents, whose help was becoming more and more important, as fresh places became urgent in their appeals for Teachers. Now that two Missionaries were at the Station, the different places received more frequent visits, and the work was strengthened. Chapels were built at several other villages on Lakemba, and at some of the adjacent islands, where Teachers were placed. Everywhere the heathen priests were complaining, and, in some cases, seemed to be getting ashamed of their old superstitions. At the King's town in Lakemba, a man of the priestly order, whose privilege it was to receive inspiration from the god, refused to enter upon his functions, declaring, "If my mouth should go to my stomach, or back, or elbow, I will be a priest; but so long as it remains where it is, I shall not." This was a sharp and intelligent man, and well acquainted with the Fijian language, so that he was teacher to two of the Missionaries. His intercourse with them was not altogether lost; for, some years after, when the King's permission was given to all to become Christian, he was one of the first to devote himself fully to God. Being ambassador to Mbau, he went thither with tribute, after his conversion, and while on one of these visits, fell sick and died; and, according to his own request, was buried beside John Hunt. The happy resignation with which Amos Kau bore his affliction, and his very peaceful end, made a deep impression on the heathen King of Mbau and his Chiefs, who wondered at the great change in their ambassador. Eliezer Takelo, the son of Amos, is a very pious and devoted youth, and now labours as an assistant Missionary on the distant island of Rotumah.

The perquisites of the priest's office, however, were tempting; and seeing that Kau refused to assume the dignity, a descendant of a former priest professed to be entered by the god. Still he felt that Heathenism was at a low ebb, and would not long prove profitable. While he ate the first-fruits from the field, or portions of cooked food and puddings, and appropriated to his own use other offerings, he was mindful of the signs of the times, and began to deride the gods of Fiji, saying to the Missionary, "Our system is coming to nought. Formerly we rejoiced in our gods, and were pleased when they were invoked; but since you have come among us, and spoken deridingly of our gods and the lies of priests, we have no longer pleasure in them. Our work is

not now sweet to us. We do not follow our former practices much ; and we have not any confidence in what we do. What you make known is taking the place of our false system, and will soon become prevalent."

Before a voyage was commenced, and during war, and in case of sickness, the help of the priest was always sought. In the latter, however, the Missionary often found himself displacing the sacred functionary, by the use of medicines which, being judiciously administered, were soon found to have more effect than any incantations or idolatrous ceremonies. The case of the King of Lakemba's daughter has been mentioned in the former part of this work ;* but the particulars of the whole affair are so interesting, as to warrant their being given here more fully.

In 1842, Tangithi, the daughter of the King, was very ill, and seemed likely to die. She wished to be visited by the Missionary, who found her much worse, being speechless, and apparently insensible. The medicine he gave soon produced a favourable change ; but, next day, she refused to continue under Mr. Calvert's treatment, as a priest had arrived during the night from a distance ; and, through him, the god had declared that the illness of the Princess was in consequence of the ruinous state of the temples. The King, being very fond of his daughter, was anxious to appease the anger of the gods, and ordered large offerings of food to be prepared by all the towns on the island. Toki, and the other enemies of the *lotu*, tried very hard to get this order imposed on the Christians as well as the rest ; but the King refused, saying that what the Christians did in the matter would be useless, as they worshipped another God. On being pressed, he added, "They shall not be asked to help. And if they were, do you think they would do anything in this matter, seeing that such work is unlawful to them ?" On this occasion, as on all others, care was taken by the Missionaries that, while the Christians stood firmly to their principles, it should be done with as little offence as possible ; so that they brought unbidden a supply of uncooked food, as a present to the King, who seemed pleased and satisfied. All the Heathens on the island joined in preparing the offering for Tangithi's recovery. Many thousands of taro-roots were baked and presented, with nineteen large puddings, made of the same material, ground on the rough bark of the pandanus, and then baked in leaves in portions about the size of a penny roll, to be afterwards all mixed together with cocoa-nut and boiled sugar-cane juice ; the whole mass being

* Vol. I., p. 145.

neatly cased in a great number of banana leaves. The largest pudding was twenty-one feet, and the next nineteen feet, in circumference.

All these preparations occupied much time, and before everything was ready, Tangithi got worse, and again Mr. Calvert was sent for. He found her removed to the house of a late brother of the King, who was now deified, and said to be specially present in his old house. The Missionary, knowing that the priest was there about his incantations, and that large offerings had been prepared, deemed this a good opportunity for teaching. The King was much excited, and said, "The illness of my daughter is very great!" "Yes," said Mr. Calvert, "I know it; and you are to be blamed for following useless heathen worship, instead of continuing the use of medicine which proved beneficial." He further added that he was unwilling to treat the patient, while the heathen observances were going on, and the priest was rubbing her body, lest, on his treatment succeeding, it should be said that the recovery was the result of the incantations and offerings, and thus the people should become confirmed in their errors. After a long talk, and a lecture to the priest on his absurd deceptions, Mr. Calvert at last consented to undertake the case. He administered a stimulant, which revived the girl from her stupor, making her throw about her arms restlessly. This frightened the King, who thought she was dying, and cried out angrily, "You have killed my daughter!" The Missionary was in no enviable position. The attendants and people all round were very savage at his interference with the priest, and only wanted a word to lead them to revenge. It was late at night, and the Mission-house was far off. The place was full of enraged Heathens, in the midst of whom stood the stranger accused by the King of murdering his favourite child. Nothing, however, was to be gained by showing fear; so Mr. Calvert snatched up his bottles, and showed great indignation at such a charge after he had come at their earnest request,—though served so badly by them before,—and had given some of the medicine that had been sent all the way from England for his own family. Then, assuming a look of being greatly affronted, he hurried away, glad enough to get safe home, where he bolted all the doors, and kept an anxious look-out next morning, until the news came that Tangithi was alive and somewhat better. During the morning a message came from the King, begging for medicine for another of his children, who was ill with dysentery. Mr. Calvert sent word: "Give my respects to the King, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night; and it is not lawful for a Missionary to kill two children of a King in so short a time." An

apology soon came, and an entreaty for forgiveness for words hastily spoken; but the medicine was not sent until another urgent request was brought.

For four weeks the priests tried all the effects of their incantations and sacrifices, but the sick girl got no better; so that, at last, the father's heart relented, and he gave his consent that she should renounce Heathenism, and be removed, with her attendants, to the Mission-house. This was accordingly done, and the Missionary's wife will not soon forget the toil and inconvenience and annoyance of having so many Fijian women in her house. The care, however, was cheerfully borne, and in a short time the patient improved. Now that she had lost all trust in the heathen remedies, she was perfectly submissive to the directions of the Missionary, and soon recovered. And God greatly blessed her soul as well as her body; so that she became an enlightened and earnest worshipper of Him, much to the dismay of the priests, and the rousing of the whole island. On the day of her removal to the Mission-house, the rebuilding of a temple was to have been commenced, and an immense ball of sinnet was to be unwound for the lashings; but the unexpected turn of events prevented the work. Several became Christians in the King's town, and all the people, from the King downwards, knew that Tangithi's recovery was of God, after their own priests had failed.

Tangithi soon became a consistent and valuable member of the Church; but one very awkward fact sadly perplexed both her father and the Christians. She had long been betrothed to Tanoa, the old King of Mbau. Her father still remained heathen, and could have no excuse for treating Tanoa as the Ono people had served himself, by refusing to send the girl; so that, much against her own wish, she was sent to Mbau, where, without any to foster her piety, it declined, although she never abandoned her profession of Christianity. Under the stress of persecution and mockery, she continued to pray, until she was subjected to such infamous treatment that her life was endangered, and she once more returned to her father's island, where her old friends warmly welcomed her. Under their care, after much anxious watching and prayer, she slowly recovered, and once more her heart was fully consecrated to God, and her whole conduct was marked by a peculiarly devout and earnest piety. Immediately on her perfect recovery, she was peremptorily ordered back to Mbau, where she had once more to endure shameful outrage; so that when Tanoa died, she would gladly have been one of the victims strangled at his obsequies, rather than continue subject to the abominable usage she had to suffer. But she

still lived, and, in consequence of her good behaviour, was allowed again to visit her father, under a pledge that she should return, bringing a large offering of property.

But some change had now taken place at Lakemba. The King was nominally a Christian, and most of his people had formally renounced Heathenism. Mbau also had become weakened in the great war, and the Lakembans had not paid their tribute so fully as usual. On the visit of the Christian Tongan King, George, the Mbau Chief complained that his Lakemba vassals had not kept their engagement concerning Tangithi, and declared his purpose, if they sent her back with the tribute, that he would give his free consent to her returning home. King George acknowledged the justice of the claim, and urged the Lakembans to meet it: but there was every reason to doubt the faith of the Mbau Chief; and Tangithi, who had received great benefit by her return, declared her willingness to die rather than go back to him. The Missionaries urged on the good Tongan King the importance of his seeing that the Mbau Chief kept his word, and this resolute interference caused great stir. When the matter was most difficult, it was found that the messenger between the two Kings had been double-faced, and King George at once took the woman back to Lakemba, where she has since lived a good Christian, and a useful Class-Leader.

While this case, which on account of its importance has been given at length, shows some of the great difficulties which opposed the Fijian Mission, it also brings out the importance of the Missionaries having some medical knowledge. In the case of those belonging to this Mission, they had given considerable attention to this point before leaving England, and had provided themselves with useful works of reference. Very early, too, the Mission was strengthened by the arrival of the Rev. R. B. Lyth, who had been educated for the medical profession, and who was unwearied in his attention to the health of the people and the Mission families. Again and again did he sacrifice comfort, and risk his life, leaving his own family, and taking long voyages in frail canoes,—once being wrecked and narrowly escaping with his life,—in going to help his brethren and their wives when sick.

The necessity and advantages of English medicines and medical knowledge were deeply impressed upon Professor Harvey of the Dublin University, on his visit to the Fiji Islands in 1855. He wrote to his friend, N. B. Ward, Esq., of Clapham Rise, London, urging that the subject should have his best attention. Upwards of £200 was contributed, and supplies of medicines were sent out to the Missionaries in the Friendly and Fiji Islands. Mr. Ward interested many gentlemen and

friends in the matter. It was felt desirable that special attention should be paid to qualify all Missionaries to help themselves and their own families, as well as the people among whom they are placed, where there are no medical men. With the design of supplying this desideratum, *The Protestant Missions' Medical Aid Society* was formed in 1856. Several medical gentlemen readily offered their services; and the co-operation of all Protestant Missionary Societies was invited for the promotion of the objects of the association.

Passing back again over the time occupied by the events recorded in connexion with Tangithi's case, the conversion of the people of *Yandrana* deserves special notice. *Yandrana* is the most populous town on *Lakemba*, on the opposite side to the King's town. It had been repeatedly visited by the Missionaries and Teachers, but without apparent success; for the people seemed determined to oppose Christianity. In September, 1842, some differences took place between these people and the King's town, and a sudden attack was treacherously made upon the *Yandrana* men while presenting food, when two of their number were killed and two wounded. On the next day, they sent a message to the King, begging that no more might be killed, but that they might serve him in peace. On the return of the messenger, a consultation was held, at which it was boldly asserted that their own gods were useless, and their heathen masters unworthy of trust. At ten o'clock that night the Missionary received an intimation from the *Yandrana* people, that they did not like to be killed; that they should certainly go to war with their King if they remained heathen, and that they therefore wished to become Christians. Knowing the danger of delay, Mr. Calvert rose, dressed, and walked about twelve miles, entering the town soon after sunrise. Some of the principal men assembled in a heathen temple, and to these the Missionary stated why he had come so promptly. They replied: "We were far from religion. The sky was nearer than religion to us. But we are now apprehensive that we shall always be fighting if we continue heathen; and we have, therefore, decided to embrace Christianity, that we may remain in our land, and live peaceably."

Most of the people were busy in preparing food for the funeral of the two slain men, and could not attend. *Lua*, the head Chief of the town, with three of the principal men, and a few others, met in a heathen temple, as representatives of the four tribes belonging to that settlement, and, after singing and prayer, bowed down to worship God. On the next Sabbath, all the rest were openly to abandon idolatry.

But the King and his Chiefs soon heard of what the Yandrana people were intending to do, and a messenger was forthwith sent off to forbid their becoming Christian. Mr. Calvert met the messenger just outside the town as he himself was returning, and rejoiced to know that the King's command came too late. Men of influence were now dispatched, commissioned to gain their end, whether by threats or promises; but in vain. Those who had professed Christianity refused to leave, declaring their intention of remaining where they were, and preparing tribute for the King as formerly. This town, of all others, had supported the King in his opposition to the *lotu*; and now he and Toki and the other Chiefs were dismayed to see it going over to the new religion.

Mr. Calvert had an interview with Tui Nayau, telling him, that the Yandrana people were greatly afraid on account of the conduct of their young men, and the murders which had taken place; that they had thought of removing elsewhere for safety, but had resolved to remain and become Christian, that they might dwell in their own land, avoid war, and live in comfort; that they had already begun to worship God, which would be for the King's benefit, inasmuch as he would easily govern them, while, in their heathen state, he had always found them unruly; and, valuable as they were to him, he had been obliged to kill some of them. The Missionary went on to say, that he should teach these people to honour their King as well as to fear God; and that, as religion was a great blessing to any land, it would be wiser for the King to give up his opposition. Tui Nayau's answer was remarkable. "It is true," said he, "I sent to inquire about their becoming Christian, in order to prevent it, according to the custom of our land; so I did to the islands of Oneata and Ono, and the villages of Wathiwathi, Waitambu, Narothake, and Nukunuku; but my efforts were ineffectual. Religion is not like a dress, to be put on and off; but it is a work in the heart. When our message goes to those who have only put religion on, they pretend to be afraid, and give it up; but those who know religion press on in spite of our opposition, and people will not abandon it. See! religion exists and prevails at all the places where I made efforts to destroy it; it spreads, and we shall all become Christian. It is our way to oppose; but yours to go on with your work, and be successful."

At Yandrana, however, the King's message prevented the universal abandonment of Heathenism, which was to have taken place on the next Sabbath. Still the loss by this was only apparent; for, had the formal acknowledgment of Christianity taken place, it would have been, on the part of many, a purely politic expedient, their hearts remaining

uninfluenced by those truths which they hated even when seeming to embrace them. Among those who actually became Christians at this time, was some very decided characters, who formed a good foundation for the Church to be built upon afterwards in Yandrana. Such was Vosa, the son of the King's orator, and an influential man of twenty-eight years of age. He learned the alphabet in a few hours, and was very soon able to read the New Testament. Wetasau, the Chief next in rank to the King, came over to Yandrana and besought the people to remain heathen; but the Christians told him that their new religion would not affect their loyalty, or the amount of their tribute. The Chief upbraided Vosa with his folly in becoming Christian, telling him that he could not now succeed his father as King's speaker; to which Vosa replied that his religion would not disqualify him for that office, and that no one should deprive him of it. This man made rapid progress in all respects; commending religion, and maintaining its superiority to the old Heathenism. After a time he became a Local Preacher, and has since been employed as a useful Teacher in several islands.

Under the diligent care of the Missionaries and their trained Agents, the good work prospered greatly in this town: a large chapel was soon put up, the number of converts increased, and several efficient Teachers were taken eventually from this Church to carry the truth elsewhere. In 1854, nearly twelve years after that morning when a few met Mr. Calvert in the temple to accept Christianity, the same Missionary, being in want of men to help in other parts of the group, again visited Yandrana, to try, by the kind permission of the Superintendent, whether any would be ready to give themselves up. He called upon the Chief, Lua, one of the few left who took part in the first service on that eventful morning twelve years ago. Lua had long been ill and was very weak, but quite happy in prospect of death. He said: "I am very glad to see you once again before I die. My body is weak; but I trust in Jesus Christ who saves me. I think I shall not live long; but I do not trouble about that. I leave all to the Lord, contented to die and go to live with Jesus." This testimony greatly cheered the Missionary. The Chief then told him that as men were wanted, he might take any of his relatives and people who were ready to go, saying that they had much better be employed for the salvation of souls than remain at home to plant yams and taro, and build houses.

The Fijians are generally very industrious, and the men go out daily to a distance from the town to cultivate the soil and cook vegetables, while the women are busy making cloth at home, or fishing on

the reef. When Mr. Calvert came, he found that nearly all the men were away at work. On their return at evening, the great drums were beaten for service, which was held at a commodious chapel in the suburbs, near to which a Teacher's house had been built. All the people were now nominally Christians, and many showed by their earnest piety and blameless life how real was their religion. After service the Missionary said, "I am here to seek men who have felt the truth and power of Christ's religion in their own hearts; who know the Scriptures, can read well, and are desirous to do good to their countrymen in the darker places of Fiji, where light has lately begun to shine. It is probable that lives will have to be sacrificed in this great and difficult work, as Satan and men stir up opposition to God's truth, and do all they can to prevent its spread. I therefore only want right-hearted men, who, being prepared for the work, are willing to go forth and sacrifice their lives in the cause of Christ. Let such meet me in the Teacher's house." Hearts of the right sort heard that appeal, and nearly twenty young men followed the Missionary into the house, being willing to go anywhere, and face any danger, for Christ's sake. Some of these were selected and examined, and sent out to various posts of toil and peril, where they have done well.

This is the way in which this Mission had advanced. Native agency has always been raised up and successfully employed. As the work has grown, a Training Institution has become indispensable, requiring the constant attention of a Missionary and a Schoolmaster, so that a supply of competent agents may be kept up, and the Missionaries be spared the suffering they have so often endured, of seeing the work grow too great for them, and fail for want of more help.

The Lakemba Circuit received great benefit from the assiduous labours of the Rev. Thomas Williams, who, in much family affliction, spent three years on this Station. At the end of the first year he built a good house, at the expense of much personal toil, which was rewarded by his having a comfortable dwelling, by the valuable lessons given to the natives, the stimulus it furnished to other Missionaries to procure better houses for the preservation of health, and by its serving for many years as a Mission-house. While the building was in progress, Mr. Williams preached frequently at the neighbouring chapel, visited the other towns, and made several voyages to the islands where Christianity had taken root. The following extract from his journal gives a good description of this kind of journey which was often undertaken by himself and other Missionaries:—

“May 25th, 1842.—I revisited the island of Oneata in our little canoe, which received unusually rough treatment in crossing the Lakemba reef; but we were mercifully preserved from serious hurt, and taken safely to the end of our voyage. Our work at this place is retarded for want of sufficient native help. The anxiety of the people to improve makes their present circumstances the more lamentable. I stayed with them three days, endeavouring to benefit them by preaching, attending to the schools, and visiting the people at their homes. The anxiety of those who have lately cast in their lot with the Christians to read God’s word, was striking; and the cry of ‘Love me and help me, that I may know my book!’ assailed me from all quarters.

“Wishing to visit our little Society at Mothe, I sailed for that place on the 28th; but the wind setting in against us, we put about, and ran down to Lakemba. I was somewhat anxious to get to Mothe, as I expected that a large canoe would call there, to take me on to Ono. The first favourable opportunity which presented itself of proceeding to Mothe arrived on the 1st of June, on which day we could get no farther than Aiwa, an uninhabited island a few miles from Lakemba. The half-starved rats came out to share our frugal fare, and seemed determined not to rest or to let me rest all night; so that, having watched some time for the morning, I was glad to take my departure at sunrise. After a tedious voyage of sixteen hours, we reached Mothe. Expecting to leave this island speedily, as the canoe I wanted had reached it before me, I assembled the Christian natives and Tongans early next morning, and gave them a sermon. However, we did not sail until the next day, and then only proceeded a few miles, when we were driven back again by stress of weather.

“Sunday, June 5th.—We had an excellent attendance at our Fijian and Tongan services. Contrary winds detained us until the 11th; so that I had time to visit nearly all the people on the island, most of whom are Heathen. On one of my excursions I found a few people dwelling on the top of a considerable mountain, amidst the ruins of an old fortress. This unexpected opportunity of declaring God’s love to a fallen world was cheerfully embraced, and the poor outcasts listened with attention.

“Vulanga was the next island we made. Its appearance is pleasing, and its structure different to most in this group.* We found the people generally destitute of all that can make existence desirable: such poverty I have not witnessed before in Fiji. Vulanga had not been visited before by any Missionary, so that my arrival created a little stir.

* See vol. 1., p. 4.

“Sunday, 12th.—We met early this morning, to pray that our visit to this island might be made a blessing to its inhabitants. I walked to two settlements, Toka and Na-ivi-ndamu, and conversed with the people on the subject of their souls’ salvation. I then took a small canoe and crossed the water to Muanaira, and thence proceeded to the largest town, Muaniithake, where, finding a number of old men engaged in plaiting sinnet in an open space in the centre of the town, I asked and gained their permission to conduct public service. Some of them refrained from their employment reluctantly at first, but their attention was arrested by our singing and prayer; nor had I reason to complain of those who gathered round us, to the number of three or four score. They listened attentively while I remarked on the miracle wrought by Christ in behalf of the man sick of the palsy. A young and truly excellent Fijian Local Preacher then exhorted his countrymen to turn from idols to serve the living God. We then visited several of the people at their homes, and returned in the evening, thankful for an opportunity of proclaiming Jesus to these long-neglected ones.

“On the night of the 13th we reached Vatoa, and were glad to find that most of our people remain of one heart and mind, endeavouring to serve God acceptably. On the evening of the 14th I encouraged them to put their trust in God; after which I met a Class of men. The sound and scriptural experience of some of them at once surprised and refreshed me.

“On the 15th, we prepared early to proceed on the most dangerous part of our voyage. The appearance of the morning led us to anticipate a fine day; but in this we were disappointed, and, after we had been about three hours out at sea, a very unfavourable change took place in the weather. The wind became very strong, and with it we had a heavy sea. Our sail was rent; one of the yards snapped in two, and we had scarcely mended it when a large steer-oar broke. The one put in its place had not been down many minutes before it shared a similar fate. Happily the canoe had been lately repaired and refastened with new sinnet, or in all probability it would have parted. We accomplished our voyage with difficulty; but were eventually brought safely to the desired haven by our gracious Master. Some of the Ono people came to meet us, and welcome us to their land, on which we had not long been before they brought us refreshment. We slept on a small island, and proceeded to Ono Levu next morning. The people here wept for joy when they beheld me accompanied by my noble friend Silas Faone, who is to take the superintendency of our work here. The women new-matted the chapel, and the men were engaged

in making us a feast. I had not been long on the island before I was informed that the people waited for me to ask a blessing on the food which they had brought, and arranged neatly before my door, comprising twenty-five baked pigs, two turtles, with fish, native puddings, two hundred bunches of ripe bananas, and hundreds of yams and coconuts,—abundantly testifying that the people did not love in word only. Some time after they brought me a fine mat, as a present; and a bundle of native cloth, as an expression of their love, was given to their new Teacher. During my stay, I was fully employed amongst them.

“Sunday, 19th, was a high day with the people. I preached at Ono Levu in the morning about the Philippian jailor, and afterwards baptized ninety-nine persons. From this place I walked about four miles, and preached at Matokano, from Rom. v. 8, baptized fifty-five persons, and married two couples. At Waini preached and baptized forty-seven persons. The greater number of those who were baptized at each place were adults. Many pleasing circumstances occurred on this day, and during my stay, which I would gladly notice, had I time.

“As we returned, I re-visited the people at Vatoa, and baptized several. Upon the whole, I think I shall have cause to bless God to all eternity for what I have seen and heard and felt. I was one month from home. I know it is well to be cautious in speaking of the piety of persons so lately introduced to a knowledge of the true God; but this I believe may be said of many on each of these islands: they are a Christian people, rejoicing in the faith of Jesus, and ripening for heaven by a daily progress in the graces of the Gospel.”

In August of the following year, 1843, the Lakemba Circuit was deprived of the valuable services of Mr. Williams, who was removed to Somosomo, in consequence of the death of Mr. Cross. Mr. Calvert was thus left once more alone. He had long been suffering from dysentery, and the Somosomo climate was known to be unfavorable to that disease. This fact, in connexion with that of his knowledge of the Tongan language, made it desirable for him to remain at Lakemba.

As the truth spread among the Fijians, the conduct of the Tongans was felt to be very injurious. Their manner of life was unfavourable to religious consistency and propriety, as most of them lived upon the industry of the Fijians. They were poor and proud, idle but influential, hated and feared. They were numerous, and had access to, and were honoured in, all the principal parts of Fiji. Though their home, such as it was, was Lakemba, where they resided, yet they were in a great measure under the control of the Mbau Chief; and, though nom-

inally and professedly Christian, each family attending to domestic devotion twice a day, regarding the Sabbath, and many of them reading the Scriptures, they joined him in his wars, and partook of a fighting, dancing, and altogether heathen spirit. Having scanty fare at home, they were always ready to be employed by the Fijians in sailing about. Idleness did much more than clothe them with rags; it prepared and disposed them to steal and encroach upon their neighbours, and left them ready in body and mind for employment by Satan and mischievous Chiefs. There they were, and there they would continue in great numbers, exercising much influence for bad or good, according to their conduct. It was, therefore, plainly the Missionary's duty to labour to prevent the evils arising from the irreligious practices of the Tongans, and to try to reclaim them, so that their influence might be beneficially exercised. They were, therefore, faithfully reprov'd, instructed, warn'd, and exhorted in private and in the public congregation. Special efforts were made to recover them from idleness, that they might have homes, with the attraction of plenty of food. It was shown that those who would eat ought to work, and that those who refused to labour walk'd "disorderly;" and they were exhorted "with quietness to work, and eat their own bread." It was not an easy matter to cure them of indolence, and lead them to abandon worldly pleasures and sinful practices. Feeling that nothing could be done in spiritual matters with those who were idle, practice was brought to bear against this evil, as well as precept. The use of plots of land was easily obtained. The Missionary had very large beds of bananas and yams planted in a conspicuous place near the Mission premises, and in various directions on other parts of the island. These were known and seen by all; and impressively instructed both parties, by reprov'ing the Tongans for their neglect, and encouraging the Fijians in their diligence, at the same time giving additional proof to the latter that the former acted in a way unbecoming their Christian profession. Happily, the proper views, practice, and injunctions of King George of Tonga were familiar to all. The principal Fijian Chief, Thakombau, was also known to work in his own gardens, and severely to reprove any of his people who were idle. One incorrigible Tongan, who would not be persuaded to work, was made an example of by being excluded from church-membership for idleness. His remonstrances were in vain, as the sin of "working not at all," after faithful warning and entreaty, could not be allowed in the Church. These efforts were not useless. Some planted food, built better houses, and were glad to remain at home, and attend to their families and religion. But the Chiefs led their people

forth again to war ; the young men delighted in dancing and other evil practices. Even to the present time—though the Missionaries, and King George and other Chiefs in Tonga, have seen and tried to prevent the evils done to Fiji by Tongans—they are a source of difficulty and trouble. They are a fine race, well-built, powerful, and intelligent, and succeed amazingly in gaining influence wherever they go. Generally the Tongans are well disposed to the Missionaries, and have cheerfully helped in conveying them from island to island ; they have always been ready to protect them from Fijian insult ; and have interfered, at considerable trouble, expense, and risk of life, on several islands where Teachers have been killed, injured, and robbed, and Christian Fijians have been persecuted and murdered. There are also many Tongans who have well exhibited the principles of true religion, commending it by word and deed ; besides a goodly number of *most devoted* men, who have greatly promoted the cause of Christ in Fiji as Native Agents.

When the reinforcement of the Mission staff came in 1844, the Rev. R. B. Lyth was appointed to Lakemba, for which place he was peculiarly fitted, having resided so long in the Friendly Islands, and being therefore well acquainted with the Tongan language. Mr. Calvert, who was much reduced by his long sickness, soon recovered under the skill and kind attention of Mr. Lyth, whose labours in every department of the Mission were very successful. There were now nine hundred and sixty-three church members in the Circuit, and many more under instruction.

In October, 1845, Mr. Lyth writes to the General Secretaries, under the head of "The Missionary's Engagements," as follows:—"These are exceedingly numerous, but not easily described. We have much of 'weariness and painfulness' from day to day. Our Circuit duties are onerous, so that we are often wearied in, though not of, our work. We cannot command our time, being liable to continual calls from all kinds of people to meet their various wants, some reasonable, many unreasonable, so that our time for translating, &c., is very limited. This place being generally full of visitors from Tonga in quest of canoes, makes it quite a place of traffic and excitement. We have many calls from the sick, both Christian and heathen ; and, there being several large Fijian towns on the island, this duty alone occupies a large share of our time and attention. Our toil thus spent is not lost. Several Heathens, in the course of the passing year, have renounced their Heathenism and attached themselves to us in their afflictions ; and the rest are led to think favourably of Christianity through our intercourse with them in this respect."

In November of the previous year, Toki, the King's brother, had

died suddenly, and, in spite of every effort on the part of the Missionaries, his principal wife was strangled. This Chief resolutely opposed Christianity to the last. He drank yaqona to such an excess that his body was covered with a white scurf. In the following month, Lajike, the head Tongan Chief, of equal rank with King George, died at Lakemba. He was a professed Christian; but had led an idle and unprofitable life, and his end, in the midst of his days, was with little hope. It was found impossible to prevent the observance of many heathen abominations at his funeral.

The District Meeting in 1845 was found, like those previously, to be a source of much good and encouragement to the Missionaries, who were greatly cheered in thus meeting together, and strengthening one another's hands in the Lord. The following is an extract from one of their journals :

“ July 6th.—During our District Meeting Mr. Hunt preached by far the best sermon I have heard from any person on entire sanctification, and decidedly the best sermon I have heard him preach on any subject. ‘ Best of all is, God is with us.’ His saving truths are clearly declared, and pressed upon us, accompanied with the Holy Ghost and with power. This is by far the most spiritually profitable District Meeting that we have had. It is very evident that our brethren at Viwa have been much with Jesus during the year. I hope Mr. Hunt will publish his ‘ Thoughts on Entire Sanctification.’ He has written copiously, and, I am sure, in a way that cannot fail, by God's blessing, to tell effectually on English Methodists. I trust that we all shall be much in earnest for full salvation, and shall be God's living witnesses when sin is all destroyed. What a help in, and blessing to, our work ! May the Lord wholly sanctify, and preserve us in that state of salvation, even to the coming of our Lord Jesus ! ”

About this time a Welshman, who had been under the influence of the Romish Priests, received medicine for his sick child, and teaching for himself, from the Missionaries, whereby his faith in Popery was greatly shaken, so that he afterwards became truly converted to God at Vavau. An American also came to Lakemba, and was led to seek the pardon of his sins through Christ, in whom, before long, he greatly rejoiced, and lived a good and useful life.

The work was now fairly progressing in the islands, and in some of the towns on Lakemba the Gospel was preached “ with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven ” in a remarkable degree. Some showed great distress on account of their sins, and wept bitterly, not sleeping because of their sorrow. Many who had hitherto stood aloof were induced to

seek earnestly their own salvation. Services were held frequently, and in one village nearly all the people began to seek the Lord. Among the number was Jane, the wife of a Chief of high rank, and daughter of the King. She was already a church member, but had not yet felt a thorough change of heart. Now, however, she obtained this, and rejoiced greatly in God. Immediately she went to the King her father, and found several persons with him. Sitting down by his side, and leaning against him, she said, "Sire, I have come to beg of you to abandon Heathenism and embrace Christianity. Heathenism is false and useless; religion is good, and a very great matter. I *now know* that religion is good. The Lord has worked mightily in my soul. I now know the excellency of religion; and I have therefore come to beseech you to turn from falsehood to truth." She wept much. The King said, "Have you only now found that religion is good?" She replied, "I have only known well about religion a few days. The Lord has changed my heart. Had I known before, I should have come to you. On finding the power, I felt great love to you; and I have now come before you to beg you at once to decide." He said, "You are right and true. Most of our relatives are on your side. I shall wait a little longer, and then decide. I build no temples. I do not attend to heathen worship. There are only a few of us remaining Heathens."

There were many such instances, where those who had received good themselves, were thus zealous in trying to turn their relations and friends to the *lotu*. All this roused much opposition, especially on the part of the French Priests, who, publicly and from house to house, opposed the Missionaries and their work, but without avail. Another case now occurred of a lady of rank being cured of her sickness by the treatment of the Missionaries, after every heathen method had been tried in vain. This also had a good effect; and the adherence of the higher families to their old religion was greatly shaken. Very few priests could now be found to carry out the deceptions and services of the temples, and Toki, the bitterest enemy to the truth, was no more.

At this crisis Lakemba was threatened with war from Mbau, and great excitement prevailed. In former times the temples would have been visited with offerings, and the priests consulted; but now many of the temples were empty, and no priests to be found. Vigorous measures were adopted to fortify the town; and several serious conversations were held in the King's house on the expediency of all becoming Christians. The Missionaries and their people were on the alert, and on Friday, January 9th, 1846, the King announced that on the next Sabbath he would, for the first time, worship Jehovah; but his heathen

friends once more dissuaded him. Under the pressure of growing excitement, the Sunday following was fixed for the King's formal profession of Christianity, and every thing went well till the Saturday, when the counsels of heathen Chiefs were strongly backed by Romish Priests, who preferred Tui Nayau's remaining a Heathen to his becoming a Protestant, and once more the King drew back. Not so, however, Wetasau, the Chief next in rank. He had formerly been very obstinate in his resistance to the truth, but now his mind was changed, and nothing could longer deter him from the *lotu*. On hearing that the King had again changed his purpose, he resolved to wait no longer, but on the Saturday evening declared himself a convert to Christianity, by kneeling before God in his own house, while one of his Tongan friends prayed with him. On the following morning he sent to request the Missionary to come and conduct service in his house. This was a bold step, and began a new era in Lakemba. Thousands of times had religious conversations been held within the King's town; but, as yet, no public service had been allowed there. Now, however, a large house was opened for the purpose, and a good number came to hear. The King settled down again in the old way; but gave orders that there should be no beating of cloth or other noisy work done in his town on the Sabbath, that the Christians might not be disturbed at their worship. Wetasau remained faithful in his profession, and thus all men saw that they might now *lotu* with safety. A Tongan, of whom the King was very fond, was sent as Teacher to the Chief, and the King gave leave for a site to be chosen in any part of the town for a chapel, and even went so far as to order the country people to help in plaiting sinnet for its construction.

But as yet Wetasau could not be baptized or received as a church member; for he continued a polygamist. In his defence he urged that many wives were necessary to produce the cloth required as tribute to Mbua,—a point on which the King of Lakema was, of course, very strict. Two years and a half of diligent teaching passed after Wetasau's profession of Christianity before he yielded to his conviction of duty, and was properly married to one wife, the mother of several fine children. Upwards of ten women were thus discarded; but they were all soon married to other husbands, and led far happier lives than before. The Chief was now received on trial as a church member, and his decisive conduct was felt to be a keen reproof to the King. After a time, he was fully admitted by baptism, taking the name of William. He was greatly altered, and tried to do good. Once he had to be excluded from church membership on account of his engaging in unright-

eous war; but he became penitent, and was again received. His daughter was a very fine girl, and much in earnest about religion, being made useful in leading many of the girls daily to school. In 1856, Wetatau was lost at sea.

In October, 1846, Mr. Calvert was once more left alone at Lakemba, Mr. Lyth having gone to Viwa to help in carrying the Scriptures through the press. In September, 1847, the Rev. John Malvern arrived, and began his missionary labours at Lakemba, where he soon succeeded in getting together a large school near the Station, attracting the children by singing, marching, pictures, and an improved method of teaching. This answered so well that the same effort was made in several country places and on other islands. Mr. Malvern's efforts in this department were made eminently useful, while the Mission owes much to his assiduous and untiring attention in the training of Local Preachers, Teachers, and other Native Agents, his faithful and zealous preaching, and his affectionate pastoral watchfulness.

Soon after Mr. Malvern's arrival, Julius Naulivou, a Tongan Preacher of great worth, died. He had been removed when very young to Fiji, and adopted by a former King of Lakemba, so that his rank and influence were more than common. Having returned to his native land, he became converted to God, whereupon his desire was strong to go and tell the cannibals among whom he had been living of "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He accordingly went back to Lakemba, where, though in delicate health, he continued working hard in connexion with the Mission. His knowledge of the Gospel was clear, and his statement of it intelligent and effective. The best of the Fijian Local Preachers was one of his converts, and, no doubt, many more received lasting good under his preaching. His last illness was short. The day before he died, he said to Mr. Calvert, "I have long *enjoyed* religion, and felt its *power*. In my former illness I was happy; but now I am greatly blessed. The Lord has come down with mighty power into my soul, and I feel the blessedness of *full rest of soul* in God. I feel religion to be peculiarly sweet, and my rejoicing is great. I see more fully and clearly the truth of the word and Spirit of God, and the suitability of the Saviour. The whole of Christianity I see as exceedingly excellent." So he continued in praise and loving thankfulness for some time, testifying to the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. Calmly and without a fear or murmur, this good man awaited death, and on the 29th of October gently "fell asleep." Julius had long prayed for the conversion of his brother by adoption, Wangka-i-Malani. His peaceful death greatly struck the Fijian's heart, so that

he at once *lotued*, and several more, under the same influence, turned from Heathenism to serve God.

Early in 1848 a large chapel was built and opened for Divine service in Nasangkalu, the third town on Lakemba. This place belonged to the late Chief Toki, who had forbidden the people to *lotu*; but now Wetasua aided the work, and Wangka-i-Malani accompanied the Missionary to the opening services, and earnestly exhorted the people to become Christians. Philemon Sandria, the Teacher here, had formerly been a notorious robber; but now, to the astonishment of all who knew him as a Heathen, he was not only honest, but suffered the loss of his own property, and endured patiently many outrages which formerly he would have angrily resented. He had worked very hard and successfully in preaching and building the chapel. Once he was attacked severely by pleurisy, but recovered under Mr. Lyth's treatment. After the opening of the new chapel much good was done, and many were led to serve God, and some to go out as Teachers into other parts.

There is a settlement on Lakemba called Levuka, which is inhabited by the Levuka people, a sailor tribe, under the rule of Mbau, but of great service to the King of Lakemba in voyaging to different parts of his dominions. The connexion of these people with Mbau gave them great power, and their insolence and tyranny were fostered by the timid submission of those whom they visited, and from whom, while executing the King's business, they always managed to exact a considerable amount of food and property for themselves. It was thus that these rovers gained their lawless livelihood, since their frequent absence from home prevented them from tilling the soil. Their women were skilful in the making of pottery, and the carrying on of trade; they were also good sailors, and often accompanied the men on their expeditions. The position, impudence, and industry of the whole community raised them into a better and wealthier condition than their neighbours, among whom they had a half Jew and half Gypsy reputation. The dwellers at the Mission Station had often proved, to their cost, the cleverness of the Levukans in stealing, when they came to offer food and various articles for sale.

One of the Levuka Chiefs was a man of mark, distinguished by his energy of character and desperate hardihood in voyages and war, as well as by his unscrupulous treachery. At Mbau he was in high repute, and his counsels were greatly respected by the powerful Chiefs of that kingdom; but elsewhere his name was a word of fear, in many a village and household he was hated for the outrages he had wrought. He was leader of the brutal attack on part of the crew of the schooner

“Active,” who were murdered and eaten. Among this man’s strongest passions was an intense hatred of the Tongans and Christianity. Again and again did he exert his influence at Mbau, to bring about a rupture with the Tongan settlers; but in vain; for these strangers were valuable, and generally considered difficult to control. But the Levukan’s efforts to put down the *lotu* met with greater favour in the councils of Mbau, where the celebrated Verani exercised all the great power given him by his position and the extraordinary vigour of his character. The King and Chiefs showed all willingness to join in any scheme whereby the new religion might be destroyed in the dominions of Lakemba. But year after year every plan was defeated or delayed.

One evening Mr. Calvert had a favourable opportunity of talking with the famous Levukan buccaneer, when he urged upon him the claims of religion, unfolding the truth, and commending it to his serious consideration. The Chief listened attentively, and again came to inquire more fully. As he inquired, he felt that the truth thus taught aroused and troubled his conscience, and before long that man of rapine and blood was bending before God, in humble penitence, acknowledging his sins, and earnestly pleading for pardon through the atonement of Christ. The stout heart of the lawless one had yielded to the power of the Holy Ghost, and an utter change, whereat all wondered, came over him. His distress and earnestness seemed proportionate to his former crimes, and several of his relatives, and many who had known him as he used to be, were led by his contrition to seek mercy for themselves. All parts of Fiji were open to him, and many had good reason to remember his visits. But now, wherever he went, people saw that he who had stolen, stole no more; that the man of overbearing tyranny and treachery was now humble and straightforward; and the wonder was great accordingly. But as yet the Levukan Chief could not be admitted into the Church; for he had many wives who were very valuable to him, being celebrated for the wealth they gathered by their work, and the position thus given to the husband. He worked hard for the Mission, and, as many of his own people had become Christians, prepared to build a chapel in the town. Some of the Levukans helped him, but most of the sinnet and timber, as well as the food and wages of the carpenters, was provided cheerfully at his own expense, nothing being spared, so that the house of God might be in all respects good. On April 14th, 1848, the chapel, which was by far the most beautiful in that district, was opened for worship. A large congregation was crowded together beneath the broad thatched

roof, and all seemed to feel the importance of religion; but the feeling deepened, and all hearts were greatly moved, when the once-dreaded Chief stood forth before his people, and deliberately put away his many wives in favour of one only, to whom he was there and then married by religious contract. His eldest and chief wife, whom he dearly loved, and who had been always faithful, was childless; and she herself besought him to select another, the mother of children, as the favoured one. The struggle was hard, but the counsel seemed good, and he acted accordingly. The step was difficult and bold, and while it fully tested the man's sincerity, produced an effect among the many Chiefs of Fiji which can hardly be appreciated. These were led to inquire more seriously concerning themselves, and great good was the ultimate result.

In the following month Mr. Calvert was removed from Lakemba, where he had laboured for nearly ten years. At the time of his leaving he wrote: "I have lived in great peace in Lakemba, have been on friendly terms with all, and have been connected with a most extensive spread of Christianity in Lakemba and its dependencies. There by far the best part of my life has been spent. I feel heartily attached to the people and the place, and could gladly spend there the residue of my days, were I directed by God's all-wise providence to remain. Lakemba is to me more than all the world besides. Yet, where God commands and directs I cheerfully go. I only desire to be where He approves, and do what He requires, for the few remaining days He may employ me. I rejoice in my successor, Mr. Watsford. I doubt not but he, in connexion with my devoted colleague, Mr. Malvern, will be abundantly useful at Lakemba. They will have plenty of good work.

"For three separate years I was alone at Lakemba, and twice I was with Missionaries who came direct from England. I have sailed to many of the islands in this Circuit in canoes: to Ono, Vatoa, Ongea, Vulanga, Namuka, Oneata, Mothē, Komo, Vuang-gava, Kambara, Vanua, Vatu, Nayau, Vanuambalavu, Munea, and Tuvutha, inhabited: to Aiwa, Olorua, and Tavunasithi, uninhabited. I have walked much on the island, to the various towns. There I have had much and long-continued sickness, and much health. There our Mary * was given back to us when apparently gone. There my beloved wife—after the failure of copious bleeding for several times, the application of blisters, and cupping with razor and tumbler (in the absence of proper apparatus)—

* Died in England: see *Flower from Feejee*. Mason.

was raised again in mercy, in answer to earnest and believing prayer. While I have endeavoured to be faithful towards God and with men, I have to mourn over much unfaithfulness; and thankfully rejoice that the Lord has blessed me, and done all things well. Lakemba! I love thee! Farewell! From thee I cannot be separated! My prayers, thoughts, efforts, shall still be towards thee. I hope many thence will be the crown of my rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I fear I shall be witness against many who perish after frequent and faithful warning. I laboured diligently, I trust, to do the people good, temporally and spiritually; and God accompanied many of my efforts with His blessing. My five children born there are all alive. Praise the Lord for all His goodness! O Lord, bless abundantly, and forever, Lakemba and all its dependencies!"

Things went on well under the care of Messrs. Watsford and Malvern. The good results of the first school efforts were seen in the coming forward of young men with good hearts and instructed minds, who were ready to help in the Mission work. But the two Missionaries were sorely taxed by the demands of so large a Circuit, and their labour was much increased by the zealous efforts of the Romish Priests to propagate their doctrines and observances. These men, having studied the native character, were most unscrupulous in their attempts to win over the people, taking care to interfere as little as possible with their indulgences or prejudices. Occasionally they came across the Protestant Missionaries, and, in one instance, an animated discussion took place in presence of the Chief of the town of Yandrana and many Heathens. The Priests had reckoned much upon the favour of this Chief; but the interview resulted in their hasty retreat, and the bringing over of the Chief to the truth, while a better footing than ever was gained in this large town.

In October, 1849, Mrs. Watsford, who had long been very ill, but had nobly refused to take her husband away from his work, became so bad that her speedy removal was necessary, and the whole family left Lakemba in the "John Wesley" for Auckland. This was rendered imperative by the critical state of Mrs. Watsford's health, although the Revs. Messrs. Thomas and Turner were then awaiting at Vavau the arrival of the Mission vessel to take them from the scene of their long and successful labours in the Friendly Islands. Several children of the Missionaries, including the little family of Mr. Hazlewood, whose wife had just died, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Watsford to the Wesleyan College at Auckland.

The removal of this zealous man was a heavy loss to the Mission.

He had taken great pains with Tui Nayau, the King of Lakemba, and had won his regard, so that on the morning of his departure, the King went to him and kissed him, at the same time presenting him with a beautiful necklace of whales' teeth, promising that he would soon *lotu*. During the next week he kept his word. For a long time he had been resisting his convictions that Christianity was true, and its claims just; and now circumstances occurred to hasten his decision.

A powerful Mbau Chief, who was *vasu* to Lakemba, had of late been much dissatisfied with his visits to that island. He had not been allowed the same licence he used formerly to enjoy, and, in addition to this, Wetasau, who, while heathen, had promised him his daughter, now refused to give her up, as she had become Christian, and was determined not to go to Mara, unless she could be his one and lawful wife. Several other girls in the King's town were withheld from him on the same grounds; and, to provoke him more, he knew that the King fully countenanced this state of affairs. Very soon, reports came that Mara, with a large army, was on his way to attack Lakemba.

At this crisis, the heart of Tui Nayau yielded, and on the 19th of October, 1849, he made a public profession of his Christianity, joined by the only remaining heathen priest and some of his friends. On hearing of this, the Chief of the great town of Nasangkalu, ordered the drum to be beaten for service, and together with many of his people joined, for the first time, in the worship of God. The following Sabbath was a day of great rejoicing on Lakemba and the other islands whither the news had travelled. Every opposition to the whole people becoming Christian was now removed. A meeting of the principal Chiefs and people was held in the King's house, on the 25th, in order to consult on measures for the better government of the kingdom. Among other things, it was agreed that the common people should be respectful to their own Chiefs and to the King, and that all should be industrious. It was further ordered that no petty Chief should be permitted to impose taxes on the people.

Mr. Lyth had now returned to Lakemba to fill Mr. Watsford's place, and in writing home, after describing the public meeting, says:—

“A remarkable event in the history of Lakemba took place on the day following this meeting, which, but for the overruling providence of God, might have ended in very disastrous consequences. This was the sudden appearance of a Mbau Chief, Mara, closely connected with Lakemba, who, having taken umbrage, came with an army of three hundred fighting men, with purposes of revenge. Six large canoes anchored at midway within musket-shot of the beach, filled with armed Heathens; and nothing but an interposition of Divine Providence prevented their landing, and at once commencing the work of destruction and murder. The hostile Chief, and one or two with him, were

allowed to land without molestation, and to enter the town of Levuka. He gave orders that his army should presently follow him; but in this he was disappointed. As they were attempting to land, a Tongan Chief stepped forward, and ordered them back to their canoes at the peril of their lives. This threat was sufficient; a fear from God fell upon them, and they did not make a second attempt, but remained in their canoes all night; the beach being strongly guarded, in the meantime, by armed parties of Tongans and Fijians. At first fighting appeared inevitable. The Chief was very angry; but at length his eyes were opened to see his pitiful position, (separated as he was from his men,) he was glad to submit, and beg for his life, and his heathen friends are glad to be allowed to depart in peace. After two days the Chief himself left the land, chagrined and disappointed. Since then three months have rolled over. Baffled and unable to gain assistance from Mbau, he finds his only resort now is, to submit to the evils he has brought upon himself. Whatever grievances he had to complain of, (and they were less than he had given just cause to expect,) he has certainly been dealt with throughout with great forbearance and kindness. In all these events the hand of the Lord has evidently overruled, and the pacific disposition of Mbau towards this place, when all looked for trouble and war, has tended greatly to confirm the King and his friends in the profession of faith in the true God. It is the 'Lord's doing,' and to Him be the glory. The seeing God's hand in these events greatly confirms our own faith amidst the trials and difficulties we have to contend with. All these things make our path rough and our work difficult; but the consideration that the 'Lord our God is with us to help us and to fight our battles,' is very encouraging.

"Since entering on the work of this Circuit, in October last, I have made two voyages to the neighbouring islands that occupied about a month. We have divided the islands into Circuits, with our most experienced Native Teachers for their Superintendents, who are to visit all the places under their pastoral care every quarter, in order to meet the Classes, etc. This arrangement will tend greatly to strengthen the hands of our Teachers and people in places seldom visited. The most that we can hope to do in this extensive Circuit is, to visit each distant place once a year; and often then our stay must be necessarily short. We believe the plan adopted will prove a great blessing, and render our own occasional visits much more serviceable. Our Institution for training young men is in active operation. We have an excellent house in which they are met by myself and colleague three times a week, for instructions in reading, writing, and Christian theology. These young men, numbering between ten and twenty, are pious and devoted, ardent in their desire to be instructed and become useful,—the hope of our churches in Fiji."

At the same time Mr. Malvern wrote:—

"Our children's school, which before averaged about twenty in number, has increased to upwards of a hundred. Several of these, who are under the care of our wives, have lately been deeply concerned about their souls; and some of them say they are made very happy, and that 'Jesus is very precious to them.' The Papists tried every manœuvre to gain the King; but in vain. They are now using every means in their power to win him over to them, or turn him back to Heathenism. The Lord rebuke them! Glory be to His name, He has done so! Every attempt they make to propagate their system turns against them. Because they cannot succeed, they have tried what effect intimidation would have; but it is all fruitless. They have told the people, that a French man-of-war will soon be here, and then they shall be punished for rejecting the Roman religion; and that the whole of their books, including the Bible, (their great enemy,) shall be collected together and burned. They, however, generally find us at hand, to correct any unfavourable impression they may make; and, by the blessing of God, every thing they say and do is rendered futile. The Gospel of Christ, in defiance of every obstacle, continues to triumph gloriously in these dark places of the earth. The

Redeemer seems to have claimed Fiji for His own. The Heathen are continually throwing away their idolatry, renouncing the superstition of their fathers, and embracing the religion of the Saviour. Heathen temples are every where to be seen tumbling into ruins; and their votaries, instead of being deluded and tormented by their deceptive oracles, are found worshipping in the temple of Jehovah, and consulting 'the oracles Divine,' which are able to make, and have made, many of them 'wise unto salvation.' Great numbers, at present, are mere professors of Christianity. We do not pretend to say that they possess vital religion; yet even they are very much better than they were in their heathen state. But there are many—and their number is constantly increasing—who have truly repented, and have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and are saved. They well know what it is to have their sins, which were many, all forgiven them, and from day to day are happy in the love of God. The work of this extensive Circuit has become far too much for two Missionaries to attend to. We are often greatly perplexed to know what to do, in order to meet the pressing demands of the people, who on all hands are begging for Teachers to instruct them. The Lord has raised up considerable native help; but there are several places that we cannot possibly supply."

The want of more help was painfully felt by the two Missionaries, who laboured most devotedly to give, as far as possible, the care and teaching which the growing claims of their Circuit required. Their voyages were frequent, long, and often perilous. On one trip, Mr. Malvern was at sea three nights in a frail canoe. At the island of Totoya he found things in a cheering state. There were about three hundred who professed Christianity, and fifty-nine church members, who showed great earnestness as well as intelligence in their religion. No Missionary had ever visited the island before, yet everything was orderly and encouraging. Twenty-eight persons were baptized on this occasion.

From the District Meeting of 1850, an urgent request was sent to the Committee at home for two trained school-masters, one for each main division of the group. The want of such men was greatly felt, to leave the Missionaries more at liberty for preaching and the care of the general interests of the Churches.

In October of this year, Mr. Malvern visited the little island of Thikombia, where he found all the inhabitants dwelling in one town on the top of a high rock, one of the sides of which formed a fearful precipice. Yet here the people, with their children and their pigs, lived and roamed about in perfect security. No one had ever fallen over the cliff, except four women who jumped down, to destroy themselves, and only two of them were killed. In this eyrie village the religion of Jesus had found a resting-place, and there were many who, from their high rock, beheld Him, and lived daily in prayer and praise. Mr. Malvern found the Teacher's health rapidly failing; but his mind was very peaceful and happy.

Mango was the next island visited. Here the Missionary was also

cheered by evident progress; and, in one day, baptized twenty-nine adults, nineteen children, and married twelve couples, besides preaching and administering the Lord's Supper. On the next day, his purpose of going directly home to Lakemba was changed by a contrary wind, which induced him to visit Nayau, about fifty miles off, which, after a rough voyage, he reached at sunset, very thankful that the canoe had not been shattered by the violence of the waves. With reference to this, Mr. Malvern writes: "Soon after our arrival, I saw that it was the hand of the Lord that had brought us hither. I found the *lotu* in a better state than at any place to which I had been. Nearly the whole of the adults on the island, I should judge, are in possession of, or are earnestly seeking, salvation. One of their leaders said that, twelve months ago, they were like a canoe with her point unsettled—first shifting this way, then that way, instead of sailing direct for the land she was bound for; but now they are *mua donu*, ('sailing straight,') their minds fixed for serving God, and getting to heaven." On Sunday, the 27th, Mr. Malvern met and examined the Society, greatly to his satisfaction; preached, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the members, and baptism to upwards of one hundred persons. The next day several more were baptized, and seven couples married.

November 21st, Mr. Lyth writes: "Respecting Lakemba, we have gratefully to acknowledge the continuance of a very gracious influence in our religious services, a greater demand for books than we can supply, and a diligent attention to reading. I have just attended to the quarterly visitation of the fourteen Classes connected with our principal chapel here, and have had, in many instances, cause for gratitude, in seeing the grace of God at work in the hearts of the people who, a few months ago, were far from God and righteousness; in others, the evidences of a sound conversion and growth in grace. Persons are applying almost every week for admission into our Society. Connected with our institution for training Native Agents, we have between twenty and thirty of different ages, all anxious to improve, and diligent in attending brother Malvern's writing class, as well as my weekly lecture on theology. All these can read the Scriptures, and most of them give satisfactory evidence that they have received the truth in the love of it, and are made partakers of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Lyth writes, March 11th, 1851:—"In the close of December last I had a narrow escape from being clubbed by a Popish youth, who is called the King's son. His name was Puamau. He had occasionally called at my house, and received some marks of kindness from me.

On this occasion he and I were in our chapel alone, with the exception of two or three boys belonging to our Mission school. He had pushed by me at the door where I was standing, and, with his club in his hand, in an insolent manner walked into the chapel. On this part of his conduct I made no remark; only, as my custom is when meeting with those who are deluded by the Priests, I spoke a few words to him about his religion, to which he made no reply. He went up with his club into the pulpit in a spirit of bravado. I requested him to come out; and, on his refusing, put him out in a quiet way. He became very angry with me for talking to him about Popery, and for putting him out of the pulpit; and said he would kill me. Raising his club, he struck the pulpit, and then aimed at me, brandishing his club violently over my head, until he so worked himself into a passion, that the next must have been a blow on my head, for which he was preparing to take a deliberate aim; but, on raising my hand to defend my head, he altered his intended aim and struck my hand with great force, so as to turn it instantly black. This done, he was alarmed, and took off. I am quite satisfied that a kind Providence alone prevented me from being either killed or seriously injured on the spot. Before he became a Papist, he would not have dared to think of such a thing; but his association with a foreigner who lives with the French Priests had made him capable of doing that which might have (and nearly did) cost him his life immediately after. There was great general indignation excited against him, which we endeavoured to repress; and at the same time strong expressions of kindness were shown to me by the Chiefs and people, both Tongan and Fijian. The King made a propitiatory offering for him to me, in connexion with begging pardon for the injury; and so the affair ended. The French Priests the while sheltered the youth, and forbid him coming in person to beg pardon,—it not becoming Frenchmen to beg pardon of Englishmen! I have only to add, that the blow aimed at me has greatly wounded their cause."

In a letter dated September 15th, 1851, Mr. Lyth gives much encouraging news about his large Circuit, but also tells of a circumstance of grave importance, which had given the Missionaries trouble. A vessel was wrecked on the island of Vatoa, and the Christians there, instead of killing the crew, as they had done formerly on similar occasions, treated them with great kindness, as far as housing and feeding them went; yet were unable to resist the temptation of appropriating some of their clothes and property. On being written to, the Vatoans expressed great shame at their dishonesty, but did not give up the stolen articles. Such a state of things could not be allowed

to remain unnoticed, and the administering of strict discipline was resolved upon. The Teacher was put out of office and removed to his own land, and another sent instead. Joel Mbulu, who was returning from the yearly meeting to Ono, was instructed to call at Vatoa, and depose one Local Preacher and some Leaders who had been to blame, and to dismiss at once from the Society all who should refuse to give up the ill-gotten goods. This had a wholesome effect. The delinquents wept bitterly, and prayed that they might be permitted to retain their Christian privileges, showing, at the same time, their sincerity by handing the stolen articles over to Joel to forward to Lakemba.

On May the 4th of this year, the chief priest of the god of Tumbou, and the last of the order in Lakemba, was received on trial for church-membership, having long been anxious about his soul. His daughter was already a Class-Leader, and one of his sons a zealous member.

The Romish Priests, finding the truth prospering and their own cause at a stand-still, tried in every way to vent their spleen. The sheep and goats of the Missionaries were shot at by the Priests' servants; but this outrage led the King to reprove them severely, while all the people were disgusted at such an exhibition of unmanly spite, which the perpetrators did not care to deny. One immediate result was that the disciples of Popery in Lakemba fell from about thirty to some five or six, and this notwithstanding an addition to the staff of Priests.

By the close of this year, the evidences of the triumph of the truth as it is in Jesus were wide-spread and brilliant. The people were reformed outwardly, being decently clothed, and having relinquished their obscene midnight dances and songs in favour of the pure worship of God. Their domestic condition was also greatly improved by the lessening of polygamy. Christianity gave the Fijians what they never had truly before—a *home*. Those who had known Lakemba and its dependencies twelve years ago marvelled at the almost universal change which was brought about. Scarcely a temple was left standing, and the sacred terraced foundations on which they were once, were now cultivated as garden plots. Club-law was utterly abolished. A fine chapel, to which the people eagerly flocked, graced every town, and not a heathen priest was left. About *eight hundred* children were assembled daily in the schools, and nearly two-thirds of the adult population were church-members, affording good evidence of their desire to "flee from the wrath to come," while a large and growing number gave every reason to believe that they were renewed by the Holy Ghost. During this and the previous year one thousand three hundred baptisms were registered,—eight hundred adults, none of whom received this sacra

ment without having brought "forth fruits meet for repentance," and showed a sincere desire to trust on Christ for salvation. Everywhere, too, was found a great hunger for the word of God. The Mission press could supply but a small number of Testaments, and the Missionaries were pained in being obliged to refuse the people, who were willing to pay well of their property, or make any sacrifice, to obtain the Scriptures.

This Circuit was well managed by the two experienced Missionaries, who laboured hard to promote the best interests of the people. The field was so extensive, and the work so various, that it was utterly impossible to do all that was desirable. The appeal to England on behalf of schoolmasters was regarded. On the 24th of May, 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Collis, who had been trained on the Glasgow system, arrived at Lakemba. This was a much-needed and most valuable addition to the Circuit. Mr. Collis wrote, on his arrival, "In Lakemba we find much to encourage. The ground for our labour is well prepared, for which great credit is due to the Rev. John Malvern; and we hope that, by the blessing of God, our labours in Fiji will not be in vain." Mr. Collis entered on his work heartily; and the benefit of his labours was soon manifest among the people, and set Mr. Malvern at liberty from his painstaking and devoted efforts in schools. The Missionaries then carried out their plans more fully for the better preparation of Native Agents, in which they were materially assisted by the improved school privileges. Mr. Lyth had long been deeply impressed with the absolute necessity of giving special attention to all who were employed in instructing others. Native Agents of all classes, whether visitors of the sick, Class-Leaders, Prayer-Leaders, Exhorters, Local Preachers, or those who were more fully given up to the work as Evangelists, Pastors, Superintendents of islands or districts, received the special attention of Mr. Lyth and his colleague. He laboured hard, night and day, in season and out of season, in public and in private, to render these Agents more efficient. He felt that attention to this work was the special need of the time in Lakemba, and that, as the Superintendent of the Circuit and Chairman of the District, the duty pre-eminently belonged to him; and if ever man gave himself fully to any object, and persevered with all possible earnestness in it, Mr. Lyth did in this great, necessary, and good work. He acted with the utmost spiritual wisdom in the matter; attending, with great care, to the right state of the hearts of those engaged. No male or female agent was allowed to engage in the sacred work of teaching others who did not give satisfactory evidence of having been pardoned and regenerated. They

were then urged to make progress in religion. A genuine and lively work of the Holy Spirit in their own souls was deemed essential as the foundation of usefulness. They were exhorted to pay particular attention to religious duties, prayerfully reading God's holy word, and labouring to get to understand its meaning. The labour was very heavy, but the extent of the work demanded perseverance, and the good results were everywhere manifest. At immense toil, Mr. Lyth prepared a well-digested *Teacher's Manual: being Instructions and Directions for the Management of the Work of God*. This manual was specially applicable to the Lakemba Circuit, but will be very helpful throughout the Fiji Districts, as the work of God spreads. Plans were adopted for raising up an adequate supply of men for the increased demand. The Circuit was divided into seven branches, with English Missionaries in the Lakemba branch; and a Native Assistant Missionary, under their superintendence, was placed over each of the others. The Missionaries and their assistants were all employed in training men who gave promise of usefulness. Mr. Lyth's plan for the raising up and training of Native Agents was published in the General Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for 1854.

The time of the Missionaries being now less occupied by school matters, greater attention was also paid to the pastoral oversight of the different Societies, and many voyages were made in the discharge of this duty. Several more islands *lotued* at the close of 1852.

The following extracts from a letter written by Mr. Malvern, January 15th, 1853, to the General Secretaries, are of interest:—"On Wednesday last I returned home from a pastoral visit to five of the islands belonging to this Circuit. The members generally are in a good spiritual state. I examined all the children's schools, and was pleased to find the scholars considerably advanced in reading, catechism, and the rudiments of religious knowledge. At a *solevu ni wili-vola*, 'school-feast,' in Kambara, the children of two small villages sang a native hymn very sweetly as they went to the chapel, and, after kneeling and chanting the Lord's Prayer, took their seats, and began repeating chapters from the New Testament. They repeated or chanted three long chapters without the slightest mistake. I then stopped them, as I could not afford time to hear more. On inquiry I found that they knew two more chapters, and were well acquainted with Mr. Hunt's Catechism. Seeing that much trouble had been bestowed on the children, I commended the Teachers for their pains, whereby they seemed amply rewarded. At Vulanga, I was amused on looking over the Teacher's book of Circuit returns, to read under the head of

‘Number of School Children,’ first the number of those who were *ignorant*, and on the line underneath nineteen who were *vuku*, or wise. I said, ‘Jacob, I want to hear your *wise* children.’ The nineteen were speedily assembled, and I was highly gratified to find them *vuku*; for they could all read well in the New Testament.”

In the same letter, Mr. Malvern gives a touching account of a visit which he paid to a leper in his little lone hut in the bush. The poor fellow enjoyed the comforts of religion, and was pleased with the Missionary’s coming to his hut-door to talk about the grace of God, and the future renewing of “this vile body.”

In July, 1853, Mr. Malvern left Lakemba to take charge of the Nandi Circuit on Venua Levu, and his place was supplied by Mr. Polglase, who soon got climatized and tolerably familiar with the language, so as to enable him to be very useful in the Mission.

On June 6th, 1854, a remarkable scene took place at Lakemba, which Mr. Polglase thus describes:—“Our new chapel had just been opened, and we held our Missionary Meeting yesterday. I preached two preparatory sermons on Sunday last to large and deeply attentive congregations. The meeting commenced at 10 A.M. The Chief next in rank to the King presided, and several of our Native Teachers spoke. It was gratifying to witness the zeal and good sense displayed by these men, who, being themselves the fruit of Mission enterprise, urged upon the audience the importance of cultivating a missionary spirit. In the afternoon we assembled again to receive the contributions of the people, who entered the capacious chapel according to their tribes. The King, leading the way, with a few of his principal men, presented his *ka ni loloma*, ‘free-will offering,’ and sat down. Then the people,—each tribe accompanied by its Chief,—chanting as they moved slowly onwards, brought their gifts, consisting of oil, mats, native cloth, etc., into the house of the Lord, gave them into the hands of persons appointed for the purpose, and in a very orderly manner retired to their places.”

In 1854 Mr. Calvert again visited Lakemba, where he had spent the first ten years of his missionary life. In crossing the reef, the Mission schooner got on the rocks, and was nearly wrecked by the heavy seas: after great danger, Mr. Calvert, with his little girl and the crew, got safely on shore. Two days after, an examination of candidates for the native ministry took place, three for immediate ordination, and two to be received on trial for four years. The result of the examination was most satisfactory, and reflected great credit on the patient toil of Mr. Lyth and his colleagues. On the following day the ordination took

place in the presence of a large and serious congregation. After a stay of three weeks, in which he attended the examination of the schools and rejoiced in the general prosperity of the Mission, Mr. Calvert returned to the Leeward Islands, accompanied by several Teachers. Twice on the journey home the Missionary's life was in great peril: once he was nearly struck overboard by the boom in jibbing; and afterwards, while staying for the night at Ovalau, savage men lurked about the house, waiting an opportunity to shoot him. He was, however, mercifully taken back in safety.

A letter from the Schoolmaster, Mr. Collis, to the General Secretaries, dated October 4th, 1854, gives a good idea of the character and success of his branch of the work:—

“There is before me an extensive field of usefulness in the various islands belonging to the Lakemba Circuit, which I am endeavouring to occupy, as far as practicable, by my own personal labours, or through the medium of the Native Teachers, whom I have the opportunity of seeing at certain times, either here or at their own Stations. By this means, though limited and imperfect at present, I have the gratification of witnessing and hearing of results which are truly encouraging. In some of the places I have visited, I have been pleased in observing very fair imitations of my plan of school-management: which fact is the more pleasing, when it is remembered that the Teachers have not had the advantage of being trained for this work, but merely superintend it in connexion with their pastoral duties.

“In the school which is under my care, there are tokens of good; a growing interest is manifest, and a great desire for knowledge, scripture knowledge especially, which is sought after with a sort of eager ambition to excel in understanding the word of God. This pleasing trait is more particularly visible in the conduct of most of the girls, many of whom have, for some time, been members of Society. The children from the adjacent towns, about one hundred and twenty in number, I meet three days in the week, instructing them in Scripture knowledge, reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, and natural history. Singing, too, forms a part of our regular exercises. The children are, many of them, much attached to the school.

“In the Sabbath schools the attendance is very good, nearly all the children being regularly present. On Wednesday in each week I have a school numbering nearly a hundred, composed of the older boys and young men from all the other towns on the island. Such is the desire of many of these to be instructed, that they do not hesitate to come six or seven miles every week, regardless of wind and weather. Many of them, I have reason to believe, are truly converted to God. . . . Two of them have just been taken by Mr. Calvert to the neighbourhood of Mbau, where Teachers and other helpers are now much needed. The Native Teachers, also, who are already appointed to Stations on this island, as well as young men who are designed for this office, have their share of my time and attention.

“The girls belonging to my school, in addition to what they are taught by me, are met by Mrs. Collis twice in the week for further religious instruction. They also learn to sew, knit, etc. The benefit of such knowledge of useful matters they have, to some extent, experienced, and have learned to appreciate it accordingly. The elder girls from all the more distant towns on the island avail themselves of a weekly meeting for instruction in the same things.”

In September, 1854, Mr. Lyth left Lakemba in consequence of illness through over-exertion, as well as in consideration of the claims of his

large family. He had worked hard for fourteen years in Fiji, and two years in the Friendly Islands, and now removed to Auckland, where he became Governor of the Wesleyan College for the children of Missionaries, and where he afterwards laboured with great usefulness as Superintendent of the Auckland Circuit.

Mr. Collis, after doing good service in the educational department in the Lakemba Circuit, where he became a Local Preacher, was removed to Mbau to take charge of the many large schools in that very extensive Circuit.

Since 1854, Mr. Polglase has had the management of the Lakemba Circuit, now very much extended, where he has been joined by his brother-in-law, the Rev. William Fletcher, B.A. The schools are well kept up, and Mr. Polglase, in connexion with the other duties of his Circuit, pays especial attention to the education of the Native Agents and young men. This has enabled him to send forth valuable labourers to Somosomo and its neighbourhood, as well as to other islands of Fiji, to meet the demand of Missionaries, the claims of whose work have grown beyond their power of supply. Thus the Lakemba Mission is not only prosperous in itself, but continues to prove most helpful to other parts of the work, in yielding efficient agents for its prosecution throughout the group, as well as in the distant island of Rotumah.

CHAPTER V.

REWA.

It has already been said that, in 1849, it was decided that the printing establishment should be removed from Lakemba to Rewa, a town of great importance on Viti Levu, being near to Mbau, which was already rising to considerable power, and having, on all sides, a large and influential population. Food, moreover, was much more plentiful here than at Lakemba, and the position seemed in all respects the best, both for the purposes of the printing establishment, and the more thorough working of a Mission in the very heart of Fiji.

When Messrs. Cargill and Jaggard reached Rewa in July, 1849, in charge of the press, they found this new ground already broken; for the zealous toil and faithful sacrifice and suffering of the devoted Missionary Cross had not been without fruit. Thus the new comers found not only a house built for them, but a small band of noble converts who had suffered great losses for Christ's sake, and who still remained faithful, though continually threatened and often persecuted. That good man, John Hunt, had also begun his work here, and was now removed to open the most dangerous of all Fijian Missions at Somosomo, for which perilous enterprise he ever deemed himself well trained by his six months' residence under the direction of Mr. Cross. On leaving, Mr. Hunt wrote:—"We have been long enough in Rewa to become attached to the people, and many of them have expressed a most friendly feeling towards us. This made it a trial to part after so short a residence among them, and especially as the Lord had been pleased to turn about one hundred of them from Heathenism to Himself, since we have been in the Circuit. To leave a place where Christianity is progressing is a trial, and the accounts we have heard of the Somosomo people make the trial still greater. The Rewans speak of them in nearly the same strain in which the English speak of Fijians in general. But the difficulty of leaving Rewa and going to Somosomo only affected

us as men; as Missionaries, we thought nothing of the privations or trials we might have to endure. We expect to sow in tears, as confidently as we hope to reap in joy; and, therefore, trials and privations are words seldom used by us, and things that are thought much more of by our dear friends at home than by ourselves. The King of Rewa was very kind to us to the last. He went with us to the ship, and was evidently affected at parting; and, to show his desire for our happiness, he sent a messenger with a present to the King of Somosomo, requesting him to receive us and treat us with kindness. He was anxious to keep Mr. Lyth for a time to attend to his brother, who is very ill. We were afraid that we should have some trouble with him on this subject; but when we told him that our reason for not complying with his request was our fear of offending God, he submitted, seeing the danger of our acting contrary to what we believed to be the will of God."

