

A Trip to the South Seas.

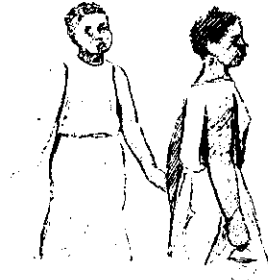
By BERTHA V. GORING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARY B. DOBIE.)

In spite of all their friends could say.
On a winter's morn on a stormy day.
In a sieve they went to sea.

NEITHER did we go to sea 'in a sieve,' nor on 'a stormy day,' yet, to hear our friends' warnings before we started on our trip to the South Sea Islands, one would have thought we were as daring as the Jumbies immortalized by Lear in his 'Nonsense Rhymea.' However, 'in spite of all our friends could say,' my brother, sister, and myself started in the smart little fore and aft schooner *Ovalau* in July, 1879, and thanks to her good accommodation and the pleasantness of her captain (Captain Murray), we enjoyed our little voyage extremely. Our crew was of many nationalities, the captain being Scotch, the two mates Danes, the steward a West Indian negro, and the sailors natives of different South Sea Islands. These latter spoke no English, and didn't understand the compass, so when steering had to be told upon which ear to keep the wind. Occasionally we had fresh flying fish for breakfast, they having flown on board during the night, attracted by the light, poor things!

On the thirteenth day out from Auckland, upon going on deck in the morning, we were greeted by the sight of the island of *Opulu*, in which is *Apia*, the capital of *Samoa*, or the 'Navigator' group. We coasted along, passing lovely scenery—bold hilly land clothed with thick vegetation, and with a fringe of coconut palms all along the shore. Here and there picturesque native houses peeped out from the foliage.



golden colour, and in this are, perhaps, not behind some more civilized people when auburn hair was the fashion. While the line is on they look as if they had on a barrister's wig. They are fond of putting flowers in their hair, and a dandy may be seen with a scarlet hibiscus blossom stuck coquettishly over one ear. Their bodies are elaborately tattooed below the waist, but their faces never. Their dress is simplicity itself—about two yards of cotton stuff twisted round the waist and falling to the knees, generally

house of *Seumann*, a chief, and his wife *Faastulia*. (The pronunciation of their names is very easy, especially to those knowing Italian, as the vowels are the same, and each letter is sounded.) We soon picked up a few words of



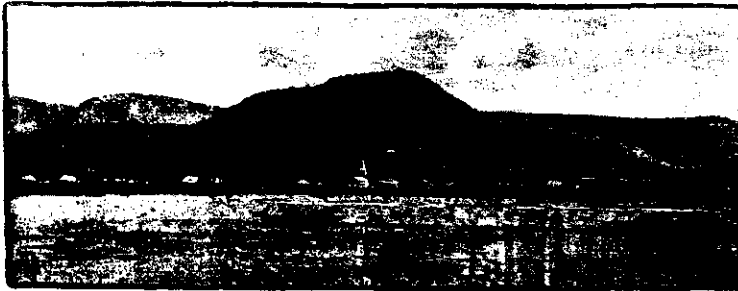
Samoa, and they knew a little English; besides, it was too hot to talk much. We used to stroll in through one of the always open doorways, exchange greetings, and sit down on the mats. They would give us each a fan and a drinking coconut, and there we all sat smiling sweetly at each other. There being no need to keep up a conversation was a great comfort. Coconuts are used much more to drink than to eat, and form an ideal beverage and its cup. The top is knocked off, and behold a

cup lined with a delicate white enamel (about a quarter of an inch of the nut formed on the shell), and full of a refreshing clear liquid. The nut itself, in riper ones, is used for puddings.

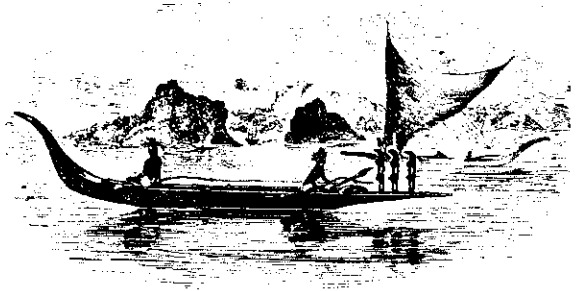
With *Seumann* and *Faastulia* was *Moe*, the 'village maiden.' Here is her portrait, which she was delighted to have taken, with a necklace of leaves and berries over her *tiputa*. She was adopted by the chief, and could only marry with the consent of the village magistrates, who dispose of her without caring for her inclinations, however fond of her they may be. She is treated always as if she were a royal



MOE SMILING AT ME WHILE I DREW HER.



APIA, SAMOA.



A SAIL ROUND THE ISLANDS.

We took our pilot on board at eleven, and at half-past cast anchor, after passing through the narrow entrance, since made famous by the escape of *H.M.S. Calliope* through it in the great hurricane of 1869. We soon went ashore and walked amongst the coconut, banana, orange, and breadfruit trees. The foliage of the latter is very beautiful, and its large, oval, green fruit hangs gracefully from amongst the broad, deeply serrated leaves. Only a few flowers were in bloom, but these were gorgeous, of vivid crimson and scarlet, and purest white, and of great size. The scarlet hibiscus was perhaps the commonest.

of some brilliant colour. This is called a lava-lava. The women wear in addition, a *tiputa*, which is a smaller strip, with a slit across the middle for the head to be put through, and it just hangs straight down back and front. I have seen a *tiputa* made of two coloured handkerchiefs that have not been separated, and a very magnificent one was of two Turkish towels. The men have a lordly swaggering walk. The women, as is only proper, have a meeker deportment, though they carry themselves well, especially those of high rank.

We spent a good deal of our time in *Apia* sitting in the

personage, having some women in attendance at all times, and being shown deference by everyone. When she marries another maiden takes her place. *Moe* would probably be followed by her sister *Kaofi*, a really lovely girl. A chief wanted to marry *Moe* while we were there, but it was still doubtful when we left whether the village approved of him. She didn't care for him, and naturally, for he was fifty, and she eighteen; but that went for nothing. We saw this chief arrive one evening. He and his party occupied four canoes, which approached the shore in perfect line, the men singing a wild chant and paddling in time to



We met our fellow-traveller in the schooner, Mr Lord, of San Francisco, with the American Consul, and the latter asked us to dine with him the same evening. A most amusing dinner it was too, though not quite what one expects at a Consulate. On going to his home after a walk with our host, we found that all his servants (natives) had suddenly departed, so we offered to help him with the meal. After some rummaging a good-sized fish, some yams, one egg, flour and baking powder, were discovered. With the three latter we concocted slap-jacks—a mild sort of pancake—and these with boiled fish, yams and mutton formed the repast, which we enjoyed immensely. The table equipage was as deficient as the larder. I ate my food with a large iron-pronged fork and a pocket fruit knife, while two of the party drank their tea out of pudding basins. The idea of asking people to a meal and then finding almost no food in the house reminded us of the children in 'Holiday House.'



MAKING KAVA, SAMOA.