

it. When they landed he and his staff went to a large empty house, in which the women of the village had strewn plenty of mats on seeing them approach. These mats are plaited of strips prepared from a large flax-like plant, and do duty for tables, chairs, sofas, beds, etc.—indeed, are almost the only furniture of a Samoan home. The edges have bright coloured worsteds worked into them, forming gaudy fringes. These new-comers were all in full dress, that is, abundantly anointed with coconut-oil. They mix it with some sweet-scented preparation from a herb or berry, and with their elaborate *colifear* have apparently some of the same ideas as we for appearing *en grande tenue*. Instead of the ordinary lava-lava they had very picturesque ones made of grasses and the brilliant-hued croton leaves, and wore necklaces of bright berries and leaves. The remainder of the men also in this gala costume, carried a quantity of gifts to Seunannu's house. They went in single file, and looked quite imposing, though the poetry of the thing was rather spoilt by most of the presents being pigs cooked whole. There must have been about twenty besides other things

in deep fringes of leaves and grasses in place of lava-lava, and a thick long necklace of berries and leaves instead of the tiputa, with a plentiful anointing of scented coconut oil, and wreaths of flowers on their head. They first performed as the men had done, the "siva," or as we called it, "the sitting down dance," then one in which they stood up, but never moved from one spot. Indeed, the dance consisted of nothing but stamping, clapping hands, and twisting round with various gesticulations. The precision and unanimity of their movements was surprising. A good many other women sat round beating time on the floor and clapping their hands as an accompaniment. The illuminations were candles stuck in empty bottles or tin candlesticks, and a kerosene lamp or two, the refreshments, drinking cocoanuts. When all was over Moe presented M. and me with part of her gay trappings to carry away as a memento, and they scented our cabin when Samoa was far astern of us.

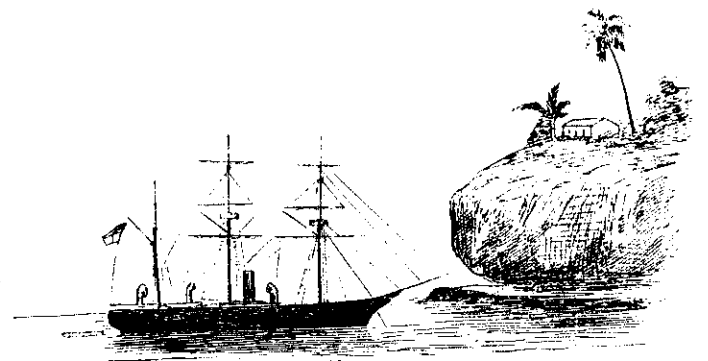
There is a most perfect bathing-pool a little way from the settlement which one approaches through an avenue of palms. Faatulia and Moe went there with us every morning to teach us to swim. One day when bathing they washed our hair for us in native fashion, that is, with a particular kind of sour orange mashed up in a bowl. Going on Sunday morning as usual to their home on our way to the bathing-

wrapped up, cooked and served in a piece of banana leaf. We had pork, fish, taro, and bananas (the latter unripe were boiled as a vegetable), and cocoanuts to drink. We of course ate with our fingers, and when the meal was over were brought a bowl of water and a towel for washing our hands. The cooking of all these islanders is done in much the same method as that used by the Maoris. A hole is dug and lined with large stones, in which a wood fire is lighted. When it has burnt down leaving nothing but glowing embers, these are quickly raked out, some water poured on the hot stones raising a cloud of steam, a layer of leaves put in, then the food, more leaves, and finally a mound of earth to keep all snug and warm. The food is thus cooked slowly and by steam. I have described the Maori method, but the Samoan and Fijian are on the same principle.

We became quite fond of Faatulia and Moe, who were really models of courtesy and good breeding. They apparently returned the compliment, for they told one of the naval officers who understands their language to tell us they "loved us very much, and would always be glad to see us." We roled into the interior one day to lunch with a Mr and Mrs Brancker, who were most hospitable, and wanted us to go and stay with them, but the near departure of our schooner prevented this. I remember the flies being very bad here, and we could hardly have eaten our luncheon had we not had native boys waving large fans to keep them off. We rode through lovely wooded scenery and saw a great number of plantations of sugar, cotton, and coconut.



A NATIVE HOUSE.



Albatross

GERMAN WARSHIP 'ALBATROSS'

wrapped in leaves. They deposited all in silence, and then joined their chief at the guest house.