The number of members belonging to this Circuit when Mr. Cargill arrived was twenty-four, and nine on trial, besides a hundred and twelve nominal Christians, about half of whom belonged to Viwa, a small island to the north. When the violent opposition of the Heathen was remembered, this hold of Christianity, even upon so few, was considered to be no small success. While cheered with this, the newly arrived Missionaries soon had to endure hardship and trouble from the natives. Several cases were opened, and some of the contents stolen, in the passage of the goods on board canoes from the vessel to the shore. Other cases were injured in the attempt to open them. On one of these trips, when a Missionary was present, two Chiefs went ashore from the canoe before reaching the proper landing-place, and proceeded into the bush, ordering that a case on which the Missionary stood should be brought to them. The case was very heavy, and they supposed it to contain hatchets; but, not being able to move it easily, it was broken open, and, to the disappointment of the thieves, it was found to contain portions of the printing apparatus. Another case, larger and lighter, was then removed and taken to the two Chiefs, after which the canoe proceeded. On being told of this bold robbery, the King was very angry, and caused the case to be returned the same evening, with its contents, *minus* three reams of printing paper.

The King, though thus well disposed to the *lotu*, was still a Heathen, and his Chiefs and priests were bitter in their hatred of Christianity; Ratu Nggara-ni-nggio, ("cave of a shark,") the King's brother, heading the opposition with resolute determination. No place of worship had, as yet, been built, and at the open air services the preacher and congregation were sometimes pelted with stones; and a man who

had dared to open his house for religious worship, lost his goods, and was threatened with death. On application being made to the King for the erection of a chapel, he received the proposal favourably, and gave a piece of ground for the purpose near the Mission premises, which were built on the side of the river opposite to the town. He also paid a whale's tooth for a house, the posts of which were to be used in the new chapel. This roused the heathen party still more, and Ratu Nggara vowed that he would kill any man who dared to help in the building. This man was of high authority, very daring and passionate, and both the Missionaries and the King thought that it would be wiser to let the matter wait for the present.

In September a violent form of influenza made its first appearance among the people, and brought many of them very low. Among the sufferers were the King and Queen. This was an anxious time for the Mission families, as there was a prevailing opinion that the disease had been brought by English vessels, while many said that it was a just visitation of punishment from the God of the foreigners. The Missionaries and their wives, however, worked diligently to relieve the sick, thus proving their hearty good will to all, and giving successful help.

Early in the morning of October 2d, loud and doleful lamentations announced the death of the King's brother, for whose sake he had wished to retain Mr. Lyth. Many horrible customs were observed on this occasion, which proved to the Missionaries that they were now among a much more barbarous people than the Lakembans. A fortnight after, they were startled, while praying at a Leaders' Meeting, by the reports of three muskets, and the whizzing of the balls very near to some in the place. Ratu Nggara and two companions (one of whom has long since become a Christian) were determined to put an end to the new religion at once by shooting the Missionaries on their return across the river after the service. While lying in wait, the leader said, "Let us not shoot the Missionaries; let us stay for the Tongans." In this design they were disappointed; and, returning late at night, these reckless men fired their muskets through the place where the Christians were at worship. But God protected His people, and none were hurt. Next day a fire broke out near the Mission premises, and the people came flocking round, hoping that it would spread; and many were so eager for plunder that they swam across the river, running the risk of destruction by the sharks, which are numerous there. The Mission houses themselves were protected by another brother of the King, named Thokonauto, or, as he liked to be called, Phillips, who could speak English, and was friendly in his conduct. He now kept the peo-

ple from approaching the premises, and thus foiled the attempt of his persecuting brother, Ratu Nggara, who tried three times to cross the river, but was prevented by the canoe sinking each time. On the 21st Joel Bulu, the Tongan Teacher, begged the Missionaries to take the open air service, as he feared the stones, which were now thrown more than ever at the Christians. They consented, and were pelted by a volley of large stones, some more than two pounds in weight. It was well known that Ratu Nggara took the lead in urging them to this attack, which, however, failed; for, though the stones fell thick and heavy, no one was hurt, or moved away until the service was finished.

Their dangers, which became more frequent, kept the Mission families in alarm; nor were they re-assured when, on the 31st, they were awakened by strange noises on the other side of the river. On running out they saw, for the first time, the horrid sight of the dragging of human bodies, seventeen of which were just being handed out of a canoe, having been sent from Mbau as the Rewa share of two hundred and sixty persons killed in the sacking of towns belonging to Verata. One of the corpses was that of an old man of seventy, another of a fine young woman of eighteen, the others being of youths and strong men. All were dragged about and subjected to abuse too horrible and disgusting to be described, and the sight of which gave the terrified spectators across the river such a shock as they did not get over for many days. One of them says, "The scene appeared to the imagination as if a legion of demons had been unchained, and let loose among the people, to revel in their degradation and misery, and to lash their passions into a storm of imbruted or diabolical barbarity." The King did not himself partake of any of these seventeen bodies, he having abandoned the practice on the arrival of the first Missionary.

A few days after, the Rewans set out to destroy a town on the island of Mbengga, about thirty miles distant. One of the party and three of the besieged were killed. The position of the town defied the resources of Fijian assault; but the people submitted to their Chiefs and capitulated, offering two women, a basket of earth, whales' teeth and mats, to buy the reconciliation of the Rewans, who returned in high glee, shouting and dancing, to celebrate their victory. It is remarkable that, even in such scenes as this, the influence of the Gospel began to show itself. While at Mbengga, the King would not let his people fight on the Sabbath, lest they should offend Almighty God; and when a nominal Christian went out with a foraging party on that day, and got his foot cut by a sharp bamboo placed for the purpose by the peo-

ple of the island, the King said, "That is the proper reward for breaking the Sabbath."

The Missionaries continued to use every means to influence the large population around them, by conversation with those who visited the Station for the sale of food, or out of curiosity. They also paid frequent visits to the villages and towns; and, in December, went twenty miles up the river to see Savou, the Chief of Naitasiri, a town of considerable importance. Savou received them with great kindness; and, as soon as he could get rid of an old priest who was present, talked very freely with them. Both he and his wife seemed much struck with the singing and prayer at family worship, as conducted by the Missionaries, who then retired to the best part of the Chief's house, which had been prepared for their lodging. Savou was very anxious to retain them for another night, and expressed a wish to make their canoe sink with presents. It seemed hard to leave the Mission families alone, while things were so unsettled at Rewa; but the present opportunity for doing good was so remarkable, that the Missionaries resolved to stay. The next day they went, in a small canoe, several miles higher up the river, calling at several villages on its banks, preaching the Gospel everywhere. Savou did not consent to receive a Teacher, or decide to become Christian; but the visit was not lost, and he often spoke of it afterwards with gratitude. He exercised a very favourable influence on behalf of the Mission work, which he was able to do in consequence of his high rank and near relationship to the Chiefs of Mbau and Rewa; his wife also was daughter of Tanoa, the old Mbau King. When the *lotu* was established in Mbau, Savou became an earnest and decided Christian. During this first visit, the Missionaries were treated with all hospitality, and returned home with their canoe laden with 2,500 heads of taro, as an expression of the Chief's esteem and thanks, both he and his wife accompanying them to the bank to take an affectionate farewell.

The Mission Station had now become the centre of a small settlement; for several Tongans had built houses near, one of which was used as a place of worship. Some few Rewans also dared to come out from among the Heathen, and make their home near the Missionaries, to whose teachings they gratefully listened, while others, who were sick, came to live across the river, that they might get the benefit of medical care. Joel Bulu, a Tongan Teacher, who had been brought from Lakemba to help in printing, gave the little settlement the name of Zoar: "For," said he, "at the heathen places the people are diseased, and they cannot cure them; and their souls are sinful, and they

cannot save them ; but when they come here, they get a cure for body and soul ; their bodies are generally healed, and, receiving instruction, they believe in God, and their souls live thereby. Therefore this place is a true Zoar."

In the early part of 1840, at the time when rough weather is expected, and when the Missionaries had learned the importance of propping up and tying down the houses, a fearful storm of wind and rain visited the island, making the river overflow and flood all the flat country round. Great destruction was caused by the waters sweeping on towards the sea, bearing with them the spoils of banana and taro beds, besides large trees torn up by the roots. The houses of the common sort, which were built on the level of the ground, were deluged ; so that the people had to live on shelves, diving under water to pass through the low doorway, or making openings in the building higher up. The superior houses, which were built on a raised foundation, and of a stronger construction, escaped being flooded by the waters and blown down by the wind. One of the Mission houses was of this kind, having been erected on a foundation raised for a Chief's country dwelling, but which was still unoccupied when the Missionaries came. Some of the thatch was blown away at each end of this house, so that the centre apartment was the only dry place, and became the asylum for the Missionaries and their wives, and five children, while the wives and children of the Teachers and the servants were all collected within the same enclosure. Goats, pigs, ducks, and fowls also gathered for shelter within the house. Before the fury of the storm abated, two expert swimmers came with a message from the King, offering a place of refuge, in case the Mission-house should fall. As soon as the tempest stilled, the King and other Chiefs came across, bringing presents of food ; and the Missionaries made a voyage in a canoe round their premises, where they found the fences thrown down, much property injured, and some altogether destroyed.

Among other devastation caused by this unusually heavy storm, a yam-bed belonging to the King was much injured. He therefore ordered the yams to be dug up, and taken as a token of his love to the Missionaries. This caused great surprise among his people, who remonstrated with him for taking up the yams before the time, and before the offering of the first-fruits to the gods. The King, however, was resolute, saying, "The gods of Fiji are false and weak ; and as they have not prevented the earth from being washed away from my yams, I will not present these yams to them, but present them to the ambassadors of the true God."

In April, Mr. Cargill had a severe attack of inflammation, became delirious, and seemed about to die. But God blessed the slender medical means which were at command, and the Missionary recovered. One day, during his illness, a great uproar was heard across the water, and hundreds of people were seen running out of the town, and crossing the river, some in canoes, and some by swimming, armed with clubs, spears, and muskets, all savage and excited. On inquiry it was found that the *mbati*, the King's warriors from the various towns, who were assembled to be feasted by the Rewa Chiefs, had quarrelled among themselves. On former occasions the numerous companies of these defenders of Rewa had been fed separately : on this occasion provision had been made on a large scale, in order to show respect to all the soldiers on one day. A dispute arose as to the place assumed by one party. Neither would yield. Clubs were to decide. The Rewa Chiefs had taken the precaution of being ready to quell any outbreak, and at once fired upon the disturbing parties. The most guilty found their quarters too hot for them, and hastened away, the Rewa people firing on them without any care, so that some of the balls fell on the Mission premises, which was an additional cause of alarm and excitement, especially when the principal Missionary was lying so ill. Poor Mrs. Cargill feared for the children, and placed one behind a chest of drawers filled with clothes, and the others behind the large posts of the house, to shelter them from the balls. Things remained in an unsettled state, and a watch had to be kept nightly ; but the matter was at last set right, though not until several lives had been sacrificed.

Printing, and the whole of the regular Mission work, was interrupted for a time by the labour necessary in repairing the injuries done by the late storm. The large house had to be rebuilt, and Mr. Cargill and his family sought shelter in a temporary dwelling erected by the Tongans. The natives had now a better chance of indulging their thievish habits, as the stores had to be packed away, for a time, in the houses of the Tongans ; and many things were stolen.

In the mean while, among all these trials, the Missionaries and Teachers had constant intercourse with the Chiefs and people, who learned much from casual instruction, as well as from the manner of life and patient continuance in well-doing which were daily exhibited. Much of that preparatory work which has to be done among such dark barbarians, was effected. Trials did not discourage ; but many things cheered and stimulated to prayer, preaching, and visiting. In May, a Rewa Chief of rank publicly, in spite of the opposition of many, avowed himself a believer in Christianity, and abandoned his usual

offerings to his priest and god. The King himself also attended one service, declaring that all he heard was true, and that his own worship was false. He also spoke kindly to the Chief who had become Christian. At the town of Suva, about eighteen miles from Rewa, a man who was ill had become a Christian. This was an opening for paying a Mission visit. The Missionary called upon the Chief Ravulo, who is of high rank in Fiji, being related to Tanoa of Mbua. He consented to a religious service being held on the Sabbath in the large strangers' house; but, before the time arrived, sent a messenger to tell the Missionary that he himself intended to become a Christian, and wished the service to be at his own house. A considerable congregation met there, and several joined with their Chiefs in bowing before the true God. Both he and his Queen became very earnest, and soon learned to read. The work spread and prospered in Suva, greatly to the joy of the Missionaries, who had long seen the advantage of having the direct help of some powerful Chief, both to countenance the *lotu*, and to relieve the heavy burden of many temporal cares. When Ravulo heard that posts were wanted for the building at Rewa, he had some very good ones prepared and sent to the Station, receiving in return a coat to wear on the Sabbath.

About this time the "Peacock," United States exploring ship, in command of Captain Hudson, called at Rewa, and took away Veindovi, the King's brother, who was the principal in the murder of eight Americans in 1832.* Captain Hudson spoke much to the King and Chiefs on the truth and importance of Christianity, and by his blameless conduct, and refusal to indulge the criminal licence which most foreigners had sought, exerted an influence on behalf of religion which has been most helpful to the Mission ever since.

Another and heavier calamity now befell the Mission circle. Mrs. Cargill broke down under the pressure of the recent trials and alarms, added to the usual arduous duties which she had always discharged with great faithfulness. She died "in the Lord" on the second of June, and on the next day was buried with her baby of five days old.

Mrs. Cargill was a woman of rare and excellent spirit, filled with devoted love, and warmly attached to the Mission work, in which she was usefully employed for more than six years. She died urging upon those about her the importance of a more earnest zeal in their great work; and, as she passed away, they who listened felt that their loss was great indeed. Her memory is blessed in Fiji. In that dark, and

* See woodcut, p. 80.

wild land, and among those savage people, the winning gentleness and piety of the Missionary's wife are yet borne in mind, and the remembrance still serves to recommend the religion which adorned her with such loveliness. When near her death, she requested her husband to take the children to England at once, that they might be educated, and trained in the way of the Lord. As soon as the news of her death reached Mr. Hunt at Somosomo, he sailed nearly two hundred miles to visit the mourners, and urge Mr. Cargill to remove to his own Station. But Fiji was not the place for a man whose wife was gone, leaving four little ones to his care, and Mr. Cargill resolved to go as soon as possible by a schooner bound for the Colonies, where he arrived with his children on the second of September.

This laborious and important Circuit was thus left with only one Missionary, who had to manage the printing, and, indeed, do most of the work connected therewith himself. The general object of the Mission must have been still more hindered, had it not been for the efficient and zealous help of the Tongan Teachers, who strove in every way to do good and spread the truth among the people. The medical renown of the Mission Station also brought many there; so that at one time the Missionary had three or four sick priests under his care, all of whom had ceased to trust in their own gods for cure. Many of these, who came for the good of their bodies, received great spiritual benefit as well.

For some time past there had been residing at Rewa an influential Mbau Chief, whose father took a leading part in the great rebellion, and was killed when Mbau was retaken by Tanoa's son, Thakombau. The young Chief Matanambamba, then fled, and put himself under the protection of the Rewan King, and waited, in this asylum, for a favourable opportunity of taking that revenge on his father's murderer which the most sacred custom of Fiji required. Such a man, nursing a deadly hate, which only grew more cruel by delay, would be but ill prepared to receive that Gospel which demands the forgiveness of all enemies; and accordingly against this religion Matanambamba exerted all his power. It was he who had moved Ratu Nggara to have the Christians pelted with stones; and he himself led the party who waylaid the Missionaries, and with his companions afterwards, by Ratu Nggara's permission fired at the Mission premises. Some months after these occurrences he became very ill, and, after trying all the Fijian modes of cure without success, turned for help to the Christians whom he had used so ill. In terrible dreams he was haunted with the thought that the affliction was in consequence of his persecution of

Christianity and his attempt to kill the Missionaries; so he came, greatly humbled, to the Station, and sought a dwelling among the Tongans, where he might have proper treatment, receiving daily supplies of food from his own friends. He feared that he was going to die; and, being removed from his former companions, and brought entirely under Christian influence, and attending constantly at family worship, the heart of the cruel persecutor became softened, and he spoke with genuine contrition of all his past evil, inquiring eagerly for the way of salvation. Being urged to pray to God for mercy, he asked to be taught words fit for prayer, saying, "Great is my desire to pray to God; but I know not what words to take up." He was encouraged to tell simply all he felt to that good and all-knowing God, who would mercifully help him, if he was sincere. Hearing of a poor man named Savea, who, having been cured of a loathsome disease, had become Christian, Matanambamba sought an interview with him, inquiring with great interest about his case. Savea said, "I was friendless, forsaken, destitute, and treated as a dog; but I fled to the servants of God, swallowed much medicine, and trusted in the Lord. When I lay only, I used to pray. When it was night I prayed. When morning came I prayed; and by doing this I got well." Matanambamba was pleased with this simple testimony; and though Savea was a common person, with whom once he would have scorned to associate, yet now he said to him, "From this time let you and me be friends."

God made the medicine successful, and the Chief recovered. He prayed very earnestly for mercy, confessing that he had been "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious," a chief sinner, even among the Fijians. In this state he was led to put faith in the atonement of Christ, and received the remission of his sins. He read the Scriptures with great diligence, and talked freely to all who came near him about the excellence of religion. He also learned to write well, his handwriting being very like that of the Missionary who taught him. So entire a change in his character secured the confidence even of the slayers of his father; so that he was invited to return to Mbau. He went; but the evil influences to which he there became subject, after a while damaged his religious character. He was again afflicted with repeated attacks of illness, and removed eventually to the small island of Viwa, where he married a very good woman, and has since lived in the enjoyment of much of his first earnestness and faith. One day a Missionary remarked to the good Tongan, Joshua, that he thought this Chief showed less of the work of God's grace than another whom he mentioned. "No, no," replied Joshua, "Ratu Luke" (such was Matanambamba's

Christian name) "has experienced and shows a much greater change than the other. He was a desperate character before his conversion, of very ferocious disposition; but the other was always mild."

The Missionary and Teachers now met with less opposition, but had still to mourn continually over the terrible degradation of the people. Ratu Nggara had given great offence to his brother the King, and was driven away to Mbau. Another Mbau Chief, who was sick, was taken by the Rewa King, who had a house built for him at the Mission settlement, where he might receive proper attention. This Chief became a Christian, and seemed to die in the faith. At his death some one wished him to be honoured in the usual style; but the King said, as he had died a Christian he should have a Christian burial; and he was accordingly carried by Christians and the King's brother, and interred within the sacred enclosure of the royal burial-ground. His widow was not strangled.

Among the Heathen the sick were sadly neglected, being removed to the bush, or some lone out-house, and there left to perish; others were strangled at once and buried, several together, in one grave. These things were very painful to witness continually; and, to make matters worse, war broke out between Rewa and some adjacent towns under its power. Some of the slain were brought to Rewa and eaten, and the horrid feast made the people more savage and more opposed to religion.

In January, 1841, the King of Rewa took revenge for an outrage committed on him during a former war. The people of Tamavua had then taken three canoes belonging to the town; and the King, having got hold of a piece of one of the canoes and some ropes, had them hung up in his house as a remembrancer, to prevent his forgetting the offence. The offenders had fled immediately from their own town to a place beyond the King's reach, but had lately returned, believing that the affair was forgotten or forgiven. The King sent one of his brothers to Kalamba, a neighbouring town, with a necklace of whales' teeth, begging the Kalambas to destroy the people of Tamavua. They consented, and left their town so as to reach their victims at day-break, when all would be at home. One hundred and thirty, men, women, and children, were killed, among whom were some Kalamba people who were on a visit to Tamavua, but who could not be warned of the attack, lest it should be made known to the others. This town was too distant for any of the bodies to be brought to Rewa. But again and again some wretched victim from elsewhere was conveyed to the town for the oven, and the fiendish shouts of the cannibals, and the firing of

muskets, often disturbed and alarmed the inmates of the Mission settlement. In the following May there arrived the bodies of twenty persons who had been entrapped and killed by the young Chief of Viwa, and by Thakombau. Strangling was very common. A man, in attempting to swim across the river, was eaten by sharks, and his widow strangled, before the Missionary heard any thing of the matter.

In June Mr. Waterhouse again visited Rewa. He was surprised to find a bridge across the river, built by the natives since his former visit. It was of timber, in thirteen spans; the whole length being a hundred and forty-seven feet, and the centre fourteen feet above the water. The state of the Mission settlement also gave him great satisfaction.

Ratu Nggara had now returned from his banishment; but the King was far from reconciled, and a civil war was feared, as the brother was a terrible character and possessed great influence. Mr. Waterhouse presented an offering of whales' teeth, praying that Ratu Nggara might be forgiven, and war avoided. The King received the offering favourably; but said, "I will not drink *yagona* with him yet. He is a very bad man; he was a party to the stealing of goods when the Missionaries first came; he is an enemy to the *lotu*; he has no soul; he is like a bird or beast, or like the Englishmen who come hither because they will not *lotu* in their own land. When he is humbled, truly humbled, I will forgive him." Another application was made to the King, to the same effect, by Tanoa of Mbau. The priest who brought the message was sadly put out because it was disregarded, while the Missionary's offering had been received so favourably. So he thereupon became inspired, and, in divine fervour, abused the King for attending to these people from a foreign land. To this the King replied: "I know that they are come out of love to me, and that their words are true. They speak like friends, and desire good. They do not come here to tempt. They wish this land to be prospered. No evil arises from their purposes. We are enriched by the property they bring." The god in the priest answered, "It is not good. How is it that you do not accept the offering that I bring?" "Because," said the King, "the speech of the Fijians is contrary. You say it is good not to war; and then you will go to my brother and tell him that it is good to fight. If you say one thing to me, you will say quite different at Mbau."

The Rewa Chiefs followed up these appeals, so that at last the King consented to be reconciled to his brother, and a day was fixed for the

yaqona drinking. During his exile Ratu Nggara had promised valuable offerings to the priest at Rewa, if the god would bring about his return home. But the feelings of the Chief had changed. He felt much the efforts of the Missionaries on his behalf, and was better disposed towards the religion which he had been accustomed to persecute. On his re-establishment at Rewa no offerings were sent to the god; and Ratu Nggara said, on hearing that the priest had been making inquiry about them, "Well, let us go and lie to him. Let us tell him that we expect the King will come quickly upon us, and kill us all; and that, on this account only, we are delaying the promised offering. If he be a god really, he will know it to be a lie." A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the priest, with the secret understanding that, while he was delivering his message, the Chief would bring a party to feign an attack on the priest's house. The messenger found the priest highly charged with divine influence, and regardless alike of the message and of all sublunary things. But presently shouts were heard coming nearer and nearer; and, before long, the blows of clubs on the ground and the house-fence, sounded like mischief, mingled as they were with furious cries of "Kill him! Kill him!" Even a god-filled priest could not help feeling alarmed; so, greatly to the amusement of his mock enemies, he made a sudden bolt from the house, plunged into the river close by, diving to dodge the musket-balls which were *not* sent after him, and in very quick time landed frightened and panting on the opposite bank. The Chief was delighted, and said, "It is true what the Christians say, that our priests tell us lies; for, had there been a god, he would have known the report to have been false, and would have sat still in his house; whereas, he made all haste away."

In September a converted priest died "in the Lord," and received a Christian burial, his wife being spared, in spite of the most determined efforts on the part of the Heathens to have her strangled.

Eighteen adults, who had been under instruction, were baptized, together with six infants. Teachers were sent to the large and important island of Kandavu, and all the schools were re-modelled and carried on with fresh vigour, the scholars increasing in diligence as the supply of books became larger. Among the church-members there was an evident spread of earnest and spiritual religion. One man, a Chief, who had been negligent, came to the Missionary in great distress, weeping because of his guilt and danger, and went away determined to confess all his sins to God, and to plead for forgiveness through Jesus Christ.

A Tongan, whose life had been spent in Fiji, where he had grown up a Heathen, in the closest intimacy with the Chiefs and people of Rewa, became truly converted, and received at baptism the name of Job. He soon learned to read and write, and was zealous in trying to do good. He had frequent opportunities of talking with large parties at the King's house. One day, in order to bring about a conversation, the King complained about Job's planting, saying that there was no need for Christian people to do that. Job, in contending for the necessity of industry, referred to the Bible. "O!" said the King, "how should you know anything about books? You have never come from Tonga or England, but have dwelt in Fiji all your life." "That's true," rejoined Job, "but I can read a little, and thus I know something." Other Chiefs said, "It's a strange thing that when a man joins the *lotu* he becomes wise quickly, and contends that the *lotu* is quite true, and Jehovah the only God. How is it?" The King said "They read, and thus know; or else they ask the Missionaries." "But how is it that they do not fear us?" asked one of the Chiefs. "O!" replied the King, "they do not fear to die; they give themselves up to their God; and life or death is good to them. But this is not the case with us. When we are sick, we ask where we shall go that we may live. We then run to one place, and to another, that we may get strong. But these *lotu* people act otherwise." On another occasion they asked Job if he had not become a Teacher. He said he had not, but would gladly tell them what he knew about religion. "Ah," said a Chief, deridingly, "it is like food without seasoning when Tongans who have been living with us become Teachers, and talk to us about the *lotu*, as Job here, and Isaac, and others." Job replied, "What I know, I have learnt while I have been residing on the other side of the river with the Christians and the Missionary; and because I have love in my heart towards you, I come here and talk to you. Formerly we ate, drank, sailed, slept, and dwelt together, and therefore I come to tell you what I now know. It would be wrong were I to conceal from you what I have discovered, and you would be injured by remaining in ignorance. I leave with you what I have already said. When I hear any new thing during the present year, I will come and tell it you." The King said, with great emphasis, "The *lotu* makes all our land to move!"

The King was right. That Gospel which had "turned the world upside down, had come hither also," and already its power was felt. It was no small victory gained, when that Mission Church numbered its few first converts. They needed sincerity and firmness to enable them

to come out from all that they had ever deemed most sacred and binding, and which their fellow-countrymen still regarded as such. Every form of opposition, from derision to the harshest persecution, withstood these early confessors; but they kept firm; and when others saw that these, who had been men of blood and lust and lawlessness, had become men of peace and purity, and remained so, they greatly wondered; and in the hearts of all, from the King to his Chiefs and priests and people, misgiving concerning the new religion grew into awe, as they witnessed its might, giving promise already of future and triumphant success. "The *lotu* made all the land to move."

Although the King of Rewa was so far impressed as to favour Christianity, and listen to the Missionaries, showing them much kindness, still he remained thoroughly heathen. He supported the old worship, lived in polygamy, carried on destructive wars, and, though not a cannibal himself, encouraged cannibalism throughout his dominions.

The Teachers who went to the fine island of Kandavu, which is under the power of Rewa, laboured well, and visited several of the most distant towns, where the people seemed glad to be taught. In one instance a deputation was sent from a town a long way off, to Suesue, where the Teachers lived, begging that instruction might be given to their people also. One of the Teachers accompanied the messengers on their return, and met the priests of the town, who acknowledged their conviction of the falseness of their own religion, and asked for frequent visits from the Teacher. This was impossible, on account of the distance; so the people determined to remove and settle nearer to Suesue.

In this town, the Chief and several persons, with the permission of the King of Rewa, became Christians, and there seemed good hope of prosperity, which was suddenly and painfully destroyed. A young woman on the island of Kandavu was betrothed to Ratu Nggara, the old enemy of the Mission, and the false report reached him that she had been unfaithful, a young Chief of the town of Nakasaleka on Kandavu being implicated in the charge. Ratu Nggara forthwith went across with a large force, and burnt the town, when a great number of the inhabitants were killed and eaten. The accused Chief and the survivors escaped to a mountain fortress, whither an ambassador was sent, demanding that the supposed offender should be given up. The people replied, "No: we will all die first, and then you will be able to get our Chief." The ambassador came a second time with the same demand, whereupon the young Chief stepped forward and said: "Refuse not to

give me up. I love you, the people of Nakasaleka, and am willing to die that you may live." A companion of the Chief insisted upon accompanying him, that they might die together; and the two set out with the Rewan ambassador, dressed and ornamented with whales' teeth, while the mother and other relatives followed some distance on the way. On reaching the shore the two sat down. The Chiefs of Rewa were assembled, and the oven was being prepared, when Ratu Nggara demanded of the Nakasaleka Chief whether he was guilty of the offence with which he had been charged. He denied it. "Well," said the other, "I will eat you," and immediately ordered some young men to club the Chief, and, when they had cooked him, to bring some of his liver for Ratu Nggara to eat. They, however, feared to approach their victim, as he was a powerful man, and still held his club. But he cried to them not to fear, and threw his club away. He afterwards took some whales' teeth from the folds of his dress, and threw towards them; unloosed his necklace, and gave it into their hands; and then bowed his head to the fatal blow. His companion was next killed; and both of them were cooked and eaten. The woman about whom all the mischief had been done, was taken to Rewa, when it was discovered that the report of her unfaithfulness had been raised by a party who had a quarrel with the Nakasaleka people, and were not able by themselves to punish them. This discovery, however, did not prevent Ratu Nggara from carrying out his tyrannical plans on Kandavu; for one of the Teachers from that island, who was on a visit to Rewa, was forbidden to return, and orders were sent from the Chief that the other Teacher must come away at once if he cared for his life. The King had sanctioned the sending of Teachers in the first instance, and the case was now submitted to him. He thought it better to remove them, and it was evident that danger was at hand. The Christians at Kandavu were compelled by threats to give up their profession of religion, and the remaining Teacher was glad to avail himself of the canoe sent by the Missionaries to fetch him away. Thus the pleasing prospect of success which seemed to open on this island was closed in darkness, and the Mission there abandoned for a time.

Other most painful trials and discouragements fell upon the Missionary. A Chief, who was a thorough and devout Christian, when near death and unable to act for himself, was removed by his heathen relatives, who made offerings on his behalf to their gods, and then strangled his mother, to be buried with him. Poor creatures were buried alive, and bodies were frequently brought to Rewa for cannibal purposes, where, just opposite the Mission premises, they were dragged, washed,

and abused with every obscene indignity, and then cut up or torn to pieces and cooked, while a crowd of men, women, and children gathered round, yelling and rejoicing like fiends. Other bodies were floated away down the river.

A party who went in search of a victim to feast the people employed in building the King's house, killed a Christian woman while out fishing. The Missionary heard the ill news, and hurried to the King before the body was brought to be presented. The King and Queen urged him to wait for the arrival of the canoe, and to take away the body for burial before it was presented, that the murderers might not be able to claim recompense, nor the builders think themselves neglected. A messenger had already come, saying that a body was on the way, but that it was brought from another district. A shout was heard as the canoe came near. "There it is brought," said the King. "Yes," added the Queen, "the false report and the true one, and the *bakolo*, are all here together." In accordance with the King's urgent advice, the Missionary, with a few Tongans, ran down to the river side, where the canoe had just reached the landing-place, and, pushing his way through the crowd who exulted at the prize, found the body lying naked in the bottom of the canoe. Without waiting he sprang in, with his companions, and paddled off to the opposite side, to the astonishment and mortification of the brutal savages left behind. A few banana leaves were put over the corpse, which was taken to the Mission Station, and buried with religious ceremony, the aged mother of the murdered woman, and her friends, coming more than two miles to be present at the interment.

At Suva also things had lost their cheering aspect. The town was engaged in continual war with the Rewans, who did not like a place so near as Suva to be tributary to Mbau. The Teacher feared to remain, as the town was in constant danger of being burnt, which catastrophe came at last, in 1843, when about one hundred persons were killed, and most of them eaten.

At the Mission-house there was family sorrow in addition to the trouble caused by these untoward events. Two of the Missionary's children had died, and he himself had a very severe attack of illness, in which he was greatly helped and comforted by the kind attention of Mr. Hunt, who came over from Viwa to render assistance. On his recovery, much time had to be given to the re-thatching of the house. The workmen employed were numerous, but idle, and incompetent, and, moreover, arrant thieves. Thus the work was badly done, and, in spite of the utmost vigilance, many things were irretrievably stolen. As

soon as this was finished, a printing-office had to be built, which also cost much time, and gave the Missionary great anxiety and care.

These were some of the hindrances and discouragements in the way of the Rewa Mission ; but there were many more, which can only be alluded to. Scenes were constantly witnessed by the Mission family, which may not be described, in consideration of the feelings of those who have never lived beyond the limits of civilization,—scenes, the remembrance of which thrills with horror those to whom they became terribly familiar.

Yet among all these opposing influences, work was done, and done diligently, by the Missionary and Teachers. There were a few, even here, who with steadfast boldness held fast by their Christianity, and lived in purity and good report, in the midst of the surrounding abominations and cruelty. Other signs of good broke forth in the darkness, and told the patient and toiling watchers that there was yet to be a glorious daybreak for Fiji, when the Gospel should prevail ; and they waited and toiled on ; they trusted in their God, and did not despair. The printing-office was found suitable, and in 1842 a fresh supply of types and paper arrived from England. Books were in great demand ; and, before long, there were issuing from the press publications in four of the dialects of Fiji. Thus, while the actual Mission work was almost stayed at Rewa, very important help was being rendered to other Stations.

This Mission record must also be a chronicle of the most important passages of Fijian history, since the great work here described was, of necessity, greatly affected by all the political changes and commotions which took place. Here, then, must open a faithful narrative of the great Fijian war.

Reference to the chart will show that the south-east coast of Vita Levu runs out into a promontory, forming an irregular triangle, along the base of which flows a river, which thus insulates the promontory from the mainland. Rewa is situated on the banks of this river, near to its southern outlet. Just off its opposite and northern mouth lies the little island of Mbau, which, at low tide, is joined by the reef to the mainland. Mbau had now become the centre of a power more widely extended, and more firmly based, than any known in Fiji before. The old King, Tanoa, was infirm, and his son, Thakombau, was the actual head of the government. This extraordinary man had gained immense influence ; so that foreign ships visited his island, and honoured him as above the ordinary Fijian Chiefs. To his visitors he sup-

pled provisions and oil, levied from the many islands under his power, and received in payment large stores of ammunition, which were kept in magazines on different islands. No Chief had ever risen so rapidly, or to such eminence. The power which he gained by his energy and skill he firmly held, and a large army of warriors was always ready for battle under his command.

To such a man, in such a position, the attack which Rewa had made upon Suva was an unpardonable insult, demanding instant and deadly revenge. But there were certain considerations to be taken into account on the other side. Rewa was a very powerful state, and, withal, a close neighbour, whose friendship it was important to secure. The mother of the old King of Mbau was a lady of highest rank from Rewa, and related to most of the principal Chiefs of that place. Furthermore, Thakombau's rival brother, Raivalita, was a high *vasu* to Rewa, his mother being sister to the reigning King. He would, therefore, as a matter of course, be favourable to his mother's relatives, among whom he possessed such profitable influence, since the law of the land permitted him to claim and take their property as he saw fit.

All these were important reasons to counterbalance the angry indignation of Thakombau, who resolved, at any rate, to delay the punishment of Rewa. But he could scarcely remain at home and take no notice of so flagrant an outrage as the destruction of Suva. He accordingly made a voyage to Lakemba, where he remained some months, merely to postpone or altogether to avoid war with Rewa. In order that the matter might be peaceably settled, it was necessary that some acknowledgment should be made by the Rewans for their deliberate and destructive outrage; but they were not disposed thus to humble themselves; and Thakombau, on his return from Lakemba, found the quarrel worse than when he left it. Another most grievous offence had been given to Mbau in the case of Tanoa's principal wife, the mother of Raivalita, who had been unfaithful to the King, and therefore went home to her brothers at Rewa, accompanied by several of the women of Tanoa's household. These women were given to different Chiefs at Rewa, whereby the grossest possible insult was offered to their late master, who, in his anger, forgot the help which the Rewa Chiefs had rendered him in his exile, and now burned with a desire for revenge. The breach was thus widened past healing, and, towards the close of the year, a formal declaration of war was made by messengers from both sides.

The strength of Rewa was impaired by a division among the Chiefs. One of the King's brothers, who has been already mentioned as using the English name of Phillips, gave in his adherence to Mbau, and re-

moved to the neighbouring town of Nukui, which, with several other towns, revolted with him. Tanoa engaged to make Phillips King of Rewa, as soon as the present King and Ratu Nggara were killed. A plot for their assassination was accordingly set on foot, but discovered, and the chief agent killed. In Nukui also some were treacherous, and conspired to burn the town and kill Phillips; but this plan, too, came to nothing.

The war was prosecuted with great vigour by both parties; but especially by the Mbau people, who burned several towns, and made great havoc among the plantations and gardens of the adherents of Rewa. Day after day, and sometimes all day long, the sound of musketry was heard at the Mission-house, and often the more dreadful noise of the death-drum struck dismay into the listeners, as it told of the cannibal orgies which were taking place near their door. Mbau was generally victorious; but the others frequently pounced upon individuals while fishing or planting; and whether their victim was man, woman, or child, the same noisy demonstration of fiendish glee took place. For seven long months the Missionary worked daily in the printing-office, surrounded by war, yet glad that, even in these circumstances, he could be sending a supply of truth to other islands where there was peace. His position was rendered more painful by the communication with Viwa being cut off, in consequence of some white men helping in the cause of Rewa, and thus setting Mbau at enmity with all the white residents.

The indignant fury of the Rewans was greatly heightened by the slaughter and cooking of several of their Chiefs by the enemy, and the war was waged with greater energy than ever. The Mbau party approached very near the Mission Station, and a small town on that side of the river had to be vacated. Some foreigners living near the Station fled across to Rewa, and the Missionary was strongly urged to do the same. His position was responsible and trying, placed as he was, with all the materials of his printing establishment and considerable property under his care, in houses easily burnt, surrounded by war, and not able to take counsel with his brother Missionary, who was within a few miles. Exposure to marauding parties, employed by the Mbau Chief, but not under his control; and the jealous suspicions of some in Rewa, who considered the fence and house as offering a shelter for the enemy—made the risk of remaining very great. Loss of many things in effecting a removal was certain; and a residence in the town of Rewa might be dangerous. It was, therefore, firmly resolved upon to remain with the property, and only run in the event of imminent peril. The

Missionary remarks: "The Heathen"—ay, and Christians too!—"were quite astonished at our ease and apparent unconcern, while they remained in a state of constant terror, excitement, and alarm. 'I will say of the Lord, He is my fortress.' We trusted in our God, and were saved from repining; and endeavoured to learn in whatever state we were therewith to be content."

In August, 1844, the Missionary went, accompanied by his wife and children, in the "Triton's" boat to the District Meeting at Viwa. All were rejoiced in seeing the family alive and well, but wondered at their brother's firmness in resolving to continue in so dangerous a position. There was no probability of an end to the war for some time, and the destruction of Rewa and its people had been declared as the set purpose of Mbau. The roof of the Mission-house was also in a rotten state. In peace it had been difficult to get the thatching done; now it was impossible. Food was scarce, and becoming much more so. The Rewa Chiefs still clung to their gods, and still attended to the priests, though proved to be false, several of them having been killed after boastfully promising immediate victory. The King had also sent a request that there should be no more singing at the Christian worship, lest his gods should be offended. He had even gone so far as to order the fence round the Mission premises to be removed, lest it should serve as a shelter for the enemy. He repented, however, of this step, and stopped the order, expressing his regret that any of the fence had been injured.

Under all these circumstances the District Meeting resolved that the Rewa Mission should, for the present, be abandoned, and the "Triton" was sent to effect the removal of the property to Viwa as quickly as possible. Presents were given to the King and his brother to secure their permission, and the goods were removed successfully and without loss. Two Teachers, who were willing to remain, were left in charge of the small band of Christians.

Hitherto, Rewa, though much the weaker, had been obstinate in keeping up the war, resting in the hope of assistance from Raivalita, their *vasu*, who had engaged to kill his brother Thakombau, on condition that Rewa should become tributary to him on his assuming the government of Mbau. Messengers were sent by night from him to Rewa, and it was even said that he had had a personal interview with the King and Ratu Nggara. Verani, of Viwa, discovered this treachery, and sent a guard to his friend Thakombau, warning him of his danger. He, however, was slow to believe the news, and the crisis evidently came nearer, until it was clear that either he or Raivalita must die. He chose the latter alternative, and, by his father's permission, killed

his brother in the middle of 1846. This was a heavy blow to the Rewan Chiefs, who were hemmed in closely, in consequence of the revolt of Lokia, a town hard by, whence they were fired upon by the enemy. Their great hope and stay was gone, now that Raivalita was dead; and, forced into submissive humility, they sued for peace. But the spirit of revenge was too strong at Mbau to allow the war to cease now that Rewa was weakened. The remembrance of the treacherous plot which had been so nearly accomplished was still fresh, and the sting was still felt of the many insulting messages sent by the enemy. Then, too, the assassination of Raivalita, the *vasu* to Rewa, would make any actual reconciliation very difficult. When, therefore, the Rewan ambassador came with overtures of peace, Thakombau secretly tampered with him and bought him over to aid in the overthrow of his master. The answer sent to the King of Rewa was, that on a certain day Thakombau would visit his town to receive the offering made in token of submission. On his arrival, the ambassador, with his party, was to fire the town and kill as many of the King's followers as he could, at the same time opening the gate to the Mbau warriors. Two Mbau canoes arrived first, and the Queen and her children were sent for to come on board. The King followed; whereupon Thakombau ordered him to return. He refused, being unconscious of the treachery of his visitor, and was instantly shot and clubbed before the eyes of his wife and children. The conspirators within set fire to the town and began the massacre. The Mbau people were admitted, and carried on the work of destruction and plunder, their accomplices escaping by the use of a preconcerted watchword. Between three and four hundred persons perished that day, and among the slain were three children and one of the wives of Ratu Nggara, who was himself absent at a neighbouring town, where he was accustomed to spend the night to insure the fidelity of its inhabitants. On returning to Rewa, he saw the canoes and smoke, and at once fled in a canoe, and, though pursued, escaped to some hill towns which were friendly, and beyond the reach of Mbau or his brother Phillips. The body of the King was taken to Mbau and buried ignominiously, not a single person being strangled to place in the grave with it.

About ten of the Christians fell in this war, and the Teacher fled for his life. He was lame, and had a wife and family of small children; but all were mercifully kept from harm, though they had heard the sound of the clubs smashing the heads of the Rewans all round them. The wife of another Native Teacher was taken prisoner, but afterwards rescued.

Mbau was now filled with rejoicing. Phillips was named King of Rewa, and began at once to use his power by killing some who had submitted to him since the massacre. But he was by no means securely placed. He had made many enemies, and his brother, the bold and spirited Ratu Nggara, though a fugitive, was no mean foe. From his mountain refuge, he sent offerings, begging for his life; but he refused to leave his fastness and place himself in the power of those who had so lately been enraged at his escape, and who still thirsted for his blood. In the meantime he was not idle, but gathered about him many followers, who attacked several towns. Growing stronger, he tried his power on a town near where Rewa had stood, and succeeded in taking it. At this juncture he formed an alliance with the large district of Nakelo, which was quarrelling with Mbau, and found himself still further strengthened by the arrival of many of his own people. On a fixed day, he gathered his forces on the site of Rewa, and rapidly put up a fence and a few huts, and proceeded at once to rebuild the town. While this was going on, the Missionaries received a message from Ratu Nggara's people, from which they learned that they were not forgotten, and further, that many of the late calamities were attributed to the rejection of the Gospel.

On September 1st, 1847, the town was again burnt by the Mbau people, and many were slain; but Ratu Nggara once more escaped to the mountains. Some time afterwards, according to Fijian custom, Rewa was formally rebuilt by its destroyers, and Phillips again appointed King, though he continued to reside at Nukui. The people generally were obedient to Mbau and their new King, but some held intercourse with Ratu Nggara in his exile, urging him to come and take the government. He, however, remained in the mountains, escaping several attempts made on his life, until the year 1851, when, finding himself strengthened by many adherents, he entered Rewa, was declared by the people to be their King, and set Mbau and his brother at defiance. The town was attacked again and again, but without success. The new King found his power established on a firmer basis, and received large stores of ammunition from foreign vessels for which he had procured supplies.

Mr. Calvert, from Viwa, had visited Ratu Nggara during his exile, and tried hard to bring about the establishment of peace. He had also been constantly using his influence with the Mbau Chief to spare the life of his enemy. When Ratu Nggara returned to Rewa, the Missionary visited him and went across the river with him, to see Mrs. Cargill's grave at Zoar. In October, 1852, a Native Teacher was sent from

Viwa to watch over the interests of the Mission, until the time came for a Missionary to return to the Station. During the war, however, the Romish Priests had sent one of their number to Rewa, who had tried diligently to get a pledge from the new King that he would forbid the return of the Protestant Missionaries. This Priest was much troubled by the arrival of the Teacher, and begged the King to send him away. Ratu Nggara said he was afraid to do so, as the Teacher had been brought by an Englishman in a British ship of war. This, however, was not the case, as he had been sent in the Mission boat. The King was evidently glad to see him, and had now learned to value the presence and teaching of the Missionary, whom he wished to bring back once more. He said he had been to the Romish service, and had learned nothing, as they did not worship in a language he understood; but from the Teacher, though only a native of Fiji, he had received instruction, as he understood the language in which the service was conducted. It was evident that he thought the Priest might prove useful, as he had already received presents of muskets from him, and therefore, to avoid offence, pleaded fear as an excuse for keeping the Teacher.

The Priests had been much annoyed by a rhyme, composed by a blind native youth, against Popery, but which they attributed to the Missionaries. They were also offended because some pictures, representing the cruelties practised by Popish persecutors, had been shown to the natives. Exasperated by what had just happened at Rewa, Mr. Matthew, the superior Priest, appealed in two long letters to Sir J. Everard Home, of H.M.S. "Calliope," who had observed, on visiting Rewa, that the Priests showed but little concern about the war and cannibalism by which they were surrounded. The object of the letters was to complain of the Wesleyan Missionaries, and beg that the Teacher might be removed. Sir Everard's replies to these letters were printed in full in the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices for May, 1853." Among other things he wrote:—

"I must beg to say that the Wesleyan Missionary Society is a body of the highest respectability, and the work which their Missionaries have to do, and the manner in which they have done it, do them the greatest honour as individual Christians, and is one of the greatest glories of the nation to which they belong. I have myself seen much of the effect of their labours, and I write in full conviction of the truth of what I say. I am perfectly convinced that the natives have never been *taught* to treat any person ill; but that it is the duty of all teachers of religion to explain fully the doctrines they have to inculcate.

"The Wesleyan Methodists never taught the natives to refuse a landing to the Missionaries of any other religion; it is more than they would dare to do; but they teach the natives to read and to think, after which they put the Scripture, fully translated, into

their hands, and explain it to them, and they judge for themselves which to receive or to refuse; their own reason is the guide, and I cannot attempt to control their choice.

"Respecting the pictures representing the horrors of the Inquisition, now most happily abolished, because the minds of civilized men could no longer bear the existence of such abominations, I can have nothing to say, further than that they, as in duty bound, did show the extent to which the corruptions of the Christian religion, when turned from its straight and simple course, could go, as all history can testify; and myself, with several officers of this ship, saw exposed in the houses of the Priests at Tongatabu pictures representing a tree, from the branches of which all who did not adhere to the Popish Church were represented as falling into hell-fire,—a most false doctrine to teach, and dreadful, accordingly, to the teachers of it.

"With respect to the garments worn by the Clergy, which are complained of as being treated as absurd, it is impossible to control men's minds as to what is absurd, or what is serious; the natives of all countries, civilized or barbarous, will form their opinions upon such matters.

"In conclusion, you wish me to assist you in these difficulties. From the Missionaries of the Protestant religion, so far as I have ever seen, you have received no obstruction; both religions, the Protestant and Roman Catholic, have got their own light to show, and must take their own mode of showing it, according to the doctrine of the Churches they abide by. I can by no means interfere in the matter; the road is open for the exercise of the exertions of all well-intentioned men, clerical or secular. The Church of England has its Missionaries; but they do not interfere with those sent out by the Society of the Wesleyans, (differing only from the mother Church in discipline, not in doctrine,) that they may not produce confusion or uncertainty and doubt in the minds of those they go to teach. The world is large enough, and it would tend far more to the progress of the Christian religion if the Ministers of the Church of Rome, which differs from all other churches both in doctrine and discipline, would confine their labours to the natives of those places which have not yet been open to Christianity.

"I can only state that I have not even seen, or ever before heard of, the Native Teacher you complain of; and in matters of this nature I have nothing to do. My duty extends no farther than the support and protection of the British subjects settled in these islands, for the advancement of religion and commerce. The Wesleyan Methodists have nothing whatever to do with wars, except to use their best exertions to prevent them; and when that is impossible, they retire until they are over, when they return to their former duties. The Chiefs well know that they have the power to receive or exclude any foreigners who may desire to settle amongst them. I can have no idea that you have any reason to fear the calumnies of the Native Teacher; the time of those people is, I believe, entirely taken up by their care of the Protestant natives under their instruction: nor did I ever before hear that there was the slightest occasion to fear the persecution of a Wesleyan Methodist.

"With respect to the questions which you have asked me, as to whether, in my opinion, yourself or a Native Teacher is best fitted to forward civilization and religion, and should the preference be given to the Native Teacher, where in Fiji you could establish yourself, I must decline giving any opinion upon such subjects; nor can I in any way interfere with the Chief of Rewa, to cause the removal of any Protestant Teacher whatever."

Ratu Nggara was now too firmly established to be easily overthrown. Phillips, after a sottish and licentious life, died at Nukui, and was buried at Mbau, his chief wife being strangled at his funeral. Many towns which had fallen away from Rewa during the war, now gave in their allegiance to the new King. Another event which greatly confirmed his power, was the arrival of some Chiefs who had fled from

Mbau, and who were followed by Mara, the *vasu* to Lakemba. These Chiefs secured the alliance of the two important towns of Kamba and Thautata, and several smaller towns, all very near to Mbau, against which the tide of victory was strongly turned. Thakombau had also involved himself in difficulties by the purchase of two foreign vessels, to pay for which he had to levy a tribute, which his people refused to bring. His ammunition stores, also, had got very low, and a magazine of powder was lost by the revolt of Kamba. The sails of his large schooner were taken, whereby she was disabled when most needed. His fast sailing canoe and his stock of pigs were lost at the same time. The whites, too, had become his enemies, and Thakombau was worn down and humbled.

In Kamba were several of Thakombau's Tongan carpenters, who were removed to Rewa. These were Christians, and had been joined by a number of Fijians. This fact, and the present stability of affairs at Rewa, made the Missionaries once more bestir themselves to re-occupy the Station. They were the more anxious to do this, that they might gain safe access to the island of Kandavu, which was re-opened to their labours. A deputation went from the District Meeting, held at Viwa, August, 1854, to inform the Rewa Chiefs that the Missionaries were disposed to resume their work, according to a promise they had given on leaving. Ratu Nggara kindly and readily gave up a large and good house, built for the accommodation of strangers, as a residence for the Missionary. Mr. Moore was appointed to Rewa, where he arrived from Mbau early in September. He found that the Romish Priest had made but small progress, his followers being very few, and of a questionable kind, having at their head the man who had so traitorously sold Rewa to Mbau when it was first destroyed. But the difficulty of the Mission was increased by the presence of this new element of opposition.

In order that Mr. Moore's labours might be extended, he was provided with a light boat, suitable for the river, and that could be rowed well by two men. It was hoped that a free intercourse would be kept up between the Missionaries at Viwa and Mr. Moore; but the journey was found dangerous. Mr. Moore and Mr. Lyth, when passing Kamba, were chased by canoes, and fired at by about twenty muskets, the Kambans mistaking their boat for a small canoe from Mbau, for which they were lying in wait.

It was thought better that the new Mission Station should be on the same side of the river as the town; and the King kindly offered ground for the purpose, on a higher level, where there would be no danger of suffering again from a flood. An American Consul, having returned

home, had left an old house containing a few articles in the charge of the French Priest. This site the King gave to Mr. Moore, replying to the Priest's objections, that the place did not belong to the Consul; and, should he ever return, another should be given him. The boundaries of the Mission premises were marked out by the King, and stakes put down. In the night the stakes were moved, which being told to the King, he went and took them up, planting them outside the former boundary, and said: "If there be any more trouble about this, I shall burn that house" (pointing to one near, in which a friend of the French Priest resided) "down, and all the land beyond it shall belong to Mr. Moore. The Priest is unkind to me. He was ill-treated at Mbau and Viwa, and sent away, and has been kindly treated and received by me; and now, in repayment, is turning upon me who took him in when all refused to have him."

Koroi Ruvulo, one of the Mbau Chiefs, and the husband of Lydia Vatea,* a man to whom Ratu Nggara owed much assistance, urged him strongly to become Christian, and then carry on the war. This the King refused, saying, "If we all *lotu*, we must give up fighting; as it will not do to pray to the same God, and fight with each other."

In September a skirmish took place, in which several Rewans were killed, and their bodies taken to Mbau. The Chief, Thakombau, had already become so far influenced by Christianity as to forbid the eating of human flesh, and therefore sent these bodies to be left opposite a town belonging to Rewa, that they might be fetched in and buried by their friends. Mr. Moore was in Mbau at the time, and, on his return to Rewa immediately after, told the circumstance to the people there. He was contradicted, especially by Ra Ngata, the Nakelo Chief, who said, "At Mbau live the eaters of human bodies; and none were ever taken there and returned." When the Missionary's report was found to be true, the people were bewildered with astonishment. But no change had taken place in the purpose of Ratu Nggara, who was bent on full revenge. He was very confident of success; and sent messages to the Missionary at Mbau to remove from the island, as the time was at hand when the town would be burnt, Thakombau eaten, and many killed; and he was not sure that he could restrain hordes of warriors, flushed with success, from ransacking the Mission Premises, and endangering the lives of the inmates. This messenger was properly disregarded by the servant of the Lord, who was resolved to stay at his post, where he saw very cheering success in the midst of great danger and trial.

* *Vah-ta-ah, the Feejeean Princess.* By the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse. London: Mason.

In November, the Rewa King, who had boldly declared to Sir Everard Home and others his set purpose to eat Thakombau, said thoughtfully, "If Thakombau be truly Christian, we shall not get him; if he be a hypocrite, his Christianity will only be fuel to fire." Early in the next month, Ratu Nggara's spirit rose higher as he received the allegiance of many more towns near to Mbau, from which they had revolted. He was still kind to the Missionary, but less patient of reproof and instruction as the accomplishment of his bloody purpose seemed near. The example set by Mbau, in returning the bodies of the slain, had not been quite lost on the Rewans, and Mr. Moore succeeded in begging several corpses for burial. One day he went thus to ask for the body of a Kiuvan, but was kept waiting three hours by the King and Chiefs. Among other things, the King said, "You continue to trouble us to give up bodies, which are not costless, but obtained for us by giving muskets, powder, and whales' teeth. The only return for our property is to eat the bodies we get, of which you want to deprive us. At your request, we shall give it to you; but you ought to be at part expense of the war in consideration, and I am now ready to enter into an engagement with you to that effect. You speak to me of your God. I know Him not. You say He is a spirit. I cannot tell that. Only, this I know, your religion fails. Thakombau has *lotued*; ever since, he has continued to go down, and nothing at all is gained by him; and neither you nor your religion can screen him! Protect him, if you can! If I have not his scalp here before me, do you then inquire of me!" In spite of this manifestation of bad feeling, the faithful Missionary continued to preach the Gospel to the King, whose mind was evidently greatly agitated, being tossed between his thirst for vengeance and his strong convictions of good. But the bad influence prevailed, and Mr. Moore, though kindly treated, found his teachings less regarded than ever. The Vunivalu, Thakombau, who was advancing well in the practice of Christianity, as was evident from his prohibition of cannibalism, and mercy shown to prisoners of war, sent repeated messages to Ratu Nggara, urging the restoration of peace, and pointing out the disastrous effects of the present quarrel. He also acknowledged the evil of his own past life, and invited the Rewan King to embrace the religion of the Gospel. All these communications met with contemptuous refusal, and Ratu Nggara boldly defied the God of the Christians to save Mbau from fire, or its master from being clubbed and eaten by the warriors of Rewa. Impatient of delay he upbraided his priest with the falseness of their predictions of speedy victory. They alleged as a reason the ruinous state of several temples. The temples were accord-

ingly rebuilt, and plentiful sacrifices offered. The beating of the *lotu*-drum was forbidden, and the Christian worship might no longer be celebrated in the usual place, lest the gods of Rewa should be made angry. The priests professed themselves satisfied, and promised full success. Every effort, in the way of religious observance and warlike preparation, was being made for the overthrow of Mbau, when the principal mover in it fell sick. But in his sickness Ratu Nggara continued to harden his heart, and on the 26th of January, 1855, died of dysentery, and was buried in one of the new temples, at the building of which the priests had promised him dead bodies in abundance. The Missionary was encouraged by finding that the influence of Christianity was already so great that, in answer to his appeal only one woman was strangled at the funeral of the chief.

Some Rewa towns were now willing at once to turn to Mbau; but Thakombau declined the offer, being anxious to secure peace at once. He therefore sent a messenger to the Rewa Chiefs, who consented to the termination of the war. But much bad and angry feeling still existed. Many were averse to peace, and Mr. Moore was suspected of having given the late King poison in his medicine. Still the peace was formally ratified, and on the 9th of February the peace-offering was received at Mbau with beating of drums, flags flying, and every demonstration of rejoicing. At midnight Mr. Moore was awakened by the crackling of fire in the adjoining house. Mrs. Moore and the children were hurried out in their night clothes to a small dwelling near. The people gathered in great numbers, and there was much excitement. Mr. Moore called out to them to take what goods they could get. This was well thought of; for they set eagerly to work to carry off the property, and, as was found out afterwards, were thus diverted from their object of destroying the Missionary and his family. One man, it was said, lifted his club to kill Mrs. Moore, but was prevented by a Rewan. The Mission family, undressed as they were, hastened off to Mbau for shelter. Having put his wife and children in safety, Mr. Moore returned at once to Rewa, where his presence was much needed, and where, in the midst of danger and loss, he continued to persevere in his work. A great deal of his property was consumed in the fire, and the natives had stolen the rest, a few empty boxes that could not be easily hidden being returned by command of the Chiefs.

The establishment of peace had been greatly helped by the fact that the late King, during his last hours, was speechless, and therefore unable to leave the customary charges of revenge which are always considered so binding. Many, too, who had become somewhat influenced by

Christianity, were anxious for the war to cease, as the late destruction of Mr. Moore's house and property led them to fear that they should lose their Missionary. But the troubles of Rewa were not yet ended. Mara, of Mbau, the reputed brother of Thakombau, had long been using his influence in favour of Rewa. He was absent at Ratu Nggara's death, and, on his return, strongly condemned the peace which had been made. The furtherance of his own private plans, made direct hostility to Mbau desirable, and he accordingly gathered and excited, with all diligence, the feelings of unallayed revenge, which yet existed among some of the Rewans. Assuming the conduct of a new war, which, he boasted, was to be carried on with more energy than any before, Mara found himself at the head of a large party in Rewa, while he retained all the revolted Mbau towns, and hoped to be able to gain over the powerful tribe of the fishermen at Mbau. His position was also greatly strengthened by the allegiance of the island of Ovalau and the whites who resided there.

At this crisis, on the 24th of March, King George, of the Friendly Islands, arrived in Fiji, with thirty-nine canoes, to visit Thakombau, and take away the large canoe, "Ra Marama," which was given to him on his way through Fiji to the colony with the Rev. R. Young. It was rumoured at Ovalau that King George intended to attack the island, because of its revolt from Mbau, and to avenge the murder of the Christian Chief, Elijah Verani; and the people had orders from Mara to prevent the landing of any Tongans who might approach their shore. Before the Tongan King's arrival at Mbau, a messenger from that place was sent to him, requesting him to stay over the Sabbath at the neighbouring island of Moturiki, in order that full preparations might be made at Mbau for a stately reception.

Having been requested by the French Governor of Tahiti to pay kind attention to the French Priests on the occasion of his visit to Fiji, and being intrusted with letters from the Priests in the Friendly Islands to those in Fiji, King George availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his stay at Moturiki, to comply with the request of the Governor of Tahiti, and to effect an early delivery of the letters, by sending the smallest of his canoes, with twenty persons on board, to the French Priests at Ovalau. At the same time he sent a bundle of Tonga *kava* and a whale's tooth to the King of Levuka, as a token of his friendly feeling, expressing his pleasure in hearing that the King of Levuka had become Christian. This Tui Levuka, Mr. Binner, the Mission Schoolmaster, and the white colonists, having heard of the arrival in Fiji of the Tongans, had held a consultation with reference to the rumours of hostility which were prevalent; and Tui Levuka had, with the full approval

of the white colonists, resolved that, should King George send one or two of his canoes to Ovalau, they should be received with all respect and hospitality, as it would be evident that no hostility was meant. When the canoe of Tongans neared the town of Totongo, where the priests resided, they took in sail and sculled to the shore, where a great number of natives with some whites and half-castes, were collected. As they were about to anchor, and before they attempted to land, a Levuka man, by order of the Chief of the Mountaineers, fired on the Tongans. Two half-castes, and a Ngau man, who lived with the King, also fired. Just then came Tui Levuka in great haste, having heard of the approach of the canoe, and, calling, on his way, on Mr. Binner and the Tongan Teacher, Paula Vea, urged them to pull off to the canoe and prevent its coming nearer. The King rushed into the water and drove the natives away, or more mischief would have been done. As it was, the owner of the canoe, Tawaki, a Chief of high rank, and owner of another large canoe in the fleet, was mortally wounded. Another man had his hand injured. Mr. Binner and Paula reached the Tongans as they were sculling from the shore. They took Paula on board, and gave the Priests' letters into the care of Mr. Binner, and then made sail for the open sea, to avoid Mara's canoe, which was near an opening of the reef. On arriving at Moturiki, poor Tawaki died of his wounds, and King George set off at once with his fleet to Mbau, that he might bury the Chief there.

The Tongan King came to Fiji with the intention of acting as mediator between the contending parties. But this attack on his people at Ovalau, while on a friendly mission, was likely to involve him in war. Three towns near Mbau were in revolt, and their inhabitants were constantly making offensive and threatening demonstrations. Within six miles was the large town of Kamba, the rendezvous of the renegade Mbauans, with Mara at their head, who was known to be the cause of the outrage at Ovalau. He had also presented offerings to the Chiefs in the Windward Islands, urging them to take up arms against the Tongan residents among them.

Seeing that the only way of averting the calamity of the Tongans engaging in the war, was to get Mara to sue for peace, Mr. Calvert begged King George to send a messenger to him. Mara replied that, on account of Tawaki's death, he was ashamed to meet the King, at the same time desiring him not to meddle in the affair. Again Mr. Calvert begged George to send a Tongan messenger; but he refused, referring to the affair at Ovalau, which he justly attributed to Mara. Mr. Calvert knew that the custom of the Tongans was to fight for the

Chief they might be visiting, and was certain that, after the injury they had themselves suffered, there was no chance of peace, unless the rebel Mara could be brought to submit. The Missionary therefore went to the Chief of the Mbau fishermen, and desired him to try to persuade Mara to come to terms of peace, by representing that he would otherwise involve the Tongans, himself, and others, indeed the principal part of Fiji, in a most fearful and destructive war; that, if the Tongans once attacked Kamba, they would unquestionably take it, even at the sacrifice of a thousand persons, and by years of siege, if necessary; and that he knew King George to be a man of resolute purpose, who would carry through what he commenced, if his life was spared. This message and request were intrusted to a principal man among the fishermen. Mara absolutely refused to yield; and boasted strongly of the utter impossibility of Kamba being taken by Tongans. He asked if they were stones. He pointed at a Chief from each of two populous and warlike districts,—Mburetu and Nakelo,—as the representatives of a great number of the best Fijian fighting men whom he had in the town. He said he also had twenty from each of several towns; that they had laid in great store of provisions; and he boasted that no Tongan should be able to stand on any ground about Kamba. “If,” said he, “they build a fence on the adjoining island, there they will be able to remain; but to come to Kamba will be certain death.” It became clear that the collision could not be prevented; and King George and his Chiefs resolved to join Thakombau, the Vunivalu, in the war.

It was proposed to King George that a meeting should be held for prayer, previous to going to war. At six in the morning, on the 2nd of April, an immense number attended. The large strangers' house was full, and many were outside. The King conducted the meeting. About sixteen persons engaged in prayer. It was a time long to be remembered. They earnestly and powerfully interceded with the Lord to guide them aright, to prevent them from doing evil, to aid them in that which would be for His glory and the benefit of Fiji: they pleaded for forgiveness of past offences, and for blessings and salvation on Tonga and Fiji. The Missionaries afterwards waited on the King, and requested that he would prevent the destruction of life as far as possible. That, he said, he intended to do. He regretted the necessity for war, but considered it to be a duty to resent the conduct of the Fijians, and especially of Mara; and he believed that, were the case passed over, Tongans in small numbers would not hereafter be safe in Fiji. Previous to determining on war, he had ordered the Chiefs of the three groups of the Friendly Islands to assemble separately, and consider the

case. They were all of one mind on the subject. He said that he intended to fence Kamba in, and, having subdued them by starvation, would, without killing any, bring them to the Vunivalu, who might act as he deemed right towards his own rebellious subjects. He considered that his arrival at this time was opportune, and that the Lord might use him to deliver the oppressed; and he hoped that the distractions of Fiji might speedily subside, and a better state of affairs be permanently established. The Queen was preparing to accompany her husband, and Mr. Calvert begged her to remain at home with the women and children and old people. The King backed this request, but without avail. He himself was strongly urged not to expose himself in the front of the battle, as had been his custom.

On the 3rd of April, the Tongan fleet passed Kamba on their way to Kiuva, where they were to join the Vunivalu, with his Fijian army. They remained there till the 7th, when the whole force, numbering above a thousand Fijians, and two thousand Tongans, proceeded to Kamba. This place, with the smaller town of Koroi Thumu, stood on a promontory, across the inland base of which a fortified fence was erected. The Fijian army went inland to attack this long fence, while George and the Vunivalu went with the rest to effect a landing on the north within the enclosure, opposite to Koroi Thumu. Here they met with resistance, and one of their number was shot and fell into the sea. When the forces had landed, George took a company to cut down trees for the erection of fences, but, in the meantime, some of his people were shot and clubbed, and their bodies dragged into the town to be eaten; whereupon, without waiting for orders, the Tongans rushed forward, and stormed Koroi Thumu, destroying the town with fire. The rebels who were protecting the long fence against the Fijians, seeing that the smaller town was taken, took shelter within Kamba, against which the united forces now proceeded. Already the bodies of six Tongans (one a Chief) had been laid before the heathen temples of the town, as offerings to their gods, all of whose priests had promised that the Tongans should be destroyed, so that there should not be any left to take their canoes back to Tonga. The death-drum beat loud inside the town, the Kambans rejoicing over the bodies of the Tongans, and keeping up a brisk fire on the approaching army. The Tongans dashed on, passing by their killed and wounded, speedily made a breach in the fence, and forced their way inside the town. Mara, and upwards of a hundred of his valiant men, of whom he had boasted so much, had made their escape; they ran over the sharp shells on the reef, and swam across to the three towns which had espoused their cause. When Mara saw the

Teacher, he said, "Ay, Aquila, your spirit is still in you, because you have not seen them. The man is a fool who fights with Tongans. I fired on them twenty or thirty times; but all we could do was of no avail. They rushed on impetuously. They are gods, and not men!"

But little resistance was offered after the taking of the town. Many prisoners were taken by the Friendly Islanders and their lives spared. The Fijian army killed a great number of men, women, and children, making the entire loss of the enemy about one hundred and eighty. Fourteen Tongans were killed, and about the same number wounded. The *lotu* people were assembled in the town with their Teacher, and a rebel Mbau Chief, named Koroi Ravulo, and were all spared. Two hundred prisoners were given up to the Vunivalu, and all pardoned, though some, when tried, were found well worthy of death. Many desired the death of Koroi Ravulo, but even he was set free, and the rest were detained at Mbau merely until their own town should be rebuilt.

On the day of the fall of Kamba, the hopes of the rebels were brought low. In Thautata, their nearest town, they had been very insolent, calling out that they were anxious for the attack on Kamba to take place, as their firewood with which they intended to cook the Tongans was getting rotten. But when they saw the smoke rise from Kamba, the Thautatans lowered their flag, and escaped, together with the people of Vatoa and Waithoka, up the river to Mburetu. One of the fugitives was taken and killed, and only saved from the oven by the prompt interference of Mr. Waterhouse. Mara passed, on his flight, through Mburetu and other rebel towns, but feared to stay, being anxious to get to his white friends at Ovalau. Not being able to secure a canoe, he crossed inland at the back of Viwa, and got to the coast on the other side of that town, where he succeeded in getting off with a few of his party, promising to return on the following day, a promise which, it need scarcely be said, he never intended to keep.

Messengers were sent from Mbau to Nakelo, the head of one of the revolted districts, informing the old King that his son and ten of his people, who had been taken in the war, were safe at Mbau, and should be at once given up. The King himself went to Mbau with an ambassador who had been sent thence to Mburetu, and begged for peace for that district as well as his own. Offerings of peace were also brought in from several other towns, and all were accepted, so that Mbau, which had so long been agitated with war, was full of mirth and gaiety with the beating of drums and other demonstrations of joy.

By this time, Mr. Moore had managed to get a small house built at Rewa, and now took Mrs. Moore and the children back to the scene of

their former escape and suffering. A larger house was in progress, and the Missionaries at the various Stations contributed of their own stores and furniture, to replace something of their brother's and sister's loss. This loss had been very heavy, and that, too, on a Station of peculiar hardship and difficulty, where the Missionary and his family needed every possible mitigation of their suffering. It was hoped that in the Australasian colonies and in England Mr. Moore's case would have excited active sympathy, leading to relief; but this hope has not been realized to any extent.

Before King George left Fiji, he accompanied Thakombau on a visit to Rewa and Kandavu. The following account of this visit was communicated to the General Secretaries by Mr. Calvert:—

“On the 11th of May, King George and all his party, accompanied by the Vunivalu in his own canoe, left Mbau for Rewa and Kandavu. At Mr. Moore's request, I went to Rewa with them, sailing in George's new large canoe,—perhaps the largest in the world,—which had been presented to him by the Vunivalu. There were about a hundred and forty persons on board. We went up the river. King George superintended all the movements, and worked himself at everything, keeping all actively in motion. He is certainly an extraordinary man.

“At Mburetu we stayed a short time for food, which waited our arrival. The Vunivalu went on shore to the Chief's house. The Chiefs again presented whales' teeth, begging that past offences might be forgiven; and were well received. The Vunivalu had for years been much chagrined for having been shot at when on a peaceful visit to this place. I had the satisfaction to see him shake hands with the two principal men. He desired them all to become Christians, and asked me to address them. We returned on board, and proceeded up the river until we came opposite Nakelo, where we anchored for the night. The King himself provided me a comfortable place for the night on the canoe; and he gave out a verse and prayed. Early the following morning I visited the town of Nakelo. Some food was brought to the canoes; and an immense heap, which had been piled ready for us at a distance from the river up which we passed, was fetched by parties from each canoe. The canal through which we passed, cut by a former King of Rewa, was shallow; but at high water, the tide making the whole length of the river, it was sufficiently deep for the largest canoes. In times of war this canal is closed by a fence made of large trees. The old King of Nakelo came on board the Vunivalu's canoe, and went with us to Rewa. On our way they took on board the various canoes a pile of many thousands of sticks of sugar-cane, which had been brought by the people of Tokatoka to the river side; also several cooked pigs, and other food. Forty large canoes, with long streamers from the mast-head, being propelled up the river, was a rare sight. This river, with its various branches, will answer well, when this extensive and fertile district shall be properly cultivated, for the conveyance of produce to vessels from the colonies. War being ended, and Christianity established, I doubt not but the industry of these natives will be encouraged to supply pigs, yams, timber, tobacco, coffee, cotton, cocoa-nut oil, and other articles, for the colonial markets. Hitherto there have been but short seasons of peace between Nakelo and Tokatoka. We had Chiefs from both districts on board the Vunivalu's canoe, they being again on friendly terms, and very comfortable together.

