CHAPTER XIII

SOUTH SEA CRUISES — THE EASTERN PACIFIC, JUNE, 1888—JUNE, 1889

"This climate; these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peeking from the morning bank; new forested harbours; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives — the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem."

Letters, ii. 160.

FOR nearly three years to come Stevenson wandered up and down the face of the Pacific, spending most of his time in the Hawaiian Islands and the Gilberts, in Tahiti, and in Samoa, his future home; during this period he visited, however cursorily, almost every group of importance in the Eastern and Central Pacific.

The delight these experiences kindled for him can never be expressed, since, apart from one or two phrases in his letters, he has failed to convey any image of it himself. It is hardly too much to say that nobody else in the world would have derived such keen or such varied enjoyment from cruising through these islands, so wild, so beautiful — among their inhabitants so attractive, so remote from experience — in these waters, so fascinating and so dangerous. The very romance that hangs about the South Seas is fatal to any attempt to sustain, among the mazes of detail and necessary explanation, the charm suggested by their name. Stevenson himself set out to write an account of his wanderings and adventures among the islands it had

for years been the dream of his life to see, but as soon as he essayed the task, he was overwhelmed with a mass of legend and history and anthropology. It is hard for people at their own firesides to realise the differences between the islands visited in one cruise in the same ocean. Perhaps some vague and general conception of the diversity of Stevenson's experiences might be formed by imagining a rapid visit to the islands of Sardinia, Sicily, Majorca, and Tenerife, a fresh departure for Jersey and the Iles d'Or, ending with a passing glimpse at the West Indies.

The point now to be considered is not, however, the customs and character of the natives whom Stevenson encountered, but rather how he was affected and influenced by what he saw, the characteristics which were called out in him during the course of his travel, and the impressions which he himself produced. His chapters *In the South Seas* have now been collected and published, and from them I shall only quote one or two of the most striking passages, relying rather on his original rough journal at the time, which naturally strikes a more personal note and deals to a greater extent with his individual experience.

The first point, as we have seen, was the Marquesas, a group of high[1] islands of extreme beauty, occupied by the French and but seldom visited by travellers,

[1] Islands in the Pacific are usually divided into "high" and "low"; the former being, generally speaking, islands of volcanic origin, often rising several thousand feet above the sea, densely wooded and beautiful in the extreme. These frequently have a barrier reef of coral, protecting what would otherwise be an ironbound coast, but their main structure is igneous rock. "Low" islands are atolls or mere

remote from any other group and out of the track of ships and steamers. For these the *Casco* now steered a course of three thousand miles across the open sea. Fortunately the main object of the cruise seemed likely to be gained without delay; the warmer climate and the sea air suited Stevenson at once, and he grew stronger day by day. The voyage was pleasant but without event other than the passing squalls, and is thus recorded in his diary:—

"Since on the fifth day we were left ignominiously behind by a full-rigged English ship, our quondam comrade, bound round the Horn, we have not spied a sail, nor a land bird, nor a shred of seaweed. In impudent isolation, the toy-schooner has ploughed her path of snow across the empty deep, far from all track of commerce, far from any hand of help: now to the sound of slatting sails and stamping sheet-blocks, staggering in the turmoil of that business falsely called a calm, now, in the assault of squalls, burying her lee-rail in the sea. To the limit of the north-east trades we carried some attendant pilot birds, silent, brown-suited, quakerish fellows, infinitely graceful on the wing; dropping at times in comfortable sheltered hollows of the swell; running awhile in the snowy footmarks on the water before they rise again in flight. Scarce had these dropped us, ere the Boatswains took their place, birds of an ungainly shape, but beautiful against the heavens in their white plumage. Late upon a starry

banks built by the coral insect, never more than twenty feet above water, and owing any beauty they possess to the sea, the sun, and the palm-tree. The Marquesas, Tahiti, Samoa, and the Hawaiian group are high islands; the Paumotus, the Gilberts, and the Marshalls are low.

night, as they fly invisible overhead, the strange voices of these co-voyagers fall about us strangely. Flying-fish, a skimming silver rain on the blue sea; a turtle fast asleep in the early morning sunshine; the Southern Cross hung thwart in the fore-rigging like the frame of a wrecked kite—the pole star and the familiar Plough dropping ever lower in the wake: these build up thus far the history of our voyage. It is singular to come so far and to see so infinitely little."

"*July 19th.*—The morning was hot, the wind steady, the sky filled with such clouds as, on a pleasant English day, might promise a cool rain. One of these had been visible for some time, a continental isle of sun and shadow, moving innocuously on the skyline far to windward; when upon a sudden this harmless-looking monster, seeming to smell a quarry, paused, hung awhile as if in stays, and breaking off five points,[1] fell like an armed man upon the *Casco*. Next moment, the inhabitants of the cabin were piled one upon another, the sea was pouring into the cockpit and spouting in fountains through forgotten deadlights, and the steersman stood spinning the wheel for his life in a halo of tropical rain.

"I chronicle this squall, first, for the singularity and apparent malignancy of its behaviour, as though it had been sent express to cruise after the *Casco;* and, second, because of the nonsense people write upon the climate of these seas. Every day for a week or so, in defiance of authorities, we have had from three to four squalls; and as for this last, no one who saw it desires to see a worse. Sailing a ship, even in these so-called fine-

[1] *I.e.* of the points of the compass, sixty-four in number.

weather latitudes, may be compared to walking the tight-rope; so constant is the care required. On our heavenly nights, when we sit late on deck, the trade-wind still chariots overhead an endless company of attenuated clouds. These shine in the moonlight faintly bright, affect strange and semi-human forms like the more battered of the antique statues, blot out the smaller stars, and are themselves pierced by the radiance of the greater. 'Is there any wind in them?' so goes the regular sea question. A capful at least, and even in the least substantial; but for the most part in these latitudes they fly far above man's concerns, perhaps out of all reach, so that not even the lowest fringe of wind shall breathe upon the mainmasthead."

After two-and-twenty days at sea they made their landfall. "The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense. On the 28th of July, 1888, the moon was an hour down by four in the morning, . . . and it was half-past five before we could distinguish our expected islands from the clouds on the horizon. The interval was passed on deck in the silence of expectation, the customary thrill of landfall heightened by the strangeness of the shores that we were then approaching. Slowly they took shape in the attenuating darkness. Uahuna, piling up to a truncated summit, appeared the first upon the starboard bow; almost abeam arose our destination, Nukahiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt, and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These pricked about the line of the horizon, like the pinnacles of some ornate and mon-

strous church; they stood there, in the sparkling brightness of the morning, the fit signboard of a world of wonders. . . . The land heaved up in peaks and rising vales; it fell in cliffs and buttresses; its colour ran through fifty modulations in a scale of pearl and rose and olive; and it was crowned above by opalescent clouds. The suffusion of vague hues deceived the eye; the shadows of clouds were confounded with the articulations of the mountain; and the isle and its unsubstantial canopy rose and shimmered before us like a single mass. There was no beacon, no smoke of towns to be expected, no plying pilot. . . .

"We bore away along the shore. On our port-beam we might hear the explosions of the surf; a few birds flew fishing under the prow; there was no other sound or mark of life, whether of man or beast, in all that quarter of the island. Winged by her own impetus and the dying breeze, the *Casco* skimmed under cliffs, opened out a cove, showed us a beach and some green trees, and flitted by again, bowing to the swell. . . . Again the cliff yawned, but now with a deeper entry; and the *Casco*, hauling her wind, began to slide into the bay of Anaho. Rude and bare hills embraced the inlet upon either hand; it was enclosed to the landward by a bulk of shattered mountains. In every crevice of that barrier the forest harboured, roosting and nesting there like birds about a ruin; and far above, it greened and roughened the razor edges of the summit.

"Under the eastern shore, our schooner, now bereft of any breeze, continued to creep in; the smart creature, when once under way, appearing motive in herself. From close aboard arose the bleating of young

lambs; a bird sang in the hillside; the scent of the land and of a hundred fruits or flowers flowed forth to meet us; and, presently, a house or two appeared. . . . The mark of anchorage was a blow-hole in the rocks, near the south-easterly corner of the bay. Punctually to our use, the blow-hole spouted; the schooner turned upon her heel; the anchor plunged. It was a small sound, a great event; my soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up; and I, and some part of my ship's company, were from that hour the bond-slaves of the isles of Vivien."[1]

This was Nukahiva, the island of Herman Melville's *Typee,* and here for three weeks they lay in Anaho Bay, where there lived only natives and one white trader. They then sailed round to the south coast of the same island, to Taiohae, the port of entry and the capital of the group.

The two special features of the Marquesas which differentiate them from the other islands which Stevenson saw are, first, that the natives were till very recently the most inveterate cannibals of Polynesia, and second, that their population was melting away like snow off a dyke, so that extinction seemed imminent within the next few years.

Into the details of his visit I have no intention of going — partly they may be read in his own volume *In the South Seas* — but I would draw attention to Stevenson's attitude toward the native races, for though I shall have occasion to return to it again in Samoa, there was but little growth or development of his essential

[1] *In the South Seas*, pp. 2–6.

feelings or principles in dealing with them. Intelligent sympathy was the keynote, and the same kindliness to them as to all men. He never idealised them, and his view was but rarely affected by sentiment. His sense of history, combined with his power of seeing things in a new light and the refusal to accept commonplaces without examination, here stood him in good stead.

Five years before, in the Riviera, he had written:[1] "There is no form of conceit more common or more silly than to look down on barbarous codes of morals. Barbarous virtues, the chivalrous point of honour, the fidelity of the wild Highlander or the two-sworded Japanese, are of a generous example. We may question the utility of what is done; the whole-hearted sincerity of the actors shuts our mouth. Nor can that idea be merely dishonourable for which men relinquish the comforts and consideration of society, the love of wife and child and parent, the light of the sun, and the protection of the laws. The seductions of life are strong in every age and station; we make idols of our affections, idols of our customary virtues; we are content to avoid the inconvenient wrong and to forego the inconvenient right with almost equal self-approval, until at last we make a home for our conscience among the negative virtues and the cowardly vices."

This was of the Japanese in their recent feudal period: here is one of his earliest notes in the Marquesas, after meeting the natives face to face:—

"*August 3rd.—Tropical Night Thoughts.* I awoke this morning about three; the night was heavenly in

[1] *Magazine of Art*, November, 1883, *à propos* of the story of the "Forty-seven Ronins."

scent and temperature; the long swell brimmed into the bay and seemed to fill it full and then subside; silently, gently, and deeply the *Casco* rolled; only at times a block piped like a bird. I sat and looked seaward toward the mouth of the bay at the headlands and the stars; at the constellation of diamonds, each infinitesimally small, each individual and of equal lustre, and all shining together in heaven like some old-fashioned clasp; at the planet with the visible moon, as though he were beginning to re-people heaven by the process of gemination; at many other lone lamps and marshalled clusters. And upon a sudden it ran into my mind, even with shame, that these were lovelier than our nights in the north, the planets softer and brighter, and the constellations more handsomely arranged. I felt shame, I say, as at an ultimate infidelity: that I should desert the stars that shone upon my father; and turning to the shore-side, where there were some high squalls overhead, and the mountains loomed up black, I could have fancied I had slipped ten thousand miles away and was anchored in a Highland loch; that when day came and made clear the superimpending slopes, it would show pine and the red heather and the green fern, and roofs of turf sending up the smoke of peats, and the alien speech that should next greet my ears should be Gaelic, not Kanaka.[1]

"The singular narrowness of this world's range, and, above all, the paucity of human combinations, are forced alike upon the reader and the traveller. The one rang-

[1] Kanaka, the Hawaiian word for a man, is used by white men throughout the Pacific as equivalent to "native," "Polynesian." In Australia and Fiji it generally means Melanesian = black boy.

ing through books, the other over peopled space, comes with astonishment on the same scenery, the same merry stories, the same fashion, the same stage of social evolution. Under cover of darkness here might be a Hebridean harbour; and if I am to call these men savages (which no bribe would induce me to do), what name should I find for Hebridean man? The Highlands and Islands somewhat more than a century back were in much the same convulsive and transitionary state as the Marquesas to-day. In the one, the cherished habit of tattooing; in the other, a cherished costume, proscribed; in both, the men disarmed, the chiefs dishonoured, new fashions introduced, and chiefly that new pernicious fashion of regarding money as the be-all and end-all of existence; the commercial age, in each case, succeeding at a bound to the age militant: war, with its truces and its courtesies, succeeded by peace, with its meanness and its unending effort: the means of life no longer wrested with a bare face from hereditary enemies, but ground or cheated out of next-door neighbours and old family friends; in each case, a man's luxury cut off, beef driven under cover of night from lowland pastures denied to the meat-loving Highlander, long-pig pirated from the next village to the man-eating Kanaka."

And here is the practical outcome of his experience as a traveller, written in 1890, a passage specially selected for praise by so able and original an investigator as Mary Kingsley:—

"When I desired any detail of savage custom, or of superstitious belief, I cast back in the story of my fathers, and fished for what I wanted with some trait

of equal barbarism: Michael Scott, Lord Derwentwater's head, the second-sight, the Water Kelpie,—each of these I have found to be a killing bait; the black bull's head of Stirling procured me the legend of Rahéro; and what I knew of the Cluny Macphersons, or the Appin Stewarts, enabled me to learn, and helped me to understand, about the *Tevas* of Tahiti. The native was no longer ashamed, his sense of kinship grew warmer, and his lips were opened. It is this sense of kinship that the traveller must rouse and share; or he had better content himself with travels from the blue bed to the brown." [1]

It is interesting to compare his portrait of Vaekehu, the refined and aged queen of the Marquesas spending a devout old age after a stormy youth of cannibalism, with the similar picture in the *Mariage de Loti*. [2]

"Her house is on the European plan: a table in the midst of the chief room; photographs and religious pictures on the wall. It commands to either hand a charming vista: through the front door, a peep of green lawn, scurrying pigs, the pendent fans of the coco-palm, and the splendour of the bursting surf; through the back, mounting forest glades and coronals of precipice. Here, in the strong through-draught, her Majesty received us in a simple gown of print, and with no mark of royalty but the exquisite finish of her tattooed mittens, the elaboration of her manners, and the gentle falsetto in which all the highly refined among Marquesan ladies (and Vaekehu above all others) delight to

[1] *In the South Seas*, p. 14.

[2] *Le Mariage de Loti*, 49th edition, p. 101. Paris, Calmann-Levy, 1893.

sing their language. . . . Vaekehu is very deaf; *merci* is her only word of French; and I do not know that she seemed clever. An exquisite, kind refinement, with a shade of quietism, gathered perhaps from the nuns, was what chiefly struck us. . . . She came with Stanilao (her son) and his little girl to dine on board the *Casco.* She had dressed for the occasion: wore white, which very well became her strong brown face; and sat among us, eating or smoking her cigarette, quite cut off from all society, or only now and then included through the intermediary of her son. It was a position that might have been ridiculous, and she made it ornamental; making believe to hear and to be entertained; her face, whenever she met our eyes, lighted with the smile of good society; her contributions to the talk, when she made any, and that was seldom, always complimentary and pleasing. No attention was paid to the child, for instance, but what she remarked and thanked us for. Her parting with each when she came to leave was gracious and pretty, as had been every step of her behaviour. When Mrs. Stevenson held out her hand to say good-bye, Vaekehu took it, held it, and a moment smiled upon her; dropped it, and then, as upon a kindly afterthought, and with a sort of warmth of condescension, held out both hands and kissed my wife upon both cheeks. Given the same relation of years and rank, the thing would have been so done upon the boards of the Comédie Française; just so might Madame Brohan have warmed and condescended to Madame Broisat in the *Marquis de Villemer.* It was my part to accompany our guests ashore: when I kissed the little girl good-bye at the pier-steps,

Vaekehu gave a cry of gratification, reached down her hand into the boat, took mine, and pressed it with that flattering softness which seems the coquetry of the old lady in every quarter of the earth. The next moment she had taken Stanilao's arm, and they moved off along the pier in the moonlight, leaving me bewildered. This was a queen of cannibals; she was tattooed from hand to foot, and perhaps the greatest masterpiece of that art now extant, so that a while ago, before she was grown prim, her leg was one of the sights of Taiohae; she had been passed from chief to chief; she had been fought for and taken in war; perhaps, being so great a lady, she had sat on the high place, and throned it there, alone of her sex, while the drums were going twenty strong and the priests carried up the blood-stained baskets of long-pig. And now behold her, out of that past of violence and sickening feasts, step forth in her age, a quiet, smooth, elaborate old lady, such as you might find at home (mittened also, but not often so well-mannered) in a score of country-houses. Only Vaekehu's mittens were of dye, not of silk; and they had been paid for, not in money, but the cooked flesh of men. It came in my mind like a clap, what she could think of it herself, and whether at heart, perhaps, she might not regret and aspire after the barbarous and stirring past. But when I asked Stanilao: 'Ah,' said he, 'she is content; she is religious, she passes all her days with the sisters.'" [1]

And here was the farewell of Prince Stanilao, an intelligent and educated gentleman, from whom Stevenson had learned much of the history and condition of

[1] *In the South Seas*, p. 81.

the islands, and with whom he had spent a long afternoon, telling him the story of Gordon, "and many episodes of the Indian Mutiny, Lucknow, the second battle of Cawnpore, the relief of Arrah, the death of poor Spottiswoode and Sir Hugh Rose's hotspur midland campaign." How many white men would have been at the pains to give so much instruction or so much pleasure to a native in a foreign possession? This is the result: "Ah, vous devriez rester ici, mon cher ami. Vous êtes les gens qu'il faut pour les Kanaques; vous êtes doux, vous et votre famille; vous seriez obéis dans toutes les îles." [1]

It was the same at Anaho, the same afterwards in Atuona: he understood the natives; he treated them with understanding, and they liked him. The higher the rank, for the most part, the greater the liking, the more complete the appreciation. Vaekehu and Stanilao were the great folk of the archipelago; Stevenson, to whom snobbishness was unknown, found them also the most estimable.

"This is the rule in Polynesia, with few exceptions; the higher the family, the better the man—better in sense, better in manners, and usually taller and stronger in body. A stranger advances blindfold. He scrapes acquaintance as he can. Save the tattoo in the Marquesas, nothing indicates the difference in rank; and yet almost invariably we found, after we had made them, that our friends were persons of station."

But his attention was by no means limited to natives; the behaviour that he enjoined on missionaries [2] he

[1] *In the South Seas*, pp. 81, 87.

[2] Appendix B, vol. ii. p. 229

exercised freely himself; to white men and half-castes he was equally genial and accessible. The governor and the gendarmes, the priests and the lay-brothers, the traders and the "Beach," all found him kindly and courteous, and the best of company.

The Resident carried him off to show him the prison, but it was empty; the women were gone calling and the men were shooting goats upon the mountains. The gendarmes told him stories of the Franco-German war, and gave him charming French meals. Of the missionaries, the portraits of the great and good Dordillon, the veteran bishop only just dead, and of Frère Michel, the architect, may be found in the South Sea volume; from Stevenson's notes I give the charming picture of Père Siméon:—

"Père Siméon, the small frail figure in the black robe drawing near under the palms; the girlish, kind and somewhat pretty face under the straw hat; the strong rustic Gascon accent; the sudden lively doffing of the hat, at once so French and so ecclesiastical; he was a man you could not look upon without visions of his peasant ancestors, worthy folk, sitting at home to-day in France, and rejoiced (I hope often) with letters from their boy. Down we sat together under the eaves of the house of Taipi-Kikino, and were presently deep in talk. I had feared to meet a missionary, feared to find the narrowness and the self-sufficiency that deface their publications, that too often disgrace their behaviour. There was no fear of it here; Père Siméon admired these natives as I do myself, admired them with spiritual envy; the superior of his congregation had said to him on his departure: 'You are going among a people

more civilised than we—*peut-être plus civilisés que nous-mêmes*': in spite of which warning, having read some books of travel on his voyage, he came to these shores (like myself) expecting to find them peopled with lascivious monkeys. Good Bishop Dordillon had opened his eyes: 'There are nothing but lies in books of travel,' said the bishop.

"What then was Père Siméon doing here? The question rose in my mind, and I could see that he read the thought. Truly they were a people, on the whole, of a mind far liker Christ's than any of the races of Europe; no spiritual life, almost no family life, but a kindness, a generosity, a readiness to give and to forgive, without parallel; to some extent that was the bishop's doing; some of it had been since undone; death runs so busy in their midst, total extinction so instantly impended, that it seemed a hopeless task to combat their vices; as they were, they would go down in the abyss of things past; the watchers were already looking at the clock; Père Siméon's business was the visitation of the sick, to smooth the pillows of this dying family of man."

In contrast to this melancholy vigil were Stevenson's ecstasy of life and the joy with which he entered into gathering shells upon the shore. Charles Kingsley was not happier when landed at last upon the tropical beach he had been longing all his life to see.

"Ashore to the cove and hunted shells, according to my prevision; but the delight of it was a surprise. To stand in the silver margin of the sea, now dry-shod, now buried to the ankle in the thrilling coolness, now higher than the knee; to watch, as the reflux drew

down, wonderful marvels of colour and design fleeting between my feet, to grasp at, to miss, to seize them; and now to find them what they promised, and now to catch only *maya* of coloured sand, pounded fragments, and pebbles, that, as soon as they were dry, became as dull and homely as the flint upon a garden path. I toiled about this childish pleasure in the strong sun for hours, sharply conscious of my incurable ignorance, and yet too much pleased to be ashamed. Presently I came round upon the shelves that line the bottom of the cliff; and there, in a pool where the last of the surf sometimes irrupted, making it bubble like a spring, I found my best, that is, my strangest, shell. It was large, as large as a woman's head, rugged as rock, in colour variegated with green and orange; but alas, the 'poor inhabitant' was at home. On the struggles of conscience that ensued I scorn to dwell; but my curiosity, after several journeys in my hand, returned finally to his rock home, of whose sides he greedily laid hold, and he gained a second term of the pleasures of existence."

On August 22nd the *Casco* left Nukahiva, and arrived the following day at Taahauku in the island of Hiva-oa, a more remote and even more thinly populated island. Here they stayed twelve days, and here Stevenson and his family went through the ceremony of adoption into the family of Paa-aeua, the official chief of Atuona, while Mr. Osbourne "made brothers" also with the deposed hereditary chief, Moipu.

These observances meant anything or nothing, according to the desire of the initiated. I single them out for mention here because (apart from white men living

among the Kanakas) they were offered to and accepted by those only who, like Bishop Dordillon, had a close intimacy and sympathy with the natives.

Here is the rough sketch of their last berth in the Marquesas:—

"*24th August.*—Taahauku is a very little anchorage, set between low points sparsely wooded with young palms, and opening above upon a woody valley. The next bay, Atuona, is set in a theatre of lofty mountains which dominate the more immediate setting of Taahauku and give the salient character of the scene. In the morning, when the sun falls directly on their front, they stand like a vast wall greened to the summit, watercourses here and there delineated on their face as narrow as cracks. But towards afternoon the light comes more obliquely, gorges yawn in undecipherable shadow, spurs and buttresses stand out, carved in sunlight; the whole range looks higher and more solemn, and wears a stern appearance of romance. It looks, and it very nearly is, impassable: shutting off the south-west corner of the island save by way of sea. A great part of the charm of Taahauku itself lies in the dominant contrast of that mountain barrier.

"The climate is that of the trade-winds; all night long, in fine weather, the same attenuated snowy clouds fleet over the moonlit heaven, or hang in mists upon the mountain, and day and night, save for the chill draughts of the land breeze, the same slightly varying and squally wind blows overhead. On one side of the anchorage the surf leaps white upon the rocks and keeps a certain blow-hole sounding and smoking like a cannon. The other side is smoother but still rocky;

and the accepted landing-place is on the narrow beach at the shore end, where, after a race through the breaking waves, the seaman is landed in a somewhat damp condition. In front of him a little copra warehouse stands in the shadow of some trees, flitted about for ever by a clan of dwarfish swallows. A line of rails bends out of the mouth of the valley and comes to the bend of the beach; walking on which the newly arrived traveller presently becomes aware of a beautiful fresh-water lagoon, with a boat-house, and behind that a grove of noble cocos."

But the time had come to start for Tahiti by a course lying through the Paumotus or Dangerous Archipelago, a group of numerous low islands, unlighted save for one or two pier-head lamps, and most inadequately laid down upon the chart.

For this reason at Taiohae they had shipped a mate who knew those waters well. The much-travelled Japanese cook had been returned to his home, and his place taken by a genuine Chinaman. Ah Fu came to the Marquesas as a child and had grown up among the natives; he now followed the fortunes of his new masters with entire devotion for two years, until the claims of his family were asserted and took him home reluctantly to China.[1]

[1] Mrs. Stevenson writes: "In fact it broke his heart to go. Ah Fu had as strong a sense of romance as Louis himself. He returned to China with a belt of gold round his waist, a ninety-dollar breech-loader given him by Louis, and a boxful of belongings. His intention was to leave these great riches with a member of the family who lived outside the village, dress himself in beggar's rags, and go to his mother's house to solicit alms. He would draw from her the account of the son who had been lost when he was a little child; at the psy-

On September 4th the *Casco* sailed, and three days later, before sunset, the captain expected to sight the first of the Paumotus.

It was not, however, till sunrise on the following morning that they saw land, and then it was not the island they had expected to make; in place of having been driven to the west, they had been swept by a current some thirty miles in the opposite direction. The first atoll was "flat as a plate in the sea, and spiked with palms of disproportioned altitude." The next, seen some hours later, was "lost in blue sea and sky: a ring of white beach, green underwood, and tossing palms, gem-like in colour; of a fairy, of a heavenly prettiness. The surf was all round it, white as snow, and broke at one point, far to seaward, on what seems an uncharted reef."

Night fell again, and found them amid a wilderness of reefs corresponding so little with the maps that the schooner must lie to and wait for the morning.

The next day they ran on to Fakarava, and entered

chological moment, when the poor lady was weeping, Ah Fu would cry out: 'Behold your son returned to you, not a beggar, as I appear, but a man of wealth!' Ah Fu's last speech to me was very unlike what one expects from a Chinaman. As well as I can recollect, he said: 'You think I no solly go way? I too much solly. My mother she forget me. You heart my mother. You my mother, not that woman. When boss go way to Molokai, you look see me? I no smile, no smile, allee time, work littee, go see ship come — work littee, go look see. Boss come, I make big feast. You go way, I no go look see ship; I no can, I no see, too much cly allee time in my eyes. You come, I smile, smile, no can make feast; my heart too muchee glad, no can cook.'"

Then China reabsorbed him, and he was seen no more.

the lagoon in safety. It was a typical low island, some eighty miles in circumference by a couple of hundred yards broad, chosen to be the headquarters of the government only on account of two excellent passages in the barrier reef, one of which was sure to be always available.

In one respect they were fortunate: "We were scarce well headed for the pass before all heads were craned over the rail. For the water, shoaling under our board, became changed in a moment to surprising hues of blue and grey; and in its transparency the coral branched and blossomed, and the fish of the inland sea cruised visibly below us, stained and striped, and even beaked like parrots. . . . I have since entered, I suppose, some dozen atolls in different parts of the Pacific, and the experience has never been repeated. That exquisite hue and transparency of submarine day, and these shoals of rainbow fish, have not enraptured me again."[1]

A fortnight spent in Fakarava passed uneventfully away. There were few inhabitants left on the island, which was never very populous at any time. Stevenson lived ashore in a house among the palms, where he learned much of the natives and their customs and beliefs from the half-caste Vice-Resident, M. Donat.

The chief wealth of the group lay in the beds of pearl-shell, but of this there was nothing to be seen at Fakarava. "In the lagoon was little pearl-shell, and there were many sharks. . . . There was no fishing, and it seemed unfit to leave the archipelago of pearls and have no sight of that romantic industry. On all other sides were isles, if I could only reach them, where

[1] *In the South Seas*, p. 167.

divers were at work; but Captain Otis properly enough refused to approach them with the *Casco*, and my attempts to hire another vessel failed. The last was upon François' cutter, where she lay down-up from her late shipwreck. She might be compared for safety to a New York cat-boat fortified with a bowsprit and a jib; and as I studied her lines and spars, desire to sail in her upon the high seas departed from my mind. 'Je le pensais bien,' said François."

In the last week of September they left for Tahiti, and in two days were anchored safely at Papeete, the capital and port of entry of the Society group. Beautiful as all the high islands of the South Seas are, it is in Tahiti and its neighbours — the Otaheite of Captain Cook — that the extreme point of sublimity and luxuriance is reached. The vegetation is not less lovely, nor the streams and waterfalls less beautiful or less abundant than elsewhere, but the crags and pinnacles of the lofty mountains there are far more picturesque, and so abrupt that they are not smothered in the greenery which gives an appearance of tameness to other islands in the same latitudes.

Stevenson and his wife lived ashore in a small house, where he prepared his correspondence for the outgoing mail. He was very unwell; he went nowhere, saw no one of any interest, native or foreign, and soon grew tired of Papeete. A cold caught at Fakarava increased, with access of fever and an alarming cough. He mended a little, but Papeete was not a success, so after a time the *Casco*, with a pilot on board, took the party round to Taravao, on the south side of the island. On this passage they were twice nearly lost. The first day they had a long beat off the lee-shore of the island

of Eimeo; and the following day were suddenly becalmed, and began to drift towards the barrier reef of Tahiti. "The reefs were close in," wrote Stevenson,[1] "with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, 'Is n't that nice? We shall soon be ashore!' Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity." Their danger was undoubtedly great, greater far than they suspected.