Another day we saw a second curious ceremony. All these new-comers sat round on the grass drinking kava—a drink made from the kava root. It is first chewed (!) by the young and pretty girls, then a man mixes it in water with great ceremony, and strains it with fibrous fibre. There is ceremony also in the drinking of it. When it is ready a solemn clapping of hands announces the fact, and a young man, acting as Ganymede, takes the cup to each in turn, beginning with the man of highest rank. The cup is a cocoanut shell, which is dark and polished outside, and is covered with a delicate purple enamel on the inside from the action of the kava upon it. Ganymede called out the name of each person before presenting him with the cup, and there was some speechifying. After this kava-drinking Moe came up, dressed with a long train of tappa cloth, and with two attendants. She sat on a mat spread for her, and then a procession of girls came up, each bringing a kit of food, which they laid upon the grass. They looked very picturesque with their bright lava-lavas and tiputas of many colours. When they had gone, Moe got up, threw off her train, and departed too. She came up to us and said "Oma" (that's done), but we could not find out any meaning in the ceremony. These islanders have such elaborate laws of etiquette that it is most difficult for a white person to understand them.

Both German and American interests had strong guardians, for the U. S. Lackawanna, and the German Bismarck and Albatross were in harbour. We were a good deal on board these men-of-war, for luncheons, dinners, etc., and the captains were very kind in giving us the use of their boats. We had a splendid sail about the reefs one day with Captain Mensing, of the Albatross, and saw the lovely coral with perfect distinctness through the clear water. Fish of the most brilliant hues darted about amongst it, some variegated, some striped. Those I remember best were of the colour of washing blue, and only two or three inches long. When some of the sailors fished up bits of coral for us it was a case of disenchantment, for its beauty left it when drawn from its natural element, and it was discoloured-looking and slimy. That one sees of a snowy whiteness is made so by being bleached on the rocks for some time after it is taken out of the sea.

In Samoa they keep the same days as we do in Auckland, in spite of one's having crossed the 180° parallel between the two places, so as the Americans kept to their days of the week and month there was some confusion in dates, and we never were quite sure whether it was to-day or to-morrow.

The harbour was quite lively with men-of-war and their boats going to and fro between them and the shore, trading schooners, and canoes of all sizes, from the 'sulky' for one paddler to the larger ones for a dozen or more. We were not satisfied till we had tried them, so embarked in one with Faatulia and Moe, whom we invited to have tea with us on the schooner. We sat on deck afterwards playing euchre with them, in which game they showed themselves proficient.

The officers of the Lackawanna had a small weather-board house in a banana grove, in which they got up a native entertainment for our amusement. First a number of men elaborately dressed in cocoanut oil, grasses, berries and flowers, sat in a row, singing, clapping their hands, and gesticulating, all in the most accurate time. When their part was over their leader presented M. with a kind of sporran of leaves he wore over his grassy girdle, and me with his necklace, which we thought a very graceful act. The berries they weave into their garlands have a delicious aromatic scent. After they left seven girls, headed by Moe and Kaof, came in. They were dressed in the same fashion

pool, they asked us to wait a bit while they had a 'little pray,' when Faatulia sang a sort of chant, in which the others joined, and then said a long prayer. They are very strict about Sunday observance, and would not swim or dive that day; indeed, I don't think they quite approved of going at all. We went with them to their own church (Wesleyan). All the congregation remained squatted through the service, and sang in a very funny way, but were most orderly and reverent. All are Christians belonging either to the Roman Catholic or Wesleyan Denomination. There are no Church of England missionaries in this group. The natives are very fond of going to church and of having prayers. I remember Faatulia put on to go to church a smart European hat and a voluminous loose sort of gown, both hideously unbecoming to her, and one preferred her infinitely in her everyday garb of tiputa and lava-lava.

We dined with them one day by special invitation. The tablecloth was of very fine matting, and each 'plat' was

The Samoans make very fine mats, which are so pliant as to be used for lava-lavas, but only the people of rank wear them. Their tappa cloth is made from the bark of a small tree (the paper mulberry). It is beaten out to quite a delicate lace-like thinness if necessary. The heavier thick kinds are coloured with dyes they make themselves, some having bold patterns stenciled on them. Their plaited fans are very graceful in shape. Within a year of our visit to Samoa a friend of ours who was there mentioned to Faatulia that I was going to be married, so she sent me one of these fans and a string of berries as a wedding present, which gift I value highly. The berries are about the size of a haricot bean, and of a rich crimson. They grow on a shrub. At the end of ten days we had our last bathe with our two friends, and sorrowfully said good-bye or 'kofa' and sailed for Fiji.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SCENE IN SAMOA.