

man's body the scars of more than a hundred wounds. The condition of the women is most miserable, and the aged and infirm are allowed to perish without care; and yet naturally these people are of a good disposition, affectionate to one another, grateful to those who are kind to them, tractable, ingenious, and industrious. They are the lowest type of the copper-coloured Polynesian, and are incapable of any great degree of intellectual improvement. Consequently, the labours of missionaries (who in some cases have been among them for a dozen years or more) have been as yet barren of all result; but they are a people who can be made immensely useful, and whom it is easy to make happy. Their wants are few, and their minds simple and easily satisfied; so that, if brought under the influence of good example and wholesome restraint, they could in a very few years be rendered in a high degree subservient to the interests of that civilization which it is the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon colonists of Australasia to extend to the uttermost isles of the sea. No people have suffered more from the worst examples than these unfortunate islanders. Drunkenness, licentiousness, piracy, murder, have been the lessons inculcated among them during the past thirty years by deserters from ships or escaped convicts from Australia, to whom they extended the most generous hospitality. I have questioned old white men who had spent the best years of their lives among the Kingsmills as to how they could have reconciled themselves to dwell among a people so debased. They have replied, "Ah, Sir, you do not know these natives. When we came among them they were different altogether from what they are now; and even now there is a deal of good in them, more than strangers can understand."

As a proof that the Kingsmill islanders are not destitute of that kind of intelligence which leads men to inaugurate a settled government, and to abide by its requirements, I will briefly describe what I have witnessed on Apemama (Simpson Island), one of the largest of the group. The principal village is built upon the shore of the lagoon, three miles from its entrance to the sea. There is a secure harbour, with a wide and safe channel. The population is about 5,000. They are ruled over by a King called Tem Baiteke. He is also King of Kuria (Woodle Island), having a population of about 1,500, and of Aranuka (Henderville Island), where there are 1,000. His power is absolute; he allows no man of his own people to stand in his immediate presence or to look him in the face. His guards are armed with muskets, cartouche-boxes, and swords. His dwelling consists of a very large house and several smaller ones, with storehouses for cocoanut oil and other produce. He has European furniture, and articles of utility and luxury of various kinds. He has a number of wives. His quarters are surrounded by a stone wall with twelve pieces of cannon of various calibre. He has a schooner of sixty tons; she has four guns on her deck. He has good whaleboats, besides war canoes. He dresses in the European fashion—usually black trousers, linen shirt, and alpaca coat. He does not allow his people to get drunk. His laws are severe; death is the penalty of even trifling offences. Near his house are to be seen human heads stuck upon spikes as a caution to disobedient subjects. He is about forty years of age; of a hard but intelligent aspect. He has for many years back kept his people employed in making cocoanut oil and curing bêche-de-mer, which he chiefly disposes of to Sydney traders. It was from them he received most of the valuables he possesses, including the guns and the schooner. He allows no European to reside upon his island, or even to land on any inhabited part of it, with the sole exception of the captain or trading master of the ship with which he may be dealing, and then only while the ship remains. (This was his rule up to the extent of my experience—that is, the year 1871. I have since heard that Messrs. Godeffroy, of Samoa, have prevailed on him to allow an agent of theirs to reside with him, but I do not know if it be true.) When a vessel is seen entering his harbour, she is boarded, three miles from the town, by the pilot, who is the King's brother, and can speak a little English, having sailed in a whale-ship. The pilot inquires all about her business, sees her anchor put down, and returns with his report to the King. If it be his pleasure, she is then brought up to an anchorage near the village, and a small uninhabited islet is shown to the strangers as a place where they can, if they choose, land and display their goods to the natives, who will meet them there; otherwise they may do their business on board their vessel. A number of women are allowed to go on board, and remain with the strangers till their departure. The captain or trader goes on shore, and eats and drinks with the King, and is allowed perfect liberty. The King claims all the produce of his people's labour, and receives all the pay, a portion of which, however, always consists of casks of tobacco, which he distributes justly among his subjects; knives, axes, &c., he serves out to them. If the vessel be not filled at Apemama, he takes passage in her to his other possessions of Kuria and Aranuka, his schooner keeping company. She is navigated by his own people, he refusing European sailors, as he does white men of whatever character. When offered a quantity of Oregon timber, and the services of an English carpenter to build himself a handsome house, he replied, "No! if I never have a house to live in, I will never have a white man to live with me while he builds it." But it was not always so on Apemama. A dozen years ago white men were more than welcome to live there. How it came to be otherwise would occupy too much time to explain: it is enough to say there is a horrible story at the bottom of it. White men made trouble and were butchered by order of the King, who then determined they should never disturb his peace again.

About 1868 the missionary vessel "Morning Star" came to this place. She was boarded by the pilot in the usual way, and directed to put her anchor down three miles from the village. Some of the missionaries wished to go on shore in the pilot-boat or their own; the pilot had great trouble to keep them back, telling them that it was as much as his own life was worth to allow them to land until the King's permission could be obtained. On his return, the King asked of him, "What sort of ship is it?" Answer—"Missionary ship." "Have they anything to sell?" "No." "Not even tobacco?" "No." "Have they anything to give away?" "Yes, books." "Ah, we have no need of them." These barbarians, though they cannot read, know what books are, for King Tem Baiteke had a number of picture-books, printed in gaudy colours, about his house. The "Morning Star" was not allowed to approach any nearer or the missionaries to come on shore, but