The atmosphere at Taravao was close, and mosquitoes were numerous; by this time Stevenson was so ill that it was necessary, without a moment's delay, to secure more healthy quarters. Accordingly his wife went ashore, and following a path, discovered the shanty of a Chinaman who owned a wagon and a pair of horses. These she hired to take them to Tautira, the nearest village of any size, a distance of sixteen miles over a road crossed by one-and-twenty streams. Stevenson was placed in the cart, and, sustained by small doses of coca, managed, with the help of his wife and Valentine, to reach his destination before he collapsed altogether. Being introduced at Tautira by the gendarme, they were asked an exorbitant rent for a suitable house, but they secured it, and there made the patient as comfortable as possible. The next day there arrived the Princess Moë, ex-Queen of Raiatea, one of the kindest and most charming of Tahitians, who lives in the pages of Pierre Loti and Miss Gordon Cumming. She had come to the village, and hearing there was a

[1] *Letters*, ii. 137.

white man very ill, she came over to the house. "I feel that she saved Louis' life," writes Mrs. Stevenson. "He was lying in a deep stupor when she first saw him, suffering from congestion of the lungs and in a burning fever. As soon as he was well enough, she invited us to live with her in the house of Ori, the sub-chief of the village, and we gladly accepted her invitation."

Meanwhile, at Taravao, it was discovered that the schooner's jib-boom was sprung; it was duly spliced, and when Stevenson was really better, the *Casco* came round to Tautira. Here a more startling discovery was made, and the party learned what their true position had been two or three weeks before. The elder Mrs. Stevenson gave a feast on board to the women of Tautira, and one old lady offered up a prayer, asking that if anything were wrong with the masts it might be discovered in time. As soon as the guests were gone, the Yankee skipper, acting no doubt on the principle of keeping his powder dry, went aloft, and subjected the masts to a close examination. They were both almost eaten out with dry-rot. Had either of them gone by the board during the voyage in the Moorea channel, or off the reefs in any of the islands, nothing could have saved the *Casco*, even if her passengers and crew had escaped in one of the boats. It was now considered hardly safe for any one to remain on deck; but, with many reefs in her mainsail, the schooner was sent to Papeete, where the masts were patched up as far as was possible, no new spars of sufficient size being obtainable.

The intended visit to the neighbouring islands of

Huahine, Raiatea, and Borabora was abandoned, Stevenson and his party remaining at Tautira until the *Casco* should be ready to take them back to civilisation. His health again recovered, and he enjoyed the new conditions of life beyond words — scenery, climate, and company. Tautira was "the most beautiful spot" and "its people the most amiable" he had ever encountered. Except for the French gendarme and Père Bruno, the priest, a Dutchman from Amsterdam who had forgotten his own language, the travellers had passed beyond the range of Europeans and lived in a Tahiti touched as little as might be by any foreign influence. They dwelt in one of the curious "bird-cage" houses of the island, and were on the friendliest terms with all the village.

Their host, Ori, was a perpetual delight to them all. "A Life-guardsman in appearance," as Mr. Osbourne describes him, "six foot three in bare feet; deep and broad in proportion; unconsciously English to an absurd extent; feared, respected, and loved."

It was one of the happiest periods in the exile's life, and perhaps in consequence his "journal," an irregularly kept notebook, was dropped, never to be resumed. And so it happens that to this passage in his life he never returned, pen in hand, and of it he has left no other record than one or two pages in his correspondence.

He "actually went sea-bathing almost every day"; he collected songs and legends, materials for the great book; he began to work once more at his novel, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and "almost finished" it. At Moë's instance special exhibitions of the old songs and dances of Tahiti were given for him in the hall of assembly in Tautira. He was adopted into the clan of

the Tevas, to which Ori belonged, and exchanged names with that chief, who thenceforward signed himself as "Rui,"[1] Louis himself receiving also, in more formal fashion, the name of Teriitera.

He now wrote the greater part of his two Polynesian ballads, *The Feast of Famine*, relating to the Marquesas, and *The Song of Rahéro*, a genuine legend of the Tevas. In the same days, however, his music brought him to write for the old Scots tune of "Wandering Willie" that most pathetic cry of his exile—

> "Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?"

almost the only complaint, even in a dramatic form, that he ever allowed himself to make.

The repairs of the *Casco* took an unexpected time; the weather became bad, and a stormy sea and rivers in flood prevented any communication between Tautira and Papeete. The visitors used up all their money: Ori had taken charge of it for them and doled it out, a small piece at a time, until all was gone. Their supplies of food being exhausted, they were reduced to living on the bounty of the natives, and though Stevenson himself continued to eat sucking-pig with continual enjoyment, the others pined for a change. When time passed and no ship came, the whole country-side began to join in their anxiety. Each morning, as soon as the dawn lifted, a crowd ran to the beach, and the cry came back: "*E ita pahi!*" (No ship.)

At last Ori took a party of young men in a whaleboat, although the weather was still bad, and went to Papeete to find out the cause of the delay. "When

[1] *I.e.* Louis: there being no L in Tahitian.