“We spent the Sabbath at Rewa. The Tongans held their services in the two large houses which they occupied; and we assembled in the open air with the Vunivalu and the Rewa people, on a spot sacred in the past days of Heathenism. The sight was most

gratifying,—the change is immensely great. We were in the vicinity of the oven used for cooking the Mbauans. Instead of hating, fighting, and devouring each other, as they have been for the last ten years, they are now worshipping the true and living and life-giving God together. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. I and Mr. Moore called at the large house occupied by King George, to see the Queen, but could not see either of them. Class-meetings were being held in various parts of the house; and one company I observed outside, assembled on a small hill for the same purpose.

“On the Monday very large quantities of cooked food were brought from the towns subject to Rewa. From one district the row of cooked taro was thirty-three yards long, and two feet square. It was held in by a lining of sail-mats, which were supported by posts, entirely covered with small sinnet. King George gave to Mr. Moore and me, as our portion, a live turtle, the best cooked pig, a large basket of taro, and one of yams. At King George's request, Chiefs who had been connected with the war now ended, were assembled from every part; both those who had joined with Rewa, and those who had supported Mbau: to whom the decree of peace was delivered for them sacredly to keep. The punishment of any transgression was thus announced: ‘Any town offending by taking any steps towards war will be considered the enemy of all, and will be liable to chastisement by the combined powers of Mbau and Rewa.’

“King George had stated to me at Mbau his intention of making inquiry about the destruction of the Mission premises at Rewa. In the evening, he met the Rewa Chiefs on the subject. They wished to ward off inquiry, but promised to collect what they could of property which had been taken away on the night of the fire, and retained. The case is to be inquired into on the return of the fleet from Kandavu, when it is also arranged that persons from all the towns round about are to assemble on the Sabbath, and some from each place are publicly to renounce Heathenism. But it appears the people are not disposed to wait; for two hundred and fifty have already followed their Chiefs and become Christian in the Nakelo district, and Chiefs of other towns have already begun to worship God. The fact is, the people generally are tired of war, and of presenting offerings to that which has obviously been of no manner of use, but a burden and cause of evil to them; and they are desirous of adopting the religion of which they have long heard, talked, and thought, and which they believe to be true and useful.

“On the 15th the fleet sailed early for Kandavu, and I returned home, regretting that I could not accompany them without neglecting the printing, and risking being absent on the arrival of the ‘Wesley.’ In my way, I called again at Mburetu, and there saw the most splendid temple that I have met with. It was finished three days before Kamba was taken. The gods of Mburetu are much trusted in: credence is generally given to the oracle there. They are reputed as having always screened Mburetu from every attack. A Chief of the place said to me, ‘The *lotu* is true; or Kamba would not have been taken.’ At Nakelo, also, I found a new temple. There, too, I met with a Chief from another town who said that all their gods and priests were liars; for they had all promised that Kamba should be secure, and the Tongans killed. The people say, ‘We thought and felt that Kamba would be destroyed, and that we should be killed; but the gods and priests pledged our safety and victory.’ Having heard all that the Heathen priests had promised, Mara went to our Teacher at Kamba, and asked him what party would prevail. The Teacher shrewdly replied, ‘The party that is right with God.’ ‘Ay,’ said Mara, ‘that is our party, for we have not done anything against Christianity; whereas, the Tongans are wrong by fighting in Fiji;’ and he went and encouraged the people, by stating that the Teacher had said they would be successful. It is evident that the most important results depended upon the success or failure of the Tongans at Kamba.

“The great difficulty now is want of native help. The demand is so great and sudden, that we are completely in a fix. When Mbau became Christian, we wrote to the

Friendly Islands, desiring thirty Local Preachers; and to Lakemba for the same number. From the former we have received four, and from the latter seven; but what are they among so many islands, districts, and towns, that are all now crying out for help,—places where there is not any person who knows how to pray or teach anything in religion? It is most distressing to receive earnest applications for Teachers, without being able to supply even one. At the large and populous island of Kandavu, persons have *lotued* at twenty-one towns. When lately visited, the number was upwards of seven hundred; and it is probable that soon there will be several thousands professedly Christian, on that island of nearly one hundred towns; and to it Mr. Moore can supply only four persons for the work. At Mbau we applied to King George for a canoe to take letters to Lakemba, again pressing our earnest demands for much help. The case of taking our letters was easily met, as one of his canoes was shortly to sail to Lakemba, in order to be employed by Tui Nayau in conveying property to Lakemba from his outer island. At Rewa, I again called upon King George, and told him that calls for immediate help were perplexingly numerous and urgent, and that, if men were granted from Lakemba, I feared there would be no conveyance for them. He promptly decided, though the property to be collected by the canoe was for himself, and said, 'Of what importance can attention to Tui Nayau's commands be, when compared with the obtaining of Teachers when they are so much needed? The canoe shall return direct with Teachers.' He had already shown that his heart is in the work of God, when I met the Local Preachers and Class Leaders, about eighty in number, who are now with him from the Friendly Islands. On that occasion I had urged them to vigilant attention to their own souls, and to those who are under their care, and laid before them the case of Fiji. He then spoke out plainly, saying, that only a want of love to souls kept them back, as there were numbers of Local Preachers in Tonga whose services were not required there. He was also very kind in bringing many things from Viwa to Rewa to meet Mr. Moore's present wants."

The old King of Nakelo, who became nominally Christian on going to Mbau after the taking of Kamba, had not great influence in his powerful district. His two eldest sons, who ruled the people and town, were divided, one having been fighting on the side of Mbau, and each scheming to get the other slain. They had not become reconciled. Ra Ngata, the ruling Chief, who resided with his father, had rendered the most powerful aid to Rewa, and had defied successfully all the energy and treachery of Mbau at the time of its greatest power. Mara and the people of Ovalau, backed by the whites, were still at war with Mbau. Ra Ngata might fear lest his brother should still be encouraged by Mbau to kill him: he might be stout-hearted, and disposed to stand out against Mbau with Mara: but the sparing of a younger brother, friends, and people, when Kamba was taken, had made an impression on his mind. While he was pondering over this pleasing occurrence, Mr. Moore and his family, on their way back to Rewa from Mbau, were compelled by the tide and current in the river to stay at Nakelo. It was rather doubtful whether they would be safe with Ra Ngata. The canoe-men, and Missionary too, were far from desiring to remain there: and it was a most severe trial to Mrs. Moore, who was not well.* Ra

* Mrs. Moore wrote as follows to Mrs. Calvert, on her arrival at Rewa: "We spent one night

Ngata spent the evening with them. Mr. Moore conversed freely with him. He then begged to be visited on the following Sabbath, when he and some of his principal people would begin to worship God. Thus the detention at Nakelo for the night was the means of bringing about this satisfactory and most desirable result, removing the only cause of remaining anxiety between Rewa and Mbau. Mr. Moore went, according to appointment, when he found the Chief and several others dressed ready for worship. Ra Ngata afterwards told Mr. Calvert that when his brother and people, who were captured at Kamba, were spared and returned home at once, *lotu* and supplied with dresses, it quite overcame all his prejudices against the Vunivalu, Mbau, and the *lotu*,—he felt thoroughly ashamed, and then resolved to submit to the Chief and to the Lord. That act told much upon his mind, being far more powerful in convincing him of the real influence and excellence of Christianity than many sermons or conversations. Ra Ngata, not having seen the Vunivalu since the war, went from Nakelo very early on the morning of the 15th to have an interview; but King George's usual despatch had caused the fleet to move off earlier than is customary in Fiji, so that Ra Ngata had well nigh been too late with his provision of sweet puddings and taro for the Vunivalu, whose canoe was being propelled down the river on his arrival. Ra Ngata, though a heavy man, walked nimbly with a light step that morning, exulting in the peace which was established, and, having sent the food by a small canoe, ran with Mr. Calvert along the bank of the river in order to get a word with the Vunivalu. Both were pleased to see each other, and, one from the canoe and the other from the bank, exchanged friendly words. The Vunivalu said cheerfully, "Good bye, Ra Ngata: we are off to Kanda-vu. Mr. Calvert, teach him about religion, and tell him to attend to it."

at Nakelo. Necessity only induced us to remain. The Chief and lady were kind; but we have had proof of Fijian friendship, so as to lead us not to trust any, especially a man like Ra Ngata, and such real Heathens and cannibals as the Nakelo people. It was with strange feelings I made the necessary arrangements for the night. What I would have given for a light I cannot tell you. We were obliged to sit in darkness, which made our situation more dreary. The Lord protected. We left the Chief with a promise that he and his lady would *lotu* shortly; so that we trust some good end was answered by our detention. I was scarcely able to go again to the canoe, (having caught a severe cold by sleeping in an uninhabited house and on a poor make-shift of a bed,) and suffered much from pain in my limbs, especially in one leg, which I was not able to put to the ground without a great deal of pain for several days. You will, I know, wonder how I felt, on arriving again at a place which had caused us so much trouble and sorrow. A sight of the old spot brought vividly to my recollection all the confusion and horrors of that *awful* night, and a remembrance of that place in which we were once so comfortable, but from which we were glad, even at a short notice, to make our escape from the devouring element to a native hovel, and were at the mercy of those who, no doubt, but for an overruling Providence, would have taken our lives for a little paltry gain. I feel pretty comfortable in the day, but at night I get so nervous that it is often quite morning before I can get any rest."

The Mission at Rewa was now fairly started again. Mr. Moore was urged by many of the people to remain, and consented. They had greatly marvelled at his behaviour when his house was burnt and his family exposed to peril, and they wondered that he continued to treat them with so much kindness. He had worked hard and successfully in endeavouring to restore peace, which many were anxious should continue. There was still, however, a war-party; and it was generally believed that the destruction of the Mission-house originated with them. But in this case, as in others, the enemies of peace and the Gospel not only failed, but their evil deeds recoiled on themselves, serving to further the ends they wished to frustrate. Much labour had been expended on this Mission, without any considerable apparent success; but the seed had been sown, and the minds of the people were made familiar with the claims of true religion, and thus stood prepared, when any move towards the *lotu* should be made. An occasion soon came. A man who, though not of highest rank, yet held the most influential position now in Rewa, publicly abandoned Heathenism and professed Christianity. This made no small stir, and the chief men assembled and demanded his reasons for taking such a daring step. He replied, "I have been induced to become a Christian because our priests are generally false; and because the King's priest, while striking the posts, promised that he would bring the late King to life after he was dead; also because Mr. Moore's house was burnt without my being told of it, which has grieved me." The Chief had well considered the step, and now remained firm, much to the annoyance of the French Priest, who told him that if he became Protestant, he would be like a great fish among little fishes, frightening them out of his net, and begged him, as a much better alternative, to remain heathen. The new convert, however, stood fast, and became very earnest in prayer and regular in his attention to religious duties. Another consultation of Chiefs was therefore held, when it was resolved that they too should *lotu*, that peace should be permanent, and that all the towns and islands belonging to Rewa should be urged to serve the one true God.

Four canoes arrived from Lakemba, bringing a Chief and several other Christians, who zealously advocated the claims of religion, and thus strengthened the good work, which now went on with vigour. The seed was springing at last, and the heart of the Missionary was glad. He wrote thus to the General Secretaries:—

"REWA, November 12th, 1855.

"THINGS have taken quite a change in this Circuit. Our prospects

are now glorious, and thousands are anxious to be taught the way of salvation. The Lord is going before us, and opening doors on every hand. The people are continually crying, 'Come and help us;' and where in the beginning of the year the offer of mercy would have been, and was, rejected, there they beg us to send them some one to instruct them in reading, and to teach them the way of life. The Holy Spirit has also been working among us. Some have been converted to God, and many are repenting of their sins. Our hearts are cheered by many inquiring the way of salvation. We have lately been reminded that God is still the same; His way of working the same; His grace and power producing the same wondrous change in the hearts, lives, tongues, of the degraded Fijians, as in the day when Peter preached to the guilty Jews and others, and such wonders resulted. The religion of Christ is the same in every land. A man came to his friends, the Rewa Chiefs, a few days ago, and said,—'Come, and I will tell you of the great things the Lord has done for my soul.' The people were amazed, while he told them of his repentance, and of the Holy Ghost coming upon him, and of the love of God being shed abroad in his heart. Thus the Lord is encouraging us in our work. We have the droppings of the shower, and look for the bursting floods on all this thirsty land."

Great surprise was caused by the fervent prayers of the new converts, and the earnest simplicity with which they described the effect of the Holy Spirit's work upon them. Family prayer was established in many households, and, in some cases, was conducted by a member of the family.

Such a work was fatal to the interests of the Romish Mission, and the Priest was obliged to leave Rewa, being the third Station already forsaken by the French Mission, after long but unsuccessful toil.

In June, 1856, the following was the report from the Rewa Circuit:—

"Wide doors have been open before us all the year, but we have not been able to enter them for the want of help. Many have been the cries, 'Come over and help us;' and many the schemes resorted to in order to get help. Some have begged, some have sent presents, some have threatened to return to Heathenism, some to Popery, and others who are Papists (in profession) have promised to join us if we could send them a Teacher; but in most cases we have only been able to give a passing call, and endeavour to satisfy them with a promise.

"From our last report you would learn of the vast numbers who, in a few days, made a profession of Christianity. We had feared that there would be a great relapsing to Heathenism this year, but we are thankful to be able to report that such cases have been very few, and only where we have not been able to supply Teachers. The work

has been progressing all the year, as you will see by our returns, our numbers having doubled that of last year.

"This Circuit is divided into nine branches, embracing separate kingdoms and various clusters of islands. The Mission-house is at Rewa Bay. We give the Report of two or three of these branches.

"REWA BRANCH.—This extends some twelve miles east and five north from the Bay. About one-third of the people are professing Christians. It comprises forty towns. We have here five chapels; five other preaching-places, with six Teachers, and congregations averaging from fifty to two hundred; six day schools, averaging attendance from fifty to one hundred. In some parts of this branch the work is very promising. We have had several conversions, and a goodly number are beginning to read the Scriptures. In the town of Rewa there has been much to discourage; the Chiefs, of whom there are many about the same rank, are not united, and they carry their petty quarrels into the *lotu*, and thus some fifty, including men, women, and children, have become Papists. This is the only chance Popery has in Fiji; its foundation must be dissension and discord; and as peace and unity can be brought about by the preaching of 'Christ crucified,' so it will perish with its foundation.

"NAKELO BRANCH.—This comprises eighteen towns, and is situated inland, about five miles north of the Bay. Here we have three Teachers, three day schools, three chapels, five other preaching-places, with congregations averaging from fifty to four hundred. Two-thirds of the population are Christians. There is a good work going on here, and several are under concern for their souls. Many are beginning to read the Scriptures, and read in instruction classes. This is a fine field for labour; the people have been very attentive to their teachers, and there is a prospect of great good.

"NAITASIRI BRANCH.—This kingdom includes a large extent of country along the banks of a fine river, very populous, and mostly heathen. Here we have four Teachers, two chapels, four other preaching-places, with congregations averaging from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. The Chief of this place, with many of his people, are inquiring after God, and we hope are 'not far from the kingdom.'

"SUVA BRANCH.—This is another small kingdom, ten miles west of the Bay, and the key to a large heathen district. Here we have two Teachers, one chapel, two other preaching-places, and congregations averaging from one to two hundred. We see the literal fulfilment of Scripture in this place: 'And Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their Queens thy nursing mothers: they shall bow down to thee with their faces to the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord; for they shall not be ashamed that wait on Me.' The King and Queen here have been very decided; and having great influence with their people, the work has spread and deepened all the year. About thirty have begun to read the Scriptures; a few are under concern for their souls; and instruction classes have been formed. We entertain great hope of good in this branch.

"SERUA BRANCH.—This is another small kingdom on this coast, and about thirty miles west from the Bay. Within the last three months we have placed a Teacher here. He has a congregation of two hundred. The whole district around is heathen. This is a very central Station, in a populous district, and will be as a light in a dark place. Yanutha, a small island ten miles farther west, is connected with this place for the present. We have about two hundred and fifty Christians here, but no Teacher for them. We have just sent them a youth to teach them to read.

"NANDRONGA BRANCH.—Another kingdom, and an old Station that has cost much labour, and not altogether without fruit, where a small Society has been formed. Two from them have begun to exhort their countrymen, but still the work does not spread. They have long been engaged in war, and are so still. Many dead bodies have been eaten here during the last three months, and they declare that they will not become Christian until they devour the whole of their enemy. The Teacher has been subject to much an-

noyance from the Heathen. Human flesh has been portioned to him from their feasts, with various other trials not expected on an old Station: he has, however, borne them with Christian fortitude, and, although he has been ill most of the year, he is still loath to leave them. We have thought it advisable to remove him to the Mission Station; and, should his health be restored, we should deem him a proper person for the native ministry. This branch will remain for the present under the care of one of the Chiefs of the place. He is an Exhorter, and a tried man. We have one chapel here, three other preaching-places, with one hundred and thirty professing Christians. We shall send them a Teacher as soon as possible.

"In this Circuit there are 16,000 attendants on public worship; there are eighteen chapels, and fifty other preaching-places: the most inefficient native agency has to be employed to meet the pressing desires of the people. The Missionary has had only one Assistant Missionary and twenty-seven Catechists to assist him, and the latter are, many of them, young men whose chief qualification is real piety and ability to read. There are also eleven Local Preachers, one hundred and twenty-one full members, and seventy-two on trial for membership."

While the labour of the Circuit was greatly increasing, the Missionary was placed in a perplexing position by the complete failure of his wife's health, who had long suffered much occasionally. In July, 1856, he writes to a Missionary in England:—"Mrs. Moore has been very ill for two months, most of her time confined to her bed. We had a native woman acting as wet nurse to the child. Some consider that I ought not to trifle any longer with her affliction, but try a change to the colony. I am in a strait, seeking the Divine guidance. I seem very much needed just now in my Circuit, with such a number of professing Christians. The districts of Tokatoka and Notho have *lotued*. I have been all round Kandavu on foot, and am surprised at the work of God. You would be astonished to hear many pray, who have only begun to seek religion since you left Fiji. Should Mrs. Moore's health so improve as to justify my allowing her to undertake the voyage without me, I propose letting her go by the 'Wesley' to the colony, and I shall remain alone in Fiji to help in the great work."

During this year the Rev. J. H. Royce arrived in Fiji, and was appointed to Rewa, whence, on October 21st, he writes as follows:—

"Having completed our work in the Friendly Islands, we proceeded to Fiji, visiting the several Stations of Lakemba, Nandi, Mbua, Viwa, and Rewa, where our wanderings terminated. Here, in Fiji, they were fully expecting three men, beside myself. In the District Meeting they were much perplexed to know what to do. Mr. Calvert gone; Mr. Joseph Waterhouse with permission to go to the colonies for the benefit of his health; Mr. Samuel Waterhouse unfit for further service at present, owing to the loss of his wife during the year; Mr. Malvern's health breaking down; Mrs. Moore ill, and necessitated to go to the colonies, and leave her husband here for a season. What was to be done? It was found, on examining the different reports, that twelve additional men could be well employed in the work. There are now full sixty thousand people in Fiji who have bowed the knee to Jehovah, beside thousands more who will shortly be numbered among us; for the people say, 'The *lotu* will come, and it is no use our trying to push it back again.' After consideration, Mr. Joseph Waterhouse consented to remain, although the

consequences may be serious to himself; and so did Mr. Malvern for a while longer, not forgetting that, during the hot season of the past year, he was totally incapacitated for work for some weeks.

“In the Rewa Circuit we have twenty-one thousand professing Christians; and every week brings its additional numbers. Some thousands have *lotued* since our last District Meeting. We fear that the Papists will take advantage of our weakness. We regret to say, in a dispute which has lately occurred at Nandi, some hundreds, in opposition to our people, declared themselves Papists; and now they have a Priest among them. Whether this will be a permanent change, remains to be proved. It is impossible, in this Circuit, with the present staff of men, to visit more than once in six months some important towns which have lately embraced Christianity.”

The following are extracts from a letter to the Rev. J. Calvert after his return to England, from Mr. Moore, dated “March 18th, 1857:— I wrote you some time ago, telling you of Mrs. Moore’s going to the colony for the benefit of her health. I have heard of her safe landing, but nothing since. Our son Marshall reached Sydney from Auckland School two days before her arrival; so Mrs. Moore will have all the children together. This will be nice. The children are now becoming a difficulty. I trust something will be done to make us easy in this matter. This has been a most trying year to me, one of the greatest trials in my life; but the Lord has been *increasingly* precious, and grace has been given according to my day. I have little time to study; go, go, go, is the order of the day. The work extends on every hand, and we want a thousand bodies to be in a thousand places at once, to do the great work of this Circuit. The fruit begins to appear; many are perparing for baptism. We feel the benefit of the Church. The Lord is present with us.

“We still feel the great want of labourers. The schooner-boat I purchased is kept constantly going, and is one of the best speculations of my life. By her we have been able to get nineteen men down from Matuku and Totoya for Kandavu; and I have been over again, and placed them all round the island, so that we have the whole of Kandavu under instruction, except Ngaloa, where Thangilevu, the Chief, still remains heathen. Kandavu needs a Missionary at once. I spent a month there, going every day until I could go no longer; and then I could not do all I wanted. I got the Classes into order; examined fifteen men for becoming Exhorters and Local Preachers; and left them in good spirits. Paula Vea is doing well; but he is getting old, and failing. Watson is a fine fellow, right-hearted, and very useful. At Mbengga the work prospers. All are *lotu* at Vatulele. Nandronga is moving. They wish me to go down. Serua and Navua are still fighting. The same old horrid customs go together, —Heathenism, war, and cannibalism. Twenty persons were killed

about fifteen days ago by Koroi Nduandua. They were all eaten. We are, however, getting some hold of him, through our Teacher at Naitonitoni, which is quite close to him. He says he will soon *lotu*. Thence, coming up the coast, we have hold of Mosi, Nalasilasi, Namuka, Tamavua, and Suva. The work prospers at the last place. At home, we have great cause to be encouraged. I cannot get a Sunday at home in months. At Notho, Tokatoka, Nai Malavou, and Nakelo, we have large chapels, from sixty to ninety feet long. Ra Ngata is baptized; also the Chief of the Naitasiri; and many others evidence a concern for their souls. But not half of the people in this Circuit are yet *lotu*. This large land is still in darkness and the shadow of death! The enemy has a vast army still in the field; it is not yet time to cry, 'Victory!' No, not yet the time to withdraw the troops. The deadly fight has yet to be fought. The great work of teaching has to be done; and, unless we can get more help, how is it to be done? I begin to fear that the colonies will not be able, however willing they may be, to supply the men and means for this Mission. The missionary fire does not burn hotly. The thirst is rather for gold than for souls. We must, however, continue to hope and see what the 'Wesley' will bring this time.

"There seems to be an impression abroad that we want to run away from Fiji! How can it have been raised? For my own part, I am willing to stay and die in Fiji if the Committee wishes me to do so, and it be thought best. I should look upon it as an affliction, a trial, a judgment, should I, from family circumstances be obliged to quit the field of labour; and I believe, as a District, we are all fully devoted to our work, and determined to labour for the salvation of Fiji. If we write strongly, it is because we love Fiji, are jealous for the honour of our Master, and feel that now is the time for working. More help is now needed in Fiji. The enemies of Christ are confounded, confused, and retreating; but unless we get more men and means, the enemy may rally, and prolong the battle, and great loss result. I need not tell you the state of Fiji. Just look at the Rewa Circuit. We have not ten men that can be called Teachers. Think of Kandavu, and all the places on this land, left in the hands of men who have just been taken from their Classes, quite raw, having never preached a sermon! How are the people to be taught by them? What can we expect from them? And what must be the consequence if they are not well looked after by the Missionary? And how are we to see after them with our present numbers? My heart sinks when I consider the state of this Circuit and of Fiji generally. Look at Mbau, with a Missionary

who ought to have rest. Look at the Viwa Circuit, all that dark coast right away to Mba, with a Missionary who writes: 'I am ready to lie down and weep, when I remember the state of my Circuit, and have not strength to go and visit it.' Look at Mbua, all involved in war again. Look at Nandi, distracted again with war. A Teacher has been killed at Waikama, and Mr. Fordham fears his wife will not be able to bear much more excitement; and, if the war continues, he will be obliged to ask for a removal at the District Meeting, should he be able to stay so long. We must not shut our eyes to the state of things. *Missionaries are required!* How are we to get more Missionaries for Fiji. If I had a tongue of fire, I should like to go and try to wake up our colonial Churches.* They cannot become missionary Churches in a day. They must have time for it. They cannot yet look on Fiji as their child, only as adopted. Fiji may have many instructors, but she can have only one 'father.' You must make our home Churches feel this. We must have their prayers. We cannot do without them. There must be no retreat; just now we require all the help we can get. We as Missionaries must make sacrifice of comfort, of life, of all. The Churches must also make sacrifices,—of men, of means, of prayers, of faith. The honour of the Church, of Missions, of Christ, are at stake at this present moment. Fiji will have a frothy religion, unless we get more help. We should be looking into the future. Should one, two, or three be compelled to remove, or die, new men could not meet the case. They could preach or read a sermon in a few months; but does it not take years to make a man thoroughly efficient? Our Testaments are going off at a fine rate. The people are getting on well with their reading. We shall be ready for the English edition before you get it through the press. What a treasure it will be! God speed you on! Your report of the missionary spirit at home is quite encouraging. It makes one sing, 'Rule, Britannia!' as well as, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

At the date of the preceding letter, written to England, Mr. Moore wrote as follows to the Rev. John Eggleston, Secretary of Missions, Sydney:—

"This has been a most trying year. I can scarcely get two days at home together. I am constantly going; the demands of the Circuit are now getting so great. The fruit begins to appear; and what with marrying, baptizing, and meeting the Classes, and trying to get things into working order, I am often worn right out, and ready to sit down and weep over the awful state of Fiji, and the little concern manifested by our Churches at home. What can be the reason we cannot get more men for Fiji? The

* The South Sea Missions were now under the direct management and care of the new Australian Conference.

wants of Fiji must be known. There has been too much crying 'Victory! victory!' in Fiji; the people think Fiji is saved. Look at Fiji again! More than half this Circuit are still heathen, killing and devouring each other daily. Not more than twenty miles from this Mission-house twenty men were killed this month and eaten. Look at the Mbau Circuit, say half heathen. Look at the Viwa Circuit, say three parts heathen, at war, with all its horrors. Look at Nandi, torn to pieces again by war. A Teacher has just been killed, and now war, we hear, is declared by the Christians. Look at Mbua, three parts heathen, and the heathen Chief, the greatest Chief in the Circuit, has declared war on the Christians. Look at Lakemba: the Togo people there have next to no religion, and prevent multitudes of Fijians from getting any. These are facts. You must not get the impression that Fiji is saved, and that we can do without a reinforcement. The work must suffer unless we get more men. It will not do to wait until some of the brethren are obliged to remove, and then supply their place with new men. This is only cramping the work. You will say, 'We know all this better than you. Fiji's wants and Fiji's state have had a thorough investigation by us, and what we have done tells you our conclusion.' Well, then, Fiji, if this is all that can be done for thee by the Churches of my country, thy bloody sons must become still more bloody, until they have filled up the measure of their iniquity, and then go down to hell to drink the dregs of the wrath of God, through the worldly-mindedness and indifference of our colonial Churches. O that God may wake up the land of my birth, and raise up men to plead Fiji's cause!"

The General Secretary of Wesleyan Missions, in a letter, dated Sydney, June 7th, 1858, says: "Mr. Moore has just sent me an epistle full of triumphant joy. His Circuit is spreading, and the work is deepening. They will have an increase this year of one thousand church-members, and the same number on trial for church-membership."

CHAPTER VI.

MISSION SHIP.—GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.—COLLEGE, ETC.

It is necessary to introduce here a short chapter, containing outlines of certain very important matters belonging to the management and machinery of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions in the South Seas. While those Missions were confined to Australia, New Zealand, and the Friendly Islands, great difficulty and embarrassment resulted from the uncertainty and delay attending the forwarding of supplies to the island Stations. Now that the operations were extended over another large group, it became unavoidably necessary that the communication with the different Missionaries should no longer depend upon the uncertain and irregular visits of trading vessels, but that a distinct means of intercourse and supply should be provided. It had been told in England that "Mr. Cargill and his family had been reduced to the greatest straits, almost needing the common necessaries of life, in consequence of the non-arrival of expected supplies; that Mr. Cross had been left in a dangerous illness, destitute of such things as were necessary for him in such trying circumstances; and that the work of God had been much retarded in consequence of the want of facilities for removing from one island to another." Such facts could not be known without awakening anxiety and moving to effort. Already the British Methodists had made special contributions to increase the Mission staff in Fiji and the other islands; and now a liberal grant was made from the *Centenary Fund* for the purchase and equipment of a vessel suitable for the purposes and wants of the Polynesian Mission.

John Irving, Esq., of Bristol, gave liberal and important aid in this undertaking; and under his careful management the brigantine "TRITON" was fitted out for a four years' voyage among the islands. She took in a miscellaneous cargo of supplies, including many articles of British manufacture for barter, this being the only circulating medium by which native labour and produce could be secured. Mis-

sionaries and their wives, making, in all, twenty-six passengers, embarked in the "Triton" for South Africa, New Zealand, and the Friendly Islands, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams for Fiji. Due notice had been given of the time of starting, and presents for the Missions had been sent in with such profuse liberality, that a large number of packages intended to be sent out in the Mission ship, were forwarded to Sydney to meet her there.

Followed by the best wishes and prayers of thousands, the "Triton" set sail from England on the 14th of September, 1839, and landed the Rev. Thomas Williams and his wife at Lakemba on the 8th of July in the following year.

The vessel thus sent out was to be used in the annual visitation of all the Stations by the General Superintendent of the Society's Missions in Australasia and Polynesia. This office was now filled by one whose name lives in the grateful and loving remembrance of thousands, though he has passed away. The Rev. John Waterhouse, after working at home until the prime of his life, went out to devote to the oversight of the South Sea Missions, all the vigour and matured excellence of character and piety for which he was so remarkable. He at once threw all his energy into the work committed to him, and by his labour and counsel greatly aided the Missionaries and strengthened the Mission. With faithful diligence he visited every Station, and made minute inquiry into all the affairs of each. His Journals, from which extracts were given in the *Missionary Notices* of 1841 to 1844, are rare specimens of condensed and valuable information.

Mr. Waterhouse lived to accomplish the personal examination of the entire field of missionary labour which had been put under his care. In doing this he had toiled hard, and undergone much fatigue and exposure to danger. Worn out with incessant work, he died on the 30th of March, 1842, crying out, as he went to his rest, "Missionaries! Missionaries! Missionaries!" He, "being dead, yet speaketh." Many have given heed to that dying appeal; and distinguished among them are the two sons of the departed man of God, who gave up flattering prospects of worldly success in the colonies, and have since laboured faithfully and suffered deeply in the Fijian Mission.

In 1843 the Rev. Walter Lawry succeeded to the office of General Superintendent. For some time Mr. Lawry had been a Missionary in New South Wales, and in 1822 went boldly forth alone, and "encountered much difficulty and peril in endeavouring to commence a Mission in the Friendly Islands." After remaining for some years

in the English work at home, he offered to go for the rest of his life to the scene of his former labours; an offer which was gratefully accepted by the Missionary Committee, and resulted in the appointment already mentioned. Mr. Lawry arrived in Sydney in January, 1844, and had the satisfaction of sending at once two young men—Messrs. John Watsford and David Hazlewood—to reinforce the Fiji Mission. The General Superintendent then proceeded to New Zealand and fixed his home at Auckland, which thenceforward became the head quarters of the “Triton,” a suitable piece of land on the shore being granted by the Government for the shipping and housing of Mission stores.

Already the “Triton” had exceeded the four years’ stay among the islands for which she was prepared; and it was found that she had saved the funds of the Mission to such an extent, that, after all her expenses were deducted, she cleared her original cost, to say nothing of the great increase of comfort and convenience which her regular visits had secured to the Missionaries. But a larger vessel was needed. The “Triton” could not carry a year’s stores for all the Stations; and when she went to Sydney to fetch Mr. Lawry and the new Missionaries, she had to be re-coppered before returning to the islands, and thirty tons of goods, which she could not receive, had to be freighted in another vessel at great expense. The Mission had been greatly helped by the presence of the “Triton;” and during the Rewan war she rendered invaluable service in the removal of the Mission family and printing establishment, among circumstances of great peril.

As she was now to return to England, the Missionaries sent home an urgent request that a larger vessel should be sent out, and that Captain Buck, the clever and zealous commander of the “Triton,” should be entrusted with her. The force of the appeal was duly felt by the Missionary Committee, and orders were given for the building of a fine brig of two hundred and fifty tons’ burden. The work was intrusted to Messrs. White and Sons, of Cowes, who did all that could be done to insure accommodation for passengers, and adaptation in all respects for the peculiar service on which the vessel was to be employed. John Irving, Esq., of Bristol, exerted himself indefatigably, and generously devoted much time to the superintendence of the building. The “Triton” was sold; and the proceeds of the sale, together with her earnings during her voyage, were enough to pay the entire cost of the building and equipment of the new brig, which was launched on the 23rd of September, 1846, and named the “John Wesley.”

She sailed from Southampton on November 21st, 1846, under command of Captain Buck. She carried Missionaries for Sydney, New Zealand, and the Friendly Islands, and Messrs. John Malvern and John Ford, with their wives and children, for Fiji. About a ton and a half of presents from friends of the Mission, with an ample supply of necessary stores, went out at the same time, together with an excellent long-boat, the need of which had been greatly felt in the Rewan removals. The voyage out was prosperous. Several heavy gales were encountered, but the good brig behaved well, and the hand of God was on the missionary band to protect them. The regular and hearty worship of these devoted ones was greatly blessed to the crew, most of whom had become converted and united to the Church, when on the 18th of March, 1847, the "John Wesley" anchored safely at Sydney. After a short stay here, and leaving Mr. Harris, the Mission ship went to Auckland, where Mr. Kirk remained. After taking in necessary stores, Mr. Lawry started on his first visitation voyage. He writes, April 12th, 1847: "We came to anchor at Tonga after a rough and stormy passage of a fortnight, which in most vessels would have been three weeks; but the 'John Wesley' does wonders, and is a first-rate vessel in all respects." Messrs. Daniel, Amos, and Davis, with their wives, were for the Friendly Islands. The District Meeting was held and all the Stations visited, as well as the distant islands of Niua Ffoo and Niua Tobutabu. On the 8th of September they left Tonga to call at Ono on their way to Lakemba, where they arrived on the 12th, with the new Missionaries. All the Stations were visited. The removal of the Mission families from Somosomo, with everything from the two houses, was well effected by the "Wesley;" and the goods were taken to the two new Stations then commenced on Vanua Levu. Notwithstanding Captain Buck's acquaintance with the difficult navigation of Fiji, and his vigilant care, the "Wesley" struck three times during this voyage; once being twelve hours on the reef, and a second time nine hours. These were times of anxiety, curbing the exultations of all in the splendid new vessel and skilful Captain, and leading to more earnest prayer to, and trust in, the Almighty. She floated again, without receiving any material injury. On the 10th of December, Mr. Lawry wrote: "We made the North Cape of New Zealand. The 'John Wesley' has come up in a week, close hauled all the way, and without her proper amount of ballast. She is a very fine vessel, easy, fast, and comfortable for passengers. The height of her 'tween-decks adds greatly to her otherwise excellent accommodations. She does great credit to all concerned in her building and outfit."

After the "Wesley" had successfully completed her third voyage among the islands in 1850, it was found necessary that she should return to England for repairs, and to have tanks fitted in her for the cocoa-nut oil which was collected at the different Stations. Several Missionaries and Schoolmasters were wanted; and it was hoped that these might be brought out on the return of the vessel. To help to defray the expense of the homeward voyage, the native Christians were requested to contribute specimens of their manufactures, productions, and curiosities. To this they readily agreed, and the "Wesley" left the islands with considerable native stores, and sailed for England, calling at Auckland on her way. She arrived in England, with Mr. Lawry on board, in time for him to attend the Annual Meeting in Exeter Hall, in May, 1851. The native contributions which she brought were tastefully displayed at the Centenary Hall, and the sale of them superintended by ladies, who kindly undertook the task. More than a thousand visitors inspected this novel bazaar, and upwards of four hundred pounds was the pecuniary result.

On September 25th, 1851, the "John Wesley" started on her second voyage, carrying, with other Missionaries, the Rev. John Polglase for Fiji; and two trained Schoolmasters, Messrs. John Binner, and William Collis, with their wives. A large supply of necessary stores was sent out to the Missionaries, including household goods, earthenware, iron pots, and Manchester and Sheffield goods, as barter for procuring native produce. In May, 1852, the "Wesley" reached Fiji again, bringing the Rev. John Watsford and family, who had been waiting at Auckland on their way from Sydney to the islands. The next visit of the vessel to Fiji was in the following May, when the Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Waterhouse arrived.

It was seen by those who managed the affairs of the Mission, that the time was soon coming when the growing Australian colonies would be able to take upon themselves the conduct and support of the extensive Wesleyan missionary operations in the South Sea. In order to form and mature plans for the efficient establishment of a separate and affiliated Australasian Conference, the Rev. William B. Boyce, who had been in the South African Mission-work for fourteen years, was appointed by the Conference of 1845 to go out in charge of the Society's Missions in Australia and Van Dieman's Land. So successful were the measures he adopted, and so hearty was the co-operation of his brethren throughout the Colonies, that in December, 1851, the General Committee at home decided that the time was now fully come for the separate establishment of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies in

Australia, and for committing to their care the management and support of the Polynesian Missions, towards the expense of which an annually decreasing grant should be made from the Parent Society.

The Rev. Robert Young was deputed to proceed to Australia, and formally constitute the New Conference. Mr. Young's arrival was delayed for some time ; but in the meanwhile was taking place the great event which has so altered the complexion of the southern colonies,—the gold discovery. The change then so rapidly brought about helped to give still greater influence and stability to the colonial Churches.

Mr. Young reached Adelaide on the 4th of May, 1853, and visited Melbourne, Sydney, and Auckland, everywhere receiving a most cordial reception from Ministers and people. He preached to crowded congregations at every place, who were delighted with his ministrations. He attended several Missionary and other meetings, and found that all entered heartily into the plans he was intrusted to lay before them.

Mr. Young left Auckland in the "Wesley" to visit the Friendly and Fiji Islands, reaching the latter on the 6th of November, and leaving on the 18th. The visit of the Deputation was a favourable opportunity for Miss Mary Fletcher's proceeding to Fiji, where she was married to the Rev. John Polglase. The plan for connecting the Missions with the Australasian Conference having been laid before the Missionaries whom Mr. Young visited, and approved of by them, he returned to Sydney, and again visited Melbourne and Adelaide, and afterwards Tasmania. All had gone on harmoniously ; and it was wisely judged by Mr. Young to be best to leave the first Australasian Conference to the care of the brethren whose indefatigable and judicious labours, by God's blessing, had prepared for the change. That Conference was held in Sydney in January, 1855, the Rev. William B. Boyce being President of the Conference and General Superintendent of the Missions in New Zealand and Polynesia.

Sydney now became, and still continues to be, the head-quarters of the "John Wesley," an arrangement by which the various Mission Stations secured a more efficient supply both of men and means. The Rev. John Eggleston, after many years' service as a Wesleyan Minister in the colonies, has been appointed to reside in Sydney as General Secretary of Missions, and has entered upon his work with great earnestness and zeal in connexion with the Managing Committee there.

Among the minor but very important details of the Mission machinery were the several means of conveyance among the islands, in the constant working of the several Circuits. This was accomplished, to a great extent, by the double and single canoes of the natives, who showed

great skill and daring in carrying the Missionaries and Agents from place to place. Boats were also provided, which proved of great use. But need was strongly felt, as the work extended, for a vessel much smaller than the "Wesley," and larger than the canoes, for the longer voyages, and visitation of brethren in lonely and distant Stations. In 1847 an agreement was made with the Christian Chief, Elijah Verani, for a share in a schooner of seventeen tons, which he was then having built. Afterwards this became the exclusive property of the Mission, as Elijah had a smaller schooner presented to him by an American firm trading in Fiji. For some years this schooner proved of great use to the Missionaries, and saved them from many dangers and much painful inconvenience in their journeys to and fro. An excellent boat fully rigged and equipped, was built and presented to the Fiji Mission by Mr. William Dawson of Sunderland; and was taken from London, in September, 1858, free of expense, by Captain John Williams, of the "La Hogue."

When the General Superintendent visited the islands in 1847, the Missionaries laid before him a subject which had long caused them great anxiety. Their families were increasing; and, as they grew up, there were no means of educating them. The time of the parents was fully occupied by the urgent business of the Mission, and the children were surrounded everywhere by influences of the most undesirable kind. Instances had even occurred in which the children of Missionaries had learned to speak in the language of the people, while an acquaintance with that of their parents was never gained. The same evil had been felt by the Missionaries in the Friendly Islands; and, in concert with them and the Wesleyan Missionaries in New Zealand, a scheme was considered at the Fiji District Meeting, for the establishment of a school in New Zealand for the children of Missionaries stationed in Polynesia. It was resolved that a proprietary school should be organized by the Missionaries of the three Districts, the shares being fixed at £20. Mr. Lawry, who had no children of his own to be benefited by it, took several shares, and helped the matter forward with all zeal. The Missionary Committee in England fully sanctioned the scheme, and, in addition to a liberal grant of bedding, and school apparatus, sent out the Rev. John H. Fletcher, who, as well as Mrs. Fletcher, was highly qualified to take charge of the school. The building was completed and opened in November, 1849, under the name of "Wesley College." The children were conveyed from the several Stations by the "Wesley," free of expense.

The establishment thus auspiciously commenced has answered its

purpose well. After some years a separate establishment was started for the girls; the Rev. R. B. Lyth became Governor of the College; and Mr. Fletcher entered the regular Circuit work at Auckland, while his brother, Mr. William Fletcher, B. A., of Taunton, became Principal, and Mr. William Watkin, the son of a Missionary, Tutor. In 1856 Mr. W. Fletcher left New Zealand to go as a Missionary to Fiji, his sister having become the wife of the Rev. John Polglase in that District. Since then Mr. Watkin has also been received into the Ministry by the Australian Conference.

The school has more than answered the best hopes of its founders, and has proved an invaluable part of the Mission machinery. But now that Auckland has ceased to be the head-quarters, the importance of the College on its original footing no longer exists. Equitable arrangements have been made for the satisfaction of the shareholders, and it has at last been resolved that the school shall continue as an educational establishment for the New Zealand District, the premises being purchased by the proceeds of the sale of the Mission-house, etc.

Justice requires that a tribute of gratitude should here be paid to the Rev. Thomas Buddle, Chairman of the Auckland District. Though not appointed to the work, yet, being resident Minister and well qualified, he was most helpful to Mr. Lawry, and undertook the main management for several years of the goods, orders, and accounts for all the Missions and Missionaries. He laboriously helped forward everything connected with the College, and had most to do with the affairs of the "John Wesley." The various and numerous demands from each Mission family he carefully attended to. The accounts were remarkably clear and correct under his management. All this of course greatly increased Mr. Buddle's labours in his Circuit; yet the disinterested, prompt, friendly, and cheerful manner in which he ever attended to the wants of the South Sea Missions and Missionaries, left every one free to request any favour or work from him.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINTING, TRANSLATION, AND PUBLISHING.

As the Mission in Fiji extended itself, and its successes multiplied, the toil of transcribing parts of the Bible and other works for the people became a serious hindrance, and the want of a printing establishment pressed heavily on the Missionaries. Such an establishment was already in active use in connexion with the Tongan Mission, and application was made for its valuable help on behalf of Fiji. The first book of four pages, and twenty-four pages of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, printed in Fijian at the Vavau press, greatly lightened the labour of the Missionaries, and rejoiced the people under their charge, some of whom read again and again the precious boon thus brought them, and eagerly longed for a larger supply. They were informed that a printing press was to be sent out from England to Fiji, in order that the Scriptures might be printed in their own language; and they prayed earnestly that God would bring the blessing safely to them, and watch over the new Missionaries under whose care it was sent out. Two of these Missionaries were well acquainted with printing and bookbinding, and the supply of type and printing and other materials which they brought out had been liberally supplied and judiciously selected by the Committee at home.

Messrs. Cargill and Cross had worked hard at translations, and were ready to supply copy as soon as the press could be fitted up at Lakemba. In March, 1839, the first Wesleyan Catechism was published in the Lakemba dialect. This was soon followed by the Gospel according to St. Mark. Great was the astonishment and delight of the people as they saw the marvels of the Mission press. The Heathen at once declared it to be a god. And mightier far than their mightiest and most revered deities was that engine at which they wondered. In the midst of the barbarous people it stood, a fit representative of the high culture and triumphant skill of the land whence it came; and, blessed by the prayers of multitudes across the seas, and of the faithful

ones who directed its might, that Mission press began, with silent power, its great and infallible work, which was destined to deliver beautiful Fiji from its old and galling bonds, to cleanse away its filthy stains of crime, to confer upon its many homes the blessings of civilization, and enrich its many hearts with the wealth of the Gospel of Jesus.

The works first issued from the press were prepared and revised by Mr. Cargill, whose long residence in the islands had made him familiar with the language. The Missionaries who managed the printing lost no opportunity, while hard at work, of gaining acquaintance with the strange tongue they heard spoken around them. They caught up different expressions, and, with many an odd blunder and clumsy construction, tried to talk with the natives. They also noted down words, and afterwards learned their meaning from Mr. Cargill, who was most diligent in helping forward their attempts. With all possible speed he compiled a copious Vocabulary and Grammar of the Lakemba dialect for the use of his brethren. These they copied; and, before very long, one of them made his first attempt at preaching in a little village, reading a prayer and sermon which Mr. Cargill had helped to prepare for the purpose.

It was always found that the language was best learned by constant intercourse with the people. Mr. Hunt, at Rewa, was shut up to this means; and with such diligence did he set himself to the task, that in about a month after his arrival he conducted, by the help of written notes, a religious service in the Fijian tongue. His progress was rapid and sure, and he was soon able to converse and preach intelligibly to his hearers.

The press soon accomplished great good at Lakemba. The Mission work was confirmed by its supply of books, and the schools received from the same source a new and vigorous life, while many converts, whose attendance had been loose and irregular, became attentive and constant.

In July, 1839, the printing establishment was removed to Rewa, where it continued in efficient operation, until the war in 1844 rendered its removal necessary. In the following year the munificent grant of fifty reams of paper came as a welcome supply from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A serious difficulty soon made itself felt in the variety of dialects spoken in different parts of the group. At first the project was entertained of translating, at least, portions of the Scriptures into all these dialects. For a time this plan was followed. Twelve pages of Genesis and a Scripture Lesson Book were printed in the Mbau dialect, having

been prepared by Mr. Cross. An Alphabet and book of twelve pages were published in Somosoman, and twelve pages of St. Matthew in Rewan. Catechisms and other small works were issued in these dialects and in that of the Windward Islands; and Messrs. Hunt and Lyth brought out a small Hymn Book of twelve pages in the dialects of Mbau and Lakemba, and which contained very fair imitations of some of the most familiar of Wesley's Hymns. Mr. Hunt also prepared a "Short Catechism," containing passages of Scripture, arranged in answer to questions on the doctrines and duties of Christianity. He also published twenty-three "Short Sermons," to which was prefixed an address to the Native Teachers and Local Preachers, including a translation of suitable extracts from the "Twelve Rules of a Helper." These two books, the *Taro Lekaleka* and the *Vunau Lekaleka*, were much esteemed by those for whom they were specially produced, and, indeed, by many of the converts as well. The Morning Service from the Book of Common Prayer was printed in the Lakemba dialect; and Class-tickets and Almanacks were regularly supplied from the press.

The entire printing establishment was thus in efficient operation: another and most complete supply of types and other necessities had arrived, together with a second grant of paper from the Bible Society. But the difficulty about the dialects became more and more formidable. At the District Meeting in 1843 great concern was expressed for an entire version of the Scriptures; and the New Testament was divided among the different Missionaries, to be translated into the several dialects. This seemed then the best thing that could be done; but in the following year the progress was found to be very unsatisfactory, and it was seen that a complete version could never be obtained in this way. The fact was also considered that, if they translated separately for each division of the people, by the time their labours covered the whole group, they would have to supply no less than fifteen distinct versions of the Bible. In some cases the differences were small; in others, more important. It was at last resolved that all the translations should thenceforth be carried on in the dialect of Mbau. This was selected as being evidently the purest; and, further, because of the rising power of Mbau, which caused its forms of language to be more widely known than any other, and gave evident tokens of at last superseding every other. Although the Lakemba people could understand the publications issued on the new plan, yet they were averse to the change, and, for their satisfaction, the Hymns were still printed as before.

After the removal of the press from Rewa on account of the war,

it had remained at Viwa, for a time, unused, while the work of translation went on vigorously. When printing was urgently wanted, Mr. Hunt nobly gave up a stone house, which he had built at the cost of much toil, and there the work again commenced.

During Mr. Hunt's residence in Somosomo, where his Mission work was greatly hindered, he had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Fijian language as spoken there; and his recent stay in Viwa had made him familiar with the Mbau dialect, which was found there. A Vocabulary and Grammar which he had prepared for his own use, were never completed for publication, in consequence of his other unremitting labours. At the District Meeting, in 1845, Mr. Hunt was requested to revise and carry through the press his translation of Matthew and Acts, three thousand copies of which were to be issued at once to meet the urgent demand, and one thousand to be retained for binding up with the rest of the Testament when complete. Everything concurred to help the work. The press had been unexpectedly brought to Viwa, and the most efficient translator and the Missionary who superintended the printing resided there. The demand was great; and fresh stimulus was given, by the arrival of the Romish Priests, to issue that word, the knowledge of which would prove most fatal to the errors which they tried to teach. In May, 1846, Mr. Hunt writes: "My great work in the study is the important one of translating the Scriptures into the Fijian language. To this we are now devoting ourselves in good earnest; and I humbly believe I have succeeded, to an extent which has greatly encouraged me, in the Gospel of St Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles. I have the most important assistance that can be desired in a very intelligent native, who has been with me three years, and has become an excellent preacher. I have him by me when translating, and make him the judge of the work, so far as the Fijian is concerned."

On the completion of this work of Mr. Hunt, both Missionaries and people were greatly delighted, and the question of dialect became thenceforth settled. At the Annual Meeting in 1846, the best thanks of all his brethren were given to Mr. Hunt; and those who were engaged in translating other parts of the New Testament, cordially requested him to take the whole into his own hands, to which request he at once agreed. Among many other advantages which he had gained at the Wesleyan Theological Institution in England, Mr. Hunt had, by hard study, acquired a knowledge of both the Hebrew and Greek languages, and was thus fitted to carry on the work, for which he possessed great natural aptitude, and in the prosecution of which he showed

such loving zeal. Since his residence in Fiji, he had taken considerable pains to obtain a well-digested knowledge of the native tongue, and was thus, in all respects, well adapted to carry out the great task which his brethren committed to him. Mr. Lyth was removed from Lakemba to assist in making the final examinations and corrections for the press; and Mr. Hunt successfully accomplished an admirable translation of the whole of the New Testament, except the Gospel according to St. John, a good version of which, after careful revision, he accepted from another Missionary. So vigorously was the whole work done, that entire copies of the Fijian New Testament, serviceably bound, were supplied to the Missionaries at their Annual Meeting in 1847.

The next step was to complete the Bible in Fijian; and, by common consent, this undertaking was committed to the indefatigable Mr. Hunt, who accepted it readily, and entered upon it with vigour directly after the District Meeting. He adopted a translation of Genesis already made, but revised it carefully, comparing it throughout with the Hebrew. This was unfortunately lost; and the Native Teacher, who had assisted in the translation of the New Testament, was suspected of having made away with it. Mr. Hunt next went through Exodus, and then set to work on the Psalms; but just after his completion of the forty-sixth Psalm, a severe illness laid him aside from the great work which he was never permitted to resume.

A copy of the Fijian New Testament published at Viwa, was sent by the General Secretaries to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, together with a plea for help. In November, 1849, the Committee voted three hundred pounds towards the expenses of this first edition, and begged to be informed, from time to time, of the progress made in translating the Old Testament, towards the printing of which in parts they shortly afterwards voted a hundred reams of paper. To all this munificent and welcome help they added an offer to print an edition of five thousand copies of the New Testament. John Hunt was no more. His widow had returned to England, and kindly engaged to assist in correcting the edition as it passed through the press.

In the meantime the number of converts in Fiji had greatly increased, and the thousand copies of the New Testament were all gone. The demand for another supply was too urgent to allow of waiting for the edition from England. Mr. Calvert was the only Missionary left who thoroughly understood printing, and his time was very much taken up with Mission duties, so that an important addition of help was greatly needed. Just at the right time, and in a most efficient form, the help came. The account of the event forms a pleasing episode in the Mission history.

In 1848 an American vessel was wrecked among the islands in a hurricane. On board was a young Frenchman, named Edward Martin, who had been for some time in the United States. He was well educated, but, though of Protestant parents, strongly opposed all religious truth. After the wreck, he went to reside among some white men who lived on Vanua Levu. While there, an old English blacksmith died. This man had known the truth, but had led a desperate and lawless life. His death, which was awful with mental anguish and terror, so impressed the young Frenchman as to compel him to think seriously of his own unprepared state. He visited Viwa, and was urged to remain there by Mr. Joseph Rees, a young man who had rendered much help to the Missionaries. Mr. Martin gladly consented, and sought, in deep penitence, the salvation which he soon obtained through faith in Christ. Having nothing to do, he asked to be employed, and Mr. Calvert taught him to fold printed sheets, and to stitch and bind books. He then went to presswork and composing, and showed such singular intelligence and aptness, that in a very short time he was an efficient bookbinder and printer. With all this, his religious character became very decided; and he showed by his affectionate interest in the natives, and his cheerful readiness to help in any way, how fully he sympathized with the Missionaries in their great work. His kind treatment of the natives gave him such influence, that he had no difficulty in procuring hands to help in the printing and binding, while he himself toiled, if necessary, night and day to accomplish the work. Afterwards Mr. Martin rendered great service as an evangelist, and still remains attached to the Mission, as ready as ever to undergo danger and toil to further its plans. In the schools he has been very useful, and, having married a lady from New Zealand,—a wife worthy of such a devoted man,—he has settled in Fiji, resolving to devote himself altogether to the interests of the Mission.

It was mainly through Mr. Martin that the demand for Testaments was met, before the arrival of the Bible Society's edition. The Missionaries at Viwa revised the first edition; and Mr. Martin, with some assistance, worked off three thousand copies, with three thousand copies extra of Matthew, Romans, and Philippians, as special antidotes to Popery.

The following statement will show the principal publications of the Mission press at Viwa. At the close of his life, Mr. Hunt was preparing *An Explanation of the Christian Religion: comprising its Evidences, Doctrines, Duties, and Institutions: in a Course of Lectures*. He had gone through the Evidences in nine lectures, and finished twenty on the Doctrines. The work was completed, after his death, by other

hands, in twelve more lectures, and five thousand copies of this most valuable volume were published,—188 pages 12mo.

The Rev. R. B. Lyth prepared with great care *The Teacher's Manual; being Instructions and Directions for the Management of the Work of God in the Fiji District*,—64 pages. An improved edition of five thousand copies of the *Short Sermons* was printed. The following works were also issued:—Fifty-six thousand *First Books*; twenty-two thousand *Reading Books*; being sixteen lessons selected from the Gospels,—small pica, 24 pages 12mo. Five thousand *First Catechism*, and Hunt's *Short Catechism*,—20 pages 12mo. Communion, Baptism, Marriage and Burial Services; Address to Teachers, Almanacks, Tickets, etc. Very large numbers of copies of the Ten Commandments, Apostles' Creed, Te Deum, and Lord's Prayer. *Memoir of the Rev. John Hunt*. A *First Book* and *Short Catechism* in the language of Rotuma—a lonely island three hundred miles from Fiji.

A Compendious Grammar of the Fijian Language; with Examples of Native Idioms,—72 pages, 12mo. By the Rev. David Hazlewood. *A Fijian-English and English-Fijian Dictionary; with Examples of common and peculiar Modes of Expression and Uses of Words. Also containing brief Hints on Native Customs, Proverbs, the Native Names of the Natural Productions of the Islands; Notices of the Islands of Fiji, and a list of Scripture Names Fijianized*,—350 pages, 12mo. Seven hundred of each of these invaluable books were published.*

After Mr. Hunt's death, the work of translating was carried on by another man, who, also, was eminently fitted for the office. Mr. Hazlewood had, by immense industry, gained a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, and of the philosophy of language generally. With the Fijian he was intimately acquainted; and, thus qualified, entered with energy on Mr. Hunt's labours, completing, in a few years, the translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew. Soon afterwards his health failed, and he removed to New South Wales, where, as strength permitted, he revised his translation, and died happy in God, October 30th, 1855, at about the same age as John Hunt,—in his 36th year. Their lives were short, but crowded with earnest work, which shall last in its greatness of blessing as long as Fiji remains.

In 1854 the Bible Society's edition of the New Testament, neatly printed and well bound, arrived. It gave great delight to Missionaries and people. This edition had the great advantage of being revised by the Superintendent of the Translating and Editorial Department of the

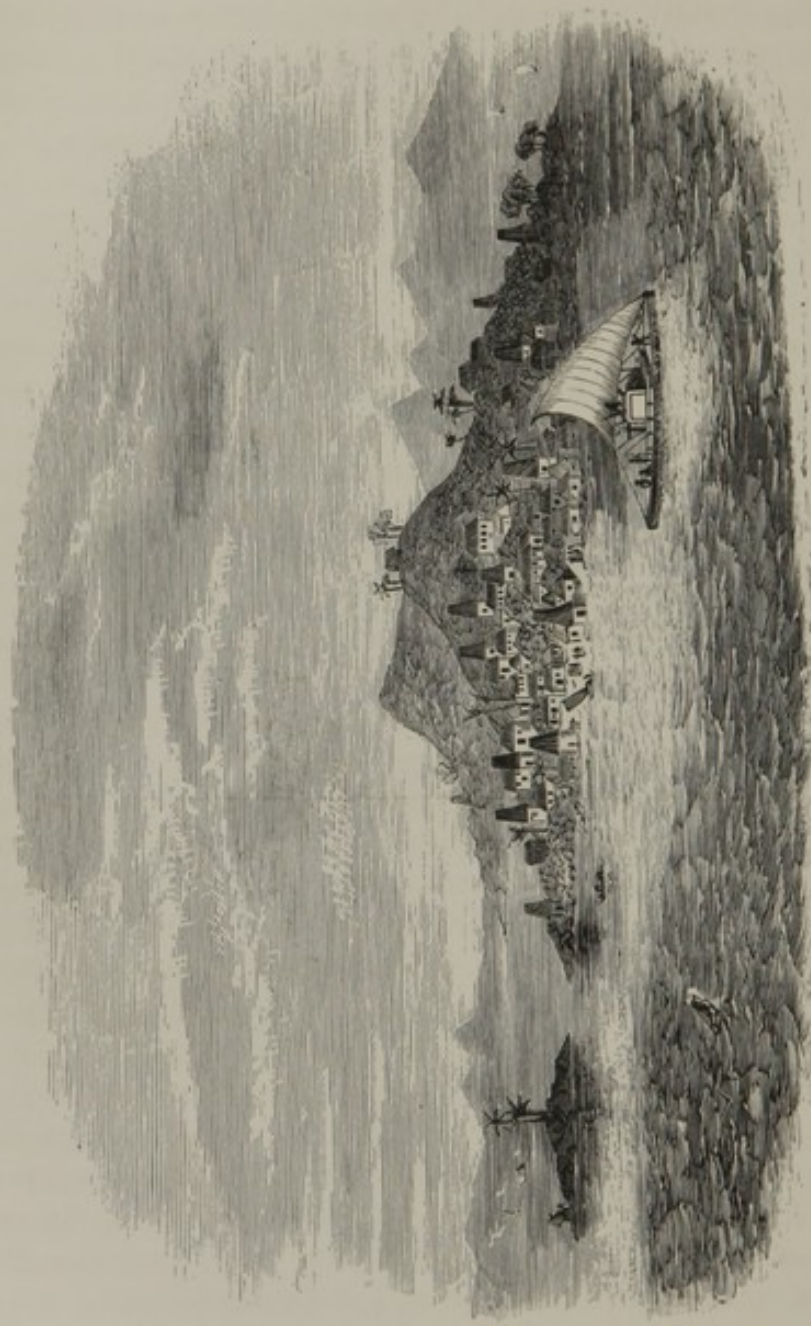
* See page 208.

Bible Society ; and the Missionaries greatly desired that the Old Testament should be brought out under the same auspices. To meet the pressing demand then made, they printed five thousand copies of Genesis, Exodus, and Psalms, while they waited the result of an application to the Bible Society through the General Missionary Secretaries. This result was thus stated in the *Wesleyan Missionary Notices* for 1855, p. 35, followed by a copy of a letter from Mr. Calvert, who was just leaving Fiji, and who consented to return to England to see the Old Testament through the press : "The British and Foreign Bible Society has added to its many acts of liberality to our Missions, by a resolution to print, when Mr. Calvert shall arrive in England, Bibles and Testaments for the Fijians. The value of this great boon is increased by the kind and cheerful manner in which it was granted. Immediately on receiving a copy of Mr. Calvert's letter, given below, the noble-minded Committee came to the resolution we have stated, for which they deserve the lively gratitude of every friend of Fiji in this country, of every Missionary, and, above all, of the poor natives of that dismal, but now hopeful, land." In June, 1856, Mr. Calvert arrived in England, after an absence of eighteen years, bringing with him Mr. Hazlewood's manuscript translation of the Old Testament. Towards the expenses incurred in the preparation of this great work, the Committee of the Bible Society nobly voted £500, and £400 for the support of Mr. Calvert for two years, while engaged in assisting to revise and correct, under the superintendence of the Rev. T. W. Meller, at Woodbridge. At Mr. Calvert's suggestion, the Committee changed the type usually employed to a larger size, thereby greatly increasing the value of the work to the Natives, but, at the same time, adding £600 to the outlay. Five thousand copies of the entire Scriptures are to be printed, and ten thousand copies extra of the New Testament in 12mo., from which stereotyped plates are cast for future editions. The work is now advancing favourably, having the great advantage of Mr. Meller's care ; and if he and his Missionary colleague are spared to carry it through as they have begun, Fiji, lately "in a state of almost incomprehensible barbarism," will rejoice in the possession of a most excellent version of the Bible ; and the Missionaries, in their arduous enterprise, will be relieved and helped beyond measure, by so great a work so well done. Upwards of £50 have been already received from Fiji in return, and other sums will be sent home in partial payment for the present edition.

The good Providence of God has watchfully guarded, and greatly prospered the Fijian printing establishment. Fit men have been raised

up to do translating and editorial work. The apparatus and material have been well supplied and wonderfully preserved. Incalculable good has already been effected; but the press will be needed more and more; and it is earnestly hoped that the connexion of this Mission with the Australian Conference will not cramp this important part of its operations, but that arrangements will be made for sufficient supply and efficient maintenance, as heretofore.





MBAU.

CHAPTER VIII.

VIWA AND MBAU.

WITH the beginning of another chapter, this history once more returns to the commencement of the Fijian Mission in 1835, in order to trace the most important branch of its operations; to record its greatest difficulties and its highest enterprise; to tell of the most appalling dangers, and to chronicle the most noble heroism to be found in this or perhaps any other Mission; to describe its most patient endurance, and register its most important success.

As soon as the first Missionaries were settled in Lakemba, their minds passed anxiously over the sea to the distant part of the group to the westward. There was Viti Levu—Great Fiji—which, in comparison with the many islets of Polynesia, was worthy of the title of continent. But it was not to this large island itself that the Missionaries looked with the greatest interest. Outside the beautiful and fertile plain which skirts all round the frowning hills of the interior, and where the reef stretches away beyond, are many small islands, some of which can hardly claim the name, being scarcely separated from the coast when the tide is down. One of these little islets, near the south-eastern extremity of Viti Levu, is called Mbau, and its Chiefs had, for a long time, been gaining power in Fiji. A strong and well-organized rebellion, instead of overturning this power, had only resulted in its being more firmly and broadly founded. The old King Tanoa had been brought back from the asylum to which he was compelled to flee, and once more saw his authority acknowledged, while his young son, Thakombau, to whose policy and daring he was indebted for his restoration, actually held the reins of government. The influence of Mbau was felt not only in the states and islands in its own immediate neighbourhood, but in the more distant parts of the group it gained ground over Chiefs of large districts, who were strengthened by seeking the aid of a power, the superiority of which they were forced to acknowledge.

But while such interest belonged to Mbau because of its great and

growing political importance, the hearts of the Missionaries were stirred because they saw here the centre and stronghold of all the horrors and abominations that darkened Fiji. In less than two years after his arrival in the group, Mr. Cross left Lakemba for the purpose of commencing a Mission at Mbau. But the storm of the great rebellion was scarcely calmed, and the work of vengeance was at its height; Thakombau told the Missionary plainly that he could not guarantee his safety in the present state of affairs, neither would the active pursuit of war permit his own attention to religion for some time to come. Mr. Cross, finding that the island was densely crowded with savage people, infuriated with war, and that two rebel Chiefs had just been eaten, and two more were in the ovens when he arrived, determined to wait for a better time. In January, 1839, after being joined by Mr. Hunt, Mr. Cross again went to Mbau, which was now quiet and prosperous, and obtained a promise from the old King that a Missionary should be received, and a house built for him.

In May, a Special District Meeting was held at Rewa for the more efficient location of the Missionaries. Mr. Cross was then definitely appointed to Mbau, and he at once urged the King to redeem his promise, and help in the removal. But the stated time for the building of the house had gone by, and still, again and again, Tanoa renewed the promise, only to break it when the time came. Instead of a Mission-house, he was occupied in erecting a new heathen temple, at the consecration of which many human victims were to be sacrificed. The actual opponent of the Missionaries, however, was the son, Thakombau. He was offended with Mr. Cross, because he would not trust himself at Mbau on his first visit, but turned aside and opened a Mission at Rewa. The proud spirit of the Chief was hurt at being placed second, and the erection of the house was prohibited.

Finding that access to Mbau was thus prevented, Mr. Cross determined to establish himself for the present in Viwa, the next island off the coast, two miles to the north. Here he would be very near, and able to exercise powerful influence on Mbau, though not residing there. Viwa was much more healthy, and was well prepared to receive a Missionary. Mr. Cross had frequently visited it, and its Chief with many of the people was already professing Christianity, and had built a large and handsome chapel for public worship. This island was of considerable importance, and one of the most valuable dependencies of Mbau, in the service of which it had been very successfully employed. Its people were good sailors, bold and enterprising, and its Chief famous for everything that gives a man fame and influence in Fiji, while his nephew

Verani was notorious as a Chief of desperate daring and horrible cruelty. The fact, too, that Viwa was receiving frequent visits from people of other islands, united with the rest to make it a most desirable place for the establishment of a Mission, until the way to Mbau was opened.

Such a remarkable man as Namosimalua, the Viwan Chief, deserves more particular mention. In all the Fijian wars of his time he had taken active part, and his great shrewdness and foresight made him the very Ulysses of the conspirators in the great rebellion. It was he who gave the counsel to kill the old King's stripling son, who afterwards proved the prudence of the advice by crushing the whole revolt. When Tanoa fled, Namosimalua was chosen to pursue him, receiving as a reward, Vatea, a young lady of rank, niece of the King, together with six whales' teeth.* He with his party reached the island of Koro, while Tanoa was there on his flight to Somosomo. Namosi had a plan of his own, and, instead of going at once where he had reason to believe the King was, landed at another part of the island. While his people were eager to carry on the pursuit, he delayed them by preparing food, and assuring them that the next day would be soon enough. In the meantime he secretly sent a messenger to Tanoa, warning him of his danger; and, when, in the morning, he and his followers renewed the chase, they saw the King sailing away out of their reach towards Somosomo, where he would soon be safe among his relatives. Returning to Mbau with a show of great chagrin, Namosi asked for a fleet in which he might at once sail to Somosomo and demand the person of the fugitive King. With a large party he went, and, as he fully expected, got nothing but a flat refusal. He had, however, accomplished his own object. He had convinced the other rebel Chiefs of his devotion to their cause, while he gained the friendship of the King, which was to serve him well when matters took the turn which he saw could not be far off. When Thakombau overcame the rebellion and brought his father back, Namosi was spared when the other revolted Chiefs fell, and Tanoa would never consent to his death, much as it was urged by Thakombau, who could not forget the advice given that he himself should be slain. Many, though astonished at Namosi's escape, remained ignorant of the secret cause of Tanoa's friendship for him. Thakombau never forgave him; and, fifteen years afterwards, Mr. Calvert had to plead hard that the Chief's life might be spared. When Namosimalua died, Thakombau exclaimed, "There! you have escaped without the club falling on your head!"

* *Vah-ta-ah, the Feejean Princess.* Hamilton.

Such, then, was the man who, now professing Christianity, welcomed Mr. Cross to his island, where he arrived with his family at midnight, near the end of August, 1839. The passage in the canoe, which the King of Rewa after much delay had furnished, was unfavourable, and Mrs. Cross suffered much on the journey. On reaching Viwa, the crew said that they must return at once, and, notwithstanding the request of the Chief that they should remain for the rest of the night, resolved to start at once. Mr. Cross, on overhauling his goods, discovered the cause of their hurry in the disappearance of one of the packages. Further search was at once made, and it was found that several other parcels had been robbed, and upwards of a hundred articles secreted, in the night, while Mr. Cross was attending to his sick wife. The canoe was at once detained, and everything recovered.

Namosimalua took great pains to insure the comfort of his guests, who found a dwelling-house, servants' house, and kitchen ready for them on their landing. Both the Chief and some of his people were firm in their stand against many of the old heathen practices; and, as Viwa was so important a place, and its men such good sailors, the report of the new state of things spread far and wide. All this was closely watched by the jealous Thakombau, who felt annoyed that the Sabbath should be observed and Christian worship held on an island so near him, and under the patronage of so powerful and clever a Chief. When, about a fortnight after Mr. Cross's arrival, Viwa and several other islands were visited by an epidemic, Thakombau sent a messenger to Namosimalua, assuring him that this sickness was a judgment on him and his people from the gods they had abandoned, and urging him to relinquish Christianity, while he promised to aid him in rebuilding the old temple of the god of Viwa. The Chief sent answer: "Tell Thakombau that Jehovah alone is God; and him I shall continue to worship."

Verani, the nephew of Namosimalua, has already been mentioned. He was the most intimate friend of Thakombau, and rendered him good service in bringing back his father from exile. His name, *Verani*, was the Fijian reading of *France*, and was given him during the revolt in acknowledgment of his capturing a French trading vessel, which was visiting at Viwa, and, in reluctant compliance with the wishes of the Mbau Chiefs, murdering the Captain and crew. He was in all respects the perfect type of a Fijian warrior, excelling most others in heroic courage, brutal ferocity, and diabolic cruelty. In all his exploits, his powerful friend at Mbau gave him help, till his name became a word

of terror, wherever he came with his band of bold followers. Verani was considered the right hand of Thakombau, who felt satisfied so long as he remained firm to Heathenism. From the commencement of the Mission, these two Chiefs had resolutely set themselves to resist Christianity, and had declared their purpose to prevent any of their own people from embracing it. But now the religion they hated was establishing itself firmly close to their home, and Verani began to inquire carefully into its true character. He treated the Missionary with respect, and conversed with him frequently. Special prayer was offered by the converts on his behalf, and the effect of the truth began to show itself in him, so that many expected him to abandon Heathenism. Thakombau feared it, and entreated him to be firm, and unite with him, while both were young, in fighting. He requested Verani to repair and rebuild the temples of Viwa, promising him help in the task. Viwa was but a small place, yet Verani mentioned thirteen temples in it, and said there were others he had not named. He consented to remain heathen, and helped Thakombau in his wars; but only the principal temple was rebuilt. This was done in superior style, and great stones and immense posts were taken up the hill for the purpose.

In the mean time, Mr. Cross and his family got comfortably settled. A church was formed, and in October two couples were married. The old Mbau King, Tanoa, still showed a friendly spirit, and begged Mr. Cross to let him know when he wanted food, that he might order some to be sent from the towns near. Visitors from Mbau and places on the mainland were frequently at the Mission-house. Many came to trade; but all were instructed in religious matters, and strangers were frequently present at the public worship. Among the visitors soon came Thakombau himself. His first call lasted four hours, which he spent in disputing with the Missionary about religious truths, declaring, before he left, that he would never *lotu*. Mr. Cross said, "If you do not, your children will." "Nay," replied the other, "though other places may, I will not; and when about to die, I will tell my children not to *lotu*."

About ten miles from Viwa, on the mainland, was the district of Verata, subject to Mbau, but in a state of revolt. War was declared against it, and Namosimalua was asked to give his help. This, however, he stoutly refused; but Verani joined heartily, with many Viwans, in the war. In October great numbers of the enemy were slain, and their bodies, carried with dreadful shouts, passed Viwa, on the way to Mbau, there to be shared among the faithful towns. The

death-drums sounded day and night in honour of the victory. When the villages of Natavutololo, and Naivuruvuru were sacked, some of the inhabitants escaped. The former place had been tributary to the King of the Fishermen, to whom the refugees sent a messenger one night, with a peace-offering. He consented to spare them, on condition that they should burn the town of Verata, and then flee to his canoes, which should carry them safely away. This plot would have been carried out; but Thakombau heard of it, and, not liking that the King of the Fishermen should have the credit of the exploit, sent a warning to the people of Verata, and thus averted their doom for the present.

With sounds of war on every side, the Missionary worked on, and established schools. As usual, most of the converts learned to read. The Viwans are naturally clever, and the younger people made rapid progress, considering that the only printed books were in the Lakemba and Rewa dialects; yet the difference between the latter and their own is not considerable. Mr. Cross soon mastered the peculiarities of the dialect spoken at Viwa and Mbau, and forwarded manuscript to the printer, using in the mean time his own written translation for the more advanced pupils, whereby an advantage was gained in many of them becoming familiar with the written character, and then learning to write themselves. Beyond the circle of the Missionary's immediate influence his work went spreading to the homes of the people who visited Viwa, and to the places where the converts called on their many voyages; so that soon there were urgent claims sent in from many parts for the presence of Teachers. Verani gave permission to his chief wife to *lotu*; but though she wished it, she refused to take the step until her husband should also have decided.

A great change was thus being wrought. But there were many in Viwa who, like Verani, were as reckless and as heathen as ever, however much they might have been impressed by the truth. The continued outrages perpetrated by these, as well as the remembrance of their own former misdeeds, often made the journeys of the Viwa Christians perilous among people who had been wronged. Among many remarkable instances of their preservation was one in January, 1840, when a small party of Christians, in sailing close to the reef off the shore of Viti Levu, had the outrigger of their canoe broken loose. The people on shore, seeing the wreck, hurried together to carry out the old custom of appropriating the canoe and cargo, and killing the crew for the ovens. On nearing her, their dark purpose was confirmed by finding that the unfortunates were from Viwa, whence their people had lately suffered great outrages, several of their friends having been

murdered by Viwans. Hundreds of armed men assembled on the reef near the canoe, which lay tossing about in danger of being capsized at any moment, while the people on board worked hard to keep her right, and prayed earnestly to the Almighty to save them from the hands of their enemies, who, with brandished weapons, cried out: "You are in our power! Now we will kill you, in return for the murder of our friends!" A young man on board replied, with great boldness: "Kill us, if you wish; but know, that we did not kill your friends. Before they were killed, we had become Christians; and since that, we have left off doing such evil deeds. It will be better for you not to kill us, but come and help us to bale the water out of our canoe." These men of blood were restrained, and many of them left their purpose of cruelty, and actually went to help the Viwans to empty the canoe and lash on the outrigger, so that, in a little while, they were again able to put to sea, rejoicing in the Lord, who had thus delivered them. Even Heathens exclaimed: "It is Jehovah! for nothing like this has been known in Fiji before."

In April, Namosimalua and Verani sailed together on a visit to Vanua Levu, some parts of which were tributary to Viwa, and where their names were words of dread. On such occasions it was customary for the people to refer their disputes to their powerful visitors; and the Chief of one village privately gave Varani some whales' teeth to kill some natives of another village with which he had a quarrel. Verani and one of his men, accompanied by two Christian Tongans, who were ignorant of the true object of the journey, went in a small canoe, and found some people fishing. Learning that they belonged to the village in question, Verani and his companions at once killed two of the men; and a woman was about to be murdered; but the Tongans expostulated and saved her life. On presenting the murdered bodies, Verani received a sailing canoe. Similar offerings were made to Namosi on this voyage, for the same purpose; but he invariably declined them, saying "Those deeds are evil; and since I have become Christian, I have ceased to murder people." Not only did he refuse to repeat his former ill deeds, but he earnestly exhorted the people everywhere to *lotu*.

Whatever the actual change was in the heart of this very remarkable man, his life had become entirely altered since he yielded himself to Christian teaching. There were many things which looked very much as if his excessive craftiness had some large share in his *lotu*; yet it is certain that he was outwardly different to his former self: instead of being an accomplished villain and a marvel of cruelty, he had

become a kind, peaceful, and teachable man, and seemed to do what he could to help on the Mission work. Still he remained a polygamist, and, in other respects, acted so as to forbid the hope that his heart was truly changed. After a time he yielded to Thakombau's solicitation to engage in war, and led an expedition against the town of Mathuata, which had neglected to pay the customary tribute to Mbau, and was supposed to be on more intimate terms with Somosomo than Thakombau liked. Namosi and his people surrounded the town and cut off the supply of water, so that, after eight days, the people within, to escape death from thirst, sent a messenger to beg for mercy, promising thenceforth to render to Mbau full service. The Chief had often been taught our Lord's Sermon, and remembered the words, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink," and forthwith bade the besieged bring their vessels, which he and some of his people helped to fill. As this was noised abroad, it excited great astonishment, and was attributed to the new religion which Namosi professed. The Mathuatans then presented peace-offerings, which were accepted, and the expedition returned to Mbau to report. The old King, Tanoa, was pleased with the result, and accepted the offerings; but his son, Thakombau, the actual governor, was displeased at missing his revenge, saying, "Christianity is powerful. Because of it, we cannot get any men to eat." It was very remarkable, that for some months past it was not known that a single person had been eaten at Mbau.

Verani cared more than his uncle to please Thakombau, and remained behind at Mathuata after the others had left. Collecting an army in the neighbourhood, where he had influence, he burned a town, killed more than a hundred people, and returned in triumph to Mbau. Before starting on this expedition, he promised that when he came back, he, with his wife and followers, would *lotu*. He was reminded of this, and of the great dangers from which he had been preserved. "Yes," he said, "a ball went through my dress, and several came very near me. I prayed to the true God in my heart, and kept the Sabbath-day when I was engaged in the war." He was evidently disposed to leave his Heathenism, but the influence of his friend and Chief, Thakombau, was too great on the other side, so that he continued in the interminable wars in which Mbau was embroiled. After Namosimalua had consented to go to battle once, he could not refuse afterwards, and Thakombau did all in his power to retain the services of so skilful an ally.

As yet it had been impossible for Mr. Cross, or any of the Teachers, to get an actual footing in Mbau; but now the way seemed open. Veikoso, brother of Tanoa, had long resided at Viwa, where he became

a Christian ; but when peace was restored at Mbau, he was requested to return to his own place. It was determined that a Teacher should accompany him to conduct family worship, and try to do good among the people. Thakombau's opposition to Christianity was too vigilant to allow this, and his uncle received peremptory orders to abandon his profession of religion ; while the Teacher, who was a faithful man, was compelled to leave the island.

A large house at Viwa, which had been built for Veikoso, was now given to the wife of Namosimalua, who had ranked the highest in his family until the coming of Vatea. The attention paid to the new and youthful wife, enraged Ndrondrovakawai, who saw herself superseded, and, as is often the case, took revenge by proving unfaithful to her lord. As a punishment, she, with her retinue, was ordered to leave the house lately given her. She at once removed to the house of Verani. Namosi offered the empty dwelling to Mr. Cross, who, however, hesitated to accept it, although he was suffering from the unhealthy condition and situation of his present abode. As it remained unoccupied, Namosi pressed Mr. Cross to take possession of it. The lady was sent for, and the Chief said, "I have given your house to the Missionary." She replied, "I am glad you have. If I had ten houses, I should like them all to be given to Mr. Cross." It was accordingly arranged that the Missionary should remove to Veikoso's house, and that Ndrondrovakawai should live near her husband. Before the removal, Mr. Cross selected articles of barter equal in value to the building, and sent to Namosi to come and take payment : he, however, sent for the lady, and said, "Come and receive your property, which Mr. Cross has given for your house." He merely took two knives for himself ; but, no doubt, she would never dare to dispose of the rest without his consent. After this, Mr. Cross entered the house, which his failing health made more and more desirable.

In 1840, war was declared between Mbau and Somosomo. Some differences about tribute were stated as the cause ; but it was evident that Thakombau considered Somosomo too powerful for the success of his own designs. Shortly after the declaration of war, Wai Niu, cousin of Thakombau, and *vasu* to Somosomo, was suspected of treachery, and fled to the latter place, accompanied by a man of influence in the Mbau government. By the help of these two, Namena, a powerful district within thirty miles of Mbau, was won over to the other side. The rising of this part prevented any operations against Somosomo, and offerings were made at Mbau to the gods, and promises obtained from the priests that Thakombau should succeed against the Namenans. But

it turned out otherwise, and the Chief came back gloomy with the repulse he had suffered. The Namena people, on the other hand, elated with their success, resolved to push their advantage, and sent messengers secretly to Verani, asking his help. He received the messengers kindly and fed them, assuring them that he was the only man in Viwa who remained faithful to Mbau, and that he was now so tired of its service, that he was willing to unite with Namena and Somosomo in the war. "But he lied unto them." He saw a good chance of serving his friend Thakombau, and at once dispatched his most confidential messenger to him, informing him of the application which he had received, and submitting a plan of revenge. He was to get up a sham revolt in Viwa against Mbau, and then send to the Namena people for help, and, after they were in the town, give them up to destruction. Thakombau was delighted, and sent back presents to his faithful friend, and a promise that Verani should marry his daughter, who was of high rank on her mother's side as well. "My house," said he, "and its riches are yours; only effect the destruction of the Namena people." Verani's difficulty now was to get up an ill feeling against Mbau; and after he had succeeded, by spreading false reports to irritate the people, Namosimalua still remained unmoved. Cleverly availing himself of circumstances, and persuading his uncle that great indignity had been offered to him by a Mbau Chief, he at last induced him to put Viwa in a state of defence. Thakombau paid a visit, and uttered portentous threats, to help the scheme; and a hundred and forty of the Namena people came from Mathoe, in twelve canoes, to assist in defending Viwa. They were now in the trap, and, when Thakombau made his sham attack, their destruction was easy. The Mbau warriors were warned, at the last moment, to kill no Viwa man, and Verani discovered the plot to his own people, so that, with a very trifling loss on either side, upwards of a hundred of the poor Mathoe people were massacred, and their bodies taken to Mbau and cooked and eaten. There is no reason to suppose that Namosi had any part in this vile plot. The people murdered were his own fishermen, and he expressed astonishment and grief at their destruction.

While the work of blood was going on, Mr. Cross and his family, with the Native Teachers, were assembled in the Mission-house, where they surrounded themselves with a barricade of chests and cases, and committed themselves into the keeping of God. They were unhurt, and not a Christian in Viwa came to any harm, while the bodies of the slain lay strewn close around the Mission premises.

When tidings of the massacre reached Namena, eighty women, the wives or relatives of the dead, were strangled. Such is Fijian warfare.

Thakombau and Verani made offerings to Namosimalua, in order to propitiate him for the loss of his fishermen ; and both earnestly entreated the Missionary not to leave Viwa because of the late outrage. Many who knew Namosi's past career, believed that he had connived at the plot throughout, and thus the religion he professed was brought into evil repute. Yet the work went on, and, at the end of 1841, Mr. Cross had to report an increase of ten church-members during the year, two of whom were Chiefs, from distant parts, who would spread the knowledge of the Gospel in other islands. A hundred and twenty persons were under religious instruction in Viwa, and some of them gave cheering signs of being truly converted. Eight Native Teachers were employed in different parts of the Circuit. The devoted Joshua had gone to Mbua. A Nandi Chief had become Christian, and a footing had been gained at Nakorotumbu.

But the man who stood as leader to the good work, and who had laboured in it, with such unsparing toil, was fast failing. He had spent eight years in the Friendly Islands, and six in Fiji, during which time he had suffered many hardships, and passed through great dangers ; sickness had several times cast him down, and sights and sounds of horror had been round him continually. Now his course was run. His success had been great, but he had become weak and unable to work continuously. Feeling that his strength was failing, he obtained permission to remove to the Colonies to recruit ; but finding how the work was cramped for want of men, he nobly refused to leave, and resolved to die at his post. In 1842, Mr. Cross went to Somosomo, that he might have the benefit of Mr. Lyth's medical skill and attention. On the 15th of October, 1842, he died, exclaiming just before he lost his consciousness, " Best for a Missionary to go home ; to escape to the skies, and join the enraptured hosts of heaven, and be with Jesus and angels ! " He left a widow and five children.

The Station thus left vacant was occupied on the 30th of August, 1842, by the Rev. John Hunt, who had been at Rewa, where, for the first seven months of his residence, he was with Mr. Cross. For three years previously he had been at the most trying of all the Stations,—Somosomo, where he had gained an intimate knowledge of the language, and had passed through a severe discipline of suffering, having buried his first born there. No more fitting man could have been found to take up the work in this the head district of Fiji. Joined to a deep and devoted piety, Mr. Hunt was characterized by great mental and physical energy and untiring industry. He was now appointed to succeed Mr. Cross also as Chairman of the District. The following letter

from him to the General Secretaries, dated, "Viwa, June 6th, 1843," will show what he had done, and the nature of the field now before him. After describing his success in medical treatment, and the advantage it gave him, Mr. Hunt speaks of the pains he had taken in training Native Teachers, and then says:—

"Our congregations are good for such a small place as Viwa. We average from one hundred to one hundred and forty on the Sabbath. The Lord has been pleased to favour us with His presence in our assemblies; so that we have almost invariably been constrained to say, 'Master, it is good to be here.' We are looking for more directly saving power to attend the preached word; and we know God will hear our prayers, because He 'will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.' The Class-Meetings and public Prayer-Meetings are well attended. I have a weekly meeting for examining the youths as to what they have heard on the Sabbath, etc., and have several times met the little children and the adults for the same purpose. These are valuable meetings.

"OUT-STATIONS.—This circuit is now rather extensive, and it takes a considerable portion of time to visit all the places in it.

"Naivuruvuru is only about three miles from Viwa, and is attended to by the young men who are under my instruction. The Chief and his wife are married; and two other persons are preparing for baptism.

"Ovalau is about thirty miles from Viwa, and we have about one hundred and forty-seven Christians at Levuka and other places, consisting of white men and their Fijian wives and children. Here we have two Teachers; and I have paid them several visits during the year. They are, taking them altogether, decidedly the most orderly and moral set of white men in these islands. Their wives and children are making rapid progress in reading, and several of them have been baptized. I trust the children at Levuka will become a blessing to these islands. A Missionary should, by all means, reside at Levuka. There is a population of coloured people rising up, which may be of immense use to the cause of God, if they are wisely trained: their parents are desirous to instruct them aright. I can do very little for them. I must add, (though I almost fear to do so, as I know you are straitened for means,) that we can do nothing for them, unless we have more Missionaries.

"Mbua is about one hundred miles from Viwa, where we have now three Teachers. I have just returned from Mbua, having taken a tour round Na Viti Levu, and visited Ndeumba, Bengga, Nandronga, Mba, etc. The whole of these places are entirely heathen, and have never before been visited by a Missionary, and some of them but little by the natives themselves, from this part of Fiji. I went in a small worn-out schooner, belonging to a man residing at Rewa; and we were exactly six weeks from leaving Rewa to reaching Viwa on our return. We should not have been more than a month if we had had favourable winds. I may, probably, trouble you with an abstract of my journal; but I may say here, that I found the people willing to listen to instruction in almost every instance; and one Missionary, with ten Native Teachers, would be an abundant blessing among them. I only say, one Missionary, though it would be a shame to send one. What could a Missionary do by himself, among such a population, and so far removed from any of his brethren? I counted one hundred towns belonging to Nandronga itself; and there are many others dependent on them. There are also Ndeumba, Vitongo, Tambua, Mba, Votua, Rakiraki, all having powerful and independent tribes, and all the westerly islands, without a single Teacher among them; and scarcely any of them, three months ago, had so much as heard the name of 'the true God,' or of 'Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent.' O that I could make every British Christian feel the full meaning of St. Paul's question; nay, is it not the question of the Holy Ghost put to us all?—'How can they believe in

Him of whom they have not heard? how can they hear without a Preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?' O Christians, do not talk as if you pitied the Heathen of Fiji, while you keep from them that which alone can make their salvation possible! How can you think of dying until you have done your utmost to place the means of salvation within the reach of every soul of man? You pray for the conversion of the world. What do you mean? Do you not know that, according to the present constituted government of God, if the world is to be saved, Christians must put into operation the means by which it is to be effected? 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' Here is the rule of government. 'How then,' God asks you, 'shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?' and who shall send them but the Christians of England? and who to Fiji but the Wesleyan Methodists? You have adopted Fiji as your field of labour. I beseech you, in the name of perishing thousands, send us labourers.

"MBAU.—I found things at Mbua much as I expected. I had received a letter from Joshua, our principal Teacher there, informing me that they were at war, but giving satisfactory evidence that the *lotu* (or Christian) Chiefs had nothing to do with originating the war. This I found to be the case. The war is between Tui Mbua and Tui Moru, two brothers, the former the real King of Mbua. This is the second time the pretender has raised a war at Mbua; and he is not likely to gain his point at present. The Christian Chief did not join in the war until he was obliged to do so; his name is Raitono: he is a man of great influence at Mbua, being the Matani-vanua of the old King, as well as a Chief of considerable rank; in fact, he has more to do with the management of affairs than the King himself. There are two more men of distinction who have become Christians, and about eighty-three people; there are also thirty-four of the people of Tui Mbua and Tui Moru, who still profess Christianity.

"The present war and other things have prevented those who have embraced Christianity from making much progress. In fact, they cannot advance as they should do, without the direct superintendence of a Missionary. The Native Teachers are excellent men; but there must be, for some time to come, one Missionary, at least, on each principal Station; and I believe the Lord Jesus would send two if He had the management of the affair. We can visit but little the persons who are one hundred or more miles distant; and even when we do visit them, we cannot remain long; whereas these people are like children, and require 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' or they will only become Christians to disgrace the Christian name, and hinder the universal diffusion of Christianity in these islands of the sea. The mode of calculating the number of Missionaries needed for a certain field of labour is not the same as in England. It is not fair to say, 'There is a population of three hundred thousand, and they have five Missionaries, and about thirty Native Teachers.' We should rather say, 'Here are three hundred thousand children to be taught, (for that is what they all are,) and they are scattered over a large group of islands, some of them far distant from each other, and these have to be taught the first elements of letters and truth by five Missionaries, (one of whom has to attend to printing nearly half his time,) assisted by a number of natives, who can only be compared to boys at the head of a class, and who are not at all prepared to take a part in the regular work of conducting a school.' What can they do among so many, and these many of such a character?

"I now proceed to give you some account of my voyage round the island called Na Viti Levu. It is about three hundred miles in circumference, and contains, I suppose, nearly a third of the whole population of Fiji. Very few places on it have been visited before by a Missionary, except those in the immediate vicinity of Mbau and Rewa. I had for some time felt a desire to make a tour round it; and hearing that an old schooner was going to the western part of it, for the purpose of trading, I asked the owner to take

me to the principal places, and then to Mbua. This he engaged to do, and also to land me on Ovalau, if not on Viwa, on my way home. I need not say that I had to endure many things which would be called hardships at home; but it was much more safe going in this schooner, though a miserable craft, than in a canoe.

"Thursday, April 6th, 1843.—This morning we left Rewa for Nukulau, an island about six miles from Rewa, which we reached in a short time. We had intended to remain there for the night; but as the sun was four or five hours high, we thought it would be well to go on as far as we could; and having a fine breeze, we reached the island of Namuka before sunset. We went ashore, and found a pretty little island without an inhabitant. The natives are often afraid of residing on small islands, as they are so much exposed in time of war. I had a long conversation with some of the ship's company, and I trust succeeded, by the blessing of God, in making some impression on their minds. I believe we shall not have so much swearing again on board as we have had to-day.

"7th.—We had a full view of poor Suva this morning, where we once had a few Christians. Yesterday the town was reduced to ashes, and many of its inhabitants killed and eaten by the Rewa people. We saw several canoes which had gone in search of the miserable remnant. The Christian Chief is still alive.

"We reached Ndeumba, a chief town in Na Viti Levu, about noon. We went ashore immediately, and found a small town a short space up the river; but, finding no Chiefs there, we proceeded to the place where the Chiefs reside. This is a large well-built town, and has a fine *bure*. They are at war with an inland tribe, and are making the best preparations they can for the security of the place. The third Chief took me round the town, and we had a long conversation about the evils of war and the blessedness of religion. He said it was all good, and it was quite according to his mind to have some one to reside at Ndeumba to teach them all about the *lotu*. I and the owner of the schooner conversed for some time with an elder brother of this Chief in the evening, and he seemed of the same mind; but they could say nothing decidedly, as the King was not at home. They agreed, however, to tell him all that I had said on his return; and when they had all talked together on the subject, they would send me word, as to whether they would have a Teacher at once, or not.

"We were detained at Ndeumba until the 12th, so that I had many opportunities of conversing with the Chiefs and people. The Lord gave me great liberty in speaking to them, so that this has been to them a time of visitation. I was glad also to find a young Chief from Nandronga, who seemed very willing to receive instruction. I may observe that, although the dialect of Ndeumba is very different from that of Mbau, or Rewa, yet the Chiefs both of Ndeumba and Nandronga understood the Mbau dialect, so that I was able to converse with them.

"We have to use curious proofs and illustrations in talking to such natives about religion. I do not think that the Fijians are at all acute in the art of reasoning; and it is somewhat difficult to convince them of the truth of anything by arguments. They will never use an argument to prove the truth of their own religion; they know nothing of abstract reasoning. You cannot convince them that it is impossible there should be two Gods, from considering the Divine nature or government; the only way in which I could succeed was, by showing them that, if we men had two makers, it would have been impossible that we should have all been made alike. I said, 'See, that man has two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet, the same as I have; his nose is above his chin, the same as mine; we are exactly alike, except in the colour of our skin, and that is only the outside skin. Now, how is it possible that Ndengei could imitate Jehovah?' They all said, 'True, there is but one who made us, and that is Jehovah.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it must be so, or we could not be so much alike. How is it that your canoes are so different from our ships; and that you cannot make houses, or knives, or anything else like ours? Do you not see that the works of men are different? but all the works of God are the same

in every land, because there are many men, but only one God.' *Endina, e ndina!* 'True, true!' was the only reply; and then they talked about it among themselves. They were much pleased with our accounts of the creation and the fall of man, of the destruction of the old world and the deliverance of Noah, of the destruction of Sodom, of the love and work of Jesus Christ, and of heaven and hell, etc.

"13th.—This morning the wind was favourable; but we were only able to reach the island of Mbengga, about twelve miles from Ndeumba. I went on shore, and had a long conversation with the Chief of Rukua. He did not seem much disposed to listen to instruction, his whole mind being taken up with the attainment of riches. Noah, one of my young men whom I had with me, went ashore to sleep, and conversed almost all night with the second Chief, a fine old man, who was much pleased with what he heard: so that there is a little seed sown here also. The Lord water it! Mbengga is a pretty island: it has twelve or fourteen towns on it, and the greater part of it is subject to Rewa. Here is a large cave, which is sometimes used as a burying-place for Chiefs, and a tree which, it is said, always flowers when the westerly wind is likely to blow: it was true yesterday, as it was in full flower, and the westerly wind blows to-day. The natives say the tree will not grow anywhere but at Mbengga; that the god of Mbengga can only make it take root and grow.

"Sunday, 16th.—While we were holding our service on deck, a strong wind from the westward sprang up, but it was directly contrary. We, however, made all the sail we could, and ran over to an island called Vatulele, about fifteen miles out of our course. We came to anchor before sunset. I and Noah went ashore. We found the principal Chief ill, to whom we preached the good Physician of body and soul. I left Noah to spend the evening with them, as he has now got fully into the way of declaring the good tidings when he has an opportunity. We lay off Vatulele till the 19th; so that I had many opportunities of going ashore to instruct the natives, who seemed willing to learn. On the 18th, one of the Chiefs accompanied me to see a celebrated place, the residence of the goddess of Vatulele, about seven miles from our anchorage. The objects of the superstitious veneration of these poor creatures are nothing more than a number of red crustaceous fishes, larger than a shrimp. There is abundance of them in Fiji; but there they are generally of a dark brown colour when alive, and become red when cooked: the living fish being red here is no doubt the reason why they are considered as supernatural. The mother of the fish is said to be of an immense size, and to reside in a large cave by herself; and her children leave her when they are called by their name, which in Fijian is *Ura*. The path to the cave lies through a part of the island, which for two miles is a perfect garden: nothing is to be seen but bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, with banana plantations, the best cultivated I ever saw. About half way we found a small town, where they provided food for us, to the inhabitants of which I had a good opportunity of recommending the bread of life. We reached the sacred spot soon after noon. The first part we visited consists of a large cave, perhaps twenty feet high by fifteen wide, and twenty yards long. This communicates with another, about the same width and much longer. The bottom of both these places is lower than the beach, so that the water remains in them when the tide has retired. The Chief stood at the mouth of the cave, and called out with all his might, 'Ura, Ura, come, that the Chief from England may see you.' There was no answer, however, and only a very few of the fish appeared, which were all there before he began to call. We then went to the other place, I by land, and they by means of a passage under ground, a kind of natural tunnel, which has some depth of water in it. I expected the mother would make her appearance now; but neither she nor many of her children seemed willing to show themselves. I now began to encourage him to call aloud, and make them come, but it was all to no purpose; a few of them moved about at the bottom of the water, but took no notice of their worshipper. I tried to convince him of the folly of considering such things as these to be gods, and he was much interested with my remarks. Sometimes he seemed all but determined to become a Christian at once; and I believe this was to him a day of visitation.

"This people are subject to Rewa, and are too much afraid of becoming Christians to be at once decided. If Rewa would take the lead, we should soon have one hundred thousand *professed* Christians in Fiji. There are four towns on the island of Vatulele; and it is, altogether, a lovely spot: 'only man is vile.' I left the island, grateful to God for the many precious opportunities I had of preaching Jesus to its ignorant inhabitants.

"19th.—This morning we had a favourable wind, which took us nearly to Nandronga; it then became a perfect calm, so that we were obliged to remain all night at sea.

"20th.—We caught a large shark this morning, and I obtained his teeth and backbone for my part of the spoil. We soon after had a breeze, which took us to Nandronga. I went ashore as soon as possible;—Mr. Wilson, a Lincolnshire man, who is living here, was in good health, and very glad to see me. We waited on the Chiefs that night, and found them disposed to receive a Teacher as soon as the present war is over. There are two principal Chiefs at Nandronga, and two important towns near each other. The Chiefs are of one mind with respect to religion; and their sons, who now take an active part in the affairs of government, seem quite agreeable to its introduction among them. The white man living there, Mr. Wilson, has already persuaded them so far to observe the Sabbath as not to go to war on that day. I counted the names of one hundred towns which belong to them, or are dependent on them.

"Nandronga is a place of great importance. A Missionary there would have direct access to one hundred and fifty towns, and our way would also be opened to the whole of this part of the group. The Chief of Nandronga ranks with the Kings of Fiji; and I consider it, therefore, a good sign, that he is disposed to receive a Native Teacher until he can have a Missionary. I must inform the Committee, that I gave this people every reason to expect an English Missionary. I hope you will not allow me to mislead them.

"22nd.—This morning we left Nandronga for Mba, sixty or seventy miles distant; a place of bad report in Fiji. We did not reach Mba till the 27th, in consequence of the wind being light and often contrary. I did not think it prudent to go ashore at once, till we had seen some of the natives, and gained a little of their confidence. Several of the Chiefs came off, and seemed much disposed to trade; so that I saw we were likely to be here some time, in order to make preparations for getting a cargo of biche-de-mar. The second Chief of the place told me, that he wished to have me for his friend, almost as soon as he saw me. I gladly accepted the challenge, and always after called him *Noqui tau*, 'My friend;' and he did the same to me, and acted accordingly.

"29th.—I went ashore this morning, and my friend Tonggambale took me up a fine river, to see his town. He and one of his men pulled the boat, and I steered her; so that they had me completely in their power. We called at a small village, about a mile up the river, and remained a short time: the Chief gave orders to prepare food for us by the time we should return, and we then proceeded on our way. We soon reached Votua, my friend's town. It is large for a Fijian town, and in a fine flat country, covered with large ivi-trees, a kind of chestnut; the houses being built among them,—which makes the place beautifully shady and cool. We did not remain here very long. I gave a short account of the *lotu* to a number of people in my friend's house. All was new to them, but they seemed pleased as far as they understood what I said to them. They were delighted beyond everything with my umbrella, as they had not seen one before: they ran after me in crowds as I passed along, to gaze upon the wonderful thing.

"We returned to the village, where the people were cooking our dinner; and we found it ready prepared, and had a good appetite to welcome it. After our repast, and a short conversation about religion, we set off back again to the biche-de-mar house, where I had another opportunity of conversing with a people who are the most ignorant of any I have met with, but who are very willing to learn. We returned to the schooner before dark, where I found a patient, whom I had taken on board a day or two before, much worse. She was a New Zealander, the wife of a Mr. Phillips, owner of a schooner called the 'Neptune.' We had spoken with the schooner three days before, and had taken the

poor woman on board at the request of her husband, who thought, if she could be conveyed to Viwa, she might recover. There was, however, no probability of this; but I was willing to do what I could. On Sunday morning she became still worse, and we were afraid she would die before we could reach some desolate or Christian land, on which to bury her; for we dared not bury her near Mba, knowing that the natives would take her up again, for the sake of obtaining the box in which her body was enclosed. We made all sail, and thought we should reach a sand-island before dark. The poor creature died about noon. I made many inquiries about her soul; but could learn very little of her state. Yet I believe she feared God, and have hope in her death. We could not reach the island; and, as the weather was very hot, and we had but a small vessel, we thought it would be unsafe to keep her until morning. We therefore went ashore, I and my man Noah, and two of the ship's company. We had no spade, but managed to dig her grave with our hands and a pole. Here we laid the remains of poor Mary, far from her own native land, and under circumstances of a very melancholy nature. It was quite dark before we finished her grave, which rendered it impossible to read any part of the usual funeral service, as we had no lanthorn; so we kneeled down on the spot, and prayed with hearts full of sadness and sorrow. The darkness of the night seemed to add to the solemnity of the scene; altogether it was one of the most touching circumstances of my life.

"For many successive days we had unfavourable winds: so that, although we were now not more than one hundred and twenty miles from Mbua, we did not reach it until the 11th of May. I need give you no account of this time. It was a trying, but also a profitable, season to me; and I now began to be concerned for Mrs. Hunt, as the specified time for making the whole voyage was past, and we had no prospect of reaching home for the present. I had many temptations, many blessings, and many opportunities of speaking for my Master, especially to the ship's company. This, though the most painful, was to me the most useful part of the tour.

"May 11th.—We ran over from Na Viti Levu yesterday, and reached a part of the island called Thakaandrovi before dark. This morning we arrived at Mbua. I went ashore, and found the 'Triton' had been here but a few days before, and had taken away two of my Teachers as pilots. She had been to Rotuma, and is on her way back to Tonga with Mr. Thomas and Mr. F. Wilson on board. One Teacher was left to take care of their house, from whom I learned something further of the state of things at Mbua. There seemed to be no prospect of doing anything at Mbua, as the Teachers were away, and the people fully engaged in war; so I had a conversation with the *lotu* Chiefs, and those of the people who were at home. I succeeded in persuading the wife of Raitono, the principal *lotu* Chief, to become a Christian, and then had a public service with them; after which we went on board.

"Sunday, 14th.—This has been a blessed day to me. I preached to the ship's company from, 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper,' etc., and the Lord enabled me to be very plain. I am now clear, I trust, of the blood of these men. I have taught them publicly and privately the things which make for their peace. I have had, in English, family prayer in the cabin, such as it was, ever since I left Mba, and some of them have attended to this means of grace. Opportunities of speaking to them apart have not been very numerous; but the Lord has given me *one* with each of them. I do not think they will find sin quite so easy as they have done.

"16th.—We had a good wind to-day, and especially towards night, of which we thought we would make use by sailing all night; a thing we never dared attempt before, in consequence of reefs and shoals. In the middle of the night the vessel went ashore on the point of a reef; she ran over the reef a short distance; and before all the sails were down, we found her in a basin just large enough for her to anchor in. The next morning we found ourselves completely enclosed with reefs and shoals; but we got out without injury, for which I praised God.

18th.—This morning we had a light breeze, and did not expect to see home to-day. About ten o'clock, however, a fine breeze sprung up, which brought us safe to Viwa by four. I found my dear wife well. Mr. and Mrs. Jaggar had remained at Viwa the whole of the time I had been away: this was exceedingly kind, and is, indeed, characteristic of them both. Namosimalua was gone in search of me to Rakiraki, and all were much alarmed, lest some evil had happened me. Praised be God, I am now safe at home again, in better health, both in body and soul, than when I set out.

“How wonderful are the ways of Providence with respect to Fiji! Mr. Spinney was appointed to labour here, but died before he entered the field: then Mr. Waterhouse was sent to us, and we received him as a messenger from God, and rejoiced in him as in a father; but how soon was our Elijah taken from us! Our eyes were then fixed on Mr. Cross, to whom we were all united in strong affection, and whose wisdom and experience seemed a stay to us; but, alas! he too is taken from us. What can we do? We look at one another, and sigh, and pray, ‘Lord, help us!’ We have now no head, we are all alike young and inexperienced. We are but five in number, and three of us have been much afflicted at times during the past year or two. Surely the Committee will pity us, and send us out a Chairman, and an additional helper.

“We cannot think that the determination of the Committee to send out no more Missionaries at present applies to us. Nay, dear fathers and brethren, remember that the Lord has taken three from us (nay, I may say four, for Mr. Waterhouse was as one) since the commencement of the Mission, and you have only sent us out one since we came. We have not yet seven, our old specified number.”

On May 15th, 1844, Mr. Hunt again writes:—

“I am happy to say that, during the past year, our health, as a family, has been better than usual. Mrs. Hunt, in particular, has much improved, for which we are, I trust, truly thankful to God.

“I have had abundance of employment, especially with the sick, who have been very numerous during the year; so that Viwa has been like an hospital. They have come from various places, but principally from Mbau. Two of my principal patients have been a daughter of Thakombau's, and the son of a Chief of rank. Both of them have recovered, and have embraced Christianity. The only way of obtaining access to Mbau appears to be by giving medicine; and this means has been evidently owned of God during the past year. Besides the two above mentioned, several others, principally the wives and children of Chiefs, have become Christians by profession, on account of the benefits they have derived from medicine. We have now our regular services in Mbau twice on the Sabbath; and those who have renounced Heathenism attend regularly, and are very attentive to the preached word. This is cause of great thankfulness to Almighty God. Many are favourable to Christianity in Mbau, and none oppose it openly that we know of; nevertheless, we have no prospect of having a Mission-house built in Mbau. In answer to a question proposed to Thakombau on the subject, a short time since, he said, ‘We are at war, and cannot attend to Christianity at present.’ I mentioned Ovalau as a place we thought of for a Mission Station: he said, ‘Ovalau and Koro are our lands: you can go to them; but we shall not become Christians at Mbau at present.’ The old King is agreeable to almost any thing in appearance; but he is not so sincere as his son, nor has he so much influence in an affair of that kind.

“Mbau and Rewa have been involved in a most bloody and malignant war during the whole of the past year. Most people consider that Rewa is the aggressor, and that Mbau could not have maintained its national honour without coming to hostilities. Both parties are determined to continue the war until some of the Chiefs are killed. It may be years before peace is restored: such is the determination on both sides to conquer or die, that to talk of coming to terms seems quite out of the question. The Mbau people

have killed a great many of the allies of Rewa; but the latter is far from being conquered.

"Besides, the war between Mbau and Rewa, the Lasakau people, who constitute a part of Mbau, are at war among themselves. Indeed, things in this part of the group, politically speaking, wear a gloomy aspect, and some great revolution is expected by many. The war between Rewa and Mbau has prevented us from having any intercourse with our dear friends at Rewa; for, although we are neutral parties, we cannot obtain persons to work our canoes in time of war, especially in one like this, in which all parties are involved. It is not an affair that affects one district only, as is often the case: all are engaged in it; and even the white men living in Rewa have assisted the natives, so that they are afraid to go backwards and forwards.

"The Viwa people have not been much involved in the war, which is cause of thankfulness. Some have been occasionally obliged to go; others have risked much rather than go. It is a difficult affair with some of them. They have a great objection to engage in that in which they formerly delighted; yet, if they refuse to go when requested, it is considered rebellion against their Chiefs. Namosimalua has not, to my knowledge, forced any of them to go: those who are directly connected with him have joined him, as have some others who felt it their duty to do so.

"I shall now give a few extracts from my journal, which may be interesting to you, and show how my time has been employed.

"Oct. 8th, 1843.—My regular work is now as much as I can possibly get through. I have generally four or five services on the Sabbath, of one kind or other. On the week-day I have an English school in the forenoon, a writing-school directly after dinner, and then the regular native school at four o'clock. Attending to the sick takes up nearly every moment of my spare time. What writing I do, is done during the English school-hours. I have five coloured boys, four of them from Levuka, one man, and a native boy, learning English; and they are getting on very well. The boys from Levuka will be useful as monitors, should a Missionary be stationed there next year.

"Dec. 21st.—Last Sunday I visited Ovalau, preached three times on the Sabbath, and met the Classes. We called at Ngavo, a town on the opposite side of Ovalau, where a Catechist has been doing a little for some time. A short time since, I sent a young man from the Native Institution to his assistance, and a few young men have since renounced Heathenism. We had a good wind, and reached home in safety. Captain Clayton, lately from New Zealand, accompanied me to Viwa. He went to Mbau the next day, to ascertain the minds of the Chiefs as to the appointment of a British Consul to the Fiji Islands. Thakombau was pleased with the proposal, and signed in my presence a written request to the Queen of Great Britain, to appoint Captain Clayton to the office.

"25th.—Christmas-day. I gave notice to the boys that it was the custom in England to sing on a Christmas-day morning. Very early in the morning we heard a whole choir of them strike up under our window, which reminded us much of our dear friends at home, as well as of by-gone days. The boys went through the town, singing at every house, except those in which there were no Christians. They had no Christmas carol; but a translation of a part of the first hymn in our Hymn-Book answered well.

"Jan. 1st, 1844.—We have closed another year of mercies. It has indeed been such to us. We have not made any thing like suitable returns. Lord, be merciful to us, and continue to bless us, through Jesus alone! Certainly time is not heavy on our hands. It does indeed fly. We might easily work ourselves to death, by doing only what appears absolutely necessary; so that out of many things requisite to be done, we are obliged to attend to those which appear to be indispensable. O for more of the spirit of Mr. Wesley! he did indeed redeem the time. I find it difficult so to give my heart to God, as not to feel anxious. I know that loving Him with all the heart is the perfect cure of all anxiety; except a strong desire, amounting to something like anxiety, to do His will and save souls from death. Anxiety to do our duty is right; anxiety about providential events is wrong.

"15th.—A day or two ago several Tokatoka men, a town belonging to Rewa, were killed by a party of Mbau warriors, from a town called Namata. Among other advantages gained by the Mbau party is the death of the Chief of Tonga, a town belonging to Rewa. He had gone to Nakase to engage the people to join Rewa. The Nakase people were assembled in the market-place to offer their services, according to Fijian custom.*

"While an affair of this kind was going on at Nakase, the Naitasiri people, a small kingdom in the interior of Na Viti Levu, who are the determined enemies of Rewa and allies of Mbau, entered the town without being observed. Their bodies and faces being covered with soot and vermilion, they were not known, and proceeded to the market-place to join the Nakase warriors. One of them ran up to the Chief of Tonga, with his club raised; and, instead of striking the ground with it, took a fatal blow at the head of the Chief, and laid him dead at his feet. The confusion in the town may be imagined. Those of the people and warriors who could, fled; but several were killed. The Fijians are very clever at a thing of this kind. Indeed, most of the conquests are gained in this way."

The progress of the Mission was now steady, and gave encouragement to Mr. Hunt, whose untiring and judicious exertions met with success, not only in Viwa itself, but in other islands near. The power of the Christian life was beginning to be felt more widely, and the people were getting ashamed of their evil practices. Many were kept from uniting themselves with the Church, by the strict prohibition of polygamy and adultery. The administration of the sacraments, too, was always attended with singular good. While Mr. Hunt was pronouncing the solemn form of baptism over ten persons at Viwa, the whole congregation were greatly moved, and many received impressions which were never lost. Among others present on the occasion was Vatea, Namosimalua's favourite wife. She was a fine, healthy woman, but, as her heart became contrite, under the holy influence then felt, she fainted several times with excessive emotion. Going to her home, she continued in earnest prayer, until, on the same day, she found peace with God, and lived afterwards a happy and useful member of the Church. The rigid fidelity with which the way to the Lord's Supper was kept shut against all who lived in known sin, made that sacrament a peculiarly solemn service in the eyes of the people. One very interesting feature in the public worship was the singing. The people learned to sing some of the hymns which had been prepared for them, to simple English tunes. But the most striking effect was produced by their chanting of the Confession and *Te Deum* to one of their own wild strains. One person would chant the first sentence in a subdued tone, followed by another, who took the next an octave higher, and then the whole congregation joined in with the third clause in unison; and so in regular order through the entire composition.

On August 12th, 1844, Mr. Hunt received efficient help. The

* Then follows a description of the *bolebole*. See pp. 35, 36.

Rev. John Watsford was sent from Sydney, in compliance with an urgent request for assistance, and commenced his work at Viwa, where he soon gained a knowledge of the language and laboured with very great earnestness and zeal. In the following March, he wrote :—

“ I have been preaching for about two months and a half, assisted by something written beforehand. Last Sunday I preached extempore. I have also commenced leading a Class, and begin to feel confidence in speaking in Fijian. I feel much for these poor souls who have not yet my Saviour known, and pray God to help me, and make me instrumental in saving some from eternal burnings.

“ We have found that the cruelties and cannibalism of Fiji exceed all the description which has been given : not one half has been told. The whole cannot be told. The war between Mbau and Rewa is still carried on. Some towns have been burned, and many persons have been killed and eaten, since we last wrote ; and it is more than probable that hundreds more will follow them ere the war terminates. At Mbau, perhaps, more human beings are eaten than anywhere else. A few weeks ago they ate twenty-eight in one day. They had seized their wretched victims while fishing, and brought them alive to Mbau, and there half-killed them, and then put them into their ovens. Some of them made several vain attempts to escape from the scorching flame. It makes our hearts bleed to hear of their fiend-like cruelty ; and we pray God, and beseech the Christian world to pray with us, that the wickedness of this cruel people may soon come to an end.”

Mr. Jaggar and his family were now at Viwa, having been obliged to quit the Rewa Station on account of the war.

The training of the Teachers and youths was carried on by Mr. Hunt with great energy and success. They would read a short theological lecture together, and then make it the subject of conversation and inquiry. One of the students had already become a great help to Mr. Hunt in his translating work. Geography, history, and other matters were studied with encouraging results.

In May, Mr. Hunt made a tour round his wide Circuit, and visited, during a month's absence, the islands of Moturiki and Ovalau ; Nandi on Vanua Levu, where he married ten couples, among whom were the King and Queen ; and he was the guest of Rai, a converted high priest at Moanaithake, where twelve couples were married, including Rai and his principal wife. Eighty-four natives were baptized, after close examination, in these two places. Solevu and Mbua were also visited on this large island, and then Nakorotumbu on Viti Levu.

The war between Mbau and Rewa raged furiously, and bloodshed, and rapine, and scenes of cannibalism too horrible to describe, surrounded the Missionaries on all hands.

In the earlier part of this year the members of the missionary band at Viwa were themselves greatly quickened. Their Class-meetings brought extraordinary blessing; and as these good men and their devoted wives increased in spiritual power themselves, the effects were soon manifest in the improved religious state of the native Teachers and members, and in the deepening impression made on the Heathen round them. As there is no position which makes the need of deep piety and close communion with God so fully felt as that of the Christian Minister, so there is no sphere of ministerial labour where this necessity is so imperatively demanded, as in that of the Missionary among a savage and abandoned people. A zeal which is born of excitement, or fed by any motives lower than the *constraint* of Christ's love, must languish and die out in such a case. For a Missionary thus placed to remain merely faithful, as far as his own personal piety is concerned, requires no ordinary measure of grace. The secondary checks and helps furnished by the observation and example of others among whom goodness is prized, are here absent. But faithfulness to his great commission demands exposure to unnumbered hardships, privations, and dangers; the prosecution of arduous labour, where exertion is almost painful, and, in some cases, actual torture; the unwearied sowing, when barren disappointment seems to crush every seed; the heart-sickening bitterness of hope deferred; together with the absolute exclusion of all occupation and enterprise not directly connected with his one spiritual work.

And if little is said in these pages of the wives and families of the Missionaries, it is not because they are forgotten, but only because the compass of this history demands the exclusion of everything not actually essential to the completeness of the record. Of the women of this Mission it may well be said, Their praise is of God. In the Mission work itself their help has been beyond price; and there, where the public gaze may not pierce, in the midst of suffering and annoyance, one tithe of which would overwhelm average Christian women with despair, they have created a home and a retreat even of joy for the men who toiled to the death on behalf of Christ. Mr. Hunt felt deeply impressed that nothing but entire holiness of heart would do for himself and his companions in labour. Giving his whole heart and mind up to the teaching of Scripture on this matter, he preached about it

earnestly and often to those few devoted ones, who gained incalculable advantage from his faithfulness and fervour.*

An event which greatly cheered and encouraged the missionary band at this time, was the sound conversion of Thakombau's close friend, the terrible Viwa Chief, Verani. For some time he had been satisfied that Christianity was true; but was kept from avowing his belief by a wish to help the Mbau Chief in war, and the extension of his dominions. The more, however, he became persuaded of the importance of the truths he had heard, the more his uneasiness increased, until he always went forth in dread, fearing lest he should fall in battle and be lost for ever. He still professed to be heathen, but often stole into the woods alone to pray to the one true God; and even on the battle-field, he would fall down and call upon the Lord his Maker. His concern to learn yet more of the Gospel rapidly increased, and some very devoted converts watched over him with great care. Contrary to custom, he already learned to read; and when the name of Jesus occurred, he would reverently kiss the book with every sign of gratitude and joy. When mention was made of the death of Christ for sinners, he would say, "Jesus, why didst Thou suffer this for me?" All this time he was obliged to go to war; but his life was repeatedly and remarkably preserved; a fact which he duly recognised and made cause of thanksgiving to God. At last he laid the whole matter before his friend and Chief, and asked permission to become Christian. Thakombau, who dreaded the loss of so powerful an arm in war, persuaded him at any rate to wait some time longer. Verani loved the Chief sincerely, and was anxious to serve him; but his anxiety about his own soul greatly troubled him; and though deterred from a decisive profession of Christianity, he continually made it the subject of conversation and inquiry, and never failed to advocate its claims on others even in distant parts; unlike his uncle Namosimalua, whose politic and partial assumption of the *lotu* resulted in but a cold and questionable upholding of its interests. Verani's next step was to urge the terrible Mbau Chief himself to *lotu*. But in this he failed, except that his influence prevented Thakombau's continuance of active opposition to the good work. The Viwa Christians were untiring in zeal for their Chief's conversion, and several times he had two or three of them with him all night, engaged in reading, conversation, and prayer, until, whether among Heathens or Christians, he would scarcely talk on any other subject than religion.

* See *Entire Sanctification: Its Nature, the Way of its Attainment, and Motives for its Pursuit*. By the late Rev. John Hunt. Second Edition. London: Mason.

On the Sunday before Easter an announcement was made that the Good Friday would be religiously observed in memory of the death of Christ, and Verani determined that on that day he would publicly dedicate himself to the true God. Early in the morning, he went to Mr. Hunt and asked him when the day would occur again: on being told that it would not be for a year, he said firmly, "Then I will become a Christian to-day." He kept his word, and at the morning prayer-meeting, March 21st, 1845, the little congregation were made glad by seeing the dreaded Verani, as humble as a child, bow his knee before God, and openly declare that he thenceforth abandoned Heathenism and its practices. His sincerity was soon and severely put to the test. A principal Chief of the Mbau Fishermen had for some time found asylum in the house of Verani, whose sister he had married as a head wife. This man was persuaded to return to his people, where he and his aged father were brutally and treacherously murdered.* Such an act was an aggravated and deadly insult to Verani; but the arm once so quick to strike in bloody revenge, now was unmoved. The man so jealous and so furious in his wrath was now another man; and when his own widowed sister and the other wives of the slain gathered around Verani, and wildly urged him to strangle them, he stood firm, and said calmly, "If you had come some time since, I would readily have done it; but I have now *lotued*, and the work of death is over."

Hearing of Verani's intention to *lotu*, Thakombau, when too late, sent a messenger, requesting further delay, that they might all become Christian together. The answer was: "Tell Thakombau that I have waited very long at his request; and now that I have become Christian, I shall be glad to go anywhere with my people, to attend to his lawful work; but I fear Almighty God, and dread falling into hell-fire, and dare no longer delay." Message after message was sent; but in vain. Verani was told that the hitherto ample supplies which he had received from Mbau would be stopped, and that he would come to be a poor and despised man. But he had counted the cost, and was not to be moved. When entreaties, promises, and threats had been tried without success, and the people expected eagerly the sentence of wrath against the resolute convert, Thakombau astonished all, and bitterly disappointed some, by saying: "Did I not tell you that we could not turn Verani? He is a man of *one heart*. When he was with us, he was fully one with us; now he is a Christian, he is decided, and not to be moved."

* See an account of this affair, p. 99.

So it is : the kingliness of *consistency* is acknowledged all the world over ; and, even in Fiji, men pay tribute to it.

Again Verani proved his thoroughness in embracing the *lotu*. Namosimalua and other Chiefs, while professing Christianity were never admitted as members of the Society, because they refused to part with their many wives. Not policy or novelty, but the urgency of intense conviction, had bent Verani's heart to the Gospel. He sought its blessings in the full recognition of its requirements, and, repenting bitterly of his great sins, brought "forth works meet for repentance." Of his own accord, he resolved lawfully to marry his chief wife, and to set the others at liberty. Old men of rank and influence, to whose judgment he had been wont to submit, remonstrated with him, and advised him to keep the rest as servants. But they spoke to a man whose whole heart was set against evil too fully to allow him to keep temptation, under any form, in his way. "You," said he to these counsellors, "are on the devil's side. If my wife cannot manage in our house, I will help her to get wood, and cook our food ; but I will not continue to sin against God."

Verani's crimes had been of no ordinary kind and number. Few men's history had been so blackened with every kind of outrage and abomination, and few men's hands were so stained with blood. His grief and penitence were proportionate to the enormity of his sins, and amounted to agony, as he wept bitterly before God, while every remembrance of the Saviour's love drove the stings of remorse deeper into his broken heart. If few men had ever sinned more, no man ever repented more deeply. His high-souled pride was gone, and in his lowliness "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Verani continued in prayer day after day, until he found salvation by faith in Christ's atonement, and went out before his fellows a changed man, rejoicing in the blessedness of having his iniquity forgiven. He now verified the judgment of his heathen friend, and became a thorough Christian, using every effort to lead others to the same gladness which filled his own heart. About a month after his conversion, he had an interview with Thakombau on board a trading vessel lying off the coast. Verani told him all he knew and felt of religion ; and when he had done, the Chief said, "Go on, go on !" The next day he visited him again, and told him that the Christians would obey all his commands if right ; but they would do nothing wrong, and could not take part in cruel and barbarous wars. The Chief said, "Very good ; you stay at home, and learn your book well ;" and promised that he would eventually *lotu*.

Though Verani refused, on behalf of himself and the Christians, to engage in war, saying, "I have already fought too much: I have done now;" yet his was too earnest and active a nature to remain idle. But he had now espoused another cause. One day, less than two months after his conversion, Verani ordered his great war-canoe to be launched; but not to go on its old work of bloodshed and crime. A dark day was it, in time past, for some town or island, when the great sail of that canoe went up to the wild shouts of the painted warriors who thronged the deck; but it was far otherwise now. Verani, with his energy of soul directed by the new power of love to God and man, was setting sail to carry the Missionary to the distant islands under his charge; and wherever the war-canoe of the dreaded Chieftain touched, it brought "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace."

The sound conversion of this man was a great help to the Mission. His decision for God, his marriage to one wife, his willingness to be poor and despised, formed the subject of wonder and inquiry throughout Fiji. And, wherever he went, his simple zeal and earnestness increased the wonder, and drew more fixed attention to the religion which had wrought so marvellous a change.

Shortly after Mr. Hunt's voyage, Verani conveyed another Missionary to Ovalau, who wrote as follows, on the 5th of July, 1845: "I have visited the Christians at Ovalau. Verani took me, and behaved in a very becoming manner during the time we were absent. He strongly recommended the *lotu* to all the people with whom we had intercourse. In fact, he made it his business, and went for the express purpose of persuading the Ovalau people to throw up their Heathenism. He persuaded some, and got the promise of others to join before long. He visited a town or two by himself, to teach them what he knew. I quite admired his untiring efforts, and felt quite ashamed of myself. During the seven days we were together, I heard no unbecoming expression from his lips. When not engaged with the Heathen or Christians in conversing on religion, he was constantly reading his book, and asking the meaning of what he read. He also kept all his men closely to their reading, day by day, and persuaded some heathen Chiefs who came to see him to learn the alphabet, which was accomplished by two young men in two hours, much to our satisfaction. They would probably return again to their own town, and think no more of it; but we cannot but admire Verani's earnest desire for the welfare of others."

At his baptism, Verani chose the name of Elijah, and when he

built his new, large house, called it Cherith. Here he lived in great happiness, with his wife, of whom he was very fond. Their daughter was regular and attentive at the school. Family prayer was never neglected: so that this household became a pattern to the natives, and its master went in and out among them an example of what the grace of God could do in reclaiming the worst of men. He was always happy and kind, and thought no trouble too great, and no distance too far, if anything could be done to heal a quarrel, to prevent a war or strangling, or any other of the horrors in which he had formerly taken so active a part.

Elijah Verani was singularly a man of prayer. He continually went to God with his difficulties; and they were many. The Chiefs and people under him, who yielded an implicit obedience while they dreaded him, now despised his kind and fervent exhortations, and often his life was in peril at their hands. All this served to make his communion with God more close and abiding. In praying aloud, he had great fluency and power. A specimen of his petitions fortunately exists. It was taken down by Mr. Williams when Verani was on visit to Mbua. Many a man who raises his voice in public to lead the devotions of the people, and who spends the precious time in soulless talking, offensive to God and man, might learn with profit from this beautiful prayer of the converted Chief. He did not *talk* to God, or talk *at* the people; he pleaded, he interceded, he *prayed*.

“O Lord, our Lord! O God, our Father, whose abode is heaven! we worship before Thee. We offer not ourselves, or our own righteousness, to gain Thy notice; we present Jesus; we come with this our worship in His name. Thou art God; we know thee to be God. We come to Thee whom once we knew not: in those days we served gods that are not gods; we were wearied in attending on them. O Lord, the true God, have mercy upon us! We are now engaged in worshipping Thee, but this will not profit us if Thou art away; we are in Thy house, but it will not be Thy house to us if Thou art away: hear our cry, O Lord, and be with us and help us. We are moving towards Thee; do Thou move towards us, and give us a blessing in this worship.

“O Jehovah, hear us for His sake, Thy son, whom Thou didst give that through Him we also might become Thy children. O hear our prayer, that the wicked may consider, and that the impenitent may become penitent, and come to Christ, and be saved. From Thee we came, and our mind is that we may return to Thee. We would enter where Christ has entered, and be with Thee. O Holy Ghost, descend

upon us, and prepare our hearts for that place. Tell us that our names are written in the Book of Life: we do not ask to know this at some time that is yet to come; do Thou speak it to us now, as we do not know the continuance of our lives here. O tell us now that we are saved through Jesus!

“And be with every congregation, wherever worshipping, to help them, that they may worship Thee aright, that they may worship in the Spirit, and not in appearance only. O Lord, hear our cry, and be nigh unto Thy work: it is Thy work we have to do; but we cannot do it if Thou art not near to help us. And love Thy people who are bowed before Thee: bless the Chiefs, and the ladies, and the aged, and the children; bless them, and may they be saved.

“And bless the Christians at Lakemba, and Moala, and Kandavu, and Mba, and Nakorotumbu, and Rakiraki, and Nandi; and be with Lazarus and those at Ndama; and be with those who live here. Bless Ra Hezekiah, and give him Thy Spirit, and teach him in his goings, and help him to cast away the old strength in which he used to trust, and to trust in Thy strength only,—the strength which we never knew until we heard the name of Jesus.

“And, O Lord, bless Thy people in Viwa; and if one is sent to-day to preach Thy Gospel in Mbau, go Thou with him, that the words of his mouth may be of use to the Chiefs of Mbau.

“And we pray Thee for our Ministers: they see much evil by living with us in Fiji, and they suffer, and are weak in their bodies, and there is nothing with us that we can give them to strengthen them. This only we can do, we can pray for them. O Lord Jesus Christ, hear our prayers for them. Mr. Williams is weak; do Thou strengthen him, and let his life be long and make our land good for him; and bless the lady, and the children, and let Thy Spirit be always with them to comfort their minds.

“These are our prayers: O hear them; do Thou hear them for Jesus' sake. O hear them for Fiji's sake! Do have love for Fiji. When our minds think of Fiji, they are greatly pained, for the men and women of Fiji are Thy people, and these Thy people are strangled, and clubbed, and destroyed. O have compassion on Fiji; and spare Thy servants for the sake of Fiji, that they may preach Thy true word to the people. And, O Holy Spirit, give light to the dark-hearted and give them repentance. And set us in motion, that we may not be so useless as we have been; but that we may now, and for the time to come, live to extend Thy kingdom, that it may reach all Fiji, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the accepted offering for us. Amen.”

Verani was accustomed, when from home, to retire to the reef at low water, or into the woods, for private prayer; and one night, at a distant island, while he was praying in the bush, a man lifted a club to kill him, not knowing at first who he was, or what he was doing. No wonder that such a man, living such a life, was made a great blessing to Fiji.

Mr. Lyth wrote as follows, dated Lakemba, Sept. 15th, 1851: "Elijah Verani, of Viwa, paid a friendly visit to Lakemba in April. Whilst it was evidently gratifying to him to see what Christianity had done here, it was equally gratifying to all of us to behold what it had done for him, once a desperate Heathen and cannibal, now a man, a Christian, and a brother beloved. On Sunday, April the 27th, I attended Levuka chapel in the morning, and heard with pleasure a short sermon from him, on Luke xv. 6. What he said told on the congregation; but, what was better, the spirit in which he conducted every part of the service was devotional and stirring. In his whole deportment there is the Christian,—love to God and love to man in earnest. At the love-feast held on the 4th of May, he said that whilst he was going about serving Thakombau, he had his mind fixed on the work of his true Master, the Lord Jesus. The service and person of Thakombau, he said, had a low place in his esteem compared with the Saviour; that he was altogether His who had bought him with the price of His own blood; his body, soul, vessel, all he possessed, were His. During his stay in Lakemba, he called on the French Priests, and narrowly observed their behaviour and system. Their *physiognomy* and long beards were to much like what he had been familiar with in his heathen state, and among his former associates, to impress him favourably; and their behaviour and conversation tended greatly to increase, instead of diminishing, the unfavourable impression. Elijah is an acute observer of men and things, and his opinion is thought much of by Thakombau. He saw, he disapproved; and what he saw and disapproved he would report; and perhaps this may be overruled by Divine Providence to the prevention of Priests gaining access to Mbau and Viwa,—places they have their eyes upon; or, if they succeed in insinuating themselves, to nullify in part their plans for disseminating destructive error."

Towards the end of 1845, God greatly blessed His work in Viwa; and it was remarkable that the Church in the far distant island of Ono was quickened and increased at the same time, without the people knowing what was taking place at Viwa. The revival took place just when Rewa was destroyed, in October, 1845; and Mr. Hunt wrote concerning it, as follows:—

“During the three years of our residence at Viwa we have frequently had the earnest of a revival. Sometimes it has appeared just at hand; but the promised shower never actually descended till this year. I had often thought that some special means would be attended with a special blessing, and at length proposed a penitent-meeting to be held in the chapel every Saturday evening. To this the brethren agreed. We accordingly met on the following Saturday. The meeting was well attended, and a special influence was felt among us from the commencement of the meeting, which increased as the meeting proceeded, until it was overwhelming. Nothing was heard but weeping and praying. Many cried aloud for mercy, and not in vain. The merciful God heard their cries, and blessed them with pardon and peace. This was the commencement of a series of meetings which were held every day, and sometimes many times a day, not only in the chapel, but in almost every house in the town. A penitent-meeting was held by almost every family night and morning; in some instances nearly the whole family were crying for mercy with one heart and with one voice. Business, sleep, and food were almost entirely laid aside. We were at length obliged almost to force some of the new converts to take something for the sustenance of the body. I think about seventy persons were converted during the first five days of the revival. Some of the cases were the most remarkable I have ever seen, heard of, or read of; yet only such as one might expect the conversion of such dreadful murderers and cannibals would be. If such men manifest nothing more than ordinary feeling when they repent, one would suspect that they are not yet fully convinced of sin. Certainly the feelings of the Viwa people were not ordinary. They literally roared for hours together for the diquietude of their souls. This frequently terminated in fainting from exhaustion, which was the only respite some of them had till they found peace. They no sooner recovered their consciousness, than they prayed themselves first into an agony, and then again into a state of entire insensibility. Of course there was a great deal of confusion; but it was such as every enlightened person could see was the result of excitement produced by the Divine Spirit, who is not the author of mere confusion. The result has been most happy. The preaching of the word has been attended with more power than before the revival. Many who were careless and useless have become sincere and devoted to God. The experience of most has been much improved, and many have become, by adoption and regeneration, the sons of God. Others have been much established, and all feel that the revival has constituted a new era in their religious history. It has spread through the Circuit.

Nakorotumbu, Nandi, Mbua, and other places,—indeed, I think, every place, more or less, has been blessed. The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. Many never understood till now what we have been preaching to them for some years. We were delighted when we last visited the out-stations in this Circuit. We left them all alive to God, and our ministrations in the word and sacraments were most signally owned of God. The mats of the chapel were wet with the tears of the communicants at the table of the Lord, and in many instances the Ministers were scarcely able to minister because of the glory of the Lord.”

While so much good was being done, the Christians were exposed to increased persecution from the Mbau Chiefs, and fearful threats were uttered against them. The fact was, that Thakombau was enraged at the converted Viwans for refusing to fight as they always had been accustomed to do in his wars. At this time, too, he was engaged in war against Rewa, knowing that, if he conquered, he should really become what he was already called,—King of Fiji. At this very crisis old Namosimalua, who had long professed Christianity without obeying its requirements, became convinced of sin, and declared his intention of at last putting away his many wives. This, together with his refusal to help in the Rewa war, greatly exasperated the Mbau Chief, and put Namosimalua in peril; and although his good intentions were shallow, and never came to anything, yet his sudden and violent zeal made a great stir. Many Christians were ill-treated, but no blood was shed. Yet, for some time, Viwa was threatened with destruction; and when, in December, the Somosomo people, on visiting Mbau, had thirty of the Rewa men killed and cooked for their entertainment, it was declared that the Christians should fill the ovens for the next feast. The danger, however, was averted, and Mbau once more was at peace with Viwa.

Further particulars of the great revival of religion at Viwa are thus given by Mr. Hunt, and cannot fail to interest those who believe in the power of the Holy Ghost to convince the most abandoned of sin, and lead them to trust in Christ. Referring again to the Saturday evening prayer-meeting, with which the special services were commenced, Mr. Hunt writes:—

“The time of meeting arrived, and a good congregation assembled. After singing and prayer, the object of the meeting was stated, and the people were exhorted to pray without being called upon by name, and to pray short, and to the point. One of our oldest and calmest members commenced, and prayed with great feeling. Another followed with increased feeling; and the sacred influence increased as the meeting proceeded; so that long before its close nearly all the people were praying together. As

they had never seen anything of the kind before, there could be no deception in the case. It was evident that the hand of the Lord was among them. Many were pricked to the heart, and cried in agonies for mercy; and some were enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and were made happy in a consciousness of their acceptance with God through Him. Then they prayed for others with amazing fervour; and thus the holy fire spread. The meeting was not long, but the sacred influence remained with the people, until most of them were converted.

“To describe what followed is impossible. Some of the worst cannibals in Fiji were suddenly seized with the most powerful conviction; and a sight of their state and danger threw them into the most awful agonies of sorrow. They wept and wailed most piteously; and some were so agitated as to require several men to prevent them doing themselves and others bodily harm. Yet there was nothing foolish in what they said. They bewailed their sins, and prayed for mercy, in a manner which astonished us.

“Some of them had but very lately abandoned Heathenism; yet their knowledge of the Gospel, and the propriety with which they expressed themselves in prayer, would have done credit to a person who had been born and educated in a Christian country. Were they not taught of God? What some of them had long heard without much apparent effect, was now of the greatest use. Conversion to God is the only proper means for making theological knowledge practically useful. I never saw this truth so clearly illustrated as in the case of some of the older members of our Society in Viwa. We had long mourned over their apparent inability to understand the plan of salvation by simple faith in Jesus. Their Class-meeting statements showed a defective experience; they were, in fact, servants, not sons, of God. Now the difficulty was removed by the faith-inspiring Spirit. His inspiration made all easy, and His testimony to the fact of their acceptance made all clear and satisfactory. At the end of five or six days we visited the whole of the people, for the purpose of learning their state; and we found upwards of seventy who had obtained peace with God. Some of our people visited the out-Stations in this Circuit on business, and took the sacred fire with them; so that when we paid our regular visit to them, we found them fully prepared, not merely for the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which we went to administer among them, but for the salvation of which these are but the signs and symbols. We had, indeed, a blessed, spiritual visit. Many times, when administering the Lord's Supper, the people were so overwhelmed with the power of God, that they could scarcely receive the elements. Let men deny our right to administer the sacred ordinance, so our Master and Lord honours us with His special presence, and makes it the means of salvation to those who receive it at our hands!

“Our Societies have increased in number about two hundred during the year; but our increase of numbers gives but a poor idea of the extent of the good work. Those who have had a name to live, but were in reality dead, have been quickened; and, indeed, all have partaken more or less of the blessed boon of saving grace.”

In October, 1846, the Viwa Mission received the valuable help of Mr. Lyth, who removed from Lakemba to assist in publishing the new translation of the New Testament. On account of his medical skill, the people named him *Matai ni mate*,—“Carpenter of illness,”—and many received great benefit from his treatment.

The good effected at this time in Viwa was not limited to that island, but extended to other Societies in the Circuit, and good men and true were raised up to carry to their heathen brethren the knowledge of that Gospel which had worked such wonders on themselves. Verani's followers had been greatly reduced in numbers by the recent wars, and

by quarrels among themselves, and he was in want of men to maintain his position at home; yet, feeling that the Mission-work needed them more, he freely gave up several who had become converted, that they might go as Teachers to islands where the people asked for instruction. He showed an intense interest in all that went on this errand, and they were strengthened by their confidence in his powerful help, and still more powerful prayers. Thus great prosperity came to the good cause, and the people everywhere were moved by what they saw done in Viwa. No place could have been chosen better for the Station; and religion had fully taken hold of the island now, so that its aspect and fame throughout the group were entirely changed.

The year 1847 was remarkable for the completion of the first entire edition of the New Testament,—the result of severe toil on the part of all concerned. New Stations also were established at Mbua and Nandi, on Vanua Levu, under the care of Messrs. Williams and Watsford; and at Nairara and Mba on Viti Levu, under the care of Native Teachers. In September, Mr. Lawry, on his tour as General Superintendent, visited Viwa, where the District Meeting was held, and the reports from the different Stations gave great encouragement.

In the following April Mr. Lyth was in great peril, in attempting to cross over to Nandi in a small schooner, to visit Mrs. Watsford, who was dangerously ill. Mr. Lyth and five others, in a heavy gale which prevented their proceeding, took refuge on board an American brig anchored off Ovalau. A terrible hurricane ensued, in which both the cables of the brig parted, and she was driven on shore, where she became a complete wreck. Three men had been left on board the little schooner "Venus," and, soon after the brig struck, she drifted past the stern and was seen no more. One of the three men on board, a young half-native, was wonderfully saved after swimming a whole day, and being exposed for two days without food in an open boat. The other two were drowned. All hands on board the brig were saved, and, after severe privation, Mr. Lyth returned to Viwa.

Some record is demanded of an interesting character, who played an important part in the history of Viwa, and whose name has already been mentioned. Vatea, the chief wife of Namosimalua and niece of Tanoa, when given to the former as a reward for service, came very unwillingly to his home, and never got reconciled to her union with one so much her senior, and for whom she felt no esteem. Under the teaching of the Missionaries she had become thoroughly convinced of sin, and in 1844 found peace with God through faith in Christ. Her confidence was firm, and the reason for her hope intelligent and clear. The joy

she felt she tried hard to communicate to others; and, in the midst of peculiar trials belonging to the household of a polygamist, sustained an unblameable confession of Christianity. Though her position excluded her from baptism and church-membership, yet at the services of the Christians she was a welcome and regular attendant. Already she had learned to read and write well at the school, and stood in all respects in high superiority over her countrywomen. During the great revival, she grew rapidly in grace, and diligently used the many opportunities which her high rank gave her of reproving sin and recommending religion. With great respect, yet with an earnestness that moved her to tears, she pleaded with her cousin Thakombau, then at the height of his glory and pride, to forsake his false gods, and seek forgiveness through the only Saviour. He listened to her bold warnings and warm entreaties, and left her without reply. Among her friends at Mbau she worked hard, and some of them were led by her to seek the salvation of their souls. When her husband showed signs of genuine repentance, and vowed to give up all his wives but one, Vatea was the one selected, and thereupon was received into the Church, taking at baptism the name of Lydia. When Namosi's good feeling had passed away, and the fear of death from Mbau had been removed from him, he again treated her ill; and for a long time she stood firm against the most severe domestic trials, which were rendered the more bitter by the remembrance that she had originally been forced into her present position. Her faithful endurance had a powerful effect for good on the people who witnessed it; but at last in an evil hour, she gave way, and fled from her husband to Mbau. The Chiefs at this place compelled her to return to the husband she had never loved, and to whom she had now been unfaithful. Her heart rebelled against the torture, and she sought escape from her misery by throwing herself from a steep cliff. The fall, though not fatal, caused her great suffering. She was taken back to Mbau, where, after her recovery, she was allowed to remain. After living for several years, fallen from religion and virtue, and wretched on account of her sins, she again repented bitterly, and, before the congregation of proud Mbauans, passionately confessed her sins and prayed for mercy, to the astonishment of those who listened. Again, "being justified by faith, she had peace with God;" and in the city of Mbau she lived as a faithful and zealous witness of the power of the Gospel, until affliction laid her by, and she died happy in the love of God.

During this year the Fijian Mission lost John Hunt. On August 9th, 1848, his overtaxed strength broke down. The amount of his labours during six years at Viwa can never be told. Every part of the

Mission machinery received his unwearied care, and, in addition to his constant toil in preaching, visiting the people, travelling to various islands, exposure to storm and privation, diligent training of the Native Agents, and superintendence of the Schools, he had completed an admirable translation of the New Testament, and carried it through the press. His brother Missionaries clung to him with a love which was mingled with reverent admiration. The converts regarded him with filial affection, and even the Heathen treated him with more than respect. On the day just mentioned, Mr. Hunt was attacked by violent spasms and inflammation, and his end seemed near. So great a calamity as the loss of their beloved Pastor filled the Viwan Christians with dismay, and, with one heart of grief, they gathered about that Throne of Grace to which his faithful hand had led them, and prayed without ceasing that his life might be spared. With mighty pleading did Verani lift up his voice among those sorrowing ones. Deeply did he love the sick Missionary, and now he prayed: "O Lord! we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant! If *one* must die, take *me*! Take *ten of us*! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!" But the Missionary's course was run, though, for a little while, he lingered. The great bodily pain was relieved, but a fierce anguish took hold of his soul, and, for some time, the conflict with doubt and fear was terrible. But the end was triumph.

The unremitting care and skilful treatment of Mr. Lyth were a source of great relief to the sufferer, and a cause of gratitude to his sorrowing wife. While some prayed at his bed-side, he wept, and became more deeply moved after they had risen from their knees, until his full heart burst forth in the cry, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" Those who stood by, fearing for his weak frame, tried to calm his emotion, by telling him that God was blessing Fiji, and that now he must be silent. For a time he yielded, and wept low; but that great flame of devoted love must leap up in all its glory of earnestness, ere it go out; and, grasping Mr. Calvert with one hand, he raised the other, crying, "O! let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save thy servants! Save thy people! Save the Heathen—in Fiji!" That good heart was as true and mighty as ever; but the flesh was weak, and he once more became calm at the request of his friends. This was on the 20th of September. On the second of October he felt death to be at hand, and met it with perfect peace, saying, "I cleave to Jesus, and am right. I have *nothing else* to look to. He is all I have to trust in. If I look from Him, I am in a vortex—have

doubts and condemnation. But I have full faith in Him. I have peace and pardon through Him. *I have no disturbance at all.*"

Mr. Calvert thus describes the last moments of his beloved brother :—

"His whole soul was engaged with the Lord. He cried aloud, 'O Lord, my Saviour! Jesus!' More than usual earnestness marked his countenance. Shortly after this wrestling with the God of all grace and consolation, his complacent smile bespoke gratitude and joy. Then he appeared to be engaged in meditation. Again he spoke: 'I want strength to praise Him abundantly! I am very happy.' About eight o'clock in the morning, after being informed of the approach of death, he said to Mrs. Hunt, 'O for one more baptism!' She now asked him, 'Have you had a fresh manifestation, my dear?' 'Yes! Hallelujah! Praise Jesus!' Then he added, 'I don't depend on this' (significantly shaking his head). 'I bless the Lord, *I trust in Jesus.*' Soon after he exclaimed, '*Now He is my Joy. I thought I should have entered Heaven singing, "Jesus and salvation!" Now I shall go, singing, "Jesus, salvation and glory—eternal glory."*' He then settled down, saying very many times, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' He delivered messages to the Chiefs, people, his brethren and sisters: prayed for his children, desiring them to obey and imitate their mother; affectionately commended his much-beloved partner to the guidance of Divine Providence; prayed for God's blessing on a faithful servant who had been with him ever since his arrival in Fiji; and then desired me to pray. About three o'clock P. M., he grasped me, and turned on his side; and, after breathing with difficulty for about twenty minutes, his spirit departed to eternal blessedness."

So finished the short but glorious course of John Hunt, the Fijian Missionary, on October 4th, 1848. The natives came to look on the face of the revered dead, and the great Chief of Mbau came over to see the remains of the man before whose faithful warnings he had often quailed, and whose tender appeals had softened even his strong heart. On hearing the Missionary's dying message, Thakombau was evidently much moved. At three o'clock the next day, some native students bore to the grave a plain coffin inscribed—

REV. JOHN HUNT

Slept in Jesus

OCT. 4TH, 1848,

Aged 36 years.

After the widow and the Missionaries, followed the white inhabitants, neatly attired for the occasion, and many natives wept as for a father. A short account of Mr. Hunt's death was drawn up and published for distribution among the natives.

Some time afterwards there arrived in Fiji a neat iron tomb and fence, which was sent out by John Chubb, Esq., of Islington, as a testimonial to the memory of so good and great a man. It was erected over the grave, and few visit Viwa without going to look upon the spot made sacred by the dust of JOHN HUNT.

Mr. Calvert, who had come over from Lakemba, could not leave Mr. Lyth during the illness of their late brother; but sent a native by the "Wesley" to Lakemba, to assist Mrs. Calvert in packing, previous to their removal to Viwa. From that Station he soon afterwards wrote to the General Secretaries, stating the position and prospects of the Mission at the time of Mr. Hunt's death, and pleading strongly for more Missionaries:—

"In writing to you from Fiji, after ten years' labours, I enter upon the duty with peculiar feelings, on account of our past successes, present depressing circumstances, and the insufficient means of at all adequately attending to the number and extent of the places open for, and demanding, increased labours.

"In reviewing the past ten years—the period nearly elapsed since the arrival of the eldest of the present race of Missionaries—we gratefully remember that, though we have been few in number, and stationed distant from each other, we have laboured together under the eminent advantage of being of one heart and one mind; so that our prayers and labours have not been hindered: each has been ready to help the other, which has been done sometimes at great personal risk, and much fatigue and sacrifice, and that without grudging or ostentation. Each has been willing to be anywhere, and do any work; each has readily fallen into his proper place, and done the work which evidently belonged to him. Our lives have been prolonged; some having been raised as from watery graves, and others rescued from the jaws of death. Working health has been granted. We have been zealously affected, and cheerful to labour, in the good cause. Though few, the labourers have been most suitable for every branch of the very Mission in which we have been engaged: one eminently qualified for translating, who has effected much; a Doctor, who has saved lives in the Mission party, and whose willingness to communicate has made some of us somewhat skilful in the much-needed-here art of healing; a printer, who has surpassed any tropical printing within our knowledge; a builder, who commenced very desirable improvements in our habitations, and has given all commendable emulation and skill in the means of preserving and promoting health; a man of good skill and ability in teaching, who set Infant Schools afloat, which is a most essential part of our work. We have also had efficient native agency from Tonga, and many Fijians, who have been able and willing to teach their countrymen. As yet we have been saved from violent persecution and opposition. Much preparatory work, of the utmost importance, has been effected; grammars, and a copious dictionary of the language, have been prepared. A most excellent version of the New Testament has been translated and printed. A short system of theology has been prepared and printed, and long in circulation, and a much-enlarged edition is nearly ready for the press. Catechisms and other books have been printed, and part of the Old Testament has been translated. Institutions have been established for Native Teachers. Infant and adult schools

are carried on. Fiji has been aroused to an amazing extent, and these degraded, ignorant, and grossly wicked people have been startled into thoughtfulness. A spirit of uneasiness is felt. Their thoughts trouble them. Christianity has infringed upon much precedent and settled practice. It has broken up fondly-cherished interests. They have heard of the mighty conquests of Christianity; they witness its rapid progress, and are ready to exclaim, 'We know that the Lord hath given you the land, and all the inhabitants of the land faint because of you.' Some are *saved* as specimens of what religion can effect. Some of the rulers have *believed*; some influential men have turned; polygamy, which is deemed all-important, necessary, and profitable, has been abandoned in some instances. The Gospel has gone to many hearts, and is the power of God to their salvation: being pardoned and regenerated, they are 'living epistles,' effective everywhere, but much more so in unlettered Fiji. 'Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place.'"

After Mr. Hunt's death, Mr. Calvert, after nearly ten years' service at Lakemba, remained in the Viwa Circuit, having Mr. Lyth as his colleague, for one year. He had visited this part before, and several of the Mbau Chiefs had been in the Windward Islands during his residence there, so that he was not a stranger to the character and wants of the Station. He had long been acquainted with Thakombau, and had felt peculiar earnestness of desire for the conversion of this proud and terrible Chief. Being impressed, in reading Young's "Suggestions for the Conversion of the World," with the recommendation to select some one individual as the subject of special prayer, he early fixed upon Thakombau, and begged the Lakemba Christians to join with him in his intercessions for the Chief, to whom, as opportunity served, messages were sent. On one occasion, Thakombau remained for several weeks at Lakemba, during which time the Missionary was diligent in exhortation and reproof. Messrs. Cross, Hunt, Lyth, and Watsford, had all tried hard to give light to this remarkable man: his reverence for heathen institutions was evidently lessened; and, on one occasion, he had even dared to threaten a priest of more than ordinary sanctity who was said to be the shrine of a powerful god, and that, too, at a time when he was inspired.

No wonder that, on his being appointed to Viwa, Mr. Calvert should turn with special interest to Mbau and its powerful King. A great difficulty, however, was in the way. On arriving in the islands, the Missionaries had found it necessary to conciliate the Chiefs and people, and obtain a safe dwelling among them, by the liberal distribution of presents. The practice, which thus began with necessity, had been continued in compliance with the shameless importunity of the Chiefs, until it had grown into a burdensome tax, and placed the Missionaries upon a false footing, by endangering their spiritual influence over the people, in substituting that which any one might gain by gifts.

Among the people themselves, the presentation of a gift without an equivalent in return was an acknowledgment of inferiority and subjection, whence arose another important reason why a clear understanding should be established in this matter. Whatever of labour or supplies the Missionaries had received from the people, they had always paid for; and there was no actual necessity for their doing more. Mr. Hunt's kind heart had led him into difficulty in this respect, and he was renowned among the natives for his liberality; so that Thakombau once said of him, "He is ready to give when he can ill spare the article we beg. He is a kind man. But the Missionary at Lakemba gives you such a preachment and lecture when you beg of him!" The Chief did not know that this Missionary had urged Mr. Hunt not to be so lavish in his generosity, and that he was now coming to Viwa with the resolution of abolishing the system of promiscuous giving. Had he been aware of this, he would have shown more reserve in welcoming him to his neighborhood than he did. When the Missionary's goods arrived from Lakemba, Thakombau went on board the "Wesley," accompanied by Mr. Calvert, who, according to established custom, as a new comer, presented the Chief with an offering of property from the district he had left, consisting of two large wooden bowls, a bale of sinnet, and two China pigs. These were received very graciously: but on their way to the shore, Thakombau was compelled to listen to one of the lectures he dreaded so much. It was the first step towards the intended reformation, and was after this fashion:—"I have come to reside with you. I left England originally with one object, and for that alone I have come to live with you in this part of Fiji. My one great object is to have you saved from your sins, and their dreadful consequences in the next world. God has mercifully provided a Saviour, who can save you and make you happy. You consider it important to accumulate property; to be honoured and feared by many; to have many wives; to be a great warrior: but you also consider the religion we teach to be true and valuable. Some of the things you value are sinful and injurious. Religion is supremely important and desirable, even to you. You cannot possibly be right without it: but when you obtain and practise the religion of Christ, you will be happy. My one concern will be to lead you to obtain religion: so you may expect, in all our intercourse, that I shall labour for this. Another and inferior matter I shall gladly attend to. I have brought medicines from England, and have gained some knowledge of diseases and their remedy, and shall have pleasure in relieving you of pain when I can, that your life may be prolonged for repentance, prayer,

and the service of God. While this is the only object I have in view, I am aware that you are destitute of many articles which we have in England, and which would increase your comfort. Some of these I can obtain for you by writing to my friends in England. I shall be glad to do so, as I should like to see you improved and raised in temporal matters. Only, when I send for goods, I have to pay for them, *and you must pay for whatever I obtain for you.* We give our time and energies for your salvation; but we have not come to supply you with worldly riches. Yet, if you will pay for what you require, we will try to obtain useful articles for you." Thakombau listened complacently, soothed by the present just given, and said he was glad to know the right plan, and should like to be informed of what was expected in payment for any articles he might hereafter desire. A decisive and important step was thus taken, which made it easier to resist the perpetual begging of smaller people. Yet, in many cases, it was still hard to refuse; for the natives were such accomplished and judicious beggars, never asking but when they saw a good opportunity. Nevertheless, though it was still necessary to make occasional presents, the more reserved plan was found to answer; for the people learned to value what they worked for, and gained self-respect in being rid of a system which pauperized them.

The purpose which the Missionary declared to Thakombau, he strictly carried out, and made unwearied efforts to arouse the conscience of the King, and apply to it the truth of the Gospel. On his frequent visits to Mbau, he always sought an interview with the Chief. Sometimes he found him in a bad temper, or engaged, or indisposed to listen to religious matters. Other houses were then visited, and the *bures*, or temples, for the purpose of religious discussion. If the King was still found to be in an unpropitious mood, the delay was extended, so as to secure, if possible, the communication of some truth. Often these visits were returned, when Thakombau would seek a private interview with the Missionary in his bed-room, or little study, and converse for hours, generally starting such objections as would bring out the strongest arguments against the Heathenism of Fiji, which arguments, on leaving, he would use in opposing his own Priests and Chiefs. Whatever other effect was produced upon Thakombau, it was certain that his opposition to the *lotu* was restrained; and this was no small good. No Chief had ever held such extended and formidable power, or had amassed such great stores of war-material, as this King of Mbau: for King he really was, although his old father, Tanoa, still lived, but without taking the lead in the government. The influence

of the son's ambitious and clever policy, backed by his vigour of action, was acknowledged in many and even distant parts of the group. The power thus wielded was purely despotic; and the people were forced to supply native produce, chiefly cocoa-nut oil, in payment for the foreign property which the great Chief procured from the vessels visiting Fiji. Sometimes the tuns were partly filled with water; but a pump-test discovered the cheat, and brought upon the disconcerted defaulters a heavier levy than before. Thakombau saw clearly enough, from what he knew of Christianity, that its spread would interfere with all extortion and injustice; and therefore, for policy's sake, he refused to give it open sanction.

A quiet permission had been yielded to some in Mbau to become Christian, and among these were some of the chief women. But as their number grew, the Chiefs became alarmed, and the public services were prohibited. The old superannuated King, Tanoa, was more favourable, and allowed services to be held at Sembi, a settlement on the mainland near to Mbau, where some of his own women resided. The Missionaries went there regularly from Viwa on the Sabbath, and always took Mbau on the way home; so that, though they might not have public worship, they could, by appearing in their Sunday costume, at least remind the people of the religion which kept every seventh day holy.

After the usual service at Sembi, on the 22nd of October, at which Ko na Malo, sister of the King of Rewa, and chief wife of Tanoa, was present, a foreigner who used to provide food for the Missionaries when they came to preach, told Mr. Calvert that he had something strange to tell him about this lady. The Missionary feared that she had been doing wrong; but was relieved by finding that the strange affair was, that the lady had been found kneeling on a hard stone on the beach, far from any town; and that this man had heard her, long before he reached the place, praying earnestly to God. This has been, from the beginning, a common thing with the converts, to get away into the bush, or on the reef, to pray alone with their Maker.

On the 31st of October, Mr. Lyth started in the "Wesley," to visit the distant parts of the Circuit, and the island of Rotumah. He first sailed to the large and populous island of Kandavu, where he found a Teacher and eleven members, and baptized eleven persons, some of whom gave good evidence of sound conversion. Nandronga, a town at the head of a large district on the south-west of Viti Levu, was next visited. Lua, the principal Chief, had already become Christian, and Mr. Hunt had promised him a Teacher. A valuable Tongan Teacher

at Ono was sent for, to undertake this distant and difficult Station. He was to be accompanied by a Fijian, of whom Mr. Hunt, shortly before his death, said, "Ay, poor Benjamin! I brought him here a poor afflicted lad. I was sailing in the Viwa canoe with the Viwa people. We could not lay our course, or reach any place that we considered safe. Night came on, and we were obliged to put in at a village. The people at towns on each side of us were enemies to Viwa. I then wondered why we had to put in at such a dangerous place. Since then I have seen the design. It was the Lord's doing, for us to bring that afflicted lad away, that he might hear the Gospel, be saved, and prepared for our work at Nandronga. He has got on wonderfully." Already this young man had been preaching with zeal and power at Viwa and other places. Previous to the departure of the two Teachers with Mr. Lyth, the Missionaries assembled to commend them to God in prayer. They were afterwards left under the care of Lua, whom Mr. Lyth describes as being "a kind, intelligent, and particularly modest man, who showed himself very zealous to recommend to others the religion he had embraced." Mr. Lyth then visited the north-east coast, and found at Nakorotumbu thirty-seven members. He married the two head Chiefs, and found the congregation large and attentive. At Nairara, he found the Chief a professed Christian, but a polygamist, and careless about religion. The cause, of course, was low. The Teacher had been nobly faithful. Food being scarce, he and his family had often starved on one slender meal a day, and, in one instance, when he had gone out in search of food, his family had eaten nothing for two days. Yet he would not leave his charge. Natokea, a town high up on the rocky sides of a mountain, was visited by Paul Vea, a Native Assistant, who found ten persons that worshipped the Lord. The poor people heard him gladly, and six more were added to their number. They were anxious for a Teacher. Their chaplain was a hump-backed lad, who conducted family worship every morning and evening. His anxiety to hear the Gospel led him, when the nearest Teacher was from home, to go to a village eight miles distant, to hear the Gospel preached on the Sabbath day. Paul was delighted with this youth, "well reported of," and gained the consent of his mother to have him at Nakorotumbu, that he might learn to read, and be under Christian instruction. Mr. Lyth next visited Rakiraki, a place famous for being the residence of the notorious cannibal, Ra Undreundre.* Thence he went to Mba, the last Station on this coast, and then sailed to Rotumah, a

* See page 167.

solitary island, three hundred miles north of Fiji, where the work was carried on in a cheering way by Native Teachers.

At the beginning of 1849, in spending the Sabbath at Mbau, after preaching at Sembi, Mr. Calvert was pleased to find that Thakombau had ordered that a feast appointed for that day should be postponed till the Monday. It was evident that instruction was beginning to tell on the Chief. If *lotu* people were at hand, he generally wished them to ask a blessing on the food before him, and sometimes bowed his head. He would even reprove Chiefs for speaking against Christianity, saying that it was "the one true thing in the world." He warned the priests that their occupation would soon be gone, encouraged some of his women to continue religious, and reproved professed Christians whose conduct was inconsistent.

Greater intimacy with the Mbau people proved their superiority to the rest of Fijians; and, while it marked them out as the dominant tribe, showed how wise had been the selection of this dialect for the translation of the Scriptures.

The people generally evinced a desire to hear about religion, and received the Missionary with kindness. Hearing that a woman was near death, having, as the people said, been struck by an offended god, Mr. Calvert, accompanied by Ngavindi, the Chief of the Fishermen, and his priest, went to visit her, and found the house full of people. The poor creature had not spoken for eighteen hours, but was quite warm, with a regular pulse. Mr. Calvert inquired for her husband, who was sent for. He came, well dressed in a large piece of white native cloth, and a piece of coloured stuff tied round his body, for his strangling cord. On his head he had a red comforter, and in his hand a pine-apple club. On being asked why he was thus decked out, he replied: "In order to die with my wife, Sir!" The Missionary said: "The age for such deeds of darkness is past here. You must not be so foolish, nor yet so faint-hearted, as to refuse to live, that you may remember and mourn for your wife, and attend to her grave." He persisted in his purpose, saying, "I shall die, Sir. If I live, I shall be a ruined man, without a friend; and I shall not have any person to prepare my food. And, seeing that the report has gone forth to you gentlemen that I have resolved to die, die I must; and, should no one consent to strangle me, I shall leap from a precipice." Mr. Calvert, having inquired into the case, gave the best remedy he had at command,—a large dose of cocoa-nut oil. The husband supported his speechless wife, and said, "Ay, you perhaps think you'll die alone! No, no! we will both go together." This man was a priest, and on being asked by

the Missionary whether he had said that his wife was struck by a god, when he was inspired, or as an ordinary mortal, he replied that he only supposed such to be the case. The oil produced a powerful effect speedily, and the woman revived. This is but one of many instances in which the administering of medicine gave the Missionaries the opportunity of exposing the falsehood and foolishness of Heathenism, and dispensing the blessings of the Gospel. Before Mr. Calvert left Fiji, this same priest *lotued*, and presented him with his sacred drinking-bowl.

During this year, Mr. Lyth was in great danger from a violent attack of dysentery, accompanied with fever. For some time death seemed inevitable; but the servant of God was greatly blessed, and awaited his change with undisturbed composure. The Missionaries, however, were not thus to have sorrow upon sorrow; and the valuable life of their brother was spared.

Whatever good had been accomplished at Mbau, the Missionaries had yet to feel that the old-established evils of Fiji were not to be easily destroyed in this their stronghold. The Mbutoni tribe are rovers, spending much of their lives on the sea, and owning the dominion of Mbau. After a longer absence than usual, they had lately returned, bringing a large offering to the King of Fijian property, the fruits of their buccaneering. To entertain such profitable guests in good style, human victims must be obtained, and two youths were accordingly entrapped and killed. But the honour of Mbau must be maintained, and in this honour one man, in particular, felt that his own was involved. This was no other than Ngavindi, the Chief of the Fishermen, and official purveyor of material for cannibal feasts. Ngavindi had held a good deal of intercourse with the Missionaries, and seemed to allow the truth of their teaching; but now they were both away at the District Meeting at Mbua, and the Mbutoni guests had already been some weeks at Mbau without being honoured with the customary banquet. So Ngavindi summoned his people and priests, and got several canoes afloat. "We shall lose," said he, "our renown. We shall not be dreaded or fed. We have provided no food for the visitors. We must go to it in earnest. We will seek for enemies to Mbau. If we cannot catch any enemies, we will kill some who are friendly; and, if we cannot get either friends or enemies, some of ourselves must be strangled. Otherwise, we shall be disgraced, for not doing what is our special work. Others are procuring: we must have some human beings." The priest promised success, and was threatened in case of failure. The expedition started and brought up their canoes, with the ends covered with green

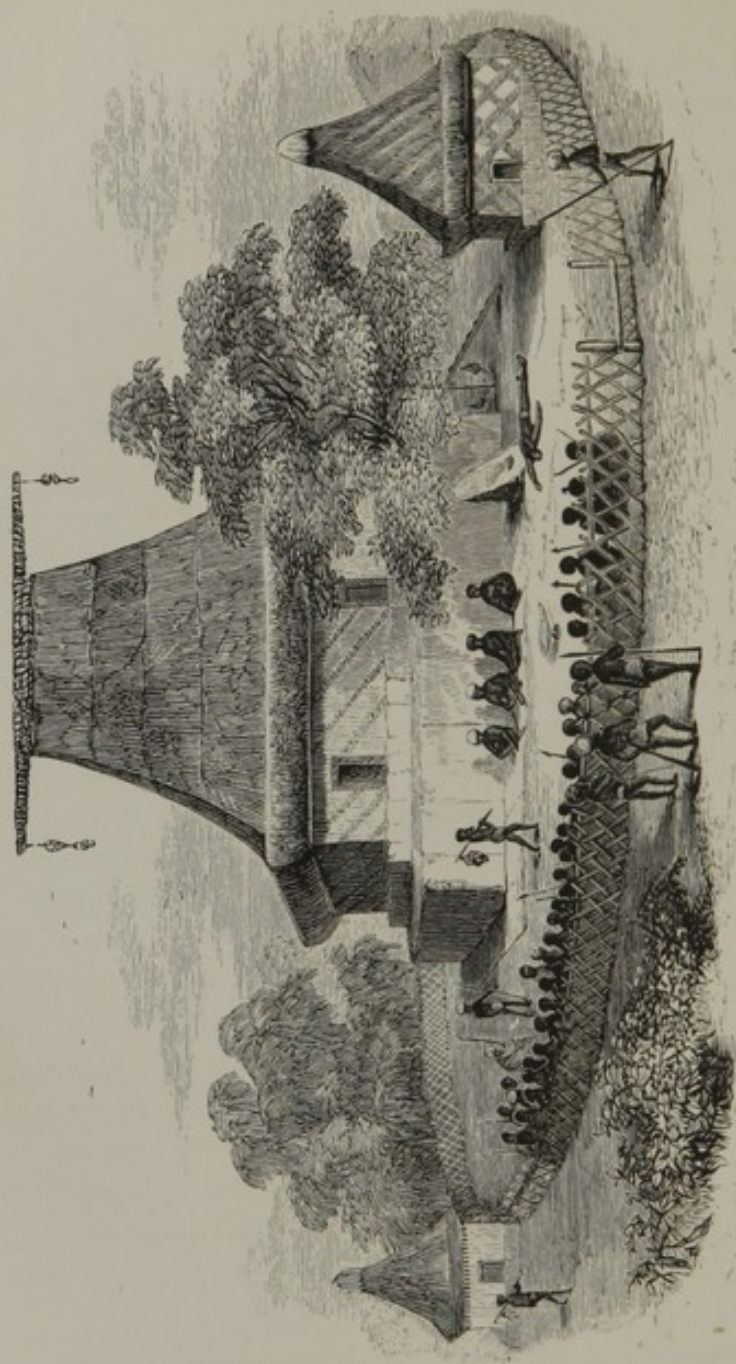
leaves, under some mangrove bushes; and there the wretches waited for any hapless beings that might come near. Presently a company of women was seen approaching the sea. The attack was made, and fourteen of the poor creatures were seized; one man who was with them being killed on the spot. The news of the capture reached Mbau the day before the canoes, and great was the rejoicing. The place was all excitement, and the people flocked together to greet the approaching fleet of death. The report soon crossed over to Viwa, and reached the Mission-house: "Fourteen women are to be brought to Mbau to-morrow, to be killed and cooked for the Mbutoni people." Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth were alone with the children. Their husbands were many miles away on another island. The thought of the horrid fate that awaited the poor captives, roused the pity of those two lone women. But what could be done? Every moment was precious. Amidst such fiendish excitement, it would be a desperate thing for any one to venture into Mbau for the purpose of thwarting the bloodthirsty people. Those two noble women determined to go. A canoe was procured; and as they went poling over the flat, they heard, with trembling, the wild din of the cannibals grow louder as they approached. The death-drum sounded terrible, and muskets were fired in triumph. Then, as they came nearer, shriek after shriek pierced through every other noise, and told that the murder was begun. Fear gave way to impatience at that wild warning, and the Englishwomen's voice urged the labouring boatmen to make better speed. They reached the beach, and were met by a *lotu* Chief, who dared to join them, saying, "Make haste! Some are dead; but some are alive!" Surrounded by an unseen guard which none might break through, the women of God passed among the blood-maddened cannibals unhurt. They pressed forward to the house of the old King Tanoa, the entrance to which was strictly forbidden to all women. It was no time for ceremony now. With a whale's tooth in each hand, and still accompanied by the Christian Chief, they thrust themselves into the grim presence of the King, and prayed their prayer of mercy. The old man was startled at the audacity of the intruders. His hearing was dull, and they raised their voices higher to plead for their dark sisters' lives. The King said, "Those who are dead are dead; but those who are still alive shall live only." At that word, a man ran to Ngavindi, to stop his butchery, and returned to say that five still lived; the rest of the fourteen were killed. But the messengers of pity could not leave their work unfinished. They went to the house of the murderer, and found him sitting in state, in full dress, but evidently very uncomfortable. He winced under the sharp rebuke of the Missionaries.

wives, and muttered something about his friendliness to the *lotu*. Even in cannibal Mbau, all did not consent to the deed of darkness. Thakombau's chief wife and Ngavindi's wife had already secured the life and liberty of two of the victims; and when Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth left, there were others who blessed them for their work of love. What the doing of it cost those intrepid hearts, none may know: but their deed stands in this record above all praise. "They have their reward."

In August, 1849, the Missionaries greatly enjoyed the visit of H.M.S. "Havannah," under the command of Captain Erskine. In visiting the Windward Islands first, the officers had been struck by the beneficial results of Christianity, and the generally well-to-do appearance of the people; so that, when they reached the other side of the group, their faith was more than shaken in the horrible accounts they had heard of the customs of the natives, and a delicate hint was given to the Missionaries about exaggerated statements. Captain Erskine writes: "We had just sat down to tea at Mr. Lyth's, when Ngavindi, the Chief of the Lasakau, or Fishermen, and the one next in importance to Thakombau, walked in, having crossed from Mbau, to inquire if the Missionaries had received any news from Ovalau, accounts having reached the capital of the arrival of a ship at Levuka, with a crew of a thousand men. The Chief was apparently under thirty years of age, of very fine figure and proportions, and altogether of prepossessing appearance. His face was painted red; and the Chief's white gauze turban covered his large head of hair. He wore no covering but the ordinary wrapper, but had a boar's tusk, nearly circular, suspended from his neck; and he carried a large flat-headed club, well battered, as if by service, about the blade, which was daubed with red ochre. He took his place with perfect ease at the table, being kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Lyth, who presented him to us. His manners were modest and gentle; and he left us even more pleased with him than we had been with Tui Levuka." Here was a good opportunity of showing how the general appearance of the people belied their true character. This Chief was all that Captain Erskine described, and the Missionaries had received many valuable favours from him. But the Captain was greatly astonished when he heard of the part which this man of "modest and gentle" manners took in the horrible tragedy, a few weeks before, when the Mbutoni people were at Mbau.

The next day the Missionaries took their visitors to Mbau, to the large temple, and showed them the stone, all bloody with recent use, where the heads of multitudes of victims had been dashed, when presented to the god. Captain Erskine's account of the visit is interesting.





NA VATA-NI-TAWAKE, MBAU.

Speaking of the temple, he says: "The building stood on a raised platform, and was surrounded by a few trees of graceful foliage, under one of which lay the large wooden 'lali,' or sacred drum, beaten at festivals and sacrifices; and overshadowed by another was the place where the bodies of the victims are dedicated to the *kalou* or evil spirit, previous to their being handed over to those who are to cook them for the banquet. The lower branches of the tree had evidently been lately cut away to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground; and we were told that this had been done after the reduction of Lokia, a town belonging to Rewa, a few months before, when a mound of no fewer than eighty corpses, slain in battle, had been heaped up on the spot." "We came at last upon an irregular square, on which stood a building, probably one hundred feet long, the 'stranger's house, still occupied by the Mbutoni people, and we entered it by a door in the centre. The interior struck me at first as resembling the lower deck of a ship of war, there being a passage down the centre, and the families living in separate messes on either side; divided, however, from each other in some cases by partitions of coloured native cloth. We met the usual welcome from the people who happened to be there, and several of them followed our party out, through an opposite door to that by which we had entered, to a small level space between the back of the house and the hill, which rises somewhat abruptly behind. The first objects of interest to which our attention was called by these strangers, as if to vaunt the goodness of their reception in the capital, were four or five ovens, loosely filled in with stones, which had served to cook the human bodies presented to them after the payment of their tribute. They certainly did not understand the expressions of disgust which rose to our lips; for, leading us to a neighbouring tree, they pointed to where, suspended from the branches, hung some scraps of flesh, the remains of the wretched creatures slaughtered to satisfy the monstrous appetite of these fellows, who had not even the miserable excuses of enmity or hunger to plead for their fiendish banquet."

The visitors had come to Viwa strongly disposed to doubt what had been told of the horrors of Fijian cannibalism; but, writes Captain Erskine, "a very short acquaintance was necessary to undeceive us."

Thoroughly convinced now of the real state of the case, the English party approached the house of the Chief. The visit is thus narrated by Captain Erskine. The description of the Chief has already been quoted, at pp. 82, 83.

"We arrived at last at the residence of Thakombau himself, and here we were received with much ceremony. An entrance having been cleared for us through bundles of native cloth, immense coils of cordage, and other articles, the produce of the late visit of the Mbutoni tribe, the Chief himself—the most powerful, perhaps, of any in the Pacific, and certainly the most energetic in character—was seen seated in the attitude of respect to receive us. He rose, however, as we entered, seeing that it was expected, unfolding, as he did so, an immense train of white native cloth, eight or ten yards long, from his waist, and invited me to occupy the one chair he possessed; the others taking their seats on rolls of cloth, or, like the natives, sitting cross-legged on the floor. It was impossible but to admire the appearance of the Chief; of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the Negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an eastern Sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity—he looked 'every inch a King.' The Missionaries said he was a little agitated with the prospect of an interview, but I confess I did not discover it. Not far from him sat his principal and favourite wife, a stout, good-looking woman, with a smiling expression, and her son, Thakombau's heir, a fine boy of eight or nine; and he was surrounded at a respectful distance by a crowd of crouching courtiers."

At this interview, Captain Erskine delivered an address to the Chief, and Mr. Calvert interpreted. Cannibalism was denounced in terms of horror and disgust, and the King was urged to listen to the Missionaries, and show his good intention by prohibiting all cannibalism at the approaching visit of the Somosomans, on which occasion it had always been customary to destroy an unusual number of human beings. It was intimated, that if these things were heeded, Fiji might, like Samoa, be favoured with the presence of a British Consul. The whole address was listened to respectfully, and acknowledged by a suitable reply.

The party next visited Ngavindi's quarter of the town. Captain Erskine's narrative continues:—

"As we approached his door, a party of men were engaged in taking out of a hot stone oven, constructed on one side of the pathway, a whole pig, intended for our entertainment; and as we entered the house, a clapping of hands proclaimed that the Chief had that moment finished his draught of yangona. This party was evidently met to receive us, and we were soon seated in the centre of the circle, with Ngavindi, painted, and in full dress, with a flowing train, differing from Thakombau's in being of divers colours; and his principal wife, a pretty young woman, attended by several hand-maidens, the dress of all the women being a decent petticoat. The pig was then brought in and presented to me; and having been, by my desire, cut up *vaka-Fiji*, or in Fijian fashion, portions were handed round, together with excellent yams, on banana leaves and flat pieces of wood. Being asked how the rest was to be disposed of, I begged those present to accept of a quarter, and desired the remainder to be sent down to the barge's crew. I heard afterwards that our men, having some suspicion that all was not right, had thrown it overboard; but we, who had had ocular proof of its identity, had found it tender, juicy, and well-flavoured." "It was now time to repair to our second feast at Thakombau's, which consisted of a pig, not baked in the native oven, but cut up and

boiled in an iron pot, similar to those used in boiling the trepang. The broth, or greasy water, was first banded round in cocoa-nut shells, and required an effort to swallow; but the pork was excellent, and was served with yams in a very cleanly way on banana-leaves, as at Ngavindi's. The Chief hinted that some rum, which he had been quick enough to notice in the barge among our men's provisions, would be an acceptable addition; but I discouraged him, saying, that with us rum was reserved for the common people,—an argument which silenced him, although he seemed hardly to believe it."

On the following day Thakombau and Ngavindi accompanied Captain Erskine to the "Havannah," lying at Ovalua, twenty-five miles distant. Thakombau enjoyed his visit much. In going over in the barge, he conversed with Mr. Calvert freely about the Captain and officers, asking if they knew what he said. Mr. Calvert told him that they did not know anything of the Fijian language; but that his interruption during the Captain's address on the preceding day, when he made an unseemly remark, had been noticed. When Captain Erskine had pressed him sorely on cannibalism, he said, "You foreigners have salt beef to eat when you sail about; we have no beef, and therefore make use of human flesh." The reference to this in the ship's barge confused him; and he begged the Missionary would make an apology for the improper remark, and explain that the custom of eating men had been adopted and carried on by their fathers; but that they, of the present age, knew better, and would renounce it wholly.

While the Chiefs were on board, a target was placed on a rock about eight hundred yards from the ship, and was soon knocked to pieces by the guns. The marines were sent on shore with two field-pieces, and a specimen of bushranging was exhibited. Two bombshells were sent over the hills, and burst with precision. All this astonished Thakombau, who was much excited, and said: "This makes me tremble. I feel that we are no longer secure. If we offend these people, they would bring their ship to Mbau, where, having found us out with their spy-glasses, they would destroy us and our town at once. Captain Erskine was most desirous to avoid anything that was likely to produce an unfavourable impression on the minds of the Chiefs and people; and his best exertions were made to impress them with horror of their practices. Having gained the Chief's attention, he again requested him to avoid feeding the Somosomo people with human flesh on their anticipated visit; and besought him that, at the death of his aged father, which could not be far distant, no one might be strangled. While he consented to the former request, he said that he could not promise the other.

A good effect could not fail to be produced by such an officer

backing the long-continued remonstrances and efforts of the Missionaries. Captain Erskine mentions the influence which Mr. Calvert had already acquired over the Chief, "by the most upright and judicious conduct on his part. Without giving in for a moment to any of the Chief's improper or unreasonable desires, or attempting to flatter his vanity, he seemed, on the contrary, to lose no opportunity of administering a reproof or expressing disapprobation when any occasion occurred to call for it, treating the Chief at the same time with the respect due to his station, and affording him no pretext for an accusation of arrogance or undue interference. I remarked, with great pleasure, that, in addressing Thakombau, Mr. Calvert always made use of the term *Saka*, 'Sir,' a piece of courtesy as creditable to him as a gentleman and minister of religion to pay, as satisfactory to the Chief to receive. The ultimate success of such a course of policy, if pursued by all the members of the Mission towards a race attached to their Chiefs and fond of ceremonious politeness, and at the same time of a strong and discriminating intellect, seems certain, and must effect a great improvement, in the course of a few years, in the habits and civilization of this people." "I have more than once alluded, in my journal, to the judgment displayed by the Missionaries in dealing with this people, which has had the effect of inspiring an habitual feeling of respect towards them." "It would be a waste of time to dilate on the disinterestedness of the motives which have impelled men to face the horrors and dangers to which the Missionaries are exposed among the Fijis, or on their zeal, courage, and moderation with which they fulfil their self-imposed duties; nor could even those who deride their motives refuse to acknowledge that, without any reference to the question of religious truth, the effect of their residence and exertions has been to give a general feeling of confidence in the ordinary intercourse between the natives and foreigners, laying the foundation of a most extensive and valuable trade with these productive islands."

During the next month, another of her Majesty's ships, the "Daphne," visited Fiji, from the Pacific Station. The Commander, Captain E. G. Fanshawe, made special effort to bring the Rewan war to an end. He also followed up Captain Erskine's attempt to dissuade Thakombau from complying with custom, which would require the strangling of so many at his father's death. His letter to the Chief is here given:—

"H. B. M. S. DAPHNE,

At Sea, Oct. 10th, 1849.

"To TUI-VITI,—

"BEING NOW about to leave the Fiji Islands, I am led by an earnest desire for their

welfare, and also by a sincere esteem for yourself, to address a few words to you in the language of friendship.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ That Fiji may be blessed, and that you may be truly great, is the sincere wish of your true friend.

(Signed)

“ E. G. FANSHAWE, *Captain.*”

The visits of these ships of war, the Commanders of which so greatly helped the Missionaries in their work, were of incalculable advantage. Captain Erskine, after leaving the islands, wrote to the Missionaries and to the Chief, and sent Lieutenant Pollard, with a war schooner, to pay another visit. The Lieutenant kindly conveyed one of the Mission families to another Station, and interfered with prompt energy to prevent a fight and cannibal feasting during that visit of the Somosomo people which had been so much dreaded by the Missionaries. The decisive measures adopted, though not entirely successful, greatly diminished the customary amount of bloodshed and cannibalism on that occasion.

This year Mr. Calvert made the visitation tour in the "Wesley." At Nakorotumbu, things were discouraging. At Nairara, nine persons were baptized, and the priest was married during this visit. The district was wasted by war, which had destroyed the crops; and the sites of several towns lately burnt were pointed out. After an uneasy night in a house exposed to attack, Mr. Calvert started for Natokea, and, with much fatigue, reached the town, high up in the mountain, among craggy rocks, and overhung by steep cliffs. Here he found "the hump-backed boy of Natokea" sick, and baptized him, being greatly pleased with his earnestness. The people peeped over the rocks, but seemed afraid to come near; but they were at last gathered together, and listened to the Missionary. After this Mr. Calvert again joined the "Wesley," and sailed to Mba, where he found the Teachers suffering and labouring, but without much success, as the principal *lotu* Chief still continued a polygamist. About noon, Mr. Calvert started for Mbulu, the town of the head Chief, Vakambua, on a good dry road and under a scorching sun. On the journey he passed an unusually large yam-bed, a mile and a quarter long, which had a rich appearance. The yams were of a sort peculiar to Mba, called *vurai*, and come in season four months before the common kind. Their cultivation also is peculiar, as several successive crops are grown on the same land. The path lay through a rich plain of great extent, intersected by several tidal rivers, which sometimes overflow and add to the fertility of the land. After a few miles' walking, the Missionary had to pass over a bridge two hundred yards long, through mangrove bushes skirting the town, among which the water flowed at high tide. Mbulu is built in a swamp surrounded with mangroves, which form a good protection from hostile attack. The houses are of an inferior kind,—square, with conical roofs. Mr. Calvert waited to have an interview with the Chief, who, with his people, was out planting. He was received respectfully, but was forbidden to enter a temple, because, as he heard afterwards, no person might pass the door until a foreigner had been killed to revenge the death of one of their Chiefs, who had been shot some years before by an American trader. A fortnight before this visit, twenty-three persons had been killed, and dragged to this town. These brutal cannibals could not wait until they reached home and the victims were offered in due order, but cut pieces off and grilled and ate them on the road. Afterwards the whole of the bodies were divided and eaten. On learning these things, the Missionary felt thankful that he had passed safely from among such a people.

At Namole was a Chief named Ravato, who, with thirteen of his

people, had long professed Christianity, and still remained faithful according to his knowledge. He gathered a congregation of about a hundred persons in the open air, to whom Mr. Calvert declared the Gospel. Slender as was the acquaintance of the Chief with the religion which he professed, yet it was enough to cause him to oppose the evils he had once practised. While he and some Heathens were out fishing, a fishing-canoe was wrecked near, and the Heathens, according to Fiji custom, wished to kill those who escaped; but Ravato resolutely withstood them, saying that he was a Christian, and that it was unlawful to take away life. After visiting an American barque, and holding intercourse with savages who had never before been within sound of the Gospel, Mr. Calvert went to the island of Rotuma, and returned safely to Viwa.

In January, 1850, a reinforcement arrived. The Missionaries had appealed to the Wesleyans in New South Wales for help, and these had replied by sending Messrs. W. Moore and J. G. Millard, with their wives, all of whom reached Viwa, by the "Wesley" on the 23rd. On that day Mr. Calvert had arranged to try a Missionary Meeting, and had informed the white residents that they would now have an opportunity of doing something for the support of those Missions to which they owed many advantages. Captain Buck, of the "Wesley," presided at the meeting; and he, the whites, and the Missionaries contributed over £30. The natives, too, made a collection, consisting of 76 mats, 44 baskets, 3 bows with arrows, 7 pieces of sandal-wood, 16 fans, 62 very superior clubs, 1 pillow, 31 spears, 11 hand-clubs, 4 ladies' dresses, 3 pieces of native cloth, 5 water-vessels, 4 combs, and 1 pig. With such an auspicious commencement the newly-arrived Missionaries were much encouraged. The next day, on visiting Mbau, they had a glimpse of the darker side of Fijian life. They saw a cooked body; the hands and feet of another cut off for cooking; and the Chief's sister, whose nose had been cut off by her own brother, as punishment for unfaithfulness to her husband.

As yet, every effort to establish a Station at Mbau had failed. The place was frequently visited, and Thakombau had promised to build a Mission-house, confessing that Christianity was true, and would become universal in Fiji; but he must wait until peace was established by the conquest of all his enemies. Many of the people were becoming gradually enlightened and softened by what they heard from the Missionaries. They perished in war, or by disease, yet none dared to take the decisive step. At last, at the end of January, a Chief of highest rank, Na Yangondamu, the King's cousin, *lotued*. Mr. Calvert went to the

King, and begged that the act of his relative might not be hindered. Thakombau seemed irritated, and said, "Why do you not wait patiently for a short time, as I requested you, that I may settle my wars and become Christian, when all will follow? But you will not wait, but go about here, and there, and everywhere, and talk, talk at a great rate; and now actually one of our own family has become *lotu*. But he will not be followed." The King opposed the frequency of the Missionaries' visits from house to house, yet said: "Great is our mutual love; so your body must be allowed to go about, and your tongue to move."

At the end of February, the hope of the fulfilment of the King's promise was again deferred by war. On the 28th, he passed Viwa with a fleet of a hundred and twenty-nine canoes, to attack Verata, the head town of an adjoining district, between which and Mbau there had been for years a fierce struggle. While this expedition was setting up fences, hoping to starve the Veratans into submission, heavy rains fell, which compelled their return in a few days. On the Sunday the Christians at Viwa were disturbed, during worship, by the passing of the fleet with shouts and beating of the death-drum over one man who had been killed. The next day Mr. Calvert went to Mbau, and saw the cannibal oven just covered in. Hard by sat an old Chief making a basket, as was supposed, for the cooked flesh. He was either sulky or ashamed, and would not hold his head up, and all the people looked flat and miserable after their late drenching. Very soon a Verata Chief came by night to Viwa, and besought Elijah Verani to intercede at Mbau for his people. On the 8th of March, he and Mr. Calvert went across for this purpose, and begged Thakombau to spare the lives of the Veratans. He said to the Missionary: "I know you are here to make our land right; but do not interfere in this case: let me destroy this troublesome people, and we shall have rest." To Elijah he said: "You are no help to me now. Be no hindrance. Had you joined me in fighting, and desired peace, I should have granted your request. The reward of your not helping is the refusal of your request." The plea, however, was still urged, and, at last, the Chief consented to spare the lives of the Verata people, on condition that they would all remove to Viwa, and let their town be burnt. This was agreed to, and the day of removal fixed. Elijah borrowed three large canoes of the Chief, and several small vessels of foreigners; but when the time came, the people refused to leave. On the 26th of April, the Mbau army burnt Verata, and killed about nine persons, the rest escaping to the neighbouring town of Noloto. The King was elated by this achievement,

which his predecessors had sought in vain to accomplish; and the army were so flushed with their success, that, contrary to usual custom, they would not return home to celebrate their triumph, but invested Naloto, a town of much stronger position than Verata. A man of the place, in search of food, was killed, and the king ordered his people to bury the body, as he had done in several cases before. On the 30th, some of the besieged party came boldly beyond their fence, and fired on Mbauans, who, in return, shot one of them. A rush was made on both sides to get the body. Ngavindi ran forward to cheer his men, but ventured too near, and in retreating was shot in the back, gave a sudden leap, and fell. He was carried to his canoe, and there died. The loss of such a man so dispirited the King's army that he saw it was in vain to continue the conflict. The other party came out exulting; but night was at hand, and the huts and fences of the besiegers were forsaken in the night, and the other party found the ovens full of food, and abundance of uncooked stores ready to their hand. The fleet passed Viwa, this time, in sullen silence. Early in the morning Mr. Calvert and Elijah went to Mbau, to try to prevent the strangling of women on account of Ngavindi's death, but were too late. Three had just been murdered. Thakombau had proposed to strangle his sister, the chief wife of the deceased; but, as she was pregnant, the Lasakau people begged that she might be spared, that her child might become their Chief. Ngavindi's mother offered herself as a substitute, and was strangled. The dead Chief lay in state, with a dead wife by his side, on a raised platform; the corpse of his mother on a bier at his feet, and a murdered servant on a mat in the midst of the house. A large grave was dug in the foundation of a house near by, in which the servant was laid first, and upon her the other three corpses, wrapped and wound up together.

Though too late to save life, Mr. Calvert went to the King, whom he found quietly asleep, just after having strangled Ngavindi's mother. When he awoke, the Missionary reproved him faithfully for the deed; but he said it was the custom, and must be observed while they remained heathen. Still he was evidently made uneasy by the interview, and asked anxiously, what had become of Ngavindi's soul. He was told, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," and, for some time, seemed thoughtful. He then asked for the whale's teeth which had been brought to purchase the lives of the women. These were refused. After Mr. Calvert had gone the King said to the people around, "Ay! how the Missionaries labour to save life! They take any trouble and go anywhere for our salvation! And we are always trying to kill one

another! What a pity that he was too late! Had he been in time I would have spared Ngavindi's mother."

After this the priests and Chiefs at Mbau, being lifted up by their frequent victories, became more impatient of the growing power of religion among the people, and the services at Sembi and another place on the coast were forbidden. Still the work went on, and the discouragement at Mbau seemed to give new vigour to the Mission at Viwa. Every morning at six o'clock an advanced class was met for instruction in theology; the children's school assembled at nine, and the adults in the afternoon.

In November, the Mission staff was most efficiently strengthened by the arrival of the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse, son of the late devoted General Superintendent. His mind and heart were set on Fiji, and he refused to labour at home, resolving to devote himself to this Mission. After his arrival, he wrote thus to the General Secretaries: "It is with no ordinary feelings that I sit down to address you. I feel that I am on hallowed ground,—hallowed by the dust of the sainted Hunt, by the toils of the laborious Cross, by the earnest death-bed prayers of my venerated father, and by the precious blood of Jesus, now sprinkled on the hearts of many whose feet were once swift to shed blood, and whose deeds of darkness are too shameful to be narrated No one can tell how much your toil-worn servants, such as are to be found amongst my respected seniors in Fiji, placed as they are in the front of the great battle-field, need sympathy and sustaining aid. . . . We can, if Providence permits, live, or rather exist, without the bread to which we have been accustomed from our youth,—to us indeed, in this land, the bread of life; but we cannot leave Fiji to perish. We can die for want of proper nourishment, and leave our bodies to be dishonoured by a stone-hearted nation; but we cannot, we dare not, we *will not*, by the grace of God, leave poor, cannibal, priest-ridden, and bloody Fiji to perish."

Never did a more ready labourer enter upon his work than Mr. Waterhouse at Fiji, being willing to go anywhere, and do anything, so that he might be useful.

While Mr. and Mrs. Calvert hailed with delight the coming of so valuable a helper, their hearts were made very sad; for the "Wesley," in which Mr. Waterhouse came, also brought intelligence that their firstborn child, Mary, whom they had sent to England, had arrived there safely, and died. Let it only be said here, that the child had learned to walk with God, and that the confidence of the Gospel shed

light into the darkness of those smitten ones : for the rest, *such* a sorrow is too sacred to be exposed here.*

About twenty miles from Viwa, and within the Viwa circuit, is a very important island called OVALAU. Its central position, with a good harbour and anchorage, has made it the chief resort of such ships as visit the group. The principal entrance is on the east, opposite Levuka, the chief town, and the residence of those foreigners who have, from time to time, stayed in Fiji. These men lived with native women, built boats, made chests, planted food, and traded with the natives for biche-de-mar, turtle shell, coaconut oil, and arrow-root, which they sold for articles of barter to vessels principally from America. Several of them chartered their small schooners, and hired themselves to these trading vessels. In May, 1839, Messrs. Cargill and Calvert anchored off Levuka, having been driven there in one of these boats, which they chartered to visit Ono and Rewa. While wind-bound for a fortnight, they were kindly received by the whites, and preached to them on the Sabbath. In 1840, a piece of ground was purchased of the King of Levuka, and given to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, by Mr. R. Russell Waldren, Purser of the United States Exploring Expedition. The number of resident foreigners having increased, to whom forty women belonged, with many half-caste children, they applied for Native Teachers to reside among them. Mr. Cross took two Teachers in September, 1841, who were kindly received, and to whom the whites gave up a house for their residence, and another to be used for school and preaching. Mr. Cross's health did not allow him to visit this large and populous island, as he desired.

Mr. Hunt, on his arrival at Viwa in 1842, felt it his duty to pay special attention to the whites, who were also disposed to receive instruction, and alter their manner of life. He frequently visited Ovalau, and preached in the English language. These foreigners now began to observe the Christian Sabbath, and to wear much better clothes; and some who had been accustomed to go barefoot, procured shoes. Several of them selected one of their women, to whom they were married; and, in some cases, proved faithful to the bond. They were industrious; and, at that time, ships had not tempted them by bringing larger supplies of spirits. There were several partnerships in small decked sailing boats, in which they sailed about to most parts of Fiji to purchase turtle-shell and other articles. These boats were very useful for the procuring of pigs and vegetables for their owners, as these arti-

* *Flower from Feejee.* Mason.

cles became scarce at Ovalau, where so many made them their chief diet. Hence it became necessary for the settlers to have some share in a boat, and thus they formed partnerships. The leading firm was that of Messrs. David Whippy, (an American,) William Simpson, (English ship-builder,) and William Cusick (Irish blacksmith). William Miller, an English ship-builder, afterwards joined. This firm owned the largest schooner—about twenty tons—which they built themselves. James Watkin, an old resident, was connected with this firm, and exercised considerable influence among the whites, as the settlement rose. He became severely afflicted, and resided for a length of time with Mr. Hunt, at Viwa, where he obtained religion, and became a very happy man. In the midst of the most severe sufferings, which kept him awake most of the night, he was patient, and exulted in the Saviour's love. Mr. Hunt cheerfully paid him all attention, and the whites from Ovalau were constant in their kind consideration of his case as long as he lived. His native wife was a pattern of diligent care for her afflicted husband. This affair brought the Missionary and the whites into a closer and more friendly intimacy; and Mr. Hunt's extreme kindness and deep concern for their welfare and that of their families endeared him much to them, and gave him considerable influence. They were very ready to allow their wives to meet in Class, and to encourage and help the Teachers with the children. Mr. Hunt, seeing that the half-caste children would become an influential class in Fiji, and that they could not have necessary attention from their parents, and could not be managed by the native Teachers, took five of the boys to Viwa, where he taught them English, and tried to raise them by a good education and training. He, while employed in his study, had them at desks by his side, and paid all the attention he could to them. These lads were thereby much better fitted as interpreters on board of ships, and they have been active, vigorous, and influential; but none of them having become religious, they have not as yet repaid the labour bestowed upon them, or realized the hopes of their kind teacher. Some of the half-caste girls have been married to white residents; but, generally, this class is intermarrying; and hence will arise a considerable race of quadroons, who with their parents and grandfathers, are likely to take a prominent part in Fiji.

In May, 1844, an event occurred which greatly interfered with the prospects of the white residents on Ovalau. A white man at Rewa was known to have taken part with the Chiefs with whom he resided in the war with Mbau. In voyaging to the windward group, he suffered ship-

wreck at the isle of Thithia, and had to return to Lakemba, where he remained at the Mission-house. On the report of his wreck reaching Levuka, a party of whites sailed immediately to Thithia, hoping to be able to purchase anchors and other articles from the wreck, that would be useful in the building of their vessels. The natives of Thithia, having not only taken all, but having also killed one of the crew, could not be prevailed upon to go off to the Ovalau boat. As nothing could be obtained, the men went on to Lakemba, where they knew that the white man from Rewa remained. He, knowing the position in which they stood with the Mbau Chief, was most anxious to get to Rewa. The whites from Ovalau knew their man, who was as much disliked by them as by the natives. They said they sympathized with him; but, as their taking him to Rewa would be offensive to Thakombau, under whom they resided at Ovalau, they feared to give him a passage. But their voyage had been unproductive; and he offered a liberal payment if they would convey him and his two native women, and put them down in the Rewa dominions. They consented to do so. Thakombau, having heard of the wreck of this man,—while conveying to Lakemba one of his father's wives who had run away, and who was thus sent from Rewa to try to induce Lakemba to revolt from Mbau,—sent a large canoe after him to take him to Mbau, in order to make inquiry into the grounds of his engaging in Fijian wars; but the canoe was too late. Thakombau was vexed with the whites of Ovalau for conveying the man to Rewa, knowing, as they did, how active a part he had taken in the wars. It appears, also, that the young Chief of Levuka had got tired of the supremacy of the whites in his town, and was uneasy about the extent of territory they had gained by purchase; and, forgetful of the constant gifts he received from them, he sought their removal, thinking he should gain some advantages thereby. He also feared the Mbau Chief, whose authority stood very high at that time. All whites were ordered to depart speedily from the town of Levuka. They made offerings, asking to be allowed to remain; but their pleadings and property were disregarded. They applied to Mr. Hunt, who deeply sympathized with them, and readily interceded with all earnestness with Thakombau to allow them to remain at Ovalau; but he was inexorable. Had they removed to Rewa, it is probable that their influence, joined to Rewa, would have told effectually against Mbau; but that could not be foreseen at the time, as Mbau was victorious, and held extensive and powerful dominion in Fiji. New difficulties would also have arisen had they attempted to remove to the dominions of the enemy. They resolved to locate in a friendly part of Vanua Levu.

The sacrifice to them was very great. Years of hard toil were lost, and they had to commence the world afresh. Messrs. Whippy and Co. were the principal losers, having to leave the frame of a large vessel, which they were building to sail to the Australian colonies. This firm—joined by some other white residents—kindly gave their time to erect a wooden house at Viwa for Mr. Hunt, in which he died, and which has been very useful ever since.

Their new residence at Solevu was very inconvenient for intercourse with ships visiting Fiji, on which they mainly depended. The situation also proved unhealthy. They longed to be back to Levuka, with its delightful streams, shingle beach, and good harbour, easy of access. The young Chiefs of Levuka and Mbau had both found out the inconvenience of not having the white men's property at hand: so that, on application being made to allow them to return, permission was readily granted. In visiting Ovalau in 1849, shortly after their return, Mr. Calvert was pleased to observe the great improvement manifest since he remained with them for a fortnight ten years previously. He had a good congregation at the English service. The wives had made progress in reading, and some of them were consistent church-members. Their children were numerous. There were also many orphans belonging to white men who had died, or left the islands. These children were adopted by the white residents, and brought up as their own. The foreigners were anxious to have a Missionary or Schoolmaster, that their children might be educated, and offered to contribute towards the expense. Conscious of the importance of paying attention to these people, and especially to the education of their children, who were rising up to act a conspicuous and influential part in Fiji, an appeal was made to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England for a Missionary, or trained Schoolmaster who was a Local Preacher, to labour among them. In the meantime, in May, 1850, another Native Teacher was supplied from Viwa, a man of an excellent spirit, who was fully devoted to the work, and who laboured with great zeal, acceptance, and success. The piety of the women improved, and many of them proved faithful wives. Some of them rendered essential service as Teachers in the schools, and some of the more established became Class-leaders. The Chief of Levuka, however, was vexed with the white men for receiving this Teacher, and said that, if they did not send him away, he himself would leave Levuka. He soon, however, became reconciled to his remaining; and shortly after, with several of his people, abandoned Heathenism, opened his house for preaching, and sent to Viwa for a Missionary to reside in his town, so that the Teachers might be spared for other places under his

government. This additional encouragement to Mission labourers on this large and fine island, with two Missionaries at Viwa, led the Missionaries to pay more frequent visits, going even to the people of Lavoni, the wild mountaineers of a large inland district, who once had burnt the town of Levuka, and were feared by the whites, as well as by all the natives on the coast. A mountaineer Chief of high rank became nominally Christian, and desired Paul Vea, the Tongan Teacher,—who was residing in a village on the coast, subject to Lavoni,—to become his teacher. In urging Paul to go, he promised to feed him well; and, as an inducement, waving his hand round towards the towns belonging to Lavoni, promised him plenty of snakes, saying, “All those parts are subject to us; and will bring you and me abundance of snakes to eat with our vegetables.” Paul intimated that the offer was not likely to entice him from the coast, as he did not desire such diet. “Ah!” said the Chief, “they are excellent food; superior to pork, or fish, or fowls.” Living so far from the sea, the mountaineers seldom obtain fish to eat; but they enjoy snakes as a substitute.

While the prospect at Ovalau was thus brightening, a great darkness fell on another part of the Circuit. On Vanua Levu war was fiercely waged round about Nandi and Mbua, and Messrs. Williams and Moore were exposed to great danger, as the war was avowedly against the *lotu*, and, there was too much reason to fear, was known and allowed at Mbau. If it succeeded, it would be but a signal to call into furious action the suppressed passions of those, throughout Fiji, who were opposed to Christianity, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to attempt its destruction. Feeling the importance of the crisis, Mr. Calvert, accompanied again by the good Elijah Verani, went to Thakombau, and asked him to save the Missionaries, and stop the war. The Chief seemed in a capital humour, but said very decisively that he would have nothing to do with it. He was reminded of his promise to Captain Erskine, to protect the Missionaries; but still he refused, saying, “I shall not protect them; and I rejoice that you have now a fight of your own. When I ask you *lotu* people to help me in war, you say, ‘No; it is not lawful for Christians to fight!’ and here are we breaking our backs by steering our canoes, catching dysentery by sleeping abroad in the dews and rains, and being shot in great numbers, whilst the Christians sit quietly at home all the time. Now, you have a fight of your own; and I am glad of it! Besides, *I hate your Christianity.*” “I know,” replied the Missionary, “that you hate religion. I knew it before leaving England; and have long known that, everywhere, ‘the carnal mind is enmity

against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be:’ so that I should have been altogether surprised, had I found you not hating religion.” With a sneer the King said, “O yes! of course *you know everything!* However, at any rate, I shall not stop the fight: and I rejoice that you *lotu* people are compelled to fight, as well as we; and I hate your Christianity.” “Well,” said Mr. Calvert, “seeing you do hate it, what are you going to do with it? Do you intend to stop its progress?” “No,” was the answer, “I cannot do that. I know that it is true, and the work of God, and that we shall all become Christian. But, in the mean time, I delight in you Christians being compelled to engage in war as well as we.”

News soon came that the danger was increased; whereupon Mr. Calvert persuaded some Tongans who were visiting at Mbau, to take him in their large canoe to Mbua, and Nandi, that he might try to bring about peace, or, if necessary, remove the Mission families. Between Nandi and Mbua they called at a Christian settlement which was threatened with an attack; and the Tongans were left here, with a strict injunction not to go near the enemy’s position, while Mr. Calvert crossed inland to Mbua, hoping to prevail on a heathen Chief there at least to remain neutral. Everything on the road told of war. Destroyed bananas, felled bread-fruit trees, and the black ruins of burnt villages were on every hand. Part of the way the Missionary had to wade knee-deep through mud, and, passing safely, was thankful to get within the Mission-house, at Mbua. He and Mr. Williams soon found that nothing could be done with the King of Mbua, who, though avowedly neutral, was in communication with the enemy, with whom his heathen prejudices led him, at heart, to side; and there was cause to fear that, in the event of their success, he would openly join them in the effort to uproot Christianity. Things looked very gloomy, when, the next day, a messenger came to say that some of the Tongans had gone to view the enemy’s position, and get food, when an engagement took place, in which two of them were slain, and one of the bodies dragged away by the enemy, several of whom were wounded, and four killed and dragged into the town. Word was at once sent to the Christians not to allow the Heathens among them to eat the bodies, but to return them to the enemy and claim the dead Tongan. The exchange was made without any fighting, and the body of one of the Tongans sent in a schooner to Mbau for burial, accompanied by another prayer for Thakombau’s interference. The King was now ashamed, and, being uneasy at seeing that his Tongan visitors were involved, sent a Chief to the seat of war, and arranged a nominal peace.

This occurrence made the Missionaries feel more deeply than ever the necessity of increasing the influence of Christianity at Mbau, not only for the advantage of the people there, but for the benefit of the entire group. On the occasion of some Christians visiting Mbau, the King had granted the use of one of his houses as a place of worship; and for some time after the strangers had left, service was held here regularly, even by native preachers, without molestation. But the evident spread of the truth awakened renewed jealousy, and one day, while Mr. Waterhouse was preaching, the house trembled under a heavy discharge of stones, which were thrown by order of the King, who came, the next morning, to Viwa, and apologized, saying that he thought it was a native who was preaching, and that he had never given permission for the services to be continued after the people left for whose accommodation they were first held. After this, though the annoyances did not wholly cease, yet the Sabbath services were allowed to proceed, and, notwithstanding his opposition in other particulars, Thakombau permitted his favourite little son to profess Christianity, and he came regularly to the religious services with his attendants, clothed in *lotu* dress. For a time, too, there was preaching in the house of one of the Chiefs of the Fishermen; but his superior Chief, though friendly to the Missionaries, became alarmed at the interest excited among his people, and put a stop to the service.

Again the offer was made for one of the two Viwa Missionaries to reside at Mbau; and this time the application for a site for the Mission house was granted on the mainland opposite, which was, in many respects, the best position, as the island itself is small, crowded, and badly supplied with water. Both Thakombau and his aged father promised to erect a dwelling-house and other necessary buildings, and it seemed that at last the long wished for position was gained. But before the work was commenced, the time came for an attack upon Nakelo, the stronghold of the Rewa party. The King had made sure of the help of traitors inside the town, and all was excitement in preparing for the expedition. These times of preparation for war were always marked by more than ordinary attention to heathen observances; and, that he might have the opportunity of exposing the vanity of the people's hope, and of moving Thakombau to be merciful in case of victory, Mr. Calvert resolved to go and reside at Mbau during the three days previous to the setting out of the army. Thakombau made the Missionary welcome to his house, gave him a comfortable sleeping-place, treated him with all respect, and supplied him with abundance of good food during his stay. The King spoke derisively of the dreams of the priest, and

asked Mr. Calvert to lecture one of the fraternity who sat in the house, not allowing the Missionary to sit on the floor in the attitude of submission. This gave a good opportunity for setting forth the truth, and all present paid great attention.

Thakombau urged the Missionary to witness the ceremonies at the temple, offering, as an inducement, the assurance that the Priest would have a paroxysm of holy shaking. The King opposed the wish of the orthodox old Heathens to have the usual large supplies of food prepared. Early in the morning, several priests assembled in the area at the foot of Na Vata-ni-Tawake, the chief temple, seating themselves in order on the flags. The King and Mr. Calvert went together. Thakombau went first to his small family temple, where a kind-looking old man was waiting. A principal messenger of the Chief, seated before the priest, offered a root of *yaqona*, and called upon the god for protection and success. The priest was surprised to see the Missionary, and had some difficulty in commencing his address. With a little excitement, he promised protection, but would not undertake to destroy. The Chief then said: "Yes, you have always protected us; that we expect. But now we require the destruction of our enemies. We have renewed your fences, and made special offerings to you; and we now look to you for extra proof of your concern for us, by revenging our insults." The mild old man would not, however, give promises of greater success; but requested that any offerings for peace might be accepted. They then proceeded to the gathering at the principal temple. When Mr. Calvert reached the foot of the steps, the high priest came down, having many folds of native cloth wrapped round him, and accosted him very pompously, saying, "Why have *you* come? Do you think I shall refrain from making promises because you are here?" The Missionary gave the priest's hand a shake and spoke in friendly tones to him, whereupon he returned and seated himself in the centre of the row of priests. Mr. Calvert sat in an elevated position, where every eye was upon him, as all knew for what purpose he had come; and many suspected that the King shared the Missionary's feelings about the whole affair.

Presently an old Chief, the principal cannibal, advanced, bearing on his shoulder a root of green *yaqona*. He appealed to the gods, to help them to destroy their enemies and avenge the grievances which he described. In a few minutes the high priest was seized with trembling, which increased in violence, until he seemed convulsed, and in danger of suffocation. Then the god, through the lips of the priest, proclaimed his advent, and every head-dress was doffed, and all ornaments stripped from the persons of the spectators. Thakombau, not wishing

to join in this demonstration, as he would have been obliged to do had he been visible, had quietly slipped into a small temple at the foot of the steps. This annoyed the priest, or rather the god, who forthwith cried out, "Where is Thakombau? I don't see him! Why does he not make his appearance? And why has he brought this foreigner? His unbelief leads him to act in this way. But I have conquered many places, and I shall still be victorious, being the god of war."

The ceremony closed without anything more remarkable, and the expedition started, certain of success; but, in spite of preconcerted treachery, they had to retreat hastily, with a priest and several others wounded. The special offerings had failed, and the old system proved false again, whereby its hold on the people was loosened, and fresh vantage-ground given to the teachers of the truth. There were many signs of this lessening power of the old religion. During the absence of the army on the late expedition, food was frequently eaten without the customary offering to the gods; and when he returned, Thakombau declared his intention of taking the priest to task for his false prediction. It was strange that this man, who opposed the establishment of Christianity, should reprove openly those who spoke against it; yet such was repeatedly the case. Once, when speaking to the Missionaries about the giving up of their Station at Somosomo, he said, "Had you continued to labour at Somosomo till now, which you ought to have done, as self-denying and persevering Missionaries, the people would have been softened down, and brought to like Christianity."

During Mr. Calvert's three days' stay at Mbau, he was thrown much into the company of Mara, the reputed brother of the King. This man exercised a powerful influence in favour of Mbau, in some parts of Fiji. He professed to be a Christian; but the profession was unsupported by his conduct, any further than his abandonment of heathen customs. While conversing one evening with him in the King's house, in the presence of a large company, Mr. Calvert said that it would take a large book to enter all the lies told by the priests during the war which was still unsettled. Mara shrewdly caught the remark, and forthwith published it to the company with his own emendations. "Mr. Calvert says it would take *eight* large books to enter all the lies the priests have told during the war." In answer to the close inquiries of the Missionary, Mara said, "My religion threatens to go quite out, and then it revives again, and is not likely to be extinguished: it is not like the religion of some, blazing up, or rushing on with great violence and fuss, and then altogether ceasing; but it goes on gently and steadily." This was said with a knowing sort of seriousness that was irresistibly droll.

One evening Mr. Calvert proposed to fetch his magic-lantern, for the amusement of the people, and accepted Mara's offer to take him to Viwa in a canoe, as he thought that, on the way, he might get a chance of more closely talking to this remarkable man. The Missionary was no stranger to Mara, but had long proved his earnest concern for his salvation, and could now say what he liked to him. On this occasion, he complained, "Mara, I pity myself in not being made useful to you. There are very few persons in England who have such opportunities as you. People generally are not so faithfully dealt with as you have been, and laboured for year after year; and yet you remain in your sins, and I am afraid will be tormented body and soul in hell for ever." Mara put on a look of astonishment. "Ah, Mr. Calvert, you speak too strongly! Why, I am persecuted for my Christianity!" This was, to some extent, true. He discountenanced the heathen ceremonies, and bade his people pray when they were in danger at sea. Even this light was troublesome to the dark souls at Mbau; and Mara made no friends by his religion. Still he was far from living well, and Mr. Calvert went on: "The fact is, Mara, you are not saved from your sins; and if you live and die as you are, you will be lost for ever." Putting on the injured look again, he rejoined: "Well, you should not speak thus to me. I confess I often feel discouraged myself: my Christianity is not much—not more than that:" and he held his finger in his hand so as to show only the tip. "It sinks down and down,"—looking hard at his finger-tip, as it almost disappeared,—"and sometimes I think it is going away altogether: but I say to myself,"—looking still harder at his finger—"No, there it is! the little morsel is still left!" And then war rises or affliction comes, and it is increased, and, little as it is, *it keeps me from killing people*. When I get angry, and feel prompted to kill, then I am afraid of the future and am restrained." It was often a cause of wonder to the Missionaries that this man should espouse the cause of religion in any way; for he had been notoriously wicked, and still remained in sin. Yet, it was quite true, that his "little morsel" of religion had kept him from killing hundreds; for, in his past life, no one's club struck more quickly or with less provocation than Mara's. Once when a canoe-party vexed him, he ran them down at sea with his larger canoe and killed seven. For such a man to be restrained at all, was a cause of thankfulness; but he was far from right, and gave the Missionaries great anxiety and trouble.

Their recent reverses had but led the people at Mbau to the more eager pursuit of war, and to this everything had to yield. While heathen temples were being rebuilt with new zeal, in the hope of pro-

pitiated the gods who had deceived them, they had but little time or inclination to erect a Mission-house; so the hope of an establishment here was again deferred.

In July, Fiji was visited by the United States sloop of war, the "St. Mary's," commanded by Captain G. A. Magruder. When he addressed the people—as he did everywhere, in the King's house, temple, on board his ship—on the truth and excellence of religion, they wondered at his earnestness. The Queen of Rewa exclaimed, "O! is he a Christian?" "O, yes!" he replied; "tell her, religion is too good a thing for me to neglect it."

The Captain made Thakombau wince, as he urged him not to carry out the strangling custom at his father's death. He appealed to the Chief's conscience with searching fidelity, and asked him to think of his going to the final judgment with the blood of those women to account for to God. Thakombau felt keenly, and replied that he should not forget the warning; but that so great a man as Tanoa must not die unattended;—it would be a disgrace throughout Fiji.

Captain Magruder met the half-caste children at Ovalau, and addressed them. They kindly gave presents of Fijian curiosities to the Captain, who presented them with various useful articles. He also met the whites, and strongly urged them to resist from drinking, and to try to maintain the good report which had been circulated of them. He besought them to seek religion, and to be helpful to the Missionaries. The impression made by this visit in favour of Christianity was deep and lasting. The ship was remarkably clean, and everything in admirable order. His officers, too, were religious, and a Sunday school was conducted on board. On Sundays Captain Magruder read prayers and a sermon with the officers and men. While Mr. Calvert was on board the large Bible was presented to him, with a request that he would read and pray before retiring to rest. On the Sabbath he was invited to preach on board, to a large, well-dressed, and well-behaved congregation. The New Testament and other books were read on deck. Before the Act for the suppression of flogging had passed Congress, the men on board the "St. Mary's" had been managed without the infliction of that cruel punishment. Only forty of the men on board continued to take their allowance of grog, which was only half the quantity formerly served out. It was most gratifying to meet with this intelligent and thoroughly Christian gentleman, maintaining good principles on board a ship of war, beseeching the natives who were Christian to hold fast the blessed religion which they had obtained, and advising and entreating the Heathen to abandon Heathenism, and seek salvation.

This commander compared favourably with Commander Petigru, who had been in Fiji in the previous February and March, in the United States ship of war, the "Falmouth." He was from the Southern States, was an owner of slaves, and had but little sympathy with the coloured race. Yet, as he became more acquainted with the Fijians, he was surprised and pleased with them; and, when not overpowered with whiskey, addressed them with intelligence and force. But the effects of the visits of the two ships on the minds of the reflecting Chiefs and people were widely different, and the striking contrast will long be remembered.

In September, a Roman Catholic Bishop arrived in Fiji with Priests. He was anxious to land one at Mbau or Viwa. The people feared and hated Popery, and would not receive the Priests. At Viwa the Bishop intrigued with the American Consul to land a Priest, against the express request of the Chiefs; but the design got wind, and was frustrated.

This caused the issue of the usual threat of a ship of war. His Lordship had managed better at Ovalau, by landing at a blacksmith's shop a carpenter, or brother, or student, with goods belonging to the Priest whom he hoped to smuggle ashore at Viwa or Mbau. The goods had been received at Ovalau with the understanding that they and the man should be removed in a few days. But the Bishop was not going to remove his foot after once getting it in; so, having failed elsewhere, he managed to settle the Priest with a white man who owned some land at a village adjoining Levuka.

The schoolmaster for Levuka, for whom application had been made to England, had not yet arrived, and the Native Teachers were hardly able to meet the new system of Popery. As it was impossible to get a Station at Mbau for the present, Mr. Waterhouse removed to Ovalau towards the end of 1851, and began his arduous labours among the whites, with their numerous connexions, and the natives of the island. In the following May, Mr. Binner, a trained Schoolmaster and Local Preacher, arrived with his wife. He found a good school of about eighty half-caste children, which had been organized by Mr. Waterhouse. Mr. Binner at once entered upon his duties, and has laboured with great diligence and acceptance in the school, the number having been doubled since his arrival. The children, both male and female, have made encouraging progress; but the boys have been too soon removed from the school, in order to help their parents or guardians in work at home, or, more generally, in sailing about Fiji in small schooners for trading. This is cause of deep regret, as the boys are capable of becoming educated. However, Mr. Binner's services are still afforded; and, though

not strong, he labours assiduously with pleasing success. A promise had been given that Mr. Binner's expenses should be met on the spot; but they fell almost entirely on the Missionary Society; for the white men, though working hard, were poor, and most of them subject to the temptation of spending in drink what should have gone to educate their children. Mr. Binner has preached regularly in English to the whites and occasionally to the natives; and labours in every way to do good to all within his reach. Since the Missionary left Ovalau in 1853, this important position and Station, where ships of war and trading vessels are frequently at anchor, has been under the charge of Mr. Binner, who is the only foreign Protestant Missionary Agent on the island.

In May, 1852, Mr. Watsford returned to Fiji, after having been compelled to leave on account of Mrs. Watsford's health. He now began his work again with all his characteristic vigour, at Viwa, where he established an infant school, which was attended by more than eighty children, and excited great astonishment among the Mbau people. Thakombau was delighted to see what Fijian children could learn, and how well they understood many things which Mr. Watsford had taught them.

Mr. Watsford's stay was short, as his beloved wife sank again so rapidly as to make his departure necessary. But while he was at Viwa, his ministry was very successful in quickening the Christians and alarming the Heathen, who were roused to thoughtfulness by his earnest and startling appeals. He also paid close attention to the revision of the New Testament, a large edition of which was printed while he remained.

During this time, too, there happened the long looked for and much dreaded event, the death of the old Mbau King, Tanoa. Fijian custom demanded that many of the wives of so powerful a King should be strangled, to honour him, and accompany him to another world. Sometimes the Missionaries almost hoped that their efforts, so powerfully backed by the warnings of several Captains of English and American ships of war, would prevail with Thakombau, and lead to the omission of this tragical observance. If, on so signal an occasion,—the most remarkable, perhaps, that could have occurred,—the established custom were broken through, the good effect would be felt throughout Fiji; but, if after all efforts it were persisted in, no wonder the Missionaries feared the bitter effects of such a notorious failure, tending, as it must, to draw more closely those bonds of evil which they had worked so long and so hard to loosen. The importance of the crisis urged them to greater exertion and more earnest prayer. They promised, as a redemption for the women, ten whales' teeth, weighing upwards of

twenty pounds; and Mr. Calvert, in Fijian style, offered to have a finger cut off, if their lives might be spared. As the old King rapidly weakened, the Missionaries became more importunate in their pleadings with his son, and more frequently warned him of the enormity of the crime he purposed; while they showed him, as he acknowledged that they were right, that he had now the very best possible opportunity of overthrowing, by one act of his great power, and in the face of all Fiji, one of the most horrible institutions that cursed his people. While Thakombau fully acknowledged the truth and justice of what they said, they could draw no promise from him. He was conscious, in his ambition and pride, that he stood on an elevation of power higher than any Chief had reached before; and that consciousness made him cling more jealously to every point of native honour and dignity, however his own convictions might lead in an opposite direction. On one occasion he reproved a Chief who found fault with the interference of the Missionaries, saying that they were right in what they did, and even telling them to persevere in their efforts. The intended victims were already known, and Thakombau desired the Missionaries to visit them. They did so, and found them apparently resolved to die.

On the 6th of December, Mr. Calvert was called away to Ovalau, by intelligence of sickness in the Mission family there. The next day Mr. Watsford went to Mbau alone, and found all the women at the King's house weeping. The selected victims were pointed out, with their friends weeping over them; and he warned them faithfully of the punishment that awaited the wicked in another world; to which one of them boldly answered, "Who fears hell-fire? We shall jump in there the day the King dies." Passing into the principal house, he was still more shocked to see Thakombau's wife and some more women preparing the dresses for the others to wear on the day of their death, whereby he knew that some were to be sacrificed. Mr. Watsford went at once to the young King, and found him among his assembled Chiefs, where, once more, the solemn warnings were faithfully spoken; but in vain. The Missionary then returned to Viwa, but soon crossed over again to Mbau, where he remained till midnight, trying to save the women. Before leaving, he backed his last appeal by offering the new whale-boat belonging to the Mission, twenty muskets, and all his own personal property; but still in vain. Early the next morning, he went back to Mbau, and found that Tanoa was dead. Hastening on to the house where he lay, Mr. Watsford saw six biers standing at the door, from which he knew that *five* victims, at least, were to accompany their dead lord to the grave.

Within the house the work of death was begun. One woman was already strangled, and the second was kneeling with covered head, while several men on either side were just pulling the cord which wound round her neck, when the Missionary stood on the threshold, heart-sick and faint at the ghastly sight. Soon the woman fell dead. Mr. Watsford knew her. She had professed Christianity, and shrunk from death, asking to go to prayer. But when the fatal moment came, she rose when called, and, passing the old King's corpse, spat on it, saying, "Ah, you old wretch! I shall be in hell with you directly!" The third was now called for, when Thakombau caught sight of the Missionary, and, trembling with fear, looked at him in agony, and cried out, "What about it, Mr. Watsford?" Mr. Watsford, with great difficulty answered, "Refrain Sir! That is plenty. Two are dead. Refrain;—I love them!" The Chief replied, "We also love them. They are not many,—only five. But for you Missionaries many more would have been strangled." Just then the third victim approached, who had offered to die instead of her sister, who had a son living. She had sat impatiently; and, on hearing her name, started up instantly. She was a fine woman, of high rank, and wore a new *liku*. Looking proudly around on the people seated in the apartment, she pranced up to the place of death, offering her hand to Mr. Watsford, who shrank back in disgust. When about to kneel, she saw that they were going to use a shabby cord, and haughtily refused to be strangled, except with a new cord. All this time the assembly gazed at her with delight, gently clapping their hands, and expressing, in subdued exclamations, their admiration of her beauty and pride. She then bid her relatives farewell, and knelt down, with her arms round one of her friends. The cord was adjusted, and the large covering thrown over her; and while the men strained the cord, a lady of rank pressed down the head of the poor wretch, who died without a sound or struggle. Two more followed. Throughout the terrible scene there was no noise or excitement; but a cheerful composure seemed to possess every one there, except Thakombau, who was much excited, and evidently making a great effort to act his murderous part before the face of God's messenger. He ordered that one of the victims should live; but she refused; and her own son helped the King and the rest to strangle her. Mr. Watsford, by painful effort, stayed to the last, protesting against the heartless butchery, which he and his brethren had so long striven to prevent.

So died Tanoa, Vunivalu and Chief of Mbau, and such were the obsequies of the man who had that day ended an unusually long life,

throughout which he had been an unchanged cannibal ; and he perished in his sins.

Thakombau now succeeded to the title of Vu-ni-valu, although he had been actually supreme for some years. For some time he had been styled Tui Viti, King of Fiji, a distinction which, though really unfounded, he and his people worked to advantage. The King's ambition was insatiable. Hearing that Kamehameha, the King of the Sandwich Islands, and King George of Tonga, each possessed a ship of his own, Thakombau set his heart upon being similarly distinguished. Wishing for a vessel larger than the schooners built by the whites in Fiji, he, after several unsuccessful attempts with others, requested Captain Wallis of Salem, an old trader to Fiji, to procure him a good vessel from America, for which he agreed to pay one thousand piculs of biche-de-mar. The King became very impatient for the appearance of the vessel. The object of his desire becoming known in New South Wales, several persons there, hoping for a good speculation, offered to supply him. After waiting some time, he asked Mr. Calvert to write to Sydney for him, to order a ketch which had been offered to him. He was reminded of his American engagement, but said that the promised time for its fulfilment had passed, and further, that he was well able to purchase both the vessels. Mr. Calvert questioned his ability to raise so large a payment ; upon which the King appealed to Elijah of Viwa, who said he thought enough might be procured. The Missionary warned them that the people were getting less willing than ever to submit to these heavy and despotic imposts, from which they themselves gained no advantage. He also talked to Elijah in private, and asked him to dissuade Thakombau from his purpose ; but both were confident of success, and the bargain for the ketch was struck for five hundred piculs of biche-de-mar. In August, 1851, she was sent down by William Owen, Esq., of Adelaide, who, soon after followed in a large brigantine, intending to carry the biche-de-mar to China and take a cargo of tea and sugar back to Australia. Thakombau and Elijah set to work diligently to levy the necessary contributions, and canoes and other property were presented to independent tribes to obtain their assistance. But before any progress was made, a fine new vessel of seventy-six tons, named the "Thakombau," arrived from America, according to the previous engagement, and Captain Wallis followed in a large barque, in September. Mr. Owen, after a vexatious and expensive delay of several weeks, could not get one-third of the promised payment ; and the King, now that he had another and larger vessel, gave up the ketch, and asked for the value of the biche-

de-mar already supplied, in ammunition. But he had to submit to Mr. Owen's just claim on account of great expense caused by the breach of contract, and was told, to his chagrin, that he ought to pay even more than this to remunerate Mr. Owen for his heavy loss. This failure lowered the King's influence, and Rewa began to gain ground, while new enemies ventured to rise elsewhere. As yet, however, his position was safe, as his stores of war material were considerable, and his foes chiefly at a distance, and not likely to act on the offensive.

Applying himself to the awkward task of paying for the American vessel, Thakombau had bags made to hold the biche-de-mar, and sent them up and down among the different islands, which he himself visited in the new vessel, greatly enjoying this novel and dignified mode of travelling. The Captain in command became impatient, and wished to be released from such profitless employment. Tui Viti, however, had not got full gratification, and wished to be taken to other parts. Anxious to commence trading, Captain Goodridge informed him that he could not spend his time in sailing about. In reply, the Chief said, "I wish first to be taken about to see my friends; and if you object, you can go and make the best you can of your vessel. I am not very anxious to possess her. For what purpose do I require her? It is merely a fancy of mine, to desire to have a vessel, because no other Fijian has one. Our great desire, as Fijians, is to have plenty of food and rest. We wish to work a little; go to bathe; come home and eat; lie down to sleep; and then go for a stroll. This I can do, as I am now: but, when I become owner of the vessel you have brought, I shall be full of anxious concern as to how I am to get her worked, and how and where I am to get ropes, and paint, and sails. As I am, I am comfortable: then I shall always be uneasy. So, if you are disposed to accommodate me before I get the purchase, you can do so, and I will try to fulfil my engagement; if not, you can go and do the best you can for yourself." It was reported about that time that King George of the Friendly Islands had lost his vessel in a storm. When the report of the wreck reached him, it is said that he was more than satisfied to lose her, saying, "Thank God for that. I shall now sleep soundly. Since I have had the vessel, I have been continually uneasy about its management, rigging, and expenses; now I shall be at rest."

After sending a party with Captain Wallis, and both vessels, to New Caledonia, where the biche-de-mar abounds, only half the promised quantity could be procured. Captain Wallis left the vessel at Fiji; but both Thakombau and Elijah had lost influence by the failure. This took place previous to the death of Tanoa.

In 1853, a fresh and terrible proof was given that the power of Satan in Fiji was still strong. The good influence of the Gospel had spread far and reached deep; but it seemed that, on this very account, the opposition of the old evil became fiercer and more desperate. In the July following his father's death, Thakombau was formally invested with the supreme dignity of Vunivalu. The celebration of this event was made the more imposing by the arrival in Mr. Owen's vessel of Tui Thakau, King of Somosomo, accompanied by a large retinue, and bringing immense store of native property to present to Thakombau. Very early on the morning of the appointed day, July 26th, a messenger informed Mr. Calvert that eighteen persons of the Ndauni-Nakelo tribe had just been taken to Mbau, some dead and some still alive. Mr. Calvert at once crossed over, and reached the place before sunrise, when he learned that one of the victims had escaped during the night, and that twelve were dead, and five yet living. On reaching the temples at Lasakau and Soso—the Fishermen's quarters—a fearful sight presented itself to the Missionary. The mangled bodies of the dead were exposed there, and the survivors, bound and badly wounded, looked at the white man with intense anxiety. Mr. Calvert at once went to the King, who was just about to be formally placed in his high office, and who now received the Missionary with perfect composure, listening, while he was reminded of his late father's sparing the women at the request of the Missionaries' wives, and of his own promise to Lieut. Pollard, that, on a former visit of the Somosomans, no bodies should be cooked. The King firmly refused to hinder the horrible feast for which preparations were already made, and the ovens heated. He said he should be quite willing to accompany Mr. Calvert on board the next ship of war that came, and explain his conduct; but was told that, as he persisted in such disgusting practices, he would not be permitted to stand on the deck of an English vessel. He said, "Go to the Chief of the Fishermen, and ask him to spare the living; and to the King of Somosomo, and ask him not to eat the dead." The Missionary, knowing that this would be useless, refused. The King then boldly said, "I alone can save the living, and have the dead buried. What I choose I do, and none can interfere." A report then came that all were killed; whereupon Mr. Calvert left, declaring himself clear of that guilt which would rest upon Thakombau alone. He hastened to Lasakau, and found the report to be false, and that five still lived. He then followed the Chief of the Fishermen into the temple, much to the confusion of that dignitary and his people, who had brought the victims to Mbau. The Chief said that he had spared the man who was shared to him, as an offering to

the Missionary, and that the whole outrage had been committed by the Vunivalu's order. The fact was that the man shared to the Chief, and presented at his temple, was the one who had managed to escape during the night. The Missionary then visited the poor fellows who were condemned to share the fate of their murdered comrades. Two of them were awfully wounded, and insensible: the other three, though much hurt, were conscious, and to them, as they tremblingly awaited their death, were spoken words of life and hope by the minister of Christ.

Mr. Calvert then went to see the Soso Chief and two of his people who had been wounded in the kidnapping expedition the day before; and then visited the Somosomo King, who said he did not want to have the bodies eaten; but if Thakombau presented them for that purpose, he dared not refuse. As the Missionary approached the great temple—*Vata-ni-Tawaki*—a dead stillness rested upon Mbau, which was suddenly broken by a loud shout, proclaiming that Thakombau had just drunk the *yaqona* of the Vunivalu, during the preparation of which none were allowed to move about. Another shout from the Lasakau quarter made known that the bodies were being dragged; and soon the horrible procession came up,—the dead and the dying, dragged along by their hands, naked, with their heads rattling and grating over the rough ground. As each approached the temple, the head was violently dashed against a great stone, which became stained with blood. The usual ceremonies in honour of the young men who had taken the victims, and in the presentation of the bodies, now took place, amidst the glee of all assembled, who, however, were evidently checked by the presence of the Missionary, who continued to reprove, protest, and exhort, though a Chief asked him if he would like one of the bodies for his own eating. He left at noon, tired and faint; but, before going to Viwa, went off to Mr. Owen, who was anchored near, in the vessel which had brought the Somosomo people. Both Mr. and Mrs. Owen had showed great kindness to the Missionaries, and now proposed to go to Mbau at once to try to prevent the cannibal feast. Mr. Calvert accompanied them; and as they neared the shore, parts of four human bodies floated by. Tui Thakau pointed out to them one man whom he had spared, and who still lived after all the clubbing and dragging. He was washed, oiled, and fanned, but died shortly afterwards. Five ovens were already filled with the limbs of the slain, the heads and trunks being left in the sea when the washing and cutting-up took place. Through Mr. Calvert, Mr. Owen expostulated with Tui Thakau, and told him that if any human flesh was eaten, he and his people should not be allowed to return in the vessel to Somosomo. On hearing this, the King promised

that the feast should not take place, at the same time asking Mr. Owen for ten whales' teeth. He was requested to let the contents of the ovens be given up for burial: he consented, but would not allow the ovens to be opened till the next day. Nothing more could be gained, and the next morning Mr. Owen came to Viwa, bringing in the boat the horrible cargo. A large hole was dug, and upon a mat at the bottom were placed eighty-four cooked portions of men's bodies, which were then quickly buried.

Very shortly after this affair, the Mbauans set out with many canoes against Kamba, and Mr. Calvert and Elijah followed, hoping, in the event of the town being captured, to secure the safety of some Christians who lived there. In this expedition, however, the Vunivalu again failed, and lost several men of importance. The priests, who had promised great things, were thus brought into further disrepute and contempt. On August 21st a man was cooked and eaten at Mbau by the Somosomans. During this and the following month, the interference of the Missionaries, in spite of great resistance, was successful in saving two women from being strangled at their husbands' death.

Hitherto every effort had failed to establish the Mission in Mbau itself; and it was well known that the opposition of Thakombau was strengthened by the whites, resident at Ovalau, who had reason to fear that their own licence would be restricted by the establishment of Christianity at head-quarters. Yet things were so ordered that these very men became, indirectly, the means of doing what they had so long opposed. They were impatient at being compelled to pay fees to Viwa and Mbau, whenever they erected a new house for the biche-de-mar trade; and during the recent demand for that article made by the Vunivalu for the price of his new vessels, the whites had not scrupled to purchase quantities of biche-de-mar, which the natives, in different parts, had gathered for him. The people were very willing to trade, finding it far more profitable to part with the fruits of their toil for payment, than to give it up into the grasp of their Chief. As yet, the whites had been very glad to buy the patronage and protection of the Chiefs of Mbau and Viwa; and now that the power and influence of these declined, their claims were neglected. A house built by a white man at a town belonging to Viwa, without the sanction of Elijah, and even in defiance of his prohibition, was burnt down, and report said, by the order of the Chief. This exasperated the whites, who soon found fresh cause of offence. In August, 1853, one of their cutters from Ovalau had been becalmed near Malaki, a town subject to Viwa, on the

north of Viti Levu. She was plundered and the crew taken ashore. Two boys, who were towing in the small boat, when they saw the natives board the cutter, started for Ovalau with the news. Without complaining to either Viwa or Mbau, an expedition was at once fitted out and on its way; the white men belonging to the cutter were met returning safely; they were taken on board, and the fleet hastened on to Malaki, with the intention of making such a demonstration as should punish the late outrage, and serve to protect small trading parties at other times and places. Contrary to the wish of some of the party, the King of Levuka, the chief town of Ovalau, accompanied the expedition with some natives. He had a grudge of his own against the Malaki people, and thus, when the attack was made, it was more murderous than had been intended. Fourteen were killed, and thirteen taken prisoners, among whom were several women, who were retained at Ovalau by the white men. This threw Tui Levuka and the foreigners into open opposition to Mbau and Viwa, and made their position far from safe; for the tribe dwelling in the mountainous interior of Ovalau were the servants of Viwa, and asked permission of Elijah to avenge the recent defiance of his authority. The permission was refused. By some means, on the 20th of September, the town of Levuka was burnt; but it never appeared that it was by the consent or knowledge of Viwa. The whites lost an immense quantity of stores in the fire, and feared lest they should suffer yet more. They accordingly supplied Tui Levuka with a considerable amount of property, whereby he should try to bribe the mountaineers to revolt from Viwa. The attempt succeeded, and several Mbau carpenters who were on the island were killed, as a declaration of independence. The whole of Ovalau was thus severed from Mbau and Viwa.

Elijah and Thakombau consulted together, and determined to send a messenger to the mountaineers, to win them back, if possible, to their allegiance. Elijah sent a canoe, but the crew were afraid to land. Moturiki, an island near to Ovalau, threatened to join in the revolt; and the Vunivalu visited it, and presented property to secure its fidelity. On his way he visited Viwa; and Elijah felt deeply for his friend, as he saw that greater calamities would follow unless the mountaineers could be recovered. On this account, he offered to go himself to Lavoni, the town of this tribe. Mr. Calvert, knowing the danger of such an enterprise, remonstrated. Elijah replied, "Prevent me not; for we shall not escape unless Lavoni be regained. I sent, but they could not get ashore. I will go myself and try." He was not to be moved from his purpose. On leaving, he said, "This may be the time of my

removal. That I leave;" and when Mr. Calvert prayed with him, Elijah wept. After entering the boat, he wished his brother farewell, and urged him, in the event of his death, to attend to religion. On arriving at Ovalau, Elijah, with two brothers and four of his people, landed by night at an uninhabited place, and passed through the bush into the mountains, having several times assembled his attendants for prayer. At break of day the party came near Lavoni, and found Nanduva, one of the two head Chiefs, at home, and presented him with five necklaces of whales' teeth, which were graciously received, and drums beaten in acknowledgment. The other Chief, Tawaki Rambo, with many of the people, was down at Levuka, where he had gone to take the body of a man in acknowledgment of their share of the property lately received. News of Elijah's arrival was sent to Levuka, and the King felt that prompt measures must be taken. Procuring property, he presented it to the mountaineers, offering them, at the same time, his sister, if they would kill Elijah. He prevailed. Koroï Thava, a covetous and brutal Lavoni Chief of inferior rank, to whom Elijah had lately refused to give two muskets, started off at once to the mountains, and arrived the same evening. He asked Nanduva for permission to kill Elijah, but was refused. He again urged it, saying that, otherwise, there would be war among themselves; and at last Nanduva yielded. The next morning, as Elijah and his party were walking past a temple, they were fired upon. A man then ran at Elijah with a club, but the Viwan Chief wrested it from him, and threw it on the ground. The man again seized it, and his victim could offer no more resistance; a ball had struck him, and he fell dead beneath the blows of the club. All the party but one perished, and several were eaten, among whom was a valuable Local Preacher, who was also very useful in the printing establishment. The bodies of Elijah, his two brothers, and another, were taken to Levuka, where the murderers received liberal payment from the whites and the natives. Mr. Waterhouse went boldly and begged for the bodies, which were given up to him, and decently buried.

Such was the end of the renowned Verani, the Christian Chief Elijah. He who, before his conversion, had put so many to a violent death, at last fell by the hands of murderers.

The whites now found themselves more deeply involved than they had intended. The mountaineers were dominant in Ovalau, and constituted a force that might at any time become formidable to friends as well as foes. The bare assertion of independence was out of the question, and aggression became necessary. Mara, of Mbau, who was at Lakemba in disgrace, was prevailed upon to come to Ovalau and head

the movement against the Vunivalu. Alliance was also entered into with Rewa, which was still at war with Mbau.

Koroi Thava, the principal in the late murder, proposed that the Mission property at Levuka should be seized; and, on account of the state of affairs there, Mr. and Mrs. Binner were removed to Lakemba, taking some of the goods of Mr. Waterhouse, who yet remained on the island. It was feared, however, that he could not stay with safety. At this crisis another application was made to Thakombau for permission for a Missionary to reside at Mbau. The assent was given; and, in accordance with the decision of the last District Meeting, Mr. Waterhouse was to remove thither, and Mr. Calvert to take his place at Ovalau. The Vunivalu gave up a small stone house for the Missionary, and engaged to build the necessary premises at once. The removal was effected with safety; but the whites and Tui Levuka strongly urged Mr. Waterhouse not to leave, and the Chief of the mountaineers said that the Mission-house should be burnt if Mr. Calvert remained. The foreigners were amazed and annoyed at the Mission being at last introduced at Mbau, and were made to feel that their own recent proceedings had hastened on the event they had so long hindered.

The death of Elijah Verani had produced a powerful effect on the mind of his old friend Thakombau, whose pride was being humbled by many reverses, and by the well-organized opposition which now threatened to crush his power in Fiji. The whites had got the trade of Fiji into their hands, and prevented vessels from calling at Mbau; and when one arrived with guns and ammunition from Sydney, sent by Thakombau's order, they stopped it at Ovalau, and took the cargo for themselves. They wished to get rid of the Vunivalu, and make Mara and Tui Levuka the supreme Chiefs in Fiji. They remembered being driven away from Ovalau, at a great sacrifice, when his power was great; and now that he seemed in their hands, they determined to retaliate. A leader among them, who had been drinking enough to make him very communicative, said to Mr. Calvert, "We have taken hold of these affairs, and we intend to see them through. We intend that Thakombau shall die, and that Mara and Tui Levuka shall be *the Chiefs* of Fiji: *but*, they must rule as we wish afterwards." This design became more and more manifest. The American Vice-Consul said: "Mr. Calvert, it is only the death of one man, and all will be right in Fiji." Prudence prevented the Missionary from arguing the case with the other, who had shown so much of their intention; but this one was quite sober, a man highly respected, and exercising the greatest influence among the whites, and even the natives. Grieved that he should be governed by such principles,

and, in effect, seek his sanction for the Chief being killed, Mr. Calvert remonstrated with him: "Mr. Whippy, you are well acquainted with the customs of Fiji, and you must know that the death of the King would require and involve the death of very many: and, should his death be accomplished, whom do you consider at all equal to him to undertake the government?" He admitted that there was no one comparable to the reigning Chief; but they had engaged in hostilities, and could not, for the present, think of being satisfied with less than the death of the man for whom they had conceived deadly hatred.

In addition to the pressure of public affairs Thakombau was afflicted with a distressing illness, and thus made to feel more anxious about his salvation. Just then he heard of the assassination of his late visitor, Tuikilakila, King of Somosomo. After hearing from him a description of the murder, Mr. Calvert said, "Yes; he was long warned by God's faithful servants; but he hardened his heart, and opposed the Gospel; yet the Lord bore with him, and then severely afflicted him, so that he was made to listen attentively during a long affliction to the faithful warnings and constant instruction of Mr. Lyth. But when he was raised up, by God's blessing on Mr. Lyth's medical skill and care, he again resisted God's truth. Now he has been suddenly cut off without remedy, and he will have no excuse when judged by Jesus Christ." He anxiously asked, "And does the Lord work so?" Mr. Calvert replied: "Yes; you have been faithfully warned and instructed, but you have refused to abandon your sins and seek God's mercy through Christ. Now, the Lord has tried you in various ways, and afflicted you: look at your leg—so reduced! You ought to submit to God, and seek his mercy."

Thakombau felt keenly what was said; and now that the adverse influence of the whites was cut off, there was good reason to hope for success, although Mr. Waterhouse had still the pain of witnessing the horrors of cannibalism in the town of Mbau.

While the Vunivalu was smarting from continued defeat in war, he received a letter, on April 22nd, 1854, from King George of Tonga, urging him to become Christian. King George had just been on a visit to Sydney, and sent, with the letter, a newspaper, containing a violent letter from Mr. J. B. Williams, U. S. Consul in Fiji, who had unwisely credited the Mbau Chief and others with many articles, and who had also a pique against the King for having sent an improper message to the principal of the Consul's native women. This letter complained of grievances in Fiji, and of leniency of commanders of ships of war who had visited the islands. Mr. Williams was anxious that "cast-iron reasons" should be used to "teach the fellows how to behave." He

advised that Mbau be destroyed, and the inhabitants swept from the face of the earth, which, he said, could be done while he was smoking a cigar. Among false statements, there were some truths forcibly put.

Thakombau was angry and disturbed at hearing this violent letter read. Everything seemed to be going against him, and in his sore perplexity he was the more ready to heed the communication from King George, although he still hesitated to take any decisive step towards his own profession of Christianity. In a few days, however, he made up his mind. On the 30th of April, Mr. Waterhouse sent for Mr. Calvert to come over to Mbau to conduct the religious service, at which the king was to *lotu*. At nine o'clock the death-drum, *rongo-rongoi valu*, "reporter of war," was beaten. Ten days before, its sound had called the people together to a cannibal feast; now it gave the signal for assembling in the great Stranger's House for the worshipping of the true God. About three hundred people were in the building, before whom stood the Vunivalu, with his children and many wives and other relatives. In front of him was his priest, an old man with grey hair and a long beard. All had assumed the more ample *lotu* dress, and were well behaved and serious. Mr. Calvert, who had so long watched and toiled for this event, was deeply moved by the scene, and could scarcely find voice to go on with the service. That was a day ever to be remembered as one of the most important in the annals of Fiji. After worship, the people crowded about the Missionaries to ask for alphabets, and gathered in groups to learn to read. In the afternoon Mr. Waterhouse preached to a congregation as large as that of the morning. Thakombau was evidently relieved, now that he had thrown off the old yoke of Heathenism. He caused the Sabbath to be strictly observed, and procured a large bell, by which to summon his numerous household to family prayer. His own attendance at the preaching and prayer-meetings was regular, and his deportment serious. His little boy, of about seven years of age, had already been permitted to bear the name of Christian, and had learned to read. The little fellow now became the teacher of his parents, who were both so eager to acquire knowledge, that sometimes their young instructor would fall asleep with fatigue in the midst of the lesson, to resume it after a refreshing nap.

The example of the King in joining the *lotu* was followed by many, some of whom, no doubt, took the step as a matter of expediency. Among these was the high priest at Mbau, whose heart still clung to the old system, the gains and emoluments of which he remembered with fond regret. When the King's daughter was about to be married,

and a large amount of property to be presented, in which, formerly, the priest would have had a handsome share, he could keep up his new profession no longer, but forthwith became inspired in the old style. When the King heard of it, he told some one to ask Mr. Waterhouse to send a man to pray with the priest. A Teacher went; but the angry and jealous god would not quit. The next morning, Thakombau sent for the priest, who came shaking under the influence of the inspiration, which, however, speedily left him when the King belaboured him with a stout stick, which he broke over the sacred back of the august functionary. The cure was effectual, and the outraged deity never entered his minister again; while priests of lower rank took warning, and feared to practise their deceptions any longer.

Great as was the change in the King, yet the power of religion had not gone very deep. His hatred of his enemies and his desire for vengeance were still fierce. His judgment was thoroughly convinced as to the truth and benefit of Christianity; but, as yet, his heart refused to yield, notwithstanding the many and urgent appeals of the Missionary. The Rewa Chief, elated by the reverses suffered by Mbau, and by the increase of his own resources, sent a request that Mr. Waterhouse would remove from Mbau, as he was about to destroy the town and its King. But the faithful servant of God, who had endured so much suffering, and worked so diligently in that place, when no fruit was seen, was not to be frightened away by the danger which made his stay at Mbau the more necessary. This determination greatly affected the King, who said, "When the vessel is sinking, every one is anxious to provide for his own safety, as many of my own relatives are now doing; but you, when I am reviled, remain to perish with me." "Only be faithful to God," replied the Missionary, "and follow the guidance of His word, and I will remain with you until your death, should it be permitted to come to pass during the present agitation."

Mbau was now surrounded by danger which every day grew worse and came nearer. But this sore pressure from without greatly aided the good cause. The people, being reduced and in peril, sought after God, and the proud heart of their King gave way under the weight of his trouble. He began to yield to the milder influences of the Gospel, and sent messengers to the enemy, asking for peace. The Rewa Chief sent back a proud refusal, saying that he would soon kill and eat Thakombau, and that he defied his God, Jehovah, to save him from his vengeance. The King was unmoved by the insulting message, and calmly expressed his confidence in God. About the same time a spy was caught trying to bribe a Mbau town to revolt. The hostile party

were struck with amazement, on receiving this man back safely, wearing a new dress which had been given him by the Mbau King. Further overtures of peace were made, but met only with defiant rejection. The speedy destruction of Mbau was determined, and seemed unavoidable. Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse dwelt in the centre of the danger, where they were loved and sought after by the people. It required no small amount of courage to remain; but God gave to His faithful servants grace sufficient for them, and they were made a great blessing to many.

At Ovalau, among the enemies of Mbau, the Mission still held on. Mr. and Mrs. Binner arrived there from Lakemba in December, 1853, to take charge of the schools, whereby Mr. Calvert's toil was much lightened. Neither had he to expose himself to so much danger in passing to and fro among the warring parties. His acknowledged friendship to Thakombau, and his protest against the schemes for his destruction, made him an object of suspicion and dislike to the other side, so that his life was frequently threatened, and his visits to Ovalau made dangerous. One night, after he had preached there, once in English and twice in the native language, to very large congregations of Fijians and half-castes, several men came in front of Mr. Binner's house with muskets and clubs, and called for Mr. Calvert to go out to them. They were fierce mountaineers, who had come for purposes of murder. It was a night of fearful anxiety; but God protected His servant, and brought him safely the next day to Viwa. In June, Mr. Calvert was placed in great jeopardy, while endeavouring to do good and make peace. His own account of the affair is thus given in a letter to the General Secretaries, dated Viwa, July 26th, 1854:—
 "We are still surrounded by war, which approaches nearer to us. The end, I judge, draws near. It is remarkable that all parties think about religion, and desire to have Missionaries or Teachers. The great enemy is manifestly much dissatisfied with the state of light and feeling, and is bent upon destroying what he cannot much longer peaceably retain.

"I have had much sailing during the year. On the 27th of May, I went to Levuka in my boat to meet an American Captain, who had brought us some timber and goods, and in order that I might take the services in native and English on the following day. On my arrival, the Mountaineer who effected Elijah's death wished to kill two of my boat's crew.

"June 1st.—The Levuka Chief wished me not to sail till after the Moturiki fight, which took place on the 31st. This was an aggressive

movement from Ovalau against an island belonging to Mbau. One Levukan fell; several were wounded. One Mbau man was killed, and brought to Levuka. In the morning, Tui Levuka, and a Chief of Mbau, who is on his side, came for me, that we might go and bury him. I went and begged two mats, in which he was wrapped. He had been anchored in the water all night. The fishes had eaten his head and neck, and all the flesh off his left leg and his foot. The Levukan was also buried at Moturiki. In this respect a great change has taken place.

“6th.—In going to Viwa, I desired to call at Moturiki, which I had also attempted to do the last time I passed on to Viwa. Besides wishing to speak with them about Christianity, I now desired to warn them of danger near, Tui Levuka having told me that Moturiki would certainly be destroyed, as the Mountaineers would go by night. We found that the tide did not serve well for landing: we therefore proceeded towards the entrance leading to Viwa. One of my boat's crew observed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning for us, and told me. I told one of my Rotumans that he might go on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade, and we would put in at another point for him, where I would see the people. He got in the water, and was proceeding towards the shore, when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoa-nut trees. He was afraid, and said, ‘They are from Lovoni, and will kill me.’ I requested him to come into the boat. The man continued to call. He was dressed, which led me to think he was a man from Mbau who had *lotued*. I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately got on my old water-shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians; but said to the boat's crew, that, should I be killed, they were to return to Levuka, so that Tui Levuka might get my body. Kaitu, a Rotuman, wished to go with me. I forbid him, and ordered them to take the boat round by the deep water near the reef, and put in for me at the other side. The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee-deep. As I proceeded towards shore, many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me, they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatches, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near with a musket

pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled; but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognised, and hoped he was friendly. (This man had thought that it was my boat, and he, knowing the exasperated state of the people against the whites for meddling in the present wars, fearing that I should be in danger, had run towards me; but was late in reaching me from having run a sharp shell into his foot.) He took hold of me, recognising me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them, and treated them kindly, and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me: but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking-glass if he would let them alone; my having entreated Mara and the Mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack. I told them that I had interceded with the Mbau Chief to send them the help by which they were now strengthened, and that my full knowledge of being one and friendly with them led me to come on shore; that no white man who had been active in the war against them would have dared to come on shore there. Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely determined, in spite of opposition, to take away my life. He was extremely ferocious; but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which indeed he once or twice managed, but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up; and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching towards the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy. I was weak with talking and disputing with them, indeed quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea, they commenced their death song,

always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me, departed towards their own town.

“ I found Ratu Vuki, a Chief of Mbau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger to which I was exposed. They also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa, where they arrived about seven o'clock. Mrs. Calvert felt much at the alarming intelligence; but feared to send the boat to inquire, lest my death might be followed by the killing of those she might send. She also hoped that I was alive, thinking that the Moturiki people would not kill me. Ratu Luke Matanambamba was very kind, and very ready to go, though it was thought that my death was the *vukivuki* (‘turning’) of Moturiki to Ovalua against Mbau; in which case those who went would have been in danger. At midnight I reached Viwa in the canoe, and found that my wife had borne up well, but had just given her consent to the going to look after me.

“ During the whole of the attack on me, the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and protest against their taking away my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my help and deliverer. It appeared to me very probable that my course and my ministry were about being ended: yet I was comforted in the assurance that

‘ They could not yet my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of His hand.’

While looking at the instruments of death which were held over and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands, and could only be taken by His permission. My prayer was to the God of my life. I was persuaded that, if He permitted my death, I should glorify Him in some ways that I could not have done by my life. I thought that the natives might be thereby led to deep consideration of the folly and evil of war, and be led to terms of peace. I gave myself afresh to the Lord, feeling willing and desirous to glorify Him, whether by life or death. I thought of my family; and committed my children, in England, New Zealand, and Fiji, and my much-loved and faithful wife, to the Lord, in whom she trusted. I thought of the mangled body of the murdered Williams, and thought my own likely to be mangled and abused to the same extent; but I knew that I should not be eaten, even

in cannibal Fiji,—which was some relief to my mind. And then I felt very thankful to Him who had preserved me to labour more than fifteen years, in which I had been employed in rough and dangerous work. It seemed to me an appropriate end of my labours in Fiji. But how gracious, how wise, how powerful, my Deliverer! Again I am rescued, and privileged with restoration to my family and labours.

“7th.—I went to Mbau. I felt stiff and tired, having been wet in my legs from twelve at noon to twelve at night, as I had to get into the water with the crew several times in coming to Viwa in the canoe. When about to leave Mbau at three P. M., Mr. Waterhouse asked me to remain and preach. After the service, it was later than desirable for me to be out, so I slept at Mbau.”

Very soon after this, Mr. Calvert visited Lakemba, to assist in the examination and ordination of Native Assistant Missionaries, and to procure agents to help on the other side of the group. On this journey he was nearly shipwrecked at the entrance of the Lakemba reef. He availed himself of his stay here to procure a quantity of property wherewith to acknowledge the clemency of the people who had spared his life. These people did not belong to Moturiki, but had come there from Ndravuni and Koroï Rokoseru, which places, he knew, were not friendly to Mbau and Viwa. Having obtained a good supply of native cloth and mosquito curtains, which were greatly valued in the islands to leeward, Mr. Calvert, on his return, went, accompanied by some Viwa people, to present the offering at Ndravuni. It was received with every expression of satisfaction, and pigs and yams were bountifully provided for the entertainment of the visitors. A good feeling was thus set up between the Ndravuni people and the Viwans, and a friendly intercourse was established from that time. Another result was, that a Teacher was received at Ndravuni, whence one had formerly been driven away. But further and more important good grew out of this matter. In the following December, the towns along fifty miles of the coast of the mainland next to Mbau had engaged to join the enemy, and thus bring the war close to Mbau, and make its destruction certain. In this revolt Ndravuni, which was only seven miles from Mbau, was to have taken the lead; but the recent friendly intercourse with Viwa prevented the success of the plot, so that, when the other towns fell away, Ndravuni and Koroï Rokoseru remained firm in their allegiance to Mbau. The enemy, who had risen to great power, and had spread devastation and bloodshed everywhere, were disappointed and enraged to find themselves met by a stout resistance where they had reckoned

upon help. A good fence and embankment at Ndravuni were nobly defended in many attacks by the Viwans, who lost none of their number. Thus was the destroying course of the enemy stayed and kept at a distance; and the deliverance was clearly traceable to the peril in which Mr. Calvert had been placed at Moturiki, and the circumstances that followed. Often he had wondered *why* he had been placed in such terrible danger; but now he saw the good that was brought out of it, and gave God thanks.

Prevented from approaching Mbau, as they had intended, the hostile forces gathered at Kamba, which is at the point of the promontory forming the bay in which Mbau is situated. By a telescope the hills at Kamba could be seen covered with the enemy, while a fleet was carrying the troops to Thautata, whence they could easily reach the city. But another danger sprang up within Mbau itself. There were many who had smarted under Thakombau's former unscrupulous and cruel exercise of power, and who were ready to take advantage of his present straits, to obtain revenge. Among these was Nayangondamu, a Chief but little inferior in rank to the King, who had killed his father. A rumour reached Mr. Waterhouse that Nayangondamu was in league with the besiegers, and intended to assassinate Thakombau in the chapel, or on the way thither, on the coming Sabbath. The Missionary at once removed his family and the wives of the Teachers to Viwa for safety, while he himself remained, anxiously waiting for the appointed day. He had an interview with Nayangondamu, and acknowledged Thakombau's past guilt, but asked that his life might be spared for the sake of the *lotu*, which would suffer if he were removed. The Chief promised that he would do him no harm; but the Missionary knew too well the value of a Fijian promise to be reassured by it. The bell was rung for service; but, for some time, no one dared to come. At last, a few armed men gathered outside. Presently the King, attended by an armed guard, arrived. Then came his cousin, similarly accompanied, and entered the chapel. One of the King's men, with a loaded musket, stood as sentinel. It was a strange service. Every man was too busy watching and suspecting his neighbour, to attend to the preacher, who speedily dismissed his congregation, and thanked God that no outrage had been committed. This crisis over, the King prepared for action. Forces were still being landed at Thautata. Thakombau, with twenty canoes, sailed out, scattered the enemy's fleet, and routed the troops.

The Missionaries took great pains to keep friendly with both sides, and Mr. Waterhouse regularly visited Kamba, though often at the risk of his life; for his residence at Mbau, and friendship with its King,

exposed him to great danger. In these visits, he was much helped by Lydia, the Christian wife of Koroi Ravulo, to whose interference, on one occasion, he owed his escape from a violent death, for which preparation was made.

At Mbau, Nayangondamu was not the only man of influence who was disposed to favour the enemy. Koli, the King of the Lasakau Fishermen, who inhabited part of Mbau, was known to exchange messengers in the night with Mara at Kamba. To this man Mr Calvert applied himself, while Mr Waterhouse watched and tried to influence Nayangondamu. The Missionaries felt much for Thakombau, whose position was most trying at this threatening crisis, and who was now thoroughly humbled before God, confessing all his many sins, and seeking that mercy he had so often rejected. At one time, when things looked darkest, Mr. Calvert urged him to seek in flight the safety which seemed otherwise impossible, and offered to supply him with all means of escape. The King replied, "I cannot do that. If evil comes, I must die. But I think the Lord will deliver me. I am *lotu*. If I do anything to conciliate my enemies, it will be disregarded. There is one thing, which may be useful, that I desire. Do you keep close intercourse with Koli." This request was, of course, attended to; and Mr. Calvert never went to Mbau without visiting the Lasakau Chief, and endeavouring to exercise a good influence over him. Koli received the Missionary well, and often returned his visits at Viwa.

During this critical time of excitement and danger, it was arranged that Mr. Waterhouse should hoist signal-flags, which Mr. Calvert could see at Viwa, by putting a telescope through the thatch of his house. On the 23rd of October, he saw the signals, *Bad news: come over*, and set off at once to Mbau. Just as he had crossed the island, and was about to embark, a messenger came running after him, to say that Koli had arrived at the Mission-house, and wanted to see him. Mr. Calvert sent back a request that the Chief would wait until his return, and then made haste to Mbau, where he found Mr. Waterhouse apprehending immediate danger to Thakombau, in case of which the Mission premises might be the scene of further violence. On his return to Viwa, he found Koli still waiting, and took him aside for conversation. The Chief then told him that he and his people were much annoyed at being suspected and treated in the way they were; and that, in order to annoy the Mbau Chief, they were about to enclose their quarter of the town with a fence; but that they intended no further mischief; yet, as he and the Missionary were on such good terms, he thought it right to come and let him know the truth of the case, that he might not be surprised

or alarmed. This sounded tolerably well; but Mr. Calvert interpreted it by the light of facts which had come to his knowledge, and saw the momentous importance of the crisis. When at Kamba last, he had seen immense floats of bamboos ready to be sent to Mbau, to fortify the Lasakau quarter, as soon as it openly revolted. He also knew that Mara had given property to Koli, and had further promised canoes, land, and women, to insure his help. The King of Rewa, too, had offered him great wealth, and engaged to give him a hundred canoes, some of which were then building. Koli and his people could not resist such overwhelming inducements; and the conspiracy was fairly on foot, the success of which would not only have cost the life of Thakombau, but have subverted all established authority throughout Fiji. Prompt and effectual measures were to be taken. Mr. Calvert let Koli know that he saw through his designs, and spoke to him strongly about the crime of bloodshed, which, if once begun, would spread further than he could tell, and most likely end by the club falling on his own head. These cogent reasons were backed by a solid argument, which could not fail to have effect,—a present of twelve dozen hatchets, and ten wedge-axes. “This,” says Mr. Calvert, “was a bird in the hand,—a *heavy* one; whereas many of the canoes promised were yet living in the forest, and his personal danger was a consideration.” Giving the promise that no step should be taken against the Mbau King, Koli returned home late in the evening, and was met on the beach by his people, who were in great excitement, waiting for the final signal of revolt. He, however, ordered them off to their homes, reproving them for ever entertaining such a very improper notion as that of rebellion against the supreme Chief! Thus was this danger averted, at any rate, for the time.

The present state of affairs had a good effect not only on Thakombau, but on his people as well. The straits to which they were put, and the perils which continually threatened them in their beleaguered island, prepared them to receive the warnings and counsels of the Missionary, so that privation and danger led the way to contrition of heart and anxiety for salvation. The city which, in its pride and power, had shut out the Ministers of Christ and opposed their work, now, humble and crippled, gladly received the hope and help of the Gospel. But, though brought to great extremity, Mbau, to the astonishment of its enemies, still held out, until even the furious and boastful King of Rewa began to feel that, after all, Thakombau might be delivered out of his hands by the God in whom he now trusted. He said, “If Thakombau be a hypocrite, his *lotu* will only add fuel to the fire: but if he be truly Christian, we shall not get him.”





CHAPEL, MISSION-HOUSE, AND SCHOOL, MBUA.

On the 26th of January, 1855, the whole course of events was turned by the death of Ratu Nggara, this implacable King of Rewa, who was carried off by dysentery. At the time of death he was unconscious, and thus unable to leave those charges for the continuance of war, which the Fijians deem so sacredly binding on the survivors. Thakombau at once sent an ambassador, asking for peace. "Tell the Rewa people," said he, "to become Christian, and let us establish a peace that shall be lasting. If we fight, and one party conquers, thereby making peace, evil will remain and spring up. Let us all become Christian, and establish peace: then all will be likely to go on well. I am Christian, not because I am weak or afraid, but because I know it to be true. I trust in God alone." The Chiefs received the message favourably, and sent an ambassador to Mbau with a peace-offering. Some, however, wished the war to continue; and it was their vexation at the interference of the Missionaries to obtain peace, that led to the burning of Mr. Moore's house at Rewa.

The events that followed have already been related in the account of the Rewa Mission. Just at the time when Mara, who had not been consulted in the late pacification, had gathered his dependents and the malcontent tribes into another formidable opposition, King George of Tonga came to Fiji, where, contrary to his own wish, he became involved in the war, and brought it to a speedy termination. Seventy towns returned to their allegiance to Mbau, and all clemency was shown to those who had taken part in the rebellion. A deep impression was thus produced in favour of the religion which could produce effects so strange in Fiji, and many were led to give attention to its claims and teachings. Before King George left, with the handsome presents he had received, a meeting of the Vunivalu with Mara, Tui Levuki, and other rebel Chiefs, took place on board H.M.S. "Herald," commanded by Captain Denham, and then lying off Ovalau. The peace was professedly confirmed, and Thakombau, after reproving the others for their past folly and rebellion, urged them now to give themselves up to the pursuits of peace, and attend to the tilling of the land and the interests of trade.

The work of the Missionaries, after much toil and discouragement, was thus followed by success at last. The great Stranger's House at Mbau was set apart for the public worship of God, and about a thousand people would meet there, a large proportion of whom were evidently sincere worshippers, many of them having bitterly repented of their sins, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance. The great centre being gained, the good work went on without hinderance on all

hands. Chapels were built and houses opened for religious service in every direction. By the help of Native Agents from Lakemba and Nandi, and by employing those converts who could read and pray in public, most of the places were supplied with one service on the Sabbath. Only one Teacher could be spared for the island of Moturiki, where there were nine towns to be visited. The Teacher managed the work as well as he could, by starting early on the Sabbath morning with service at one town, and then passing on to the next, and so on until his strength or the daylight was spent, when he would stay at the last town he had been able to reach. Other more distant islands, belonging to Mbau, followed the example set at head-quarters. At Nairai a very devoted Teacher laboured with great success. When Mr. Waterhouse visited the island, he not only found many in earnest in their desire for salvation, but one man, the signs of whose conversion were clear and satisfactory. This new convert had already gained extensive scriptural knowledge, and preached with all clearness the doctrine of justification by faith, furnishing proof of what he taught by well chosen quotations from the New Testament. The old Chief at Nairai resolved to put away his many wives, and be married in due form to the oldest. She advised him to select one who was younger, but he refused, saying, "I understand the matter. It is right to take the one I have lived longest with; and let the younger ones be married to persons of their own age, with whom they will be happy, and have children." Some Mbau Chiefs residing on the island wished him to postpone the step, as the Vunivalu was not yet married, and, in casting away all his wives but one, he would not be likely to get so many mats made for tribute to Mbau. But he said death would not delay, and he was not thinking about the making of mats, but about the salvation of his soul. And he was then married. The Holy Ghost was poured out plentifully on the young Church at Nairai, and hundreds of persons yielded to His power, and very many rejoiced in the favour of God. This state of things was soon made known far and wide, and in other islands fresh interest was excited on behalf of the *lotu*, and many inquired after the blessings of the Gospel, no man daring now to make them afraid. At this time the number of regular worshippers in the Mbau Circuit was ascertained to be 8,870.

It had been evident throughout, and now seemed clearer than ever, that the Missionaries had been guided by Him for whom they lived, when they established the Station at Viwa. Visits from this island led to the establishment of the two Circuits of Mbau and Nandi. Ovalau was occupied, for years, as a part of the Viwa Circuit. At the break-

ing up of the Rewa Mission, some of the Christians found refuge at Viwa, and were trained there, while some of their friends obtained, in their exile, the light of religion, which they afterwards carried back to their own town. When the Rewa Mission was recommenced, it was from Viwa. Kandavu and other parts were first supplied from this Station, and Teachers and Local Preachers have been raised up there, who have laboured faithfully and successfully in various quarters. Viwa was certainly the best place for printing operations, as the work could be done there better and more cheaply than elsewhere. Above all, the position was most favourable on account of its nearness to Mbau, all the time that the Missionaries were forbidden to establish themselves in that place. In political importance, Viwa had lost its former distinction. Christianity had already made a great change in Fiji, and the influence of places was no longer measured by the degree of their barbarity or treachery. The number of inhabitants on the island had been seriously thinned by war; and Viwa, having served its political purpose, was fast dwindling into an unimportant place. While its influence was at the highest, it became the centre of those missionary operations which had now spread over so much ground, and had established themselves most firmly in the seat of supreme power.

In November, 1855, Mr. Calvert, after seventeen years' service in the islands, left Fiji, to superintend the printing of the Holy Scriptures in England under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which had liberally offered to supply Fiji with the Scriptures in its own tongue. On the Sunday before Mr. Calvert left, he preached at Mbau in the Stranger's House to a crowded congregation, all of whom were evidently affected and impressed. It may well be supposed that the feelings of the Missionary were deep and peculiar. Uppermost among them was gratitude to God for the great success He had given, after all the work and suffering of His servants. He remembered what Mbau used to be, and wondered at the change. Hitherto, when he had come there on a Sunday, the bright waters surrounding the island had been crowded with canoes of all sizes, and the noise of their many crews had made it difficult to realize that a day of holy rest had ever been given to man. Now, if a little canoe darted out on the surface of that sunny sea, it was most likely conveying a Christian Teacher on his work of mercy. In all other respects the change was as great and as remarkable.

The Viwa Station was occupied by the Rev. William Wilson, who, with his devoted wife,—a daughter of the Rev. Peter M'Owan,—had arrived during the previous year, and was now labouring with unremitting zeal in the wide Circuit over which he was placed. He had begun

his work when the late troubles were at the worst ; and in the midst of danger and treachery and bloodshed, such as even Fiji had never witnessed before, he had become schooled and disciplined for its efficient discharge. Towards the close of 1856, Mr. Wilson removed to Mbau, exchanging with Mr. Malvern, whose failing health made it desirable that he should be near to some other Missionary.

During this year the old chief priest of Mbau died, after having done all in his power to hinder the progress of that religion which had deprived him of his ill-gotten gains. The surrounding tribes continued unsettled, and actual war was threatened, but averted by the prompt interference of the Missionary. This year was also remarkable as the date of the first assertion in Fiji of God's original, retributive law, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The following account is from the pen of Mr. Waterhouse :—

"There had been two cases of murder. A woman had quarrelled with her husband, and consequently had run away to a certain town. The friends of the husband took a whale's tooth to those who gave shelter to the woman, and requested them to send her home. The townspeople then assembled and deliberated on the case, and decided that they would *not* send her home, but *kill her for their Sunday's meat!* Whereon they put her to death, cooked her body, and *ate* it the following day, which was the Sabbath.

"The other murderer was a Chief of Mbatiki. He loaded his gun, and took a walk with several attendants, all armed. He then placed an ambuscade, and as the other Chief, his rival, was returning to the town, he shot him, and the man died on the spot. He then went home, apparently unconscious that he had done wrong. A canoe was sent to the islands, and the murderers were placed in custody. They were tried at Mbau, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Still it was evidently premature to punish them for a crime not yet rendered illegal by the law of the land. They were reprieved, and a heavy fine inflicted. It was then announced that murder was henceforth *tabu*, and that its agents would be punished with death.

"A few weeks afterwards a most horrible murder was perpetrated by a Mbau Chief, who was living at a town about eight miles distant. He sharpened a large butcher's knife, and went into the bush in quest of his wife, who was collecting the leaves generally used for culinary purposes. He found her in company with another woman, and told her he had come to kill her. The two women ran away ; but the wife unfortunately stumbled, and her pursuer secured her person. Without detailing the disgusting acts of his savage cruelty, it is sufficiently ex-

PLICIT to state that, in spite of her entreating the father of her children to spare her life, on condition of future obedience, the monster killed her, and cut her body into fragments. He then fled for refuge to an adjacent town. Being a personal friend of the Chief's, he came to Mbau as soon as he was sent for, doubtless presuming on his influence with the Chief for pardon.

"On the 7th of March the murderer was tried, and his culpability proved clearly. I voluntarily attended as counsel for the prisoner, but could urge no plea for acquittal, as his guilt was undeniable, and he spontaneously acknowledged it. He was sentenced to death, and then placed in solitary confinement. In co-operation with my Native Assistant, we visited him thrice every day. For a time he thought I would interpose on his behalf; but I assured him that I could not conscientiously do so. I was already blamed for having prevented the execution of former criminals; and now that murder had been committed *since the promulgation of its prohibition*, I could no longer shield the guilty. He was very ignorant of religious truths. On Sunday, while I explained to him the meaning of the passage, 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' he broke out in concern for his soul. After a pause, he inquired, 'Is my wife in hell?' I feared she was. He seemed gratified at the reflection that he had sent the soul of his wife to infinite torment. But, when his attention was directed to this fresh proof of his unfitness to die, he again began to inquire, 'What must I do to be saved?' He was left earnestly praying to God to have mercy on his soul.

"On the evening of the 11th, the criminal was escorted to the gallows. He had previously assured us that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all his sins. For several reasons, I judged it expedient to be absent on the melancholy occasion, and directed a Native Assistant to accompany the murderer, in my stead, to the place of execution. The victim of justice was absorbed in prayer to God, and paid no attention to the assembled populace. He listened solely to the exhortations of his Native Pastor, whilst one of the Chiefs addressed the company present. At the conclusion of the Chief's speech, the whole assemblage prostrated themselves, and the Teacher engaged in public prayer to Almighty God on behalf of him who was sentenced to die. We could hear distinctly from our house the voice of prayer. Then, amidst the becoming solemnity of perfect silence, the malefactor was ushered into the realities of the eternal state. He had no wish to live, and expressed great regret for all his sins."

This awful scene proved how great a change had already been

effected in Fiji, where, hitherto, human life had been so cheap, and blood had been poured forth like water. Still this was only the beginning. Horrible crimes were yet committed among the people, and the Missionary goes on to say: "There have been several most shocking cases of strangling, etc., but no more than could have been expected in the transition state from the tyranny of cruelty to the reign of love. Nor can we expect to reap where we have not sown, or where our agents have been indolent husbandmen. But in no town, as yet, has there been a repetition of such offences, after we have *personally* endeavoured to convince the people of the sinfulness of these crimes. In work of this sort our Native Assistants are generally very useless; but not invariably so. We were amused at the language of one of them, who arrived at the place of preaching soon after the strangling of a woman, the aunt of a young man recently deceased. The Christians told him that they had attempted to prevent the work of destruction, but in vain. 'And where are the imprints of your labours?' said he. 'What do you mean?' inquired they. 'Why,' rejoined he, 'you should have got your clubs, and fought for the Lord!'"

Another important occurrence marked this year. Three Mbau Chiefs of rank were publicly married, each to one wife, and hopes were entertained that, before long, Thakombau would take the same decisive step.

The state of the Societies and congregations throughout the Circuit was very encouraging, and gave the best evidence that the power of God wrought with His servants among the people. An important point of Church economics was established by Mr. Waterhouse. He says: "After mature reflection, I decided on a measure which some thought, at the time of its adoption, was premature, but which has succeeded admirably; namely, that all the Native Agents should at once be supported by their congregations. This scheme has cost me a very great deal of personal trouble; but its beneficial results amply repay me.

"1. It saves the funds to the amount of more than £30 annually, in an item which increases its bulk every year.

"2. It bestows upon the people the blessedness of 'giving,' furnishing them with a frequent and regular opportunity of evidencing their gratitude to God, in a form more tangible than that of words; and instructing them *from the very first* in the scriptural duty of supporting the Christian ministry. It gives them a greater interest in the work, as they begin to regard the Teachers not so much as the agents of the Missionary, as they used to do, but as *their own Pastors*. And

now that the Native Ministers cost the people something, the people appreciate their labours, and try to realize a return, in spiritual instruction, for their own expenditure. This leads them to frequent, more often than they did formerly, the school and the chapel.

“3. It gives a zest to the labours of the *Native Pastor*. He does not like to let his people see that he is paid by them for doing nothing. He knows that they will expect him to work; and that they can (and will, if it needs be) communicate to the Missionary his inactivity. Hence he is led to guard especially against his tropical indolence.”

Some further results of the year's labours were, the commencement of a new chapel at Mbau; the building of eight Mission-houses on Viti Levu; the establishment of a church at Ngau, where, Fijian tradition says, cannibalism originated. Two hundred and twenty-six couples were married here, and one hundred and seventy-four adults baptized. One hundred and seventy-four couples were married, and two hundred and twenty-two adults baptized, and three beautiful chapels built, at Nairai, where, “at a Missionary Meeting, five young men, Local Preachers on trial, offered themselves as messengers of the Church, and were accordingly appointed to Stations on the Large Land. The following summary shows what had been done:—

“In this Circuit, the net increase in numbers is five hundred and twenty-three, and more than six hundred are on trial for membership. Twenty-seven are on trial as Local Preachers, the majority of whom are young men. A scheme has been established, by great exertion on the part of the Missionary, by which all the Native Agents will be supported by the people amongst whom they labour. This is to be done by the erection of a house in the first instance, and the contribution of food monthly, and clothing quarterly.

“In this Circuit they have only one Missionary; there are twenty chapels, fifty-one preaching places, thirty-two paid agents, twenty-two Local Preachers unpaid, six hundred and twenty-three members of the Church, six hundred and twenty-seven on trial, thirty-five day schools, two thousand day scholars, and nine thousand attendants on public worship.”

At the commencement of 1857, Thakombau dismissed his many wives, and was publicly joined in holy matrimony to his chief Queen. The wealth and influence which he thus sacrificed cannot be appreciated by strangers to Fiji; but the heart of the King had been yielding more and more to the power of the Gospel, until at last he bowed in submission to that yoke of purity, the righteousness of which he had long acknowledged. This great difficulty being removed, the Vunivalu and

his Queen were publicly baptized on the 11th of January, 1857. The scene is powerfully described by Mr. Waterhouse.

“In the afternoon the King was publicly baptized. In the presence of God, he promised to ‘renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.’ He engaged to believe all the articles of Christian faith; and solemnly vowed, in the name of the Holy Trinity, ‘to keep God’s holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life.’

“In accordance with my request, previously conveyed, the King then addressed the assembly. It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people, to confess his former sins. And, in time past, he had considered himself a god, and had received honours, almost divine, from his people; now he humbles himself, and adores his great Creator and merciful Preserver.

“And what a congregation he had! Husbands, whose wives he had dishonoured! widows, whose husbands he had slain! sisters, whose relatives had been strangled by his orders! relatives, whose friends he had eaten! and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers!

“A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment, as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments:—‘I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The Missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity; but I said to them, “I will continue to fight.” God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation; but now I know that it was the Lord’s doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.’ He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence.

“The King chose the name of Ebenezer, as an expressive acknowledgment of the help of God vouchsafed to him, in preserving him from the hands of his enemies, during the troubles of 1854–5.

“The Queen was baptized by the name of Lydia, in remembrance of Lydia Vatea. She was neatly attired in the appropriate dress and mantle furnished by the kindness of some ladies in Adelaide, South Australia.

“To God be all glory! Your unworthy servant greatly feels his increased responsibility. He solicits the prayers of the friends of Missions, that his strength may be proportioned to his day. ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’”

In August, 1857, the Mbau Circuit reports "111 persons fully admitted as church-members, and that the members have retained their piety, with but few exceptions. The Mbau chapel is in course of erection, and Teachers' houses have been built gratuitously at Lasakau and Soso. A very valuable Native Teacher has been removed by death; his useful life was crowned with a very triumphant departure. In Viti Levu (or the Great Fiji) nearly 1,000 idolaters have forsaken Heathenism, and are under Christian instruction. Native schoolmasters have been placed in eight towns; these agents have been raised in the Circuit: ninety-four have been received into full membership with the Church. In the islands in this Circuit there are 9,000 people attended to by Native Preachers: there have been admitted into full communion, 267 at Ngau, 40 at Mbatiki, 59 at Koro, 200 at Nairai, and 36 at Moturiki. In the whole Circuit, after filling up vacancies by death, removals, and expulsions, there is a net increase of 750 members, with 722 on trial: twelve chapels have been built; 43 Native Agents have been entirely supported by the contributions of the congregations; nearly 600 marriages have been solemnized; ninety-six schools have been commenced; and the attendants on public worship are greatly increased."

Having laboured with pre-eminent success, but beyond his strength, Mr. Waterhouse was compelled to remove in September, 1857, to the Colonies, in order to recruit his health and that of his excellent wife. While there, he has attended many Missionary and Bible Meetings; has prepared Catechisms for the press; and forwarded a Commentary on the Gospels, which he intends sending to be printed in England. He has also, by the assistance of a Fijian Teacher, prepared elementary books, and a portion of the Gospel according to St. Matthew in the Rotuma language. Having been benefitted by the change of climate, he and his family are nobly going forth again to the good work, by the next trip of the "Wesley," which is expected to leave Sydney in April, 1859.

At present the schools in Mbau are under the charge of Mr. Collis, who left Lakemba to superintend the important educational operations on this Station, and throughout the whole Circuit.

During Mr. Waterhouse's absence, the Circuit has been in the care of the Rev. J. S. Fordham, who had become well fitted for such a charge by his residence and sufferings at Nandi. Mara and a younger brother continue unsettled, and have succeeded in exciting ill-feeling and war, once more, near to Mbau. The King, who remains firm and consistent in his profession of Christianity, deals with the hostile party

as leniently as the maintenance of authority and order will allow, and strives to avoid bloodshed as far as possible.

The kingdom of peace is making daily progress, and the "pure religion and undefiled" of the Gospel has firmly established itself in the heart of Fiji. But very much remains to be done, and the great successes which have followed the preaching of the Gospel, while filling the Missionaries with grateful wonder, have made them feel more and more keenly the want of help to reap the ready harvest, the very plentifulness of which overwhelms them.

as far as the maintenance of authority and order with respect to
the various parts of the system is concerned, as far as possible
the system of parts is making daily progress and the parts
are being brought into the system and being brought into the
system of parts. But very much remains to be done and the parts
which have followed the printing of the Gospel will be
the elements with which words have made them. The parts
of the system are the parts of the system and the parts of the
system of parts which are the parts of the system.



NAMBEKAVU.

CHAPTER IX.

MBUA.

THE Mission labours, sufferings, and perils on the large island of Vanua Levu—the Great Land—have been similar to those already described, although they have their own events of peculiar interest. The greater part of the island still remains under the old darkness of its superstition and cruelty; and the servants of Christ who have faithfully laboured there, await with patient confidence the ultimate and glorious triumph of that Gospel which has so greatly blessed other parts of Fiji.

About 1843, the heathen Chief of Mbua procured a Teacher from Viwa to instruct a friend of his who had renounced idolatry for the Christian faith. This Teacher, and others who were afterwards sent to his help, laboured under the indirect sanction of the Mbua Chief, and had such encouraging success, that, although the district had been unsettled by war, the converts, in 1845, amounted to three hundred. Presently this fair prospect was darkened by a change in the feelings and conduct of Tui Mbua, the Chief, the circumstances of which are thus given by the Rev. Thomas Williams. “About this time Ratu Verani became a Christian. The people around Mbua, where he had great influence, had long said they should *lotu* to a man when Verani did; and now the time had come. But it was quickly seen that Verani was intent on *being* a Christian, not, like his uncle, Namosimalua, *seeming* to be one: and one of his first steps towards becoming one gave huge offence to Tui Mbua. Verani was married to his chief wife: the others he returned to their friends with explanatory and conciliatory messages. Amongst the returned ladies was a daughter of Tui Mbua, who determined to revenge her dismissal by persecuting his Christian subjects. Raitono, the companion of his life, and most trusty servant, was disgraced, because he would not again become a Heathen. A ruffian of low birth was invested with much of his power, because the most likely person to gratify the revengeful determination of Tui Mbua, by using it to the injury of the Christians.

The profession of Christianity was prohibited, and those who adhered to it were subjected to much wrong. Their hogs, fowls, and gardens were destroyed; their yam-stores broken open, and plundered of their contents. An incendiary was employed to fire their neat chapel, the flames from which consumed one of the Teachers' houses; but by great activity the rest of the village was saved from ruin." During this persecution some of the converts went back; but many remained firm, and continued under the care of the Teachers.

In 1847, Tui Mbau died, when three of his wives were strangled. The refusal of the Christians to take part in the heathen observances on this occasion, subjected them to the still heavier displeasure of the sons of the deceased, who were now in power.

When the Somosomo Mission was abandoned, a Missionary was sent to Mbua, and, in the prospect of this event, Mr. Hunt had caused a house to be built in the village of Tiliva, where the Christians lived. On the 3rd of November, 1847, the Rev. Thomas Williams arrived from Somosomo to occupy this Station; and the history of the new Mission could not be given better than in his letters addressed to the General Secretaries, from which the following extracts are taken:—

"November 11th, 1847.—With the locality of this new Station I am much pleased. It is embosomed in tropical luxuriance, on the edge of a good river, and two miles from the sea. The village of which my house forms a part is Christian: that on the opposite bank of the river is Heathen. My congregation on Sunday last numbered about one hundred and twenty souls, most of whom were seriously attentive. The physical appearance of this people is far below that of the Fijians among whom I have laboured previously; but there appears a willingness to be taught, and to make my way as pleasant as they can. The mind which produces these dispositions is of more worth than a noble exterior. Several small places at distances of from three to ten miles are open to me, at three of which we have a few church-members.

"My hands and time are fully occupied in getting my abode into such a state as to secure health and comfort, so far as they can be had here. The house is scarcely ever free from natives during the day. There are so many things that are new to them, that they are often unwilling to move, lest any new thing should pass by unobserved by them. Though they are sometimes in my way, I cannot find fault with them; their docility and simplicity prevent my complaining.

"Mr Lawry came on shore the day after I landed. The people had their school-feast, when they repeated portions of the Scriptures in his hearing, and presented a quantity of sandal-wood, mats, and oil, as a

mark of their respect for him, and of their love to the cause of Missions.

“The two Fijian Teachers placed here are steady men, and will zealously and successfully help me in the great work of proclaiming Jesus to perishing Fijians. One of them is by birth priest to the chief god of Viwa.

“Being removed from the sea-shore, and rather low, this Station is very close. Mrs. Williams feels it very much. We are nearly devoured by flies during the day, and by mosquitoes at night; and, under such circumstances, it is not very cheering to hear the resident Natives talk of how many more there will be when their month comes. My excuse for this hasty scrawl is, that I write it under many disadvantages—at night, after a day of manual toil, and smarting from the stings of my winged enemies.”

“This new Mission Station is at the western extremity of Vanua Levu, (the Large Land,) which is the second in size in the group, being nearly three hundred miles in circumference. This Circuit includes what is sometimes called the ‘Sandal-wood District;’ but of this valuable wood, however, there is very little left. The Indian and American vessels which visited the coast towards the close of the last, and the beginning of this, century, carried away the growth of ages; and, as the natives take no care to replace what they cut down, by planting more, there remains at this time only sufficient to induce the occasional visit of a Tonga canoe. The Tongans value it highly as a scent for the oil, with which every one delights to ‘anoint his head,’ and ‘make his face to shine.’

“This District, according to report, was formerly thickly peopled; natives and whites are agreed on this point: and what I have thus far seen of scattered people and empty villages, inclines me to the same opinion. At present it is but thinly peopled. The surface of the Circuit may be fifteen square miles: on it there are about thirty villages, inhabited by Heathen, with the exception of five, which are partly Christian. Into three of these Christianity has been introduced within the past few months. Some of the villages are rather large, but the greater part of them are small, and I should not calculate the population of the whole at more than six or seven thousand.

“The village of Tiliva, in which the Mission-house is situated, is divided by a river from Mbua, the chief town of the district, and from which the Circuit takes its name. The inhabitants of Tiliva are, for the most part, the collected remnants of several villages, the rest of whose inhabitants have fallen victims to the demon War. Some of the survivors are disfigured by bad gun-shot wounds.

“Even since this has been their dwelling-place they have suffered much from war and famine; the meagre personages of many of them give proof of this. For months, nay, years, in succession, they have been prevented by war from attending to their gardens; during which period they subsisted on such wild roots and fruits as the neighbourhood supplied; with an occasional treat of boiled leaves from the *dalo* planted within the village embankment. Mothers destroyed their own children, because they could not procure food for them.

“Another bad effect of the protracted wars of this district is the indolence so common among the people. Having for so long a time done little besides lying on their mats, they feel disposed to little else. Poverty is a never-failing attendant on indolence. These people are poor in the ordinary products of the islands, because the useful arts practised in other parts of Fiji are neglected here. The women do not beat cloth; and the men

do not plat sinnet, although living amidst groves of fine nuts. They once were more active, but have fallen into their present listless state in consequence of their having so long acted upon the principle of having as little to be encumbered by, or robbed of, as possible.

“ Not knowing how soon their houses might be in flames over their heads, they became very careless in their manner of building, and quite slovenly in the internal management of their homes. The swarms of mosquitoes by which they are mostly teased, do not favour domestic comfort. The poor people are mostly destitute of the native curtain, which is the ornament of the houses, and defence of the persons, of the natives residing on the Windward Islands.—They supply its place by small low houses about six feet by eight, having only one opening at the end, so low that a person must creep to enter it. Into these huts six or eight persons crowd themselves, and, having closed the opening with a door of matted leaves, lie down amidst the smoke of a wood fire; purchasing a respite from the bite of the mosquitoes at the cost of their eyes. Often, all their precautions are ineffectual; and, finding that they cannot sleep, the more active betake themselves to the river for relief.

“ Yet, after all their deficiencies and disadvantages, it would only need a little observation to see that the professors of Christianity are decidedly in advance of the Heathen around them. Those who knew them three or four years ago, testify to their having made great improvement. Generally speaking, they are living in much better houses than the Heathen, and these houses have been built since they became Christians. I have been here only a short time, but I am happy to say there is a pleasing improvement in the inside of many of the houses. The advice given by myself and Mrs. Williams has not been entirely disregarded, and we trust that we are yet only seeing the beginning of days of order and cleanliness.

“ Another pleasing result of this people being Christian is the extension of their gardens. Two or three years back they had only a few limited beds of inferior *dalo*: these are now greatly enlarged, and considerable plantations of yams and bananas are cultivated in addition. Their bread-fruit trees, destroyed in war, are being restored: these amply repay the little care they require, and are a great ornament to the village. To promote a spirit of industry among the people of Tiliva, I have offered prizes for the best sample of yams and bananas. I am not at all sanguine about the success of this plan, as the people in Fiji generally do not care to improve upon the doings of their forefathers.

“ Respecting the benefit they have derived from Christianity there is but one opinion among the adults of Tiliva. They all acknowledge a vast improvement in their temporal circumstances; and in the hearts of many a gracious change has taken place. These enjoy a peace of which a short time ago they had no conception, and cherish hopes of the future, for which they gratefully acknowledge their obligation to the Gospel.

“ Except in case of sickness the people rarely absent themselves from the Sabbath services of the sanctuary; and it is truly cheering to hear the united voices of seven-score Fijians, reclaimed from the waste of Heathenism, chant ‘ We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;’ following these ascriptions by acknowledgments of their belief that Christ will come to judge them, and soliciting His help, as creatures redeemed with His blood. Their attention to the preached word is encouraging, and their answers to questions proposed after the service frequently do them great credit.

“ Several of my Sabbaths on first settling here were rendered unusually interesting by baptisms, and the union of several Heathen to our congregation. On the second Sunday I baptized three children; on the third, twelve adults: two of these were gray-headed men, grateful that their lives had been prolonged to the day on which they were thus publicly received as members of Christ’s visible Church. On the three following Sundays companies of two or three Heathen united with us. My seventh Sunday was

passed with the Society at Ndama. I preached twice; and, in addition to the usual congregation, more than one hundred Heathen heard me each time. I baptized thirteen adults and one child. One of the adults was, a few months before, a zealous heathen priest. At the morning services, six Heathen at Ndama, and four at an adjoining village, publicly renounced Heathenism. Sixty church-members partook of the Lord's Supper in the afternoon. During my stay I met the Classes here, and from Tavulomo, and gave them their tickets.

"Whilst by the mat of a sick woman, a person sitting by said, 'This woman has been long and severely ill, but we never hear her complain!' She overheard the remark and said, 'It is of God: had I been thus afflicted before I knew God, I could not have borne it; but now I can pray, and put my trust in Jesus.'

"About a week before this I visited a heathen village named Na Wailevu. Many people collected to see and hear me, and I had the pleasure of entering the names of the Chief of the village, and another old man, on my list of professing Christians.

"At the services of the Eighth Sunday four, and on the ninth two, persons joined in with us. There is commonly a good feeling among the older worshippers, and I trust some of them are becoming confirmed in the truths which they hear, and may help to strengthen and stablish those who have recently been added to us.

"At the quarterly visitations, I have been pleased with the simplicity and apparent sincerity of the Societies. Depth of religious experience is not to be looked for among these infant Churches; it is encouraging to find them fearing God, and working righteousness. With the general spirit and conduct of the Leaders I am well pleased.

"The Society in Tiliva are not strangers to persecution. In addition to doing them smaller injuries, the Heathen set fire to the chapel, which, with the Teacher's house, was burnt to the ground. This occurred about two years since; and up to the present time they are called to endure insult, and the spoliation of their plantations.

"Some of our members have lately quitted this vale of tears, not without a hope of going to that world where they shall weep no more. In January, Samson Tanima died, after protracted, and at times excruciating, suffering. He had been a member of Society about ten years, being among the first who received the truth on the commencement of this Mission at Lakemba. He came with me to this place from Viwa. He was a truly honest, industrious, and faithful man. His strong conviction of the truth of Christianity never wavered, and he rarely missed an opportunity of urging its claims upon his countrymen, and occasionally he did so at great personal risk. I can testify to many hundreds of Fijians having been faithfully warned and expostulated with by Samson. He was a private member of Society, but his zeal for the cause of God might put many of its official members to the blush. A few minutes before he died, he expressed his confidence in the Redeemer, and expired just after I had commended him to God in prayer.*

"Cæsar Mbangi died in the same month. He was an old man who had been a Christian about two years. He spoke more freely about his spiritual state than any sick Fijian I have yet met with. He received my visits with marked joy. One of his friends observed that, although communicative to me, he remained silent when visited by his neighbours. Cæsar accounted for this by saying, 'I am near my end, and wish to keep

* This was a native of Somosomo. His people not being allowed to become Christian, he cheerfully remained an exile at Lakemba for several years, where he was a faithful servant of Mr. Williams, whom he accompanied to Mbua. While at Lakemba, this earnest man, on being interrogated as to his Christian experience, said: "I am very happy. I have enjoyed religion all the day. I rose early in the morning, and prayed that the Lord would greatly bless me, and keep me throughout the day: and He has done so; and generally does when I fully attend to religious duties early in the morning. But, if I neglect, and rush into the world without properly attending to my religious duties, nothing goes right. I am wrong in my own heart, and no one round me is right."

my mind fixed on God. If I conversed on the affairs of the village, I might hear what would pain my mind, and divert my thoughts from God.' A few days before he died, he expressed himself to the following effect:—'I am weak, and I am old; my time is come, but I am not afraid to die: through Jesus I feel courageous for death. Jesus is my Chief, and I wish to obey Him: if he says I am yet to lie here, I will praise Him; and if he says I am to go above to Him, I will praise Him. I do not wish to eat; His word is my food; I think on it, and lean entirely on Jesus.'"

Continued residence at Tiliva proved to Mr. Williams that he was living among a people more depraved and more reckless of human life even than the Somosomans. Infanticide was dreadfully common, inso-much that it was difficult to persuade the people that it was, in any respect, wrong. The dangers which surrounded the Christians on account of their religion, came near the Missionary, so that his position was one of constant anxiety and peril. Mbatu Namu, the Chief, declared his purpose to kill Mr. Williams, and take Mrs. Williams as his own property, and, having destroyed the Mission premises, to distribute the spoils among his people. On November 30th, 1848, Mr. Williams writes:—

"It is with great pleasure, and great gratitude, that I report the existence and well-being of myself and family, at the close of two months of unusual anxiety. 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo! he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.' Mbatu Namu, the Chief of this district, whose preparations for an attack on Mathuata had long kept this part in an excited state, is no more. Last month he assembled his fighting men; and, after detaining several hundreds of them for four days in the vicinity of the towns of the Christians, with orders to eat and destroy the fruit of their gardens, and, if they chose, to eat some of the Christians, he led them forth to the scene of action. He set out in high spirits, and with great expectations. He assured himself of success, which was to be followed by deeds which were designed to make his name a terror. In imagination, he saw the Mission Station in flames; his allies paid with the spoils of its store; and its causeless hatred to the Christian religion luxuriating in the blood of its professors. But, in his heathenish rage, he imagined vain things: the Lord had him in derision.

"On the third day from leaving this place, he fell into the snare of a professed friend, a Chief whom he had insulted; and, in a village engaged in his service, met with unexpected death. He was first wounded by a musket-ball; and then, whilst praying for life, was dispatched by the battle-axe of the insulted Chief. The bodies of Mbatu Namu, and others who fell with him, were taken to Mathuata, and eaten. His large

knot of long platted hair, of which he was very proud, is made into key-guards. His fighting men fled; one party, in their flight, burning four of the towns of their enemies. The fallen Chief had four wives; these, with the wives of those who fell with him, were to be strangled. Two of his wives were saved through the influence of Christianity. His chief wife was redeemed from death after the Christian Chief and myself had twice presented property, and employed six hours in entreaty. But, after this, she sought her murderers, and was strangled.

“The surviving friends of Mbatu Namu are planning reprisals. Something has already been accomplished. A village was surprised; but most of the men escaped. One man and nine women were slaughtered. Last Sunday week, part of a body, ready cooked, was brought here as a foretaste for the young man who succeeds Mbatu Namu. Next day, the bodies of two females, whole and uncooked, were brought by a crowd of blackened and noisy savages, who, after presenting their victims to the Chiefs, prepared them for the oven. These—with the floating of a head and human entrails past my house, the wanton shooting of one man just now, and the clubbing by mistake of some women in the dark a few nights ago—are heart-sickening,—too horrid for detail. It is hard for a witness of them to own affinity with persons so awfully depraved. Such scenes stagger faith and chill charity. Enlarged views of the omnipotence of Redeeming Love are necessary to keep the Missionary to such a people from the withering influence of despair. He appears to live amongst fiends rather than men; and, when he sees them fulfilling the dictates of their corrupt passions, he finds it difficult to believe them within the reach of mercy.

“It was a great relief to turn from such scenes to the quiet and order of the Christian village, (which had just been saved from the evil purpose of the Chief,) where live many proofs of God’s power to save cannibal Fijians.

“Last week I buried the principal Native Teacher of this Circuit. He was a valuable man, active, zealous, and persevering in all he undertook. In his person, family, house, gardens, and general habits, he was a pattern to the native converts. During three months’ sickness, I had good opportunities of inquiring into and observing his state. Generally, he had peace with God through faith in Jesus. So long as he could read, his New Testament was his companion; and, when unable to read it, he would hear it read by others, and he always had it near to him. When I was conversing with him a short time before he died, he exclaimed with great emphasis, ‘A God of love!’ In the morning of his last day he recognised his children, and kissed them; and then lay in-

sensible during most of the day. The last word uttered by him was, 'Peace.' He fell asleep in Jesus during the night of November 22nd. I have no man left equal to Solomon Randawa.

"We know you feel for, and sympathize with, your Missionaries in Fiji. You would do so much more, could you see us now, and contrast us with our work. We are now reduced to six in number, and none of us strong: our work is great and diversified, and is daily increasing. To be solitary on a Station in a heathen district is bad. The man is cramped. The demands of his charge, and of his family, prevent him from going far from home."

The successor of Mbatu Namu seemed to be a young man of very different character, and gave the Missionary reason to hope that he would not only treat the Christians more kindly, but himself eventually join them. Further encouragement was given in the fact that a way began to open for religious teaching in the Yasawa Group, to the west of Fiji, where five villages sought instruction, to which Mr. Williams resolved to send the Teacher who helped him at Tiliva, and without whom his own labour would be much increased.

"June 11th, 1849.—On the 2nd of April I had a special prayer-meeting, to entreat for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this land, which is large, and abounds with misery and crime.

"On the 3rd, I sailed for the back of the land, taking with me Ra Hezekiah Vunindanga, the Christian Chief of Tiliva. A few years ago, he was a bitter and scornful hater of Christianity; but, for the past two years, he has been a consistent professor of religion, and wishes to persuade others to share with him in the blessings he enjoys. After an agreeable voyage, we anchored in the afternoon at Vatu Kea: but the Chief, Liue, whom we wished to see, was away. We endeavoured to be useful to some visitors from the Yasawa Islands, who appeared to be of a more teachable disposition than any tribe of Fijians with which I am acquainted. I passed the night in a god-house,—the best in the place,—which the old priest invited me to use. I spent most of the night in speaking to the priest and another old man on the things of God.

"On the morning of the 4th Liue arrived. To appearance, he was convinced of the truth of Christianity; but business of a public nature, with which the gods were concerned, was pleaded as an obstacle to his then becoming a professor of the religion of Jesus. His scruples on this head were overcome, and he bowed the knee with us in the temple, and worshipped the God of the universe. Ra Hezekiah was so delighted to see his friend thus worship God, that he roared aloud for joy.

“A few miles’ run deeper into the bay brought us to a landing-place, from which, having appointed a watch to remain with the canoe, a company of us proceeded to Nasau, a village a few miles inland, where we got the people together, and reported our mission. A young man who appeared to be much respected in the place was desirous of becoming a Christian, and had been for some time; but some of the old men violently opposed. The discussion became such an angry one, that I longed for its close. Having dispatched a messenger to the canoe, we pushed on further inland, and after dark reached Nai Vakasinga, a village situated at the foot of a vast cliff of black rock, and inhabited by some of Chevalier Peter Dillon’s old friends. There is a wide difference between their account of the origin of the fight between the people of the ‘Hunter’ and the natives of Wailea, and the account given of it by the Chevalier. Ra Mbombo, the Chief, gave us a cordial reception; and, after some conversation, the Chief next in rank took upon himself the Christian name. After a frugal supper, we were conducted to the god-house to sleep. I found several old cannibals in possession. I stretched myself on a part of the floor, voted me as a mark of good feeling, being next to where Ra Mbombo lay. I had a block of wood for my pillow, and the roof of the temple for a coverlet. When Ra Mbombo took his place, I was fixed, with scarcely elbow room, between two veteran cannibals, who were very curious, and plied me with questions for several hours of the dark night. On the morning of the 5th, we conducted a short service among our heathen bedfellows, and then set off to the canoe.

“After a brisk run we reached Na Koro Vatu, but found that the Chief and his people were from home. The people in charge assembled together; and I embraced the opportunity of preaching Jesus to them. Here we passed the night in the neatest Fijian house I have seen in these parts; and, having my mat and mosquito curtain with me, I slept well.

“The next day, with hard work and hard sailing,—the wind blowing half a gale,—we reached Nasavusavu, where we left our canoe, and walked to Tathilevu. The people of the place were soon collected together, and I besought them for Christ’s sake to turn from idols to the living God. A man who had renounced Christianity in consequence of persecution at Wairiki, and fled here, had already regretted the step he had taken, and was desirous to worship God again. I begged his father to follow the example of his son. A man who had returned to Heathenism during the persecution of Tui Mbua some years ago, stood up, and said, ‘I was driven from Christianity by threats of death: I am a Christian.’ I called these two who had backslidden into Heathen-

ism towards me, and three Heathen—two of whom were grey-headed—came up with them. We knelt together in the open air, and united in a public act of dedication to Almighty God. After a little time spent in giving further instruction to those who had declared themselves on the Lord's side, we returned to Nasavusavu, accompanied by a man who begged medicine for some Heathen. Here also we kept the end of our coming in view, but had no visible success. We pitched our tents for the night, and sailed home next morning. These are small beginnings, but encouraging to one who is working amongst constant opposition. Another source of consolation I ought to name,—a brotherly visit from Mr. Calvert, who passed a few days with us a month ago, to our great comfort."

In the face of determined and well-organized opposition on the part of several Chiefs, and among much suffering and discouragement, Mr. Williams pursued his work, visiting many different places, and striving to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of the people. No great success followed these efforts as yet, but some cheering instances happened of Heathens embracing the *lotu*; so that the Missionary could say in August, 1849, "On nearly every Sunday in the months of May and June, I had to rejoice over converts from Heathenism in some one or more of the villages near to me. During the past year, not less than a hundred and thirty have been thus converted in this Circuit. There is an increase of ninety-two church members, and there are sixty-nine on trial: a hundred and forty persons, chiefly adults, have been baptized. The total number of persons now meeting in Class is over three hundred and twenty; and I suppose we have, besides these, nearly two hundred hearers."

On his first arrival at Lakemba, Mr. Williams had exerted himself to improve his dwelling-house; and determined, on reaching his new Station, to spare no pains to supply the people with higher notions and superior models of architecture. He accordingly built a most substantial and neat Mission-house;* and, by the help of a willing people, erected a chapel, superior in every respect to anything of the kind in Fiji. The Mission establishment and the chapel present an imposing and attractive appearance to visitors, as they ascend the river to Tiliva. Mr. Williams's own account of the carrying on and completion of the work is deeply interesting.

* See Frontispiece.

“The Tiliva new chapel does the little company of natives who built it much credit. The present Chief, Ra Hezekiah Vunindanga, (successor to Raitono,) is a very sensible and persevering man. On commencing this chapel, he adopted it as a principle, that neither material nor labour could be too good for the house in which the true God was to be worshipped. Acting in accordance with this principle, he, and some of his men who had fame for ‘lifting up the axe,’ travelled over many miles of the surrounding country, in search of timber for the frame of the building. Whilst they were thus employed, the old men enlivened the village by the rap, tap, tap, of the beaters with which they separated the fibre from the fleshy part of the nut-husk, that it might be plaited into sinnet, for the ornamental lashings. At intervals of two or three days, the joyous shout of the returning wood-cutters broke the quiet of the evening, a signal at which those who were left in the village—old men, women, and children—ran off to assist their weary friends in dragging some giant of the forest to the spot where it was to become a pillar in the Lord’s house. Happier groups than these formed, eye never saw. In about three months eighty beams of from twelve to fifty feet long were collected, many of them from a distance of ten or twelve miles, and by manual labour only. The logs were *vesi*, or green-heart, the most valuable timber in the islands. These were carefully wrought into a very substantial frame; completed by walls and roof. The sketch will give you an idea of the outside of the chapel; and you may form one of the appearance of the inside, by supposing yourselves between two colonnades of mahogany pillars, sixteen pillars in each colonnade, and three feet apart. These support a circular mahogany cornice, or wall-plate, seven inches in diameter, on which the capitals are wrought in sinnet. Between the pillars is seen the inner fence, formed of bright canes, the whole extent of which, fifty feet by nine feet, is divided by black lines into diamonds of one inch and a half long. The tops of the doors and windows are finished as the outside, in triangular pediments, done in black sinnet. The foot of each spar is secured to the cornice by ornamental bands. The roof is relieved by alternate rows of open and closed reed-work, divided from each other by jet-black lines, three and four inches wide. The wings of the communion rail are of ornamented reed-work. The centre of the balusters is made of the warrior’s spear and the scented sandal-wood. The rail itself is a piece of beautiful nut.

“Often, whilst superintending their operations, have I heard the builders cheer each other by chanting such passages as the following :

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.' 'But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded!' To this another party would respond. 'The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation.' Another favourite chant was, 1 Kings viii. 28-30. And, with suitable feeling, a number would join in the petitions, 'Hearken unto the prayer which Thy servant shall make;' 'And when Thou hearest, forgive.'

"Several pleasing facts are connected with the building of this chapel. Had it been built eighteen months ago, the Heathen Chief of that day would have construed our work into an offence, for which nothing short of our mourning over its ashes could atone; whereas, the present heathen Chief sent us a message to the effect that we were few, and engaged in a great work; and, if agreeable, he would help us. His proposal was accepted; and the wall and roof of one side of the chapel were done by the Heathen, and well done too. And, at the opening of the chapel, the Heathen assisted in preparing food for our visitors. We rejoice in so pleasing a change.

"Many have been attracted to this place by the report of the chapel; and these opportunities have been improved to preach unto them Jesus. The strangers, without exception, expressed surprise that such a work could be done by Fijians. Our company said, 'By this we are convinced that religion is true: if it was not, you would run away, and leave the work undone.' Another party, fresh from the slaughter, and their battle-axes dyed in blood, declared their conviction, 'that no number of Heathen could do what these few Christian men had done.' We have been visited by Ratu Elijah Verani, and other Viwa friends, who say, 'You are the first who have surpassed the temples built by our Chiefs for the devil: you have put all their works under your feet.'

"The chapel is a proof of the growing industry of the people. The Mission-house is a large and very substantial building on an European plan, its timbers and walls of green-heart; and towards its erection the Christian natives did a great deal. They have, also, built a good house for the Native Teacher, and twelve improved houses for themselves. The whole of the above has been done within two years. The Rev. David Hazlewood opened the chapel on the 24th of April. We had a large congregation, amongst which was a good sprinkling of Heathen. All parties seemed to enjoy the day, and to many it was one of much spiritual good.

"The Mbua Circuit has been formed nearly three years, during which time we have entered six new preaching-places, and built three chapels. Nearly two hundred Heathen have embraced Christianity, and three hundred persons have become members of the visible Church of Christ by baptism. We are looking forward to still better days, and praying that God will abundantly bless His word, that the yet heathen tribes may learn to bless His name."

Mr. Lawry was much pleased with the chapel, and wrote in his Journal: "Mr. Williams has by far the best chapel that I have seen in the two Districts. It is clean, strong, and tastefully laid out and finished, reminding me of one of our cathedrals at home, ornamented to the very ridgepole, and built not only in the best style, but of the best material in the land, and completed by those who use it; and it is free from debt. The worship was solemn and cheerful, intelligent and feeling. About two hundred persons were present."

The good work continued to progress. Schools were carried on with success, and the blessing of God attended the preaching of His word, and the administration of the sacraments. Towards the end of 1850 new trouble came. Instead of hearing rumours of distant fighting, war came now close to the Mission Station. The following account of the events of this period appeared in the Wesleyan Missionary Notices for August, 1851:—

"On the 12th of September, 1850, the day upon which the 'John Wesley' left Mbua bay,* the Chief of Mbua took his warriors to attack Na Korombase, a heathen fortress in which the Tavea Christians, with their heathen friends, had taken shelter. Mr. Williams, the Missionary at Tiliva, expostulated with the Mbua Chief; but his determination to fight was fixed. The Chief, however, pledged himself to save the lives of the Teacher and his wife, should he succeed in taking the fortress. The Christians at Tiliva, to a man, prayed daily for the failure of what they knew to be an unjust war; and, after an absence of thirteen days, the warriors returned, saying, 'Fear seized us; the longer we stayed, the more faint-hearted we grew.' They killed one woman, and four of their party received gun-shot wounds. The Mbua Chief said to Mr. Williams, the day after his return, 'The prayers of the Christians are more powerful than our arms.'

"On Sunday, November 17th, a discharge of musketry in the Ndama District announced to the Missionary that war had commenced; and a messenger arrived shortly after, to inform him that a skirmish had

* See Lawry's *Second Missionary Visit*, page 370.

taken place between the Ndama Heathen and those of Na Sau. On Monday morning Mr. Williams proceeded to Ndama to endeavour to restore peace. On entering that district, the desolation of war met his eye. Plots of bananas cut to the ground were seen on every hand. The village of Na Waiwai was deserted; and the houses from which the people used to issue, with outstretched hands and smiling faces, to welcome his arrival, were all vacated. The Missionary, and those who accompanied him, sat in solitude, until a native ran to announce their arrival to the people, who had taken shelter in a forest of mangroves. Tui Mbua, the Chief of Ndama, on learning the purport of Mr. Williams's visit, at once decided to become a Christian. Five of Tui Mbua's head men joined him, being determined to renounce the superstitions of their fathers. These, with the Missionary, formed a council, and it was decided that they should at once proceed to the fortress of those who wished to prolong hostilities, and entreat them to finish the war by becoming Christians. The sun was setting as they reached the fortress; they took their seats amongst groups of grim-looking men covered with black powder, and stacks of muskets, clubs, and spears; and the 'noon of night' had passed before they arose from those seats. There was hard pleading on both sides. The Heathen thirsted for revenge: four of their party were dead, and others wounded, and they had not drawn blood from their enemies. However, at length Mbalata, their Chief, yielded. He put his hand into the hand of the Missionary, and said, "I should like to be a Heathen a little longer; but I will *lotu* as you so earnestly entreat me." A young warrior bowed with him, and at the silent hour of midnight, in the open air, they worshipped the one true God together. In another part of the village, twelve women, for the first time in their lives, bowed the knee to Jehovah, and said 'Amen' to petitions offered for their present, future, and eternal happiness."

Mr. Williams now directed his attention towards securing peace between Ndama and Na Sau; and the account of his proceedings, and of their results, is so deeply interesting, that we are unwilling to abridge it, but give it almost entire. He writes:—

"The second object of my visit—a peace betwixt Ndama and Na Sau—engaged my attention at an early hour next morning. The Christian Chiefs were ready to accompany me; but knowing how important the presence of Tui Mbua was, I requested him to head our party. He objected that rheumatism in his hip incapacitated him for walking so far; but added, 'I will not hide my mind from you: I dare not go; you are leading me to death; if I comply with your request, I am a dead man this day.' I strove to allay his fears; and my effort being seconded

by the declaration of a hundred brave men that they would die in his defence, he consented to accompany us to within a short distance of Na Sau, if I would engage to bring the principal men of Na Sau to the place at which he would wait for them. I engaged to do all I could to meet his proposal, and we started without delay. The area appointed for the meeting was enclosed by majestic chestnut trees, at the foot of one of which I left the old Chief, and walked on to Na Sau, in company with a few unarmed men. We were kindly received; but some of the old men could scarcely be persuaded that we were sincere. After some debate, the Na Sau Chief, and about twenty of his men, prepared to return with us. We pledged their safety, and every man left his arms at home. As we filed out of the *koro*, I overheard an old man say, 'We shall see death to-day.' I shouted aloud, 'To-day we live.' This encouraged the poor men, who, one after another, repeated, 'To-day we live,' as they proceeded with hastened steps to the area where Tui Mbua awaited our arrival.

"I felt that the peace of the district depended on this interview, and prayed that no untoward event might occur to prevent or mar the good results I anticipated from this meeting. Knowing that if either party detected in the dark speaking eyes of the others anger or scorn, I might witness a scene of bloodshed instead of peace, I watched with deep anxiety the attitude of the Na Sau Chief, as he entered the flat space. He gently inclined the upper part of his body, clasped his hands, and approached Tui Mbua respectfully. My heart thrilled with joy as I looked on him. I felt assured he was sincere; nor was I kept long in suspense as to the reception Tui Mbua would give him. The old Chief fixed his piercing eyes on him a moment, and he next sprang on his feet to meet him. He appeared to endure the kissing of his hand by the Chief of Na Sau, and, withdrawing it from his lips, cast his arms about the neck of his late enemy, and cordially embraced him. My own feelings at that moment were unutterable; and the loud cries of joy from several of the attendants showed that I did not feel alone. The Tiliva Chief (a Christian) was so affected, that he cried out, 'We thank Thee, O Lord, for thus bringing Thy creatures into the way of life;' and long and loudly did he weep for gladness.

"After a short pause, Tui Mbua wished me to state the purpose for which we were met, but, at my request, did so himself, in a speech quite un-Fijian for its animation, and occupying nearly half an hour in its delivery. A passage or two from it may interest you. 'People of Na Sau, these are the days of strange events. I am a Christian, but of only one night's growth; so that my mind is a heathen mind, and I am

afraid of you. You, too, are Christians of a night more than myself; so your minds are heathen minds, and you are afraid of me. But that is now done with; let us no longer fear each other, but let us now love each other as these our friends do.' 'People of Na Sau, the heathen mind is a dark mind: we are a dark-minded people. We saw the *lotu*, it came on each side of us, but we did not value it: it spread here and there, and so put out its arms as to encircle us; but, not being willing to submit to it, we raised this war to break through it, and by this war it has captured us. This *lotu* is a strange thing.' 'We have of late, in these parts, greatly wearied ourselves. If we carried a weight, we increased it by carrying a musket, powder, and balls. In the garden, one hand held the spade, and the other held arms. This makes work difficult; it grows out of fighting. Men of Na Sau, let us give both our hands to the spade; pour out the powder from the powder-house (pan) of your guns; let us all do so, or else let us discharge them into the air, and let us be determined for peace.' 'People of Na Sau, I am a Christian; perhaps you think I have put on a mask, and that plots are under it. No; I am sincere. In the face of the Missionary, and of the Christian Chiefs, and of yourselves, I speak it, and let all hear it: *I am a Christian*: I mean to be one. You who hear me, we have had war, our friends have fallen its victims; but that is past, let us now all be for peace. The man who after this causes war to rise shall be known to us all. I speak for friendship, love, and peace.'

"I added a few words in confirmation of Tui Mbua's desire for unity and good will, and called upon Ra Hezekiah Vunindanga to address our new professors of Christianity; and he did so with spirit. I wish I could find room for the whole of his speech. He began by saying, 'This is a good day; we have long prayed that we might see this day; now we see it, and are glad. To-day we see the great power of God. Man could not do what we see done to-day. We Fijians are a perverse people; *we* are Fijians, and we know that of all crooked, obstinate things, the mind of a Fijian is most crooked and most obstinate. If we have an enemy, we do not like to be of one mind with him; we do not wish to be reconciled to him. If some Fijian Chief of great power had this day come to unite us, he could not have done so; certainly not,—certainly not,—certainly not. If some great Chief of Britain had come amongst us to-day to dissuade us from war, and make us one, he could not have done so. The Fijian mind defies the power of man. But what do we see to-day? We see those who the other day were full of bad feeling towards each other, and shooting at each other, sitting together in peace; hatred is taken away, and we who so

lately had each different views are now united, and our minds are as the mind of one man. Ask no more, "What can the *lotu* do?" after what your eyes see this day. The *lotu* is of God; and what we now see is the work of God: He alone is almighty. In this age we see also the love of God. He has shown his love to us by giving us His book to tell us of the Saviour, and to teach us the way to serve God. And to help us to understand what we read, He has sent His Ministers to our land. Great is the love of God. We Fijians are born in darkness and error, we are reared in error, it is in our nature to err, so that it is important that we have those amongst us who can direct us. A father who loves his children, tells them what they ought not to do, and he tells them what they ought to do. Mr. Williams is as a father to us. If we take a step without advice, it is a wrong step; but if it is approved by him, we are no more double-minded, but go fearlessly on, and we find that we are doing what is right: but our own plans lead us wrong, and the end of them is pain and trouble. Great is our joy at this meeting. You, our friends of Ndama and Na Sau, have come into a good way; never go from it. Grasp firmly what you have now taken hold of; the end thereof is life,—life now, and life forever.'"

However sincere the Ndama Chief might be, he had bad advisers, whose influence made it necessary for the Christians to use great diligence in order to maintain quiet. The visit of Elijah Verani seemed to furnish a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to confirm a general peace. He was always ready to face any danger in trying to do good, and now exposed himself to great peril in thus visiting a people whom, in former days, he had deeply injured. Mr. Williams thus gives the history of this visit, under date, February 21st, 1851:—

"The pleasing scenes narrated in my last letter to you were shortly followed by scenes of trial and bloodshed. The Christian Chief, George Nala, through unusual labours and intense excitement, lost his reason; many of his people, who had to work hard in the day, and sleep in the open air at night, fell sick; the health of three of the Native Teachers failed them entirely, so that their removal to the Mission-house was necessary to save their lives. The means used had God's blessing: the restored Chief resumed his proper position in society; the Teachers, on the return of health, resumed their labours; and, with two or three exceptions, the rest of the sick recovered.

"Directly after the Peace Meeting, of which you have been informed, the Christian natives set themselves in good earnest to repair the injuries already sustained from the war. Their first work was to build a new house for Tui Mbua, in place of the one burnt down by his enemies. In this they were aided by the Tiliva Christians. Tui Mbua, who steadily maintained his profession of the Christian religion, acknowledged their kindness, and they felt repaid by his apparent sincerity. Thus things were on the arrival of Ratu Elijah, who finding that Nawatha only remained belligerent, and having a well-derived influence over the people of that place, he hoped to exercise it for good. I prepared to

accompany him; but, as I did not believe my presence absolutely needed, I relinquished my purpose, at his own request, seconded by that of Mrs. Williams, just as I was going on board his canoe. Having cautioned Ratu Elijah not to visit Nawatha except well attended by armed men, I returned to be a check on a suspicious-looking body of Heathen, who had assembled at a short distance from the Mission-house.

“On arriving at Ndama, Ratu Elijah received a cordial welcome from Ra George, and his uncle, Tui Mbua, who expressed pleasure at the prospect of putting an entire stop to hostilities. They went in company to Nawatha, and Ratu Elijah, suspecting no harm, went unarmed and ill-attended. Whilst waiting the return of a party sent into the fortress to propose terms of peace, they were fired upon from an ambuscade. The Chief, George, fell with his face towards his murderers: he received three bullets through his body, a four-pronged spear in his back, and a deep gash in his head from a battle-axe. A random shot struck a young Teacher in the forehead, and he fell down dead. Tui Mbua, it is believed, was accessory to this murderous plot; he hoped by it to destroy Ratu Elijah, but killed his own nephew. Whilst a Heathen, Verani had killed several of Tui Mbua's people; Tui Mbua has long sought to avenge their blood, and, finding Elijah so entirely in his power, the temptation to revenge was stronger than he could resist. Ordinary precaution would have defeated the plot. On seeing his nephew fall, Tui Mbua fled, accompanied by twenty Ndama people, to a neighbouring village. Aided by a multitude of Heathen who live only to do mischief, they kept the Ndama district in a state of alarm for more than a month. The Christians, at my earnest request, avoided aggressive warfare, and only fought to defend the three forts which sheltered them and their families. The enemy often attacked them, with loss to themselves; but not one Christian life was lost. These facts have made a deep impression on the minds of those who are recent converts to the Christian faith: with them they are so many evidences that the religion of Jesus Christ is true.

“The loss of Christian property by fire is considerable. The Heathen have destroyed their yam and banana gardens, and burnt down four villages, in which we had two chapels, and three Native Teachers' houses.

“The death of Ra George is not a loss to this Circuit only, but to the Mission at large. He was a sincere and zealous supporter of its interests.

“Considering the protracted excitement of this district, it is surprising that so few of the new converts have relapsed into Heathenism,—perhaps not more than ten.

“That one half of this large island has not been involved in this war, is attributable to God's blessing on our unwearied efforts to maintain peace. Mr. Calvert at Mbau, and we on Vanua Levu, have toiled hard to appease the powers that be. Mr. Calvert kindly visited this place, and Nandi too. He took an active part in our proceedings, and has our sincerest thanks.

“Amidst the difficulties that thicken around us, we struggle forward, and labour and hope for great things. I am delighted to observe an increasing desire for God's word throughout the Circuit. Nearly every member of the Church who can read is in possession of a copy of the New Testament. A month since, two young men came to me from a distance of sixty miles, to ask for some work to do, that they might obtain each a New Testament. Since then, I have had other two from the same place, on the same errand. It is my joy to supply them.

“I have just returned from spending a week in the Nandi Circuit, as directed by the District Meeting. The state of our people in Na Savu, (the Circuit town,) and in two or three of the adjacent villages, is satisfactory. Mr. Moore is diligent in discharging the duties of his calling, and finds his pleasure increase, as he increases his knowledge of the people, and of their language. He has had rough usages from the savages of Solevu Bay. The schools at Na Savu are in an excellent state. The infant school, as it is called, has girls in it sixteen and eighteen years old; but all composing it were very attentive. I soon perceived that the leader amongst the boys was quite blind. In all exercises of

the memory blind Shem was a sure guide; and scarcely less certain in *impromptu* answers to questions on Old and New Testament history. It was not, however, until I had been in school some time, that I observed the girls also had a blind leader; one in whom they put no little confidence. But Pauline was not so intelligent as Shem, nor so active. He took his part in all the evolutions through which the children were put; but she, not sharing his confidence, sat during these. Shem is a very quick lad. He needs only to hear a hymn or psalm repeated twice or thrice, and he is ready to become the teacher of it to his bright-eyed class-mates. And the best of all is, the blind boy knows Jesus as his Saviour. On the day of my arrival, Mr. Moore returned from visiting Wailevu and Na Ndundu. He found that most of the people there, who embraced the *lotu* last year, have given it up this. Hard words from Mbau, and the anger of their gods, shown in a failure of the yam crop, are the reasons they assign."

The continuance of hostilities interfered with the progress of the Mission, although the evil was somewhat lessened by Mr. Williams prevailing upon Tui Mbua, the Chief of Mbua, to take no part in the Ndama war. The condition of the Christian settlement near the Mission-house continued to improve. The people became very industrious, and at last accomplished the unprecedented exploit of building three canoes. By means of these, a better supply of provisions was insured, and the Missionary and Teachers were more easily conveyed from place to place. The good example thus set was not lost, and the first to follow it was the principal heathen Chief, who began to build a canoe for himself.

On the 25th of September, Mr. Williams sent an encouraging school report to the General Secretaries.

"The most cheering of recent events is the return to Nandi of our worthy brother Hazlewood, who, having accomplished the purpose of his late visit to the Colonies, is again at his post, pursuing, with renewed strength and other new advantages, his useful labours. During his absence from Fiji he has worked diligently for us, having materially advanced the translation department. His intercourse with civilized society and kind friends has in nowise lessened his love for the Fiji Mission, which, with those who labour on it, and those we strive to benefit, appears to be dearer than ever to him. Mr. and Mrs. Hazlewood interrupted our long solitude by a visit, which, in consequence of strong winds, was protracted to seventeen days, when they left us in our little schooner, the 'Ngauna Vinaka.'

"It is our custom to hold our school meetings when the 'Wesley' visits us; but as that noble brig's visit to England will keep her from us some time to come, I held the Tiliva school-feast whilst Mr. Hazlewood was at this place. In quieter times we have more visitors; but, on the whole, we have not had a pleasanter meeting. The male and female Testament classes read each a chapter; a number of young men, and two young women, repeated each a chapter with great correctness; some of the children also recited portions of Scripture and hymns; the children in a body chanted the Ten Commandments, the Second Psalm, and some of their school lessons, besides spelling, and answering a few simple questions in geography. They then received a dress each from those kindly supplied by Mrs. Hoole, London, and by other kind friends in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

"The older boys, to the number of twenty or over, presented hanks of sinnet, their own platting, and, excepting two or three, the first they had ever made. The Chiefs,

and several aged men, sat as judges, and awarded six prizes to as many boys. Then ten little girls offered their maiden plat-mats, that the females appointed might examine them: four of the girls were rewarded: two of the mats might have passed for the work of adults.

"That which to my mind greatly augmented the interest of the meeting, was the presence of the heathen Chief, and several of his people, who observed with interest the several examinations, and assisted in deciding the merits of banks of sinnet presented by the boys. Unhappily the Heathen generally avoid our ordinary services; and, in consequence of their prejudices, it is not easy to find or frame a service where Christian and Heathen may meet together, to the satisfaction of both parties. In the present instance I believe this was effected. A few of the scholars have heathen parents, and in these were observed the strongest indications of pleasure at witnessing the performances of the children. A party of Heathen who came up just as the examination closed, strongly expressed their disappointment, and, but for a consideration of the length of time we had been together, I should have re-examined the children on two or three subjects, for the satisfaction of the late comers. They, however, were in time to partake of the good cheer provided by our people for the occasion. Neither the visitors nor the visited lacked appetite, so that a pile of food was quickly disposed of. I afterwards heard that a leading man among the Heathen said, 'This school is good; the children in it are wiser than we aged men; they could answer the questions put to them about the Christian religion; and the boys are taught to braid sinnet, which some of us who are grown grey cannot do: we see it is good, very good.'

"With a little care on the part of myself and Mrs. Williams, I hope we shall completely stop the practice of smoking tobacco, formerly so common amongst the children: we have done much already towards this desirable object."

During the Ndama war, one of the devoted Teachers who remained with the Christians died, and his colleague reported the event to Mr. Williams as follows:—

"TO MR. WILLIAMS.

"I WRITE, Sir, to you, the servant of God, to make known that Stephen Thevalala sleeps. Stephen went happily to sleep. He died at Na Nganga, as I was bringing him from Tavulomo to you, if happily there might be any medicine that would be useful in his case. 'But your care of me will not avail,' said he; 'I shall not reach the Missionary; but through Jesus Christ I shall reach heaven. Amen, amen.' My report of the happy death is ended.

"LASARUS NDRALA."

Mr. Williams gives a short sketch of this young man, which is a fair description of many who nobly and faithfully served God in preaching the Gospel in Fiji:—

"Stephen Thevalala was born at Wakaya, a small island forty miles from Mbau, amidst the disquietude and slaughters of that people when struggling for the ascepdancy. Most of his friends fell victims to the rapacity of Mbau. But for a quick eye and agile limbs, he had not lived to tell the tale of his escape. In one of the attacks made on his

native village, while he was quite a youth, a powerful man aimed a blow with a club that was designed to number him with those already slain. This the youth avoided by darting between the warrior's legs; when, instantly recovering an erect posture, he trusted his life to the fleetness of his heels, and happily escaped.

"Stephen first came under my notice in 1841, on the island of Lakemba, and there became my servant. He was short and unusually dark; but his features were regular, and indicative of a superior mind. He was an active, obliging, and obedient servant. His situation allowed him time for improvement. He learned to read well, and to write tolerably, and improved his stock of general knowledge. After being with me about three years, he left me to visit his friends, hoping to be owned of God in their conversion from Heathenism. His success did not equal his expectations; but there was work for him to do; and Mr. Hunt, who met with him, was so well pleased with his spirit, that he appointed him Teacher on an adjoining island, from which he came in 1848, to help me in the Mbua Circuit.

"He laboured at Wairiki, until driven away by persecution. I then placed him at Tavulomo, amongst a remarkably trying people. He saw the difficulties of his post, and applied himself diligently to his work, in which he had a good degree of success. In 1849, the difficulties of his position were increased by the dangers of war; and he might have claimed a removal, as his leg was much swollen from elephantiasis. He, however, kept at his Station, where he died. Doubtless his end was hastened by the hardships he endured. After lying ill some time, he decided upon trying what a visit to Tiliva would do for him. Previous to his removal, he called around him the chief men of the village, and informed them of his purpose, saying, 'My removal may not profit me. I may die; and, if so, it is well; only, do not let my death surprise you, or enfeeble your hearts. Consider my words to you: if I die, hold firmly your Christianity. Missionaries die in this work, which they engage in for our sakes; their wives die; their children die; so why should we refuse to die in it? If I die in the work, do not think of it as a strange thing: hold fast your Christianity.'

"He was carefully borne; and rested for the night at the Superintendent Teacher's house. The language of praise was ever on his lips. 'Praise! praise God! Thanks be to God! Amen, amen!' repeated with much feeling, evidenced the peaceful state of his mind. After prayer, the senior Teacher asked him what subjects most occupied his attention. He replied: 'I think much of our people in their afflicted state: they suffer and are harassed, but I am getting near my

end.' After a pause, he said, 'I shall not reach our father at Tiliva; I shall reach heaven first.' 'That is well,' was the reply. 'Yes, it is well; I shall enter heaven.' Lazarus asked, 'Have you any friend there, through whose interest you expect to gain admittance?' 'No; no human friend; but Jesus is my Friend, and through Him I shall enter there.' In a short time he wept. To the question, 'Why do you weep?' he replied, 'Not for myself, but for you; I pity you; you will continue in pain and trouble, and I go away to my rest. I leave you in the midst of war, to enter a heaven of peace.' 'Through whom, did you say?' 'Through Jesus; in me there is nothing to merit heaven. I am a sinner, saved for the sake of Jesus. I trust in His sacrifice.' After prayer, to the petitions of which he responded with fervour, he said, 'Lazarus, you know St. Paul says, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God:" and I am getting near that rest; yes, to-day, Lazarus; I shall reach heaven to-day!' Wishing to be raised, one placed his hand under his head. The afflicted man said, 'Now I die,' and passed to his rest."

Mr. Williams having suffered very materially in his health while working alone for nearly five years, and being unequal to the increased demands for labour in his extensive Circuit, Mr. Moore was appointed as his colleague in June, 1852. A temporary house was erected for the second Missionary on the Mbua side of the river, in order that his labours might be brought to bear more fully upon the heathen Chief and his people. Mr. Moore reports the commencement of his efforts, in a letter dated September 17th, 1852:—

"We are now settled at Mbua, and are as comfortable as we could expect to be in a heathen town, and under such *unsettled circumstances*. Two or three have *lotued* since we came to this Circuit, and others would but for their relatives who oppose them. The Chief is very kind, and wishes to *lotu*. He got his people together a few days since to talk matters over as to their *lotuing*; but the old men opposed him, and said, if *he* wished to *lotu*, he might do so, but they would then leave him, and go to some other heathen place; so he has concluded not to *lotu* for the present, but will allow his people to *rule him*. The *unsettled circumstances* referred to above are, the uncertainty of our staying at Mbua, which of course prevents us from going to any expense in building, so that we are not so comfortable as we might make ourselves, did we expect to stay. As brother Williams is likely soon to leave, I see no probability of two Missionaries being in this Circuit, when we have such loud calls from other places. In case of there only being one, he will have to reside at Tiliva, and Mbua would have to remain without a Missionary.

"The Ndama war is still going on, and things look very dark. The Heathen seem determined to blot out the Christians from the earth. Three of the Ndama people have been killed since we came to Mbua. They were carried about for some days, and then eaten. I have just returned from spending a Sabbath with them. I found the poor creatures shut up within their fortification, from which they dare not go out but at the risk of their lives, some of the enemy being almost constantly on the watch. I spent

one night with them, and preached to them very early on the following morning. I was deeply affected at their condition; for they could not sit comfortably to listen to the word, but were obliged at times to go out and see whether the enemy were about; for they are generally annoyed on the Sabbath. After preaching at Na Nganga, the people conducted me to Na Sau, all being armed, where I preached to a great number of Heathen and Christians; and then passed on to Tavulomo, and preached to a great number in the open air. The Heathen listened very attentively, and several promised to *lotu*. At this last place they had just been called to mourn the death of their Teacher. He was a good man, and died well. No doubt his death had been hastened by his troubles: for, in all these three places, they have but little to eat, and very little rest. The Tavulomo people begged for another Teacher, but we cannot get another to go at present. I gave the people our usual advice, not to love war,—only to stand on the defensive,—and by all means to try and bring about a peace.

“A few days after my return from Ndama, I went to see the enemy at their towns, to talk to them on the all-important matters of eternity, and also to know their mind about the war. I found the old Chief at home, at Naruai; he received me kindly, ordered some food to be prepared, and we sat down to converse. The old man said that matters had gone so far that the war could not be stopped; so many towns were now engaged that he could not interfere; and that the only thing the Ndama people could do, in order to save their lives, was to leave Ndama, and flee to Mbua and Tiliva. By this means Ndama would be left empty; he would then go in and take possession; and, after some time, they might return and settle in their own land. For my own part, I believe, under present circumstances, this would be the best; but it is a very difficult matter for us to advise in, as the Ndama people fear, should they leave Ndama and go to Tiliva or Mbua, the Heathen would only make slaves of them: and they choose death rather than submit to that

“After spending three or four hours with the old Chief, Mbuli i Tavulomo, I wished him to take me to two other towns in his dominions. I reached the first, Nambuna, about nine o'clock in the evening, delivered my report, telling them of Jesus and His great love to a lost world, to which they listened with deep attention, and said, as soon as the Ndama war was over, they would *lotu*. Being fatigued, I asked for a place to sleep; and was shown a house with scarcely any grass on the floor, and only an old torn mat. I was rather surprised at this; for the natives generally find us a clean mat. I inquired how it was that they were so poor in mats, and soon learned the cause. The day before, a dead body had been brought to them from Nawatha, (the body of a Ndama woman,) which had been eaten in their town; and, when the Nawatha people returned, they took with them every mat they could find. The Fijian custom is, when a body is brought to a town, the parties are allowed to go and take anything they can lay their hands on. I warned them of their sins, spent a sleepless night among them, got them together very early in the morning, and read the first chapter of Romans, making a few remarks on it, and left to visit Nawaile. At this place I found a few who had professed Christianity, but had gone back during the war. Having made arrangement for Mr. Hazlewood to send one of the horses from Nandi, after waiting a few hours it came, on which I mounted, and found it much more comfortable than walking, and by night made my way back to Mbua. I have visited several other towns since I came to Mbua, and find the work steadily going on. I find abundance of work, a wide field of labour, and spend as much of my time as possible in the school.”

Greatly to the disappointment of the Missionaries, it was found that Tui Mbua was acting a double part, and that, while he professed to keep the compact to remain neutral, which he had made with his Christian brother at Tiliva, he was actually helping the heathen party in the

Ndama war. Intelligence of this, and of Mr. Moore's dangerous position at Mbua, reached Viwa, while Sir Everard Home was in Fiji. Mr. Calvert hastened to him, and told him the facts of the case, which induced Sir Everard at once to visit Mbua in the "Calliope," taking with him Elijah Verani, and an ambassador from Thakombau. He arrived on the 21st of October, and remained on shore all day. The visit was most opportune, as the Mbua Heathens had been out the day before his arrival, and had killed one person at Ndama. The Mbua Chief was disposed to regard with favour the intervention of the British naval officer, and messengers were sent out to call together the principals in the war, to hold a conference on board the "Calliope." The assembly met, and listened attentively to a long and earnest address from Sir Everard, who entreated them to live peaceably and industriously, and pointed out the advantages of Christianity, which he warmly urged them to embrace. So good an effect was produced, that the next day another meeting of the Chiefs and others was held on shore, when peace was made and confirmed. This was an immense relief to the Missionaries, and, on February 19th, 1853, Mr. Williams writes: "The visit of the ship of war put a check on the demon of war, who had recommenced his work of desolation in the Ndama district. Steps were then taken which have materially facilitated the subsequent operations of the native Chiefs, and given to them a solidity they otherwise would not have had. At a general meeting of the parties most interested, held in January, I was glad to observe these facts were recognised and gratefully acknowledged. Up to the above date, the peace of the district was problematical; since then, we have regarded it as settled. We have not been slow to improve the change. Under the favouring smile of peace, we have set in order our deranged operations. The Teachers have been rejoined by their wives; and the place of Stephen has been supplied by a native of Ono, who is much liked. On the whole, we have more than ordinary cause for joy, that our circumstances, at the close of this protracted war, are so favourable. The remarks of the Heathen rebuke the littleness of our faith; for they speak of the triumph of Christianity as being most certain. Mr. Moore's situation has been a trying one; and his removal from the kind Christians of Nandi, to the rude Heathen of Mbua, causes the conduct of the latter to appear worse than, under ordinary circumstances, it would seem. The enemy took alarm at so aggressive a step as that of placing a Missionary of the all-subduing Cross at Mbua, and became enraged.

"The Fishermen in Fiji have a bad character. About us they certainly surpass their neighbours in superstition and ill-feeling. The

other week, they set their nets without offering to their god, and returned without a turtle. They then propitiated their god, went again to the sea, and returned with a turtle; thus they did four or five days in succession; and this they deemed decisive proof of the power of their god. Two nights ago, I urged the supreme right of Jehovah, before the head Fisherman and the priest. They were much excited, and the Chief said, 'Our gods give us turtle; but we do not know that Jehovah gives us anything.' Next day the Christian Fishermen set their nets, and caught three turtles, which they quietly presented to the Christian Chief, who at once sent two of them to his heathen brother. The arguments of all the divines in the world would not convince, or silence, the Heathen so effectually as this occurrence.

"I have often had cause to be thankful that a second Missionary was placed on this Circuit. Had I been left alone, the work must have been left undone, or I must have sunk under its exhausting demands."

The toil to which Mr. Williams here refers, soon after began to tell upon him, and brought him into such a weak state as to render his removal necessary. He therefore took farewell of the affectionate people, who were very grateful for the good they had received from him. He had been the means of leading many out of the hard bondage of their superstition "into the glorious liberty of the children of God;" while more commodious houses, and busy scenes of industry, bore witness to the care with which the Missionary had watched over all the welfare of his flock. Mr. Williams, after thirteen years' service in Fiji, in three of its Circuits, left in July, 1853, for the Colonies, where, in connexion with the Australian Conference, he has since had the charge of important Circuits.

Mr. Moore was thus left alone, and writes:—

"June, 1853.—I enter upon my work with much fear and trembling,—feeling the responsibility of my position. This is a crisis; which my Superintendent felt. Here are a number of young men, (to whom Mr. Williams had paid special attention,) who have arrived at the age when they must be decided. It is impossible for them to remain neutral. Since the war has ceased, we have not had to mourn over *dead bodies*, but we have over *dead souls*. Some who stood firm in the time of persecution, have in this time of peace made shipwreck of faith, and gone back to Heathenism; and we fear that the constant intercourse which now exists between the Christians and Heathen will be more likely to end in *harm* to the professing Christians than in good to the Heathen. Of course we shall not sit down; but shall set our shoulders to the wheels, and look to the All-sufficient for help, relying on the promise, 'Lo! I am with you always.' Thank God, we have felt the truth of this and many other promises during this year of trial; and the review of the past shall encourage us still to trust for future help in time of need.

"My acquaintance with the people in this Circuit, and with the state of the work, calls forth 'mingled feelings' of gratitude to God for the triumphs of the Cross among such a people, and mourning over those who wilfully reject the light. The Mbua Chief is a sensible man. He seems to have no trust in his gods. Like the young man in the

Gospel, he has many good qualities, but he fears lest, by embracing religion, some of his people should leave him, and he should thereby lose some of his little riches. Lately his old men wished him to make an offering to their god, and pray for rain. His answer to them was, 'When it rains all over Fiji, and not at Mbua, then the offering shall be made to the god. Jehovah only can give rain!' The light is breaking in upon the darkness; and the day will follow.

"October.—This is a sifting time for our churches in Fiji, and a time for mourning. The Heathens are raging and the people imagining many vain things, since Elijah Verani, with two of his brothers and a Teacher, has been murdered. His death is felt very much through all this part of Fiji, and many who became Christian through his influence are now 'ready to halt,' and others, as at the death of Stephen, are ready to flee; but we, while we mourn the death of Stephen, remember that He who sits in the heavens shall laugh at the seeming triumph of His enemies; and, although He may permit Stephen to be taken, can lay His mighty hand on some Saul, and raise him up to spread the glory of His name.

"In this Circuit, of those in the Church a few are living nearer to God, while the greater number need converting. I have had to expel several of the young men from Class, and put them in instruction classes. These youths have been led astray by a heathen custom, against which they had been warned, but did not resist the temptation. As they had been warned not to mingle with the Heathen in these practices, I felt it a duty to take a stand against such inconsistency, and enforce more distinction between the Church and the world. The Heathen will rejoice, as some have joined them; but our strength does not consist in numbers; and we think it best to 'keep our rules, and not mend them.'

"Thus, we have trials from the Heathen, and trials in the Church; but still we have one consolation: *Truth is gradually winning its way*: some of our members are more devoted to God: a few have turned from Heathenism, among whom is the sister of the Mbua Chief, who was a determined hater of Christianity. And we have free intercourse among the Heathen.

"Enoch Latui—one of our best Tongan Teachers, who was taken to Rotuma by the Rev. John Waterhouse—lately died. He has been ill for several years, and has been laid aside for the last year. He suffered much from a severe pain in the back, supposed to have been caused by a blow which he received, while engaged in prayer, from a drunken Rotuman. He was an example of piety while he was able to get about; and an example of patience while confined to his bed. He died in peace. He was a spiritual child of the Rev. John Thomas. O for such spiritual children as Enoch Latui! I do not expect soon to meet his equal. O that my last end may be like his!"

In August, 1854, Mr. Moore was removed to re-occupy the Rewa Station; and the Rev. John Malvern was placed in charge. While he took care to do with his might whatsoever his hand found to do, in every department of Mission work, Mr. Malvern was specially mindful here also of the school department; and he soon had erected a very neat school-house, part of which is shown in the right-hand side of the frontispiece. On the 27th of May, 1856, he wrote as follows to the General Secretaries:—

"The handsome present of clothing from our Cheltenham friends has come safely to hand; for which we are very thankful. They will be a great help to our wives, and a blessing to these people, who are so much in need of such things.

"I am sorry to inform you that my health during the last six months has failed. The heat of this Station has overpowered me. My general debility has been so great, that I

have scarcely been able to attend to my work. My family, also, has been much afflicted. We have felt it very trying to be alone. My determination is not to leave Fiji at present, if possible; but I question the prudence of my remaining, unless I gain more strength.

"But in the midst of our trials, we rejoice to say, that the work of the Lord prospers. The Gospel is making rapid progress in this Circuit, as well as in other parts of the District. We have now forty-three Christian towns in this department of the Fijian field. Two years ago we could only report six hundred attendants on public worship; last year we reported one thousand. At the present time we have two thousand who bow the knee to the Saviour, and attend the preaching of God's word, when it can be ministered to them; but as there are at least twenty more towns than can be supplied with Teachers, they cannot have regular religious instruction, and some are several weeks together without hearing of the way that leadeth unto life. The harvest has far outstripped the labourers. Our native resources are exhausted: we have no Teacher to send to hundreds, who wonder why they cannot have some one to direct them in the way to heaven. We are glad to hear that more Missionaries are on their way to Fiji. We shall hail them with great pleasure. The time to favour Fiji is *now*; and ought she not to be favoured? Has this not proved to be a soil worthy of cultivation? And there is every prospect that it will more than ever remunerate our toil, if it continues to be well attended to. A very pleasing and encouraging consideration with regard to the greater part of those who have embraced Christianity is, that they have done so with thankfulness; they receive the word with joy, and no doubt very many will be the subjects of its saving power. Several of our members who have died since we wrote our last report, have left an undoubted testimony behind them that they are gone to be with Jesus.

"We held our Missionary Meeting on Wednesday last. The speaking part was performed in the forenoon, when the Chief, Hezekiah, (one of our best Native Preachers,) three of the Teachers, and Jethro, (a Manilla man, and old Local Preacher and convert from Popery,) delivered some very effective speeches. In the afternoon we made the collection. About one thousand Christians were present. They were highly pleased, and very cheerfully contributed as they could to the cause of God. The collecting plate was an area of the Mission-yard. Each town, arrayed in their best, marched slowly and stately towards it, chanting a Psalm, or another portion of God's word, or a hymn of their Teacher's composing; bearing along in their hands or upon their shoulders their intended offering. Both the Mbua Chiefs were present, and by their own example taught their people to sacrifice to Jehovah and not to Baal. The scene was imposing and affecting, and highly gratifying to all. We have no doubt that it will prove a means of good to these people. Thirty persons have since embraced Christianity, and it is supposed they have done so through the influence of the Missionary Meeting. The collection from the natives contained 332 mats, 470 large yams, 73 gallons of cocoa-nut oil, three pounds of tortoise-shell, 3 small rolls of sinnet, 10 pieces sandal-wood, and some clubs and spears,—smallest value, £12. 5s.; being three or four pounds above the amount of last year. In addition to this collection, the quarterly contributions of the members and others have about equalled the quarterly payment of the Teachers."

In August, 1855, Tui Mbua, who had long been undecided, openly professed Christianity, and his example was soon followed by several Chiefs and many of his people. Tui Mbua at once became very friendly with his brother Hezekiah, the Christian Chief of Tiliva, and their united efforts in favour of the *lotu* were successful. Mr. Malvern, after telling of several of the members who had lately died very happy in Christ, writes: "In most of the old Stations of this Circuit, there has been a considerable increase, and seven new ones have been added.

The Christian Chief Hezekiah is still in earnest about his soul, and devoted to his Master's cause. He and the Society at Tiliva, assisted by the resident Tongans, have built a neat and commodious school-room free of expense. It is used for the children's school, and for the instruction of the Teachers and young men who promise to be useful in the work. In May, we opened a small, but very substantial, chapel at Ndalomo. Several more are needed throughout the Circuit; and we hope soon to see them standing trophies of the Cross, and as bulwarks against the enemy of souls. In this section of the Fijian field, there is the prospect of the harvest soon becoming great. The glory of all our successes we thankfully ascribe to Him who alone giveth the increase. We lament that we have so few qualified labourers to send into the harvest. That such agents may be provided, we are sensible that much and incessant labour will be required from the Missionary, as well as the instruction of the Divine Teacher. In this momentous duty we trust we shall be found faithful. We are pleased to find a growing inquiry after books, and we hope soon to see that we are not labouring in vain in the school department of our work. At present the greater part of those under instruction are in the alphabet and spelling classes; but we have great encouragement, from the fact that several young men, taught by our predecessors, have this year been blessed of God, and have been found eligible to be sent to read God's word, and to attempt to preach the glad tidings of salvation to their fellow-men."

Once more the care of this Station passed into fresh hands, in consequence of the rapidly failing strength of Mr. Malvern, which made his removal to a more healthy Station immediately necessary. The Rev. W. Wilson now took charge of the Mbua Circuit, and in October, 1856, writes:—

"The return of the 'John Wesley' to Fiji, after she has done the Tonga work, has given me the opportunity of looking round a considerable part of my new Circuit, and of meeting the greater number of the Classes to renew their quarterly tickets. With the work of God in this Circuit I am delighted. The Local Preachers are zealous and pious, the members appear sincere, and some of them are clear and sound in their experience. At Ndama, a place which has suffered much for religion, we have a flourishing cause; the chapel is too small for the congregation, the Classes are in a spiritual condition, and this quarter they have contributed in mats, cocoa-nuts, and oil, what has paid their Teacher, and nearly the quarterage of two others. The people are now beginning to contribute with cheerfulness, and to an amount which has paid their Teachers this quarter. In this we greatly rejoice, because it shows they value religion, and it will also save the funds of the Society.

"Since I began this letter, a Local Preacher who volunteered to go to a great distance, to a heathen population, and who even left his wife and children behind him, has returned with a Chief. They report that twenty-five have embraced Christianity, that many are waiting until the Missionary can go, and then they will become Christian. The

Chief waited on me this morning, and brought a head of turtle-shell as his *love*, and made a speech on behalf of himself and the head Chief, which was in effect that they wished a Missionary to go and live with them, and then all in Mouta would become Christians. This is the call from every quarter. God has given us favour in the sight of the people; and in no place in the whole world could money be spent more for the benefit of the human race, nor Missionaries labour in a field where they could bring a larger revenue of glory to God, than in Fiji at this day. The work is marvellous and overwhelming. Surely Christians in England who have loved Fiji so long, and have given so much, will do yet more, and make an effort to send a reinforcement of Missionaries, seeing that their Lord has honoured them so highly by giving such success to their efforts. It fills our hearts with gratitude, and tears of joy swim in our eyes, while we see what God hath wrought. Every day schools are conducted in temples, once heathen, into which if a woman or a little girl had entered a short time ago, they would have been laid bleeding victims on the threshold; we walk over ovens in which men were regularly cooked, but they are filled up, and yams are growing around them; we pass by houses in which human beings were eaten, but now we hear the voice of praise and prayer; we visit the sick, and we hear them say that they are passing away to be with Jesus.

“The Teachers and many of the people are making earnest and frequent inquiries when they will receive the whole Bible, and are rejoiced when informed that at no distant period it will be in their possession. We trust that the Rev. J. Calvert and the Editorial Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society will be strengthened to accomplish their great work, and that they, with all who help, will be very abundantly blessed in their labour of love.”

“December.—To-day a canoe has arrived from Somosomo, with a Tongan on board, who reports that more towns have *lotued* in that island than all the men in Nasavu could supply, if they were all Teachers. In some places the natives have built chapels with pulpits; but there is no Missionary to occupy them, or to proclaim salvation to the crowds who are desirous of fleeing from the wrath to come. The tears trembled in the eyes of the man who brought these tidings, as he told us that the people at Koroivonu assembled in great numbers on the Sabbath after their chapel had been completed, filling the chapel, and standing under the shadow of some bread-fruit trees in front, waiting to hear a sermon; but there was no Preacher. This is not a solitary case at this time in these islands; and there is no remedy, unless you send us help.

“We are training Teachers as fast as we can, but cannot fit them for the work in sufficient numbers for the demand. The work is spreading in Ovalau: in Mbau and Rewa, also, it grows; and in the latter place a truly spiritual work has commenced among those who were merely nominal professors. At Nandronga, Mr. Moore reports that a remarkable revival has broken out; and he is, as you may suppose, full of joy because of the marvellous doings of his Omnipotent Lord. A canoe from Na Viti Levu and Rakiraki lately brought an urgent request for help to the towns in that quarter, along with the painful intelligence that Moses, our only Teacher in all that populous

district, was dying of dysentery. Mr. Malvern's infirm state of health renders it impossible that he should pay them even an annual visit. On all that part of the coast the people desire the Gospel; fields ready for cultivation spread before us on all sides, and, had we labourers, we might enter them at any hour with the most glorious prospects of success. Nothing but imperious necessity can excuse our not helping them instantly.

"Wangka Levu was here at a *solevu* [feast] since I came to this place, and his people brought the body of a dead man after him, for his food during his stay; but the wind being contrary, they had to put in at Nananu, where they found their Chief weather-bound, and they there cooked and devoured the body.

"In this Circuit the work of the Lord is spreading with a rapidity and power truly astonishing. Many towns, both on the coast and in the interior, have recently *lotued*, and the inhabitants of some of them manifest much zeal on behalf of that cause which is stirring Fiji to its foundations. I may mention, in particular, Nawatha, a town of bad fame formerly, in which Elijah and many of the Viwa people had a narrow escape from being murdered. I paid them a visit a short time ago, and, no house being large enough to hold the congregation, I conducted the service in the open air. Their Chief remained with me till near midnight, hearing of Christ and things Divine; while his piercing black eyes, which were rivetted on me, spoke a language not difficult to be understood. Since my return, the people have commenced building a chapel, and have been occupied in dragging posts of great size to the site.

"I am preparing to sail for Mouta and Yasawas, and hope to find Heathenism all but extinct in both places. The people some time ago sent to Mbua for Teachers, and also to know the mind of the Chiefs on the subject of the new religion: the message sent back was, that they were all to *lotu*. The Chief of Mouta has brought three pounds of turtle-shell, as his *tatau*, or offering for a Missionary. In every place the cry is, 'Give us Teachers, books, dresses, and Missionaries.' Guns, hatchets, powder, etc., are now at a great discount. Another thing you will be pleased to hear is, the people who have Teachers are subscribing liberally to support them. In this Circuit, after paying the Teachers and other agents, I shall have got something in hand. Men who were Heathens only a few weeks ago, give cheerfully for the support of the cause of God, when the duty is scripturally placed before them.

"The work in Fiji is great and glorious, and I am thankful to the

Guide of my youth for directing my feet hither. Along with numerous trials to which our faith and patience are subjected, we have always this consolation, that we are of some use every day of our lives. I am afraid some young men at home think that, if they were to come to Fiji, their talents and gifts would be buried or thrown away. I invite the most gifted to come and try: and I venture to predict, that though they possess the strength of Samson, the meekness of Moses, the earnestness of Peter, the love of John, and the zeal of Paul, they will find ample scope for the exercise of them all. Men who are burning and shining lights, and who possess the passive grace in the largest measure, are specially wanted here. The Romish Priests have got a new and a very fine schooner built, for cruising among the islands. This is another reason why we should have help, and that without delay. Our Missionary band is now sadly reduced, and we are threatened with a still further reduction in the spring: so that, to save the two or three men who are physically strong, you must send relief, and that soon."

"January, 1857.—The work of God in Fiji is great, and it spreads with a rapidity which bids defiance to our utmost efforts to meet its wants, or to keep pace with its claims. If each of the Missionaries now in the field possessed the zeal of St. Paul, with his various gifts and powerful talents, there is in these islands more than ample room for their full development.

"There are thousands who are just emerging from the dark valley and shadow of death, having renounced Heathenism and made a profession of Christianity, whose minds require to be further enlightened. There are multitudes of children, wild as the ass's colt, who need to be instructed, and who are not unwilling to be taught. The Teachers we have require to be taught, warned, encouraged. I have upwards of thirty of them in training; but it would more than fill my sheet, were I to detail either what has been done or what remains to be done. Allow me, therefore, to ask you to join us in giving glory to God for the success already vouchsafed, and to pray that He would continue to help the feeble instruments now employed, until their ranks are reinforced and a thorough change is effected. The work is the Lord's, and our hope is that, somehow or other, He will provide for its establishment and perpetuation.

"I have not done much in tracing out the works of the Lord in conchology, botany, and natural history. The 'pearl of great price,' and the 'plant of renown,' require my constant study. I have just returned from a distant part of this island, and the scenes through

which I passed often evoked the exclamation, 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty.' They comprised high mountains and little hills, a large and placid river, with murmuring rivulets, sweeping valleys, deep ravines, richly wooded slopes, mangrove swamps, and numerous islets studding the shore. At one place, after marrying seven couples, baptizing thirty-three children and adults, meeting as many in Classes, and preaching, I ascended a hill, down which there ran a beautiful stream, which the natives had ingeniously diverted from its present channel to irrigate their *taro* gardens, which were laid out in terraces along the sunny slopes. On the summit of the hill I found many beautiful shrubs, and among the number was a *Gardinea*, most of the plants being nearly as well formed as if they had been reared in Kew, under the eye of Sir William Hooker. The dark shining green leaves of this plant, and its snowy white flowers, were as beautiful to the eye as its odour was pleasant to the smell. The circumference of a single flower was larger than a crown-piece. Flocks of paroquets flew over our heads, and tiny humming-birds flitted from flower to flower, sucking nectar from crops of nature's forming. Warned by the fast-gathering shades of evening, as the sun bathed his glory in the ocean wave, we descended, and in the valley had ample demonstration of the fecundity of nature in another and less desirable form. The mosquitoes, almost as numerous as the flies in Egypt, surrounded and assaulted us on all sides, compelling us to seek shelter within the ample folds of a curtain, under which we slept for the night, our only disturbance being from a fat Fijian, who unceremoniously crept under our curtain, to secure himself from the mosquitoes, and who proved a far less agreeable companion than the sweet-scented *Gardinea*."

"July.—We have just finished our District Meeting, and I am happy to inform you that we are re-appointed to the Mbua Circuit, where we hope to spend a very holy, happy, laborious, and useful year. During the last ten months we have had the felicity of seeing 1,167 turn from Heathenism in this Circuit alone; and but for some serious local difficulties, arising from the opposition of hostile heathen Chiefs, I doubt not but we should have had to rejoice over twice as many. Throughout Fiji nearly 15,000 converts have been added during the past year; there are 2,677 on trial for church-membership; the total number of attendants on public worship is 54,281, and the scholars of both sexes amount to 20,185. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' To Him we humbly and joyfully ascribe the undivided glory. Heathenism in Fiji is shaken to its centre; and

Satan is cast down to the ground as lightning. Those who still remain Heathen have a deep conviction that they will one day be overcome by the power of Christianity, and already they confess its truth. One thing we greatly require in Fiji, and that is more labourers. The Rev. J. Waterhouse, one of our most efficient Missionaries, leaves us this year. Mr. Malvern can only do half work. Mr. Moore, with his 22,000 converts, is nearly laid aside, through organic disease, brought on by excessive toil. There are at present only four able men who can speak the language; and what are these among 54,281 earnest hearers, to say nothing of the multitude who yet abide in darkness? In addition to Fiji, we have got the important island of Rotuma to look after, the inhabitants of which speak another language; and up to the present they have no books. The Chairman has gone to visit this island, with the view of making arrangements for the translation of a portion of the Scriptures, by the aid of a Native Agent who knows both Rotuman and Fijian. A Missionary is absolutely required for this island, and he should be one who has a good knowledge of languages. Surely the Home Committee, and the friends of the Heathen whom they represent, will not deny us another supply of men who have been to the Institution, when the Lord is evidently giving us all Fiji as the fruit of our sacrifice and toil. Australia is willing to do what she can, and has sent us two very suitable men this year, but she wants men to meet her own necessities; and unless we are to be once more recruited from home, I fear the consequences. The best men that can be selected are required for this sphere of labour. Difficulties connected with a strange language, planting Churches where Satan has his seat, and training Teachers and Native Assistants out of such material, require more of all that is strong and wise and good than preaching in our mother tongue, and watching over established Societies. We shall rejoice if Australia get Missionaries by the score; but Fiji must have seven or eight, or many souls will be lost; for if we cannot feed and fold the people who seek our help and pastoral oversight, what can be expected but that there will be a relapse to Heathenism. And then truly their last state would be worse than their first. But I have good hope that Fiji will not be forgotten either by the Churches at home, or by the Church in the Colonies: but that God, who has done such great things for us, will, in this the day of His power, make His people willing to help us in our time of need.

“During the past year the subscriptions of the people in kind, in this Circuit, paid for all the native agency, and but for war we should

have been able to contribute to the Society at least £20. I constantly teach the people to show their gratitude to Christ and His Church by giving of their substance; and, as far as my observation extends, this contributes to check their selfishness, to awaken generosity, to give solidity to their religious character, and to heighten Christianity in their esteem.

“ August 5th.—Our troubles in Fiji increase; yet we are strangely made joyful and prosperous in our work. On the first of this month the highest Chief in this neighbourhood was treacherously murdered in his own house, together with a young man, a Local Preacher, who was more valuable to us than any other man in Fiji, in sailing, and aiding in our printing establishment We pray for the ‘ powers that be; ’ and endeavour, in all scriptural ways, to secure peace. The lawless, and such as delight in war, hate us on this account; but we have the happiness of seeing the peaceable Chiefs growing in wisdom, united to one another, and disposed to exercise forbearance towards their enemies. It is indeed apparent to friend and foe, that ‘ Jacob’s God is still on our side: ’ and we know that while we make His word our rule, and His glory our aim, we shall be blessed in our deed, and shall see His work prosper. Even the sad event over which we now mourn will be sanctified for good. Ratu Benjamin, the murdered Chief, was once a good man, and a great help to the Missionary at Nandi; but since we came to Fiji, he was seduced into Heathenism, left the Christians at Nandi to their fate, and became ‘ sensual, not having the Spirit.’ Latterly he has been veering again towards Christianity and the peace party; but he showed none of the power of godliness. Since his death transpired, all the natives are saying it is retribution, and what all backsliders may expect, seeing God did not spare so great a Chief. We fear this murder may lead Thakombau into war; for it is generally considered only as another step towards the taking away his own life. He has sent to Tonga, but the purport of the message is not known. We have confidence that both he and King George will temper justice with mercy. They have received more provocation than civilized nations would have endured; but they wish to do the thing that is right in the sight of God.

“ 12th.—This has been a festival day, and I am unwilling to let it close without jotting down some of its enjoyments, that you may rejoice with us. A School Anniversary and Missionary Meeting in Fiji! Thank God, such scenes are not now of unfrequent occurrence. Notice of the intended gathering had been sent out to the Teachers of the different towns about ten days ago; and towards sunset on Tuesday the

schools from the more distant places began to arrive in canoes, and from the nearer towns by land. When night fell, Mr. Crawford, our new Missionary, exhibited his magic-lantern views; but as the children were all on a dead level, many of them could not see; and, to prevent confusion, the amusement was suspended. Next morning the several schools passed in review before the Missionaries and Chiefs, to an enclosure in the open air, no building being large enough to hold them. What followed was rather a rehearsal than an examination. Hymns were sung, passages of Scripture were chanted, catechisms were repeated, etc. Some of the elder lads were extravagant in their gesticulations, and rather ridiculous in their dress; but time and pains will correct all this, and supplant the 'bodily exercise,' which 'profiteth little,' by something more valuable. There were fully five hundred children present beside the adult on-lookers; and they contributed that day about sixty gallons of oil. At the close of the exercises the assembly was addressed by myself and Paula Vea. It was nearly four hours before all was over, but the children behaved very well. O, it was an interesting sight! This time last year, many of these children were Heathens; now they are under the influence of the Bible and Christian teaching. May this lovely and interesting seed-plot return an hundred-fold!

"We had a very interesting chapel-opening service a month ago at Nawatha, a town in this Circuit, which has only lately cast off Heathenism. They have built a handsome chapel, ninety feet long, fifty feet wide, and perhaps forty feet high from the roof-tree to the ground. It is after the Tongan model; and the beams which connect the pillars within are tastefully decorated with black and red sinnet, on which are strung white cowry shells. We were all present at the opening, having arranged to call there on our way to Nandi, where we were going to baptize Mr. Fordham's little daughter. The Chief of Nawatha and four or five others were married on the occasion of the chapel-opening. The Nawatha people, headed by their Chief, first entered the house of prayer, singing a Psalm; then the other towns entered one after the other, each company chanting a portion of Scripture. The feast which followed the religious service was moderate, but sufficient for the company. It consisted of cooked shell-fish, taro, puddings, pork, etc."

In the early part of 1857, the work still prospered and spread in the Mbua Circuit, and fresh help, though much less than was needed, was sent to the Yasawas. A new chapel was built and opened at Mbua, and the *lotu* established in fresh places. But the Heathen were still unsettled, and inflicted perpetual injury and annoyance on the Christians; so that, at last, the King of Mbua and his people were obliged to

take up arms in defence of themselves, and their dependencies. This state of things crippled the Mission-work.

The latest intelligence from this Station is from Mr. Wilson, in a letter to Mr. Calvert, dated April, 1858 :—

“ We are now the only Mission-family on Vanua Levu. Our position is solitary, and we are surrounded by war ; yet in the midst of it we are saved from alarm, are happy, and doing good every day. It is a great mercy that Mbua is united, and that the Chief Ra Masima [Tui Mbua] is becoming more in earnest, and, I fondly hope, is growing in religion. Cornelius has just come from Mouta, having sailed by Undu Point and Somosomo, to avoid Ritova. There are four hundred *lotu* at Mouta. Naviu, the extremity of this Circuit, is *lotu*. There are five hundred professors, and no Teachers, there ; and I have none to send. A Tongan has assumed the office of Teacher : I hear that he is a vile fellow ; but, as he is a hundred miles distant, I cannot easily pay him a visit. The old quarrels at Ndama are being renewed ; but as a very great number are now really religious, I hope, by patient endurance and prayerful resistance of evil, they may avert the threatening storm. We know who has said, ‘ All things shall work together for good to them that love God,’ and labour on, knowing that truth shall triumph. I am blessed with one of the most courageous wives of any man living, a help-meet in peace and prosperity, or in war and adversity ; and this is no small blessing in Fiji.

“ I am not without hope that you may succeed in getting some more men yet for Fiji from England. If we do not get a strong reinforcement, Fiji will be damaged ; the progress of this work will be arrested, and will take years to raise again ; indeed, in that case, it would be as great a catastrophe as it is now a victory. Just point our honoured and kind fathers in Bishopsgate Street to the facts that have transpired, and are likely to be multiplied in quick succession :—Two faithful Teachers murdered and eaten ; the Christian town of Nasavu (Nandi) destroyed ; the five young women who have grown up, under the protection and teaching of the Missionary and his wife, as their own children, now dragged away by heathen cannibals to suffer martyrdom, or yield to treatment which you will excuse me from writing, as you can so well describe what of it is describable ; other villages have been burned, and about one hundred persons have been killed, chiefly in the Nandi Circuit, within twelve months. Why are these things so ? Because we have too few Missionaries. If a Missionary had been at Nasavu, this would not have happened ! I wonder how the Committee in England could give up Fiji. The Colonies are doing nobly : but

they require more Missionaries for themselves; and what is the use of our making an appeal to them for help? It is, in their present circumstances, like asking gold from one who has no money. If Mbau be burned, if the King be murdered, the glorious work of God hindered, and hundreds of Christian congregations scattered and torn like flocks of sheep by ravenous wolves, let it be known in England that this happened in Fiji *for want of Missionaries*,—and it will require no great searchings of heart to know that the blame rests on those who have withheld the means of sending them. When I think of those who hoard up, and refuse to give of their wealth to the Giver of all riches to help in converting the world, I see the effect of their penuriousness in the conflagration of towns, the murder of Christians, the violation of chastity, the wailings of infancy, the infirmities of old age not only unpitied, but turned into mockery; and my heart yearns over those whose sufferings are unremoved through love of gold. If all the stirring scenes of Calvary, and the unchangeable love of a merciful God, will not stir such up to duty, could you not alarm their fears by exhibiting the fearful consequences of retaining more than is meet, when Christ's cause with suffering humanity requires it? But you will be thinking, if I do not cease this strain, that I have become excitable. Well—we see exciting scenes; and, if some of our friends in England saw them, they would be thankful that the Lord only called upon them to send men instead of coming themselves.

“We are very happy in our family, and in our work; and hope, if we live more than half the time you did in Fiji, to see great results, the fruit of your labours and of those of your colleagues.”

CHAPTER X

NANDI.



FRIGHT OF NATIVES ON FIRST SEEING A HORSE.

THE Mission at Nandi, a town on the southern coast of Vanua Levu, was commenced at the same time as that at Mbua, and has been maintained in the face of similar opposition, and in the midst of the same horrible cruelties and terrors of cannibalism and war. Operations here, as at Mbua, were commenced and carried on for a time from Viwa. Great good was done by the labours of the devoted native Teacher Joel Pulu; but the visits of the Missionaries were, of necessity, "few and far between." Mr. Hunt had induced the people to build a Mission-house in a village where most of the Christians resided, and on the 9th of November, 1847, the Station was occupied by two Missionaries,—the Rev. John Watsford, who had been working at Viwa and Ono, and the Rev. James Ford, who had just arrived from England. Mr. Lawry, who accompanied them to Nandi, remarked in his Journal:—

"The people live in the midst of the flats, which are approached, from the sea, by a creek running up through a dense bush of man-

groves. Our new Mission Stations are by the side of these salt-water rivers, and are only just at high-water mark: having no elevation, and being close to the water, hemmed in by a dense grove, there is no view, and very little circulation of air; but heat there is to a very high degree, and swarms of flies and mosquitoes torment the uninitiated. This state of things is very revolting to my mind, because it inflicts an amount of discomfort on the Mission-families, which must be seen and felt to be at all understood. But at present we must suffer it; for the pastor must lodge with his flock; and these are the localities the natives have chosen, and on which they have erected the Mission-houses. When these are decayed, new ones may probably be erected on the rising ground by the sea-shore, where the breeze and the open view may be secured. The flocks will then follow their shepherds, especially as there will then be no fear of war, because the 'son of peace' will be there. It is very remarkable that the health of our Mission-families has been generally good, notwithstanding the local disadvantages under which they are placed. We are therefore warranted in concluding, that, upon the whole, the climate of these tropical isles is merely wasting, not deadly. Poor Mr. Ford is suffering severely from head-ache. He and his family have been one year, save ten days, in passing from England to Nandi."

Many and severe troubles befel the newly arrived Missionaries. Two months after they came, a violent storm blew down many of the frail dwellings of the people; but the Mission-house stood. Three days after, the hurricane returned with increased fury. Who, but the God whom they served and trusted, can tell all that these two families suffered during the occurrences so simply narrated in the following extract from Mr. Watsford's Journal? "Sunday, January 16th, 1848.—A day long to be remembered. Never, while memory holds her seat, shall I forget what we have this day passed through. All Saturday night the wind was very high, and it increased towards morning. About ten o'clock it blew a tremendous gale. We had some of the Teachers and people in our house, and they did all they could to keep it up; but it rocked and shook over our heads, and we expected it to fall every moment. We collected the children near the door, and, wrapping them up in blankets, we stood ready to rush out, should the house be broken in. About eleven o'clock the wall-plate was broken in two, and one side of the house fell in; the door was then thrown open, and we attempted to rush out, but were beaten down by the wind and rain. When we recovered from the first shock, we made as fast as we could through the awful storm to our kitchen. It was with

the greatest difficulty that we reached the place; and then you may judge of my feelings when I heard the natives shouting out the name of my little boy, and was told he could not be found. But he was safe: a native had carried him into the kitchen before we arrived, and we were truly thankful to God to find him there. The people now assembled in the kitchen, and did all they could to keep it up. The wind roared terrifically, and the rain fell in torrents, and we expected soon to be again driven from our shelter. When we had been in the kitchen about half an hour, two young men arrived from the town, and told us that the water was rising around us very fast, and that if we did not make haste we could not escape. We saw that it was really so, and we knew not what to do. It seemed like taking our wives and children into the jaws of death if we ventured out; and yet we saw that if we remained where we were, we must be lost. We at last determined to go. I gave my dear little girl to Joel the Teacher, and the other children to some of the people. Mrs. Ford was placed on one native's back, and Mrs. Watsford on another; and then, commending ourselves to the care of our gracious God, we rushed out into the furious gale. It was a fearful time as we hurried along to the town. The nut trees bent over our heads and fell around us; the nuts were flying in every direction; the rain beat like shot in our faces; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep on our feet, the wind being so strong. We had to wade through the water, and in many places it was up to our necks; we had to cross a part of the river where a long nut tree was thrown across for the bridge; the flood was very rapid, and we were in imminent danger, but, thank God, we got over. After some time we all reached the town, and ran into one of the Teachers' houses; but we soon had to leave it again, as we thought it would fall upon us. We then got into a small house which appeared stronger than others; and, being on a raised foundation, we thought the flood could not reach us. Here we remained about a hour, shivering with cold, our clothes being soaked by the rain. While we were in this place, many houses fell around us, and the water continued to rise very rapidly, and now it reached the step at the door. The night was coming on, and we began to think of some plan of getting to the mountains before dark. The Teachers tied a number of bamboos together for a raft, and we sent Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Watsford first; the natives swam and pushed the raft along. They had great difficulty in managing it, and we were afraid they would be thrown off; but, through the goodness of God, they were landed in safety at a house at the foot of the mountain, which was only one inch or so above the

water. The raft returned, and Mr. Ford and I got on it. We had to leave our dear children behind, except my little girl, whom I carried in my arms. I had wrapped the blanket closely around her, and held her close to my breast to screen her from the storm. She cried very much for some time, and then she moaned a little, and I thought my child was dying. I felt her little face, and it was cold as marble. When, however, we reached the house, she revived again. Our other children were then brought, and the natives carried them up into the mountain and returned for us; but while they were away, we found that the water had gone down a little: we waited a short time to be certain, and then sent for the children, who were brought back nearly dead. How truly thankful we were to be allowed to remain in this little shed! About six o'clock the storm began to abate; but we could not get near our house to get dry clothes; and if we could have got to the house, we could not have obtained what we needed, as nearly all our things were, or had been, under water. I happened to have some Ono native cloth on a shelf in a native-house, which the flood had not reached. This we cut up into dresses; and taking our own clothes off, we wrapped some of it around us, and felt a little more comfortable. Our Teacher cooked us some food, of which we partook; and then, having engaged in prayer, we spread some cloth on the ground and lay down to rest. What a day this has been! In all we have passed through, how great has been the goodness of God! What a mercy that it was day! Had the storm come on at night I do not know what we could have done. Our extremity was God's opportunity. One house only was out of water. Mrs. Ford, who was very near her confinement, was wonderfully supported. Blessed be the name of the Lord for all His mercy!

"17th.—We have been examining our things to-day. Mr. Ford's books are nearly all spoiled, most of them destroyed. Our groceries and clothes are much damaged; some have been carried away by the flood. Nearly all our things were under water for some hours. The Mission property as furniture, hardware, etc., is very much injured. We shall lose very much. My dear little girl has taken a severe cold, and is very poorly.

"19th.—We have been very busy cleaning things to-day. The house we are in is very damp. Mr. Williams very kindly paid us a visit.

"20th.—Early this morning Mrs. Ford was confined, and she and her son are doing well. My dear child is very poorly. Lord, help us to be resigned to Thy will!

"31st.—This morning our little girl exchanged mortality for life.

Poor little sufferer ! all thy pain and trouble are over. Dear as thou wert to us, we give thee back to Him who calls thee from us. Lord, support and strengthen us ! My dear wife is but very poorly. Constant waking and watching have much weakened her. We fear the effects of the storm are not yet over.

“ We have heard to-day that a canoe, which left this place the day before the gale, has been wrecked, and nearly all the crew lost. Among them were Abraham, one of our Teachers, three Tongans, and four or five Fijians, who were members of our Society.”

The health of both the ladies suffered greatly, and Mrs. Watsford became so ill that her husband sent to Viwa, begging Mr. Lyth to visit her. On his way to Nandi, Mr. Lyth was wrecked at Ovalau, and barely escaped with his life, while he lost some valuable manuscripts, books, clothes, etc. In addition to all this, a year's trial proved that Mr. Ford could not stand the climate, and he returned to England.

By this time, Mr. Watsford had secured a more elevated site for the Mission establishment, and had erected a capital wooden house, whereupon, as Mr. Lawry had predicted, the Christians followed their pastor, and settled in his neighbourhood. The *lotu* advanced in the Circuit, and produced a deep impression on the public mind. The converts were not numerous, but the evidence of the reality of their religion was such as to encourage the Missionary, and recommend the Gospel to others. After remaining for a short period on the Station, Mr. Watsford was removed to Lakemba, and Mr. Hazlewood came to Nandi, on the 19th of October, 1848. He writes :—

“ The Christians showed us all possible kindness by carrying all our heavy luggage to the Mission premises. Mr. and Mrs. Ford have had a most afflictive and trying year at Nandi, and only one year's residence in Fiji has strangely broken down their constitution and spirits. Mr. Ford's health absolutely demands a change of climate, if his life is to be regarded. I found a good weather-boarded house, with verandah all round, in the course of erection, in a very pleasant and apparently healthy situation. The Christians have followed their Missionaries from a miserable bog in which they lived, and have built their town here on an elevated situation by the sea-side.

22nd.—I preached to a well-behaved audience ; but widely different in appearance from the people I left at Ono. The people there are clean, well-dressed, of good complexion, and have made advancement towards civilized life. Here, they appear miserably poor, degraded, and savage. But Christianity will raise these, as it has those. They

are very submissive and teachable; and have stood firm to their profession during many severe tests from the Heathen.

“Our regular weekly services here are as follows:—Sunday morning, prayer-meeting: forenoon and afternoon, preaching in native. Some of the Classes meet between each of the services. In the evening, I generally preach in English. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, we hold the children’s school in the forenoon, and the adult’s in the evening, at which most of our people are present. On Tuesday, most of the Classes meet. On Thursday, we have preaching and the Leaders’ Meeting. I meet the Teachers and Local Preachers for reading, examination, and prayer. I read a lecture, and they read a chapter in the New Testament, on which I question them, explaining difficulties, and desiring them to ask questions on any subject or passage of Scripture. I tell them what I think wrong in their preaching; and endeavour to impress upon their minds the importance of their work, and the necessity of the Spirit’s light and power to make it effectual. I also give them instruction in arithmetic and geography. On Saturday evenings we hold a prayer-meeting. On Monday and Thursday evenings we have a meeting to teach singing.

“29th.—I went to Solevu to preach to the white residents. I endeavoured to improve the death of Mr. Hunt, who was well known to them and highly respected. May the Lord sanctify this afflictive providence to them and to us! I was much pleased with their respectable appearance, attention, and kindness. In the afternoon I preached in the native language to their wives and children, who do them credit for cleanliness and good behaviour.”

Christianity did not thus establish itself without opposition from the Heathen, who stole and destroyed the food of the converts, and found various ways of annoying them. But they could not hinder the work. A Chief of some rank at a neighbouring town deserted their ranks, and, with most of the people of the place, sought Christian instruction. A large and good chapel was soon built here; and at Nandundu, a village fifty miles distant, on the coast, towards Somosomo, several persons became Christian. Teachers were sent to various points, and Mr. Hazlewood found his time fully occupied. He taught several young men to write, and was greatly comforted, among the peculiar trials of a solitary Station, by seeing the consistent piety and earnest devotion of some of his flock.

On the 7th of February, 1849, death again visited the Nandi Station, and one of Mr. Hazlewood’s children was taken, after severe suffering. With sad hearts, the parents were compelled to prepare the

body of their little girl for burial, and the father read the service over her grave. The eldest daughter was very ill and weak, and seemed unlikely to live. Then Mrs. Hazlewood had a violent attack of dysentery, from which she had not recovered when, on the 21st, her fourth child was born. Poor Mr. Hazlewood had to be doctor and nurse, and was nearly worn out with watching, and anxiety, and sorrow, in addition to the continual claims of the Mission. Then did he feel, in all its bitterness, what no Missionary to such a people ought to be called upon to suffer,—the dreadful loneliness of a solitary Station. Mr. Williams came over from Mbua, to render all the help he could. He came in time to save his smitten brother from committing his wife's body to the grave; for in three days after the child was born, the mother passed away, to be with Jesus.

The three motherless little ones were, for the present, taken care of by the different Missionaries, and afterwards sent to New Zealand. But Mr. Hazlewood would not leave his post. With rare devotedness, he remained where he had suffered so much, and gave himself up with greater energy than ever to the work of translation, and to the preparation of his Grammar and Dictionary. This good and faithful man was much comforted by the companionship of Mr. Martin, who had gone over to reside with him for a time.

In March, 1850, Mr. Moore joined Mr. Hazlewood at Nandi. Soon after this, the Missionaries were left without vegetables, whereupon the Christian women came, each bringing a yam; and the men speedily followed their example. The young Chief, Ra Benjamin, who was of high rank, exerted all his influence on behalf of the truth, zealously helping forward every good work. A large and strong chapel was built in a central position. Great numbers congregated at its opening. Some came with presents from distant parts, among whom was the zealous Hezekiah of Mbua, who addressed, with great power, the people who assembled.

In the following September, Mr. Hazlewood, who had toiled with great success, and devoted himself to his work with such singular zeal and self-sacrifice, went on a visit to the Colonies; and thus were Mr. and Mrs. Moore, with about eight months' acquaintance with Fiji, left alone at Nandi. As may be readily believed, they suffered much. The Missionary, with but an imperfect knowledge of the language, went cheerfully about his work, meeting everywhere with proofs of the abiding hatred of the Heathen for the new religion which was taking such firm root among them. They threatened to destroy the Christians, and strangling and cannibalism were fearfully common.

The efforts of the Missionary were successful. Several of the members died very happy ; and among the survivors were many who were earnest and prayerful Christians. The schools also flourished, and the people were industrious.

During the following year, Mr. Hazlewood, having married again, was waiting at Sydney, anxious to return to his work, when William Owen, Esq., of Adelaide, whose generous kindness has been recorded more than once in this history, called with Mrs. Owen, on his way to Fiji, in his large brigantine, the "Packet." Though not connected with the Wesleyans, Mr. and Mrs. Owen very kindly undertook to convey Mr. and Mrs. Hazlewood to their sphere of labour for a mere acknowledgment in money ; and, in good-will to the Mission cause and to Fiji, Mr. Owen generously and willingly engaged to take two horses free of charge. Mr. Hazlewood procured a good pair of horses, and in September, 1851, they were safely landed from the "Packet" at Nandi. Some of the natives had been on board, and had for the first time in their lives seen a horse. Their minds had not realized the size of the animal from the pictures of horses that had been shown them, and they went on shore and reported respecting the wonderful animals that were on board the ship. General excitement prevailed at the towns near, and a great muster gathered on the beach on the day of landing. But now the natives were terrified, and ran away through fear. On the following day, Messrs. Hazlewood and Moore rode inland, and were met by natives from inland towns, who were affrighted on beholding the Missionaries marching along in an exalted and unknown and unheard-of manner with four legs. The horses were very useful in times of weakness, and in conveying the Missionaries from towns about the islands. They were also useful in a journey of more than twenty miles through the bush to Mbua, after a road was cleared for them. The report of the strange animals had reached Mbua ; but the people were not the less astonished, and many of them, though anxious to see for themselves, were terrified if approached by a horse. They would jump into the river, run up cocoa-nut trees, and climb houses, for safety, while the animal passed their place.

Four of the Mission Stations are now supplied from this pair ; and soon any of the principal native Chiefs may be supplied from the same source. As yet they are not used for agriculture ; but there are extensive and rich flats of country by the sides of rivers, which, no doubt, at a later period, when the islands shall be in an improved state, will be cultivated by other than hand labour, and furnish large supplies of tropical produce to the Australasian Colonies.

When Mr. Moore was removed to the Mbua Station, Mr. Hazlewood continued at Nandi, where for one year he was assisted by Mr. Polglase. His position became very trying. The Christian Chief proved unfaithful; and the constant wars and threatenings of the Heathen so harassed the Missionary, that his already overtaxed strength gave way, and he removed to Viwa, where he remained for several months, until he accompanied the Rev. Robert Young to Sydney, in November, 1853.*

The charge of this Circuit was now placed in the hands of Mr. Malvern, who entered, with his usual zeal, on the school-work, and the training of Native Agents. A good school-house was built, and every effort made to improve the condition of the people. Mr. Malvern had for his colleague the Rev. Samuel Waterhouse, who had studied the Fijian language in New Zealand, and was thus prepared to enter the sooner on his work. Considerable success attended the laborious and noble efforts of these two men to stay the prevailing horrors of war and strangling. Among the church-members were still found many who were remarkable for the earnestness and vigour of their piety.

Mr. Malvern having removed to the neighbouring Circuit of Mbua, the Rev. J. S. Fordham, who had just arrived from England, was appointed to Nandi in July, 1854, where he remained until his removal to Mbua in 1857.

In the early part of 1856, the shadow of death again fell, in great darkness, upon the Nandi Station. The young and amiable wife of Mr. Samuel Waterhouse, who came to Fiji in delicate health, died on the 17th of April, aged twenty-six, leaving her heart-broken husband to care for her infant. No man ever loved Fiji with a more Christian devotion; but he felt that, with such a charge, he must leave for a time, and removed accordingly to Tasmania. Want of space forbids the insertion here of many valuable letters from Messrs. Malvern, Waterhouse, and Fordham, some of which have appeared in the Wesleyan Missionary Notices, and are filled with interesting information concerning the work in this Circuit. The following must not be omitted. It is from the hand of the bereaved young Missionary, Samuel Waterhouse:—

“Hobart Town, June 11th, 1857.—You are doubtless aware of the cause of my visit to this the land of my youth. I came to place in the arms of its sorrowing friends, who could bestow upon it that care which it could not receive in my desolate Fijian home, my poor, precious, motherless boy; and I came to see whether, in this cold,

* The account of Mr. Hazlewood's death has already been given, page 390.

bracing climate, my wasted vigour and energy would return, and health again nerve my arm to missionary conflict. I am thankful to state that, through a gracious Providence, my little orphan missionary boy was preserved through the discomforts and perils of his first ocean trip, and is now thriving in the former home of his sainted mother. And now I feel a rekindling of energy, and a measure of the buoyancy of health, which lead me to hope that I am not, like the worn-out ship, to be 'condemned,' but that, like the ocean-tossed and weather-beaten vessel, I am but taken into dock to be 're-commissioned.'

"Captain Denham, R.N., F.R.S., of H.M.S. 'Herald,' kindly offered me a passage from Fiji to Sydney; and for about five weeks I was his guest in his cabin, every day bringing some new manifestation of kindness. May I suggest to you the propriety, by letter or otherwise, of acknowledging his kindness to me, as your agent, and the courtesy the gentlemen who are his officers showed to me? The late lamented Dr. Beechman felt a deep interest in Captain Denham's expedition, and Captain Denham promised him to forward, so far as he was able, the great objects which your Missionaries have in view; and he has nobly fulfilled his promise, and has endeared himself to the remembrance of many of us by his acts of kindness.

"Since my arrival in Hobart, I have, at a few public meetings, reviewed the woes and wants of Fiji, and have met with the hearty response of sympathy. Being accompanied by Solomon, a Native Teacher, his presence and interpreted speeches have given an unwonted zest to the meetings we have attended.

"My health has not yet permitted me to engage in pulpit labours; but I hope soon to be able to enter more fully into the work. The Executive Committee in Sydney have expressed a wish that I should visit the other colonies; and I am in communication with the Chairmen of the other Districts with reference to it. I purpose, with Divine permission, to return to Fiji by the next trip of the 'John Wesley' in 1858. I am conscious that such a step will, in all human probability, shorten my earthly career; but, in view of the woes and wants of that land of darkness and of blood,—in view of the paucity of missionary labourers,—with a heart warm with sympathy for Fiji's wretched sons,—with feelings of identity with Fiji, arising from my sacrifices, and sorrows, and labours, and successes there, and from the *precious deposit* which its dust contains,—I cannot but say, 'Here I am: send me.' May the prayers of British Churches go up to heaven, that I may return overshadowed with the Divine presence, filled with the

holy, sacred influence of the Eternal Spirit, to scatter the word that shall prove 'the savour of life unto life!'

"When 'the desire of my eyes was taken away by a stroke,' I was kindly relieved by my brethren of the charge of my Circuit at Nandi, which was placed under the more efficient superintendence of my kind and sympathizing and noble colleague, the Rev. John S. Fordham; and I received permission from the District Meeting to direct my own movements, and take such steps as I deemed most calculated to divert my thoughts from the bitter past. Placing my infant babe under the charge of my brother and sister at Mbau, I went about, with an afflicted body and a sorrow-stricken soul, striving to do such good as I could. Through the generosity of my dear but now sainted friend, the Rev. Benjamin Hurst, of Sydney, I had a small decked boat, named 'The Ambassador of Peace,' at my disposal and control; and with two natives as crew, and myself as Captain, I went about from island to island, and place to place, as inclination and a prospect of usefulness prompted. Very often, in my voyages, a stormy sea and hidden reefs imperilled me; but my Heavenly Father rode upon the storm, and the Great Pilot never forsook the helm of my little bark. Very often a mat, laid upon the earth-floor, and covered with vermin, was my bed, and some boiled yam my sole repast.

"I regret that I did not journalize the events of the interval that elapsed between my release from my Circuit and my departure from the group; for they were full of interest, and the heart-absorbing sorrow arising from the constant remembrance of the past weakened and soon obliterated the impressions they made on my memory.

"One bright spot that lingers in my recollection is one Sabbath morning at Nakama, the boiling springs of Nasavusavu. I stood in the 'dancing-grounds' of the village, situated on the borders of a beautiful bay. At my left hand was the wide, open sea, with the white-topped reef-wave in the distance; before me was an extensive bay, with a beautiful island gracing the scene; and behind this was one of the most gorgeous and charming landscapes I ever witnessed: the fertile plains, undulating ridges, and rugged, precipitous mountains,—the dense forest, and the specks of cultivation,—the mountain gorge, and the beautiful tropical sky,—were all crowded into one view that an artist would revel in. At the beach was moored a fleet of ten large war canoes, the smallest of which would carry one hundred men. Behind me was a little stream, on the banks of which were a few square yards of level ground, which was studded with ten boiling springs, one of which, up to this eventful Sabbath, had been sacredly set apart for the cooking of

human bodies for the feasts of cannibalism. I stood, I say, upon the 'dancing-grounds,' and under the shade of a large sail-mat, fastened to three poles standing in the ground. Before me were nine other similar awnings. At a given signal, a wooden drum, which stood by my side, and resembled a barrel with both ends in, and a few staves out, was beaten; and a large conch-shell, whose notes had been wont to call the tribes to the battle-field, was blown; and then those large canoes appeared to be alive with men, and hundreds were seen wading to the shore, and then gathering around the Missionary. Who are these? They are the once bloodthirsty warriors of Mbau, headed by their King. No longer is their hand filled with the death-striking club; but it grasps the 'book of peace.' No longer are their features bedaubed with blackness, nor their swarthy nakedness uncovered; but they come with washed faces, and shaved chins, and garments extending from the waist to the knee. But why do they come? They were only wont to tread these shores when 'their feet were swift to shed blood,' and their fiend-like cravings cried for human victims. It was an errand of peace that brought them here, and to listen to the words of life they come. But, see! who are these coming from the village, with the 'sacred Chief,' with his hoary head, and white flowing beard, and the high priest of Heathenism, at their head? Who are these descending yonder hill? Who are these coming in every path? They are the heathen tribes of Nasavusavu, coming up, tribe by tribe, to join together, and for the first time to bow the knee to the God of heaven, and listen to the life-giving word of peace and holiness. And now they throng around me, and seat themselves on the green sward beneath the canopy of heaven, and fix upon me their earnest eyes, whilst, with a heart strung to an intensity of feeling, I tell them of 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' It was a bright and blessed Sabbath morn. Other men, one of whom is in heaven, had laboured, and I, too, had gone forth there weeping; and now the harvest time had come.

"From this place I proceeded to Nandi, to confer with Mr. Fordham about sending a Teacher to the tribes of the Boiling Springs, and to weep over the grave of the absent one. A fine promising young man, of the name of Watson, was sent; and a few days ago I received a letter from my brother in Fiji, telling me that poor Watson had fallen a martyr to peace. He visited two contending tribes, and interposed as mediator; but they refused to be reconciled, and, excited and madened by the passions of war, they clubbed to death the mediator. Poor Watson! He had stood firm and faithful in many an hour of trial; and he was one of my instruction class. He was not of distin-

guished talent ; but Fiji could ill spare him ; for her tribes are silently passing away into eternity unsaved. Yes ; 150,000 Fijians—immortal, redeemed—are moving down into the dark valley of death, and the deep gulf of eternity beyond, unenlightened, unwarned, and, because unenlightened and unwarned, unsaved. O that the Churches of Britain were acquainted with the piteous thoughts that wring the hearts of Fiji's Missionaries ! They would then not allow us to kill ourselves with our work ; but they would make up our staff to twenty. They would say, ' **FIJI SHALL HAVE TWENTY MISSIONARIES**, at whatever cost, whatever sacrifice to ourselves ;' and then God in heaven would smile His approval, and He would stretch forth more gloriously His mighty arm for Fiji's help, and He would verify His own gracious promise, ' He that watereth others, shall himself also be watered.' But you ask, ' What are these thoughts that would make your eyes weep blood, if blood could flow from the fountain of tears ?' They are the thoughts of *the mass of the present generation of Fiji's many tribes passing away into eternity IN THEIR BLOOD,—*passing away to the judgment-throne unenlightened, unsaved. They are the thoughts of *hundreds now actually, by their own act, severed from Heathenism, and never hearing the Missionary's voice ;* hundreds, whom we have taught, and now they hunger for the bread of life, but we cannot give it ; hundreds, to whom we have spoken of the rivers of salvation, and now they thirst, and in piteous accents cry, ' Where, O where is the fountain of the water of life, that we may drink and live ?' But, alas ! we cannot point them to it ; *and we have no hope of doing it, unless our numbers are doubled at once.* And if the seven or eight Missionaries who have, with God's blessing, and under your sanction, taught 45,000 cannibal Fijians to hunger for the bread of life, *cannot now satisfy that hunger*, what can they do for the great mass of Fiji, which is, although, perhaps, overlooked, perhaps forgotten, still heathen, and still unsaved ?

" O, fathers and brethren, think not that I am guilty of presumption, charge me not with exaggeration, deem me not a fanatic, when I tell you that your Missionaries in Fiji can do nothing for the larger portion of Fiji's benighted race, which is still cannibal, still heathen, still without one ray of Gospel light ; and when I ask you to appeal to the British Churches of Methodism, *for the sake of THE BLOOD OF THE SON OF GOD, which cries and pleads before the eternal throne for Fiji's perishing sons, to PITY POOR FIJI, and to send help at once to POOR PERISHING FIJI.*

" But I must check my pen. I purposed to tell you of a visit to Navua ; and of a perilous and interesting journey into the very heart of the large island of Fiji, (three hundred miles in circumference,) where

a white man's voice had never been heard, a white man's foot had never trod; where the name, the ever-blessed name, of Jehovah had never been uttered; where the sweet saving sound of Jesus' name was unknown; where all that was known of the *lotu* was, that a white man's religion had come on to some parts of the coast; where I passed two HUNDRED heathen towns on the banks of one river; where light, and mercy, and salvation will never dawn upon the present generation, if Britain's Churches do not listen to their cry, whilst in the utterances of misery and blood, they say, 'COME AND HELP US, ERE WE DIE;' and also of recent intelligence (March, 1857) from Fiji, where I read, 'Malvern is ready to weep when he thinks of his Circuit, and his inability, through failing strength, to meet its claims; Waterhouse (of Mbau) WANTS REST; and I,' [the writer is that tried but pre-eminently honoured and laborious, though little known, Missionary, Moore,] 'I,' (his wife away, seeking health in the colonies, his home desolate,) 'I AM ALMOST WORN OUT; never resting, seldom two days together at home,—not one Sunday in a month; talking, preaching, till I feel as if I could not speak again,—I go, and go, and go, till I can move no more, and am obliged to lie down; and then I am READY TO WEEP OVER THESE POOR PERISHING FIJIANS, and over THE LITTLE CONCERN MANIFESTED BY THE CHURCHES FOR THEIR SALVATION. I often feel unmanned, a want of courage, and other feelings that were a stranger to me.' I had intended to dwell in detail upon these topics, but must forbear.

"Before I conclude, may I request you to ascertain whether any of our friends will make me a present of a photographic apparatus, with all requisite glass plates, chemical agents for positive and negative collodiotype impressions, and instructions? If so, I could supply your Missionary periodicals with many interesting and instructive views of Fijian life, and would gladly furnish the donor with others. If any one is thus disposed, the apparatus, etc., should at once be forwarded to Sydney, to await me there in February, 1858.*

"I commend myself to your affectionate and prayerful remembrance. I shall esteem it a great privilege, if, from time to time, you favour me with a word of counsel and encouragement."

At the District meeting of 1857, the Rev. John Crawford, a tried man of great energy of character and vigorous health, who had just arrived in Fiji from New South Wales, voluntarily undertook the Nandi Circuit, which was then in a very distracted state by war. For some

* Mrs. Hoole promptly complied with this request; and, since that, James S. Budgett, Esq., has given a complete apparatus, which is forwarded, for the use of the Fiji District, to the care of the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse, as his brother's health does not yet allow his return to Fiji.

time, in order to watch the progress of events, he resided with Mr. Wilson at Mbua, whence he visited Nandi. In October, he took up his residence at his Station; and, finding the premises out of repair, he overtaxed himself with manual labour, and was not careful to attend to the changing of linen and other precautions necessary in such a climate. He was attacked with dysentery, and removed to Ovalau with his wife on the 22nd of December. After an apparent change for the better, he became worse as the wet weather set in; and on January the 20th, 1858, he died, triumphing in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Thus, very soon after their departure, his widow returned in lonely sorrow to Australia; and Fiji was deprived of one from whom much valuable service was expected, before he had preached one sermon in the native language.

The last news from Nandi is sad and disastrous; and, for the present, the chronicles of this Station close in gloom, though not in total darkness. During the last few years, the heathen party has gone out again and again, to destroy the Christian settlement. Once they came, during Mr. Crawford's short stay, but without success. Several Teachers and many of the Christians had been killed by them, when they resolved to effect the utter destruction of the towns which had so long been preserved from their rage. Early in April, they were joined by Tui Levuka, and the restless Mara, who anchored off the Mission premises. Tui Levuka, on stating that he had come at the request of the other Missionaries to protect the Mission property and the lives of the people, was admitted into the town; whereupon the Heathens soon rushed in and laid the place in ashes. They asked Tui Levuka to order a general massacre, but he refused. The lives of the Christians were spared; but they were subjected to all manner of indignity and hardship, and, being shared out among their captors, were led away in bondage to various towns on the coast. The Mission-house was broken into, and the English flag over it was pulled down. The amount of property stolen could not be ascertained, as no Missionary was there at the time.

The hope remains that the faithful and persecuted ones, being thus scattered abroad, will be able to kindle a spreading light of truth among the darkened savages by whom they have been carried away.

CHAPTER XI.

1. ROTUMA.—2. NATIVE AGENTS.—3. CONCLUSION.

1. ROTUMA.—The island of Rotuma has been mentioned several times in the course of this work, and its interest, from a missionary point of view, is great and peculiar. It stands in mid ocean, $12^{\circ} 30'$ S. latitude, $177^{\circ} 10'$ E. longitude, encircled with reefs, through which are many openings for boats. Five or six rocky islets of fantastic forms lie off the coast. Rotuma is about fifteen miles long, and varies in breadth from two to seven miles. It is of volcanic formation, and its surface is chiefly covered with scoria and ashes, among which lies a scanty, but very productive soil. Groves of beautiful cocoa-nut and other trees, with some flowers, adorn in every direction the rugged face of the land. There are several exhausted craters on the island, but no traces of any eruption for many ages past; and large, old trees now flourish at the mouth of the principal crater. Upon this lovely land—three hundred miles from the nearest inhabited shore—dwells a population variously computed at from three to five thousand, who have, for many years past, received frequent visits from whalers. The Rotumans are smaller in stature than the Fijians, but much lighter in complexion, being copper-coloured. They wear their hair long, but remove the beard. Generally they seem a lively and friendly people, averse to war, and not, like the Fijians, usually carrying arms. Their language is peculiar to themselves: many of them, however, are able to express their meaning in a queer, broken English. They tattoo themselves on the part of the body between the hips and the knees, and smear their skin all over with a thick coat of turmeric and cocoa-nut oil, which they use so plentifully that not only their scanty wrapper of native cloth, but their mats and houses, and even the trees on the road-side are bedaubed with the rich yellow compound, rubbed off, from time to time, from the bodies of the people.

Towards Rotuma, thus severed from the world, both by position and language, the Missionaries often looked, wishing to claim the

solitary island for the Lord Jesus. But three hundred miles of ocean lying between destroyed all hopes of its becoming, for a long time, a regular Mission Station. Tongan Teachers, however, were sent, who applied themselves with great diligence to their work. They learned the language, and saw with joy that here also the Gospel, which had wrought such wonders of blessing in their own home, was, "the power of God unto salvation." For a few years two Fijian Teachers have been on the island, and have mastered the language better than their Tongan brethren, to whom some of the consonants present insuperable difficulties of pronunciation. A Missionary from the Fiji District has visited Rotuma about once a year, but under the great disadvantage of being ignorant of the language. For nearly twenty years has the Gospel been preached, by such means, on this island. The success has been remarkably great. The largest and best building on the island is the chapel, and there are now about a thousand converts, from among whom have been supplied some efficient helpers in the work. The state of the people generally has already received great benefit from the introduction of Christianity. The Fijian Assistant Missionary, Eliezer, lately accompanied Mr. Joseph Waterhouse to Hobart Town, where they translated St. Matthew's Gospel, Catechisms, and some elementary books into the language of Rotuma. A translation thus effected, though vastly better than none, must necessarily be inaccurate.

A Missionary is needed for this Station. Only an educated man can do for the people what Cargill, Hazlewood, and Hunt did for Fiji. To the man of science, surely, it would be no mean ambition, to bring the language of this isolated people into grammatical order, and confer upon them the wealth of an established literature. But to the servant of God, whose heart is under the constraint of the love of Christ, Rotuma presents far greater attraction. He too would seek to catch and discipline the powers of that strange tongue; but it would be to marshal them in the service of the Gospel. He would give to the people the best of all literature—the Bible. The soil has been broken, and some sheaves reaped there are already stored in the garner of God. Every success obtained only makes the want of a well-qualified Missionary, to govern and direct, more painfully felt. The Teachers themselves greatly need, and as earnestly desire such superintendence, while the Chiefs and people have for years past nursed the hope that a Missionary would come among them. It is no prettily imagined fiction, but an actual fact, that when a vessel nears that lonely shore, the native pilot, as he springs on board, asks whether the Missionary is

there, and many people gather anxiously by the water-side, only to be sent back, again and again, with their long cherished hope disappointed.

Whose fault is this? Who sickens these poor hearts with hope deferred, and denies them the blessing they so hungrily crave? Let those who are intrusted with God's gold and silver, and whose religious privileges are so many that they care not to use them all, settle the question with Him who will require much of them to whom much is given.

2. NATIVE AGENTS.—The extent of the field of operations occupied by the Fijian Mission renders it impossible to supply a staff of English Missionaries sufficient to meet its claims. The work must be mainly carried on by the native agency. This necessity is not complained of as an evil. It is according to the right order of Christianity. When the grace of God reclaims these savages and enriches them with the blessing of the Gospel, they, like other converted men, feel a longing for the spiritual welfare of their fellow men; and it would be a grievous injustice not to give them the opportunity of communicating the light which they enjoy. In some cases, as at Ono, the Gospel has been introduced without the knowledge of the Missionary; and, at the present time, more than two hundred Natives, who have learned to read, and give evidence that they are called to teach, are labouring with zeal and success, under the direction of the Mission, all over Fiji.

But more than this must be said. It is not possible to set too high the value of such agents as are raised up among the people. While inferior in many important respects, they yet possess qualifications for the work which no foreign Missionary can ever fully acquire. They are in no danger of suffering from the climate: they can reach places and mix with the people, where a foreigner could scarcely find access: leading the same manner of life and subsisting on the same food as the rest of the people, their support is comparatively inexpensive: their command of the language is perfect: above all, they occupy the same level of feeling and experience as those whom they teach; and the same sympathy which enables them to frame and present their instructions in the most effective way, insures for those instructions a readier reception.

But the time is very far distant,—if indeed it should ever come,—when this valuable force will be able to labour effectively without the direction and oversight of the Missionary. Great as are their advantages, they want the skill to use them. If left to themselves, errors of

judgment, and faults into which all unfurnished minds are likely to fall, hinder and destroy the good work in which they are engaged.

This difficulty will, of course, diminish as the benefits of religious education and training are conferred upon the men employed. From the beginning of the Mission, the Missionaries have addressed themselves to the task of instructing the Native Teachers. At first it required but little knowledge to raise them above the rest of the people; but it is evident that, in proportion as education spreads among the people, so greater attainments will be necessary on the part of those who are set up in the office of Teacher. When it is remembered how short a time since the whole of Fiji was lost in uttermost ignorance, and how recently the dawn of truth has broken over those beautiful islands, it is a thing to wonder at, that natives are now to be found discharging with ability the functions of the Christian Teacher, having their minds stored with a considerable amount of scriptural knowledge, which they are able to reproduce with clearness and power. And this would be more than a wonder, if it were not known that the Holy Spirit, who has changed the hearts and lives of these men, has also quickened and directed their understandings, and stored their minds.

The necessity for a complete and efficient machinery for the training of Native Agents, has thus been felt to be more and more pressing. Hitherto each Missionary has attended to this matter, as best he could, for those immediately under his own charge. But the Mission work has grown so vast, and it has become so evident that the spiritual wants of Fiji must be chiefly supplied by means of agents raised up on the spot, that the time has come when one Missionary must be wholly set apart for the superintendence of a Native Training Establishment, in the working of which he shall be assisted by a qualified Schoolmaster.

Perplexed, harassed, and overworked, for want of more help, the Missionaries could no longer refuse to attend to this most necessary business, and therefore set apart one from their slender staff to take charge of a central Institution and School for the training of Native Agents, and the education of senior and promising youths. In the Rewa Bay, there now stands a Teacher's house with ten dwellings for native students:—this is the beginning of the Training Institution, which is under the care of the Rev. J. H. Royce. Unless the number of Missionaries is kept up, and *increased*, it is doubtful whether one of them can be spared permanently for this indispensable work, in which, for its efficient discharge, he must have the help of a trained Schoolmaster.

The letters of Professor Harvey, of the Dublin University, during his visit to Fiji, brought good help to the educational, as well as the

medical, branch of the Mission. They were the means of inducing a lady of the Established Church, Mrs. Warren, of Dublin, to become an annual subscriber of fifty pounds to the Fiji Mission, towards the support of an Educational Establishment. May many more follow so good an example!

3. CONCLUSION.—The reader of the foreign sketch—for it is nothing else—of the Fiji Mission history, will be ready, as he considers the means by which so much good has been effected, to look beyond the means and exclaim, “What hath God wrought!” The change which has taken place in Fiji during the last five-and-twenty years,—a change going far beneath the broad surface over which it has extended,—presents to the philosophical student of history a phenomenon which cannot be explained except by recognising the presence of a supernatural force, Almighty and Divine. Let the nature of this change be well considered. Many of the most strongly marked points which are described in these volumes, have almost or altogether disappeared from the condition and general aspect of the people. Throughout a great part of Fiji, cannibalism has become entirely extinct. Polygamy, in important districts, is fast passing away, and infanticide in the same proportion is diminishing. Arbitrary and despotic violence, on the part of rulers, is yielding to the control of justice and equity. Human life is no longer reckoned cheap, and the avenger of blood comes not now as a stealthy assassin, or backed by savage warriors, but invested with the solemn dignity of established law, founded on the word of God. Other acts, once occurring daily without protest or reproof, are now recognised and punished as crimes.

Civilization has made progress: not, perhaps, so much as will be expected by those who are ignorant of what had to be removed, and what to be introduced, or who have viewed these things only as softened by distance. But the progress has been real, and such as may be expected to reach, in due time, a full development. It is surely absurd to suppose, as some seem to do, that civilization can be suddenly imposed upon a barbarous people. To try to force upon these tribes what are, after all, but the results and evidences of national improvement and culture, would be but hanging sham leaves and blossoms on a lifeless tree. The elaborate details, the decorations and adornments of the building, will be the after care of the architect: the solid structure must first be erected; and, before all, the foundations must be well and deeply laid, involving much hidden toil and massive masonry buried beneath the surface.

At the same time, the civilization of this and other island groups

in the South Sea, may reasonably be expected to advance far more rapidly than has been the case with such nations as our own. Ours has been a slow and gradual growth, forcing its way through untoward circumstances, and gathering and assimilating, particle by particle, the elements of its present vigour and completeness. The Fijians, on the other hand, with certain other peoples, in starting on the course of civilization, have all the benefit of the fostering care and experience of those who have come from the scene of the highest national culture, and from whose more favoured home ships, equipped and laden with the fruits of civilized life, visit, again, and again, these secluded and long unknown shores.

However great the success which has followed the labours of the Missionaries in Fiji, let it not be supposed that there is now time for the Churches at home to rest or to slacken their efforts. Those efforts are needed more than ever. In Fiji, there are now more than seven thousand church members, and about two thousand on trial for membership. Beside these, there are sixty thousand stated hearers. To feed this great and growing flock *there are but eight Missionaries*; and these are overworked, while they are oppressed by the painful consciousness that there is so much that needs to be done which they cannot accomplish. Several have died in the work, whose lives, speaking after the manner of men, might have been spared, had there been more to help them. But, it will be said, there are the Native Agents, who furnish a most important auxiliary. It is true; but it is also true that the care and oversight of these Agents constitute one of the heaviest parts of the Missionaries' toil.

Let it be remembered by those who have enough and to spare of religious privilege,—who can command far more means of Christian enjoyment and profit than they can find time to embrace,—let these, with the remedy in their hands, reflect on this: EVERY SABBATH, MANY THOUSANDS MEET IN FIJI TO “HEAR WITHOUT A PREACHER.”

The Missionaries have not given their sacrifice of labour, of suffering, of *life*, grudgingly. Cross, Hunt, Hazlewood, Crawford, went down to their graves without a murmur; but, as they sank beneath the too heavy yoke, they cast many a longing look towards the Christians across the sea, and wondered that so little help came.

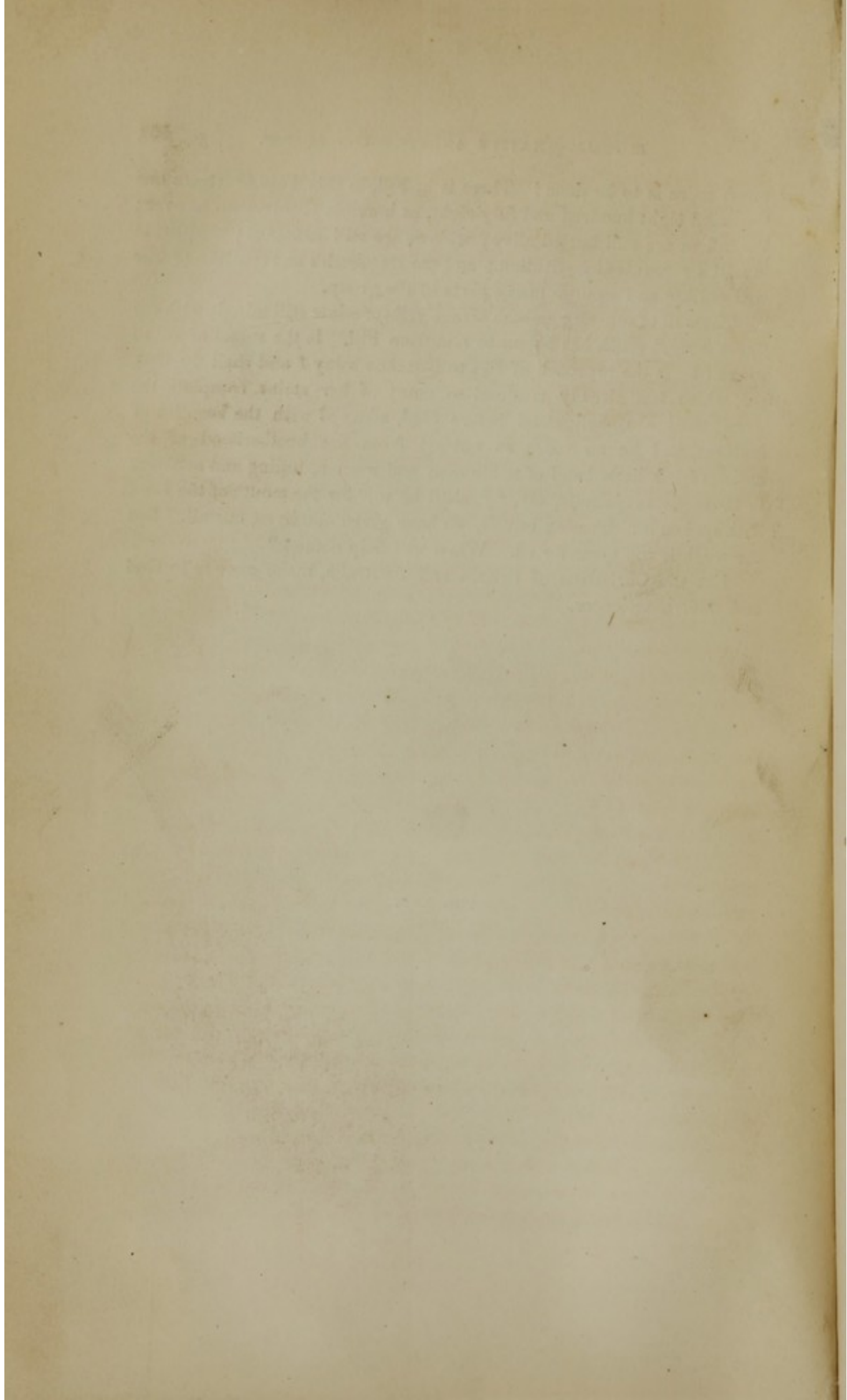
Without keeping from the outcast multitudes at home one morsel of that knowledge, for lack of which they perish; without crippling one philanthropic effort to remove the wretchedness in which so many, near at hand, are lying; the whole of Fiji may soon be gained for Christ. More Missionaries *must* be sent. Every success brings a necessity for increased labour. And then, much as has been accomplished, how

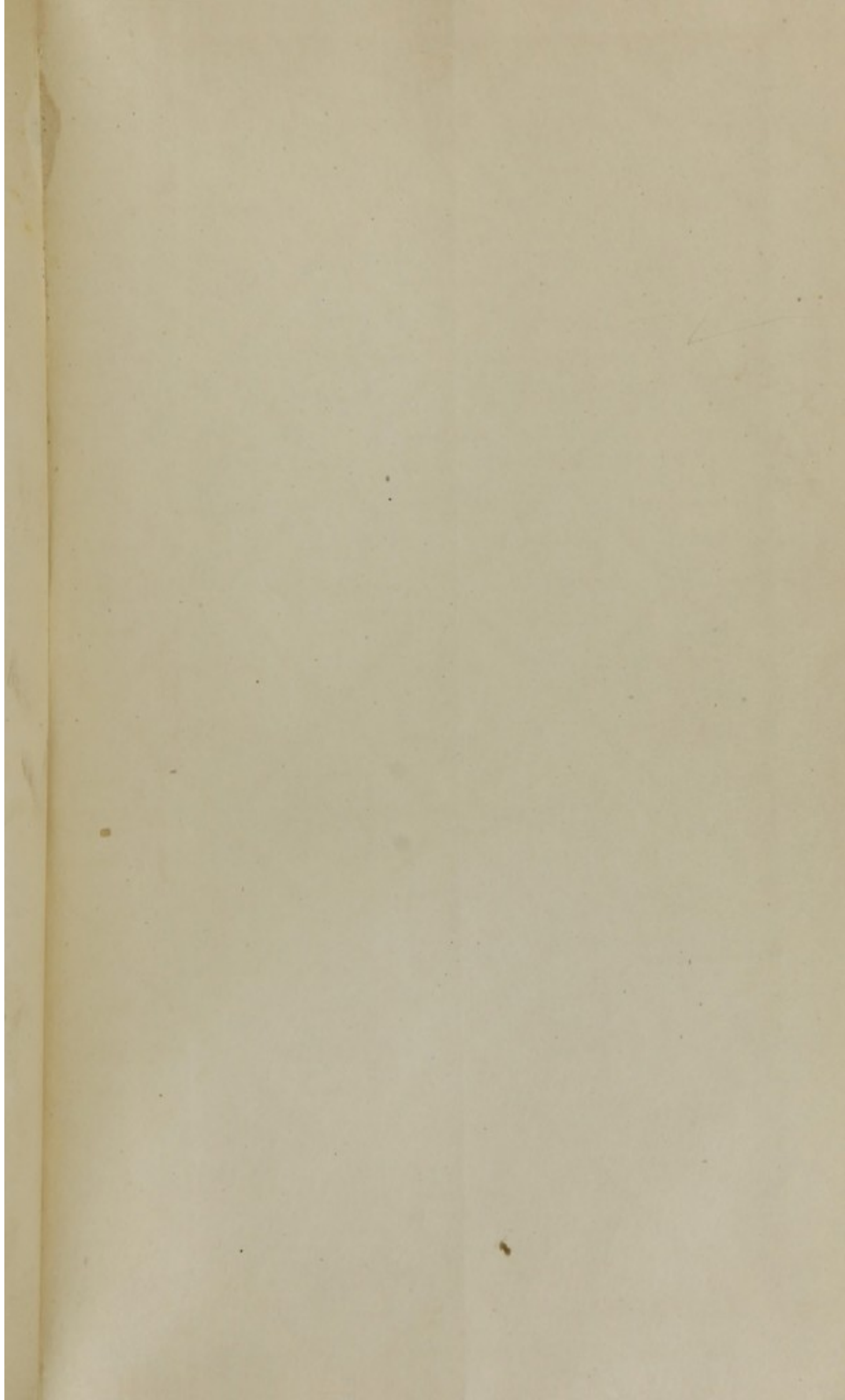
much more is to be done ! There is in Fiji, in this Year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, as horrible cannibalism as ever ; the infirm are still buried alive ; widows are still strangled ; infanticide is still a recognised institution ; and the treacheries and cruelties of war still pollute and scourge many parts of the group.

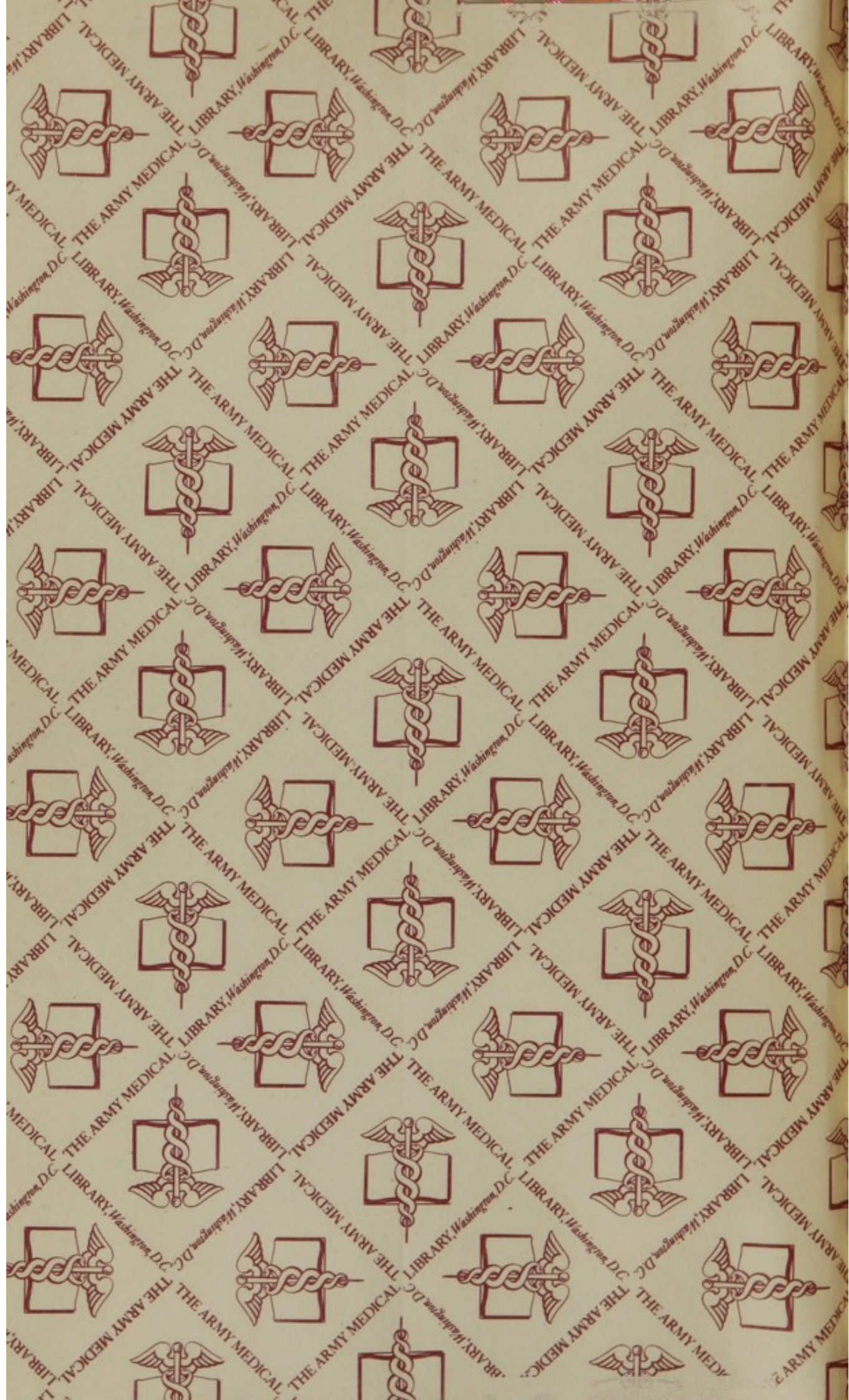
The wail of suffering and the savage yells of crime still mingle with the "new song," which has begun to rise from Fiji. Is the sound of joy to prevail ? Is the reproach of Fiji to be taken away ? and shall the Gospel, which has already cleansed so many of her stains, complete the work, until she shall stand before God, adorned with the beauties of holiness, and be no more an outcast from the brotherhood of the nations ? A little band of noble men and women, toiling and suffering in those distant islands, say, "It shall be so, 'for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it : ' trusting in this, we have given our lives, our all. But the work is too great for us. When will help come ?"

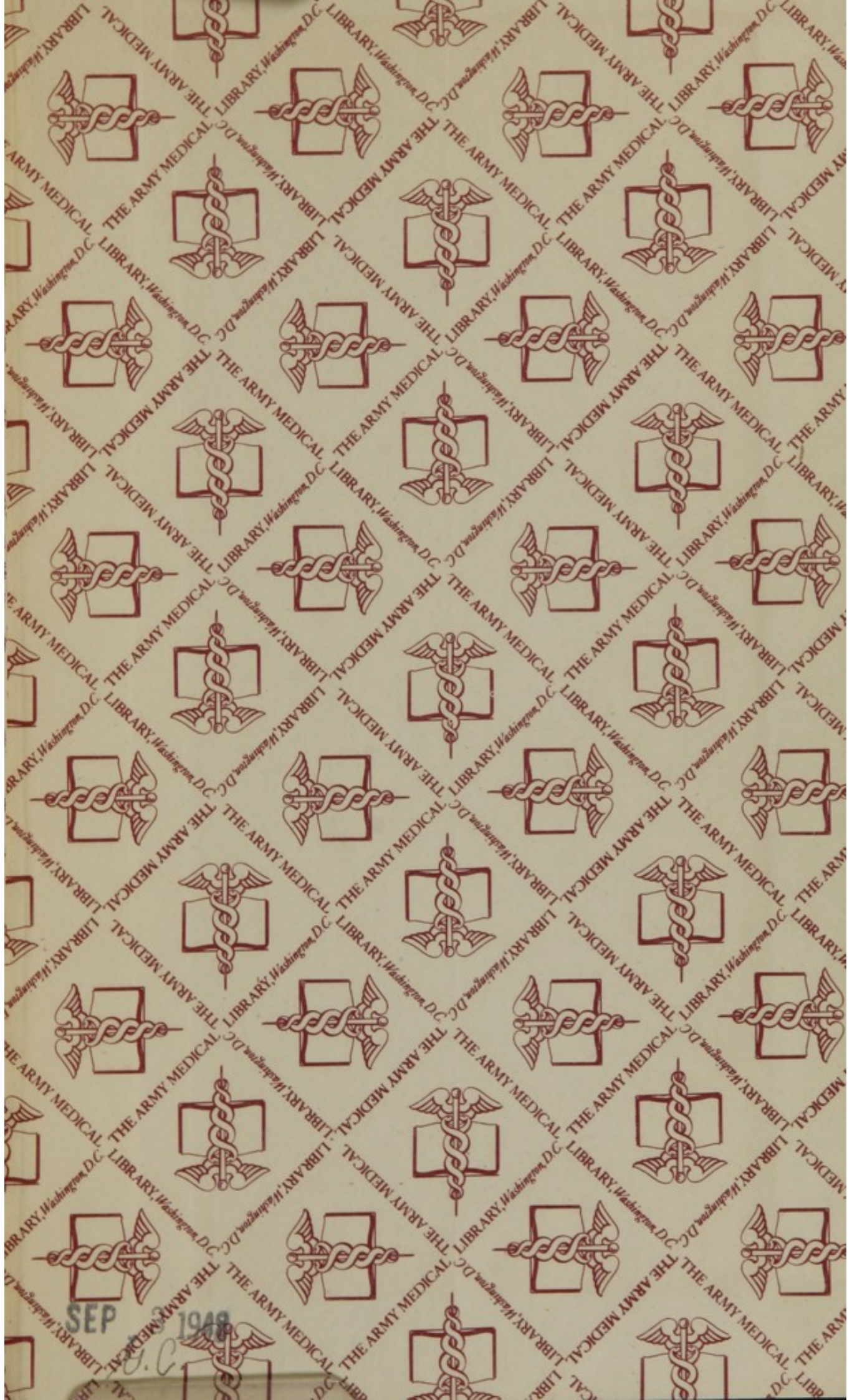
Let the Christians of Britain and Australia, make answer to God and their consciences.

THE END.









SEP 1948

D.C.