Ori left," says Mrs. Stevenson, "we besought him not to go, for we knew he was risking the lives of himself and his men. Then he was gone a week overtime, which made us heart-sick. He brought back the necessary money and a store of provisions, and a letter from the captain telling us when to look for him. Amongst the food was a basket of champagne. The next day we gave a commemoration dinner to Ori, when we produced the champagne. Ori drank his glass and announced it beyond excellence, a drink for chiefs. 'I shall drink it continually,' he added, pouring out a fresh glass. 'What is the cost of it by the bottle?' Louis told him, whereupon Ori solemnly replaced his full glass, saying, 'It is not fit that even kings should drink a wine so expensive!' It took him days to recover from the shock."

At last the *Casco* was ready for sea, and on Christmas Day the party embarked for Honolulu. The farewell with Ori was heart-breaking, and all vowed never again to stay so long as two months in one place, or to form so deep and yet so brief a friendship.

They sighted the outlying Paumotus and the mail schooner, and after that their voyage was without other incident than squalls and calms. For a while they skirted hurricane weather, though nothing came of it; but between calms and contrary winds their progress was slow, and they nearly ran out of provisions. "We were nearly a week hanging about the Hawaiian group," says Mr. Osbourne, "drifting here and there with different faint slants of wind. We had little luxuries kept back for our farewell dinner — which took place at least three times with a diminishing splendour that finally

struck bottom on salt horse. It was a strange experience to see the distant lights of Honolulu, and then go to bed hungry; to rise again in the morning and find ourselves, not nearer, but further off. When at last the weather altered and we got our wind, it was a snoring Trade, and we ran into the harbour like a steamboat. It was a dramatic entry for the overdue and much-talked-of *Casco*, flashing past the buoys and men-of-war, with the pilot in a panic of alarm. If the *Casco* ever did thirteen knots, she did it then."

Arrived at Honolulu they found that their safety had been despaired of by all, including even Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, Mrs. Strong, who was then living there with her husband and child.

Of the capital city of the Hawaiian kingdom it is difficult to give any true impression, so curious in those days was the mixture of native life and civilisation. To any one coming from the islands it seemed a purely American city — not of the second or even of the third rank, modified only by its position in the verge of the tropics; for any one who entered these latitudes and saw a native population for the first time, it must have been picturesque and exotic beyond words.

Stevenson sent the yacht back to San Francisco, and took a house at Waikiki, some four miles from Honolulu along the coast. Here he took up his abode in a *lanai*— a sort of large pavilion, off which the bedrooms opened, built on native lines, and provided only with jalousied shutters; and here he settled down in earnest to finish *The Master of Ballantrae*— "the hardest job I ever had to do"— already running in *Scribner's Magazine*, and to be completed within a given time.

He did not end his task till May—"*The Master* is finished, and I am quite a wreck and do not care for literature"—for it went against the grain, with the result that the Canadian scenes have the effect rather of a hasty expedient than of the deliberate climax of the plot.[1] So careful was Stevenson in his workmanship, and so accurate in his knowledge of Scotland, that it is curious to find him stumbling at the very outset of his tale, and giving an impossible title to his hero, for by invariable Scottish usage James Durie would have been "Master of Durrisdeer" and not "of Ballantrae." Stevenson was afterwards aware of the slip, but had fancied that there were instances to the contrary. However, his cousin, Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King-at-Arms, tells me that he can find "no exact precedent for the eldest son of a baron assuming a title as Master differing in name from that which his father bore."[2]

But this was a point of mere antiquarian detail, which in no way interfered with the appreciation of his read-

[1] Compare vol. ii. p. 38.

[2] The only other slip in reference to Scotland which, so far as I am aware, has been found in Stevenson's works, is the statement that Gaelic was still spoken in Fife as late as the middle of the eighteenth century (*Catriona*, p. 191; *Letters*, ii. 248). This was based on a statement of Burt to the effect that the families of Fife, when their sons went to the Lowlands as apprentices, made it a condition in the indentures of apprenticeship that they should be taught English. Sheriff Æneas Mackay, the chief historical authority on Fife, very kindly informs me that he doubts the fact and the authority of Burt, and after adducing various evidence against the possibility of this survival, concludes: "The Ochils bordered on the Celtic line, and I should not like to affirm that Gaelic may not have lingered there till the sixteenth century. I don't think it did later, or that it was habitually spoken after the twelfth or thirteenth century."

ers; and when the story was finally published in the autumn, it was at once recognised on all hands as the sternest and loftiest note of tragedy which its author had yet delivered. "I 'm not strong enough to stand writing of that kind," said Sir Henry Yule, on his deathbed, to Mr. Crockett, who had been reading it to him; "it 's grim as the road to Lucknow."

In the meantime, though Stevenson was constantly unwell, even his want of health at the worst of these times was very different from his invalid life at Bournemouth. He retired with his wife to a small and less draughty cottage about a hundred yards from the *lanai*, and there continued his work as before.

The little colony was very comfortably settled. Valentine had left their service and departed to America, but Ah Fu had established himself in the kitchen with his pots and pans.

In spite of his worse health, Stevenson was able to go about as usual, and saw a good many people, especially in the large circle of his stepdaughter's acquaintance. Through this connection he found from the beginning a ready *entrée* to the Royal Palace, where Kalakaua, the last of the Hawaiian kings, held his court of Yvetot: a large, handsome, genial, dissipated monarch, a man of real ability and iron constitution, versed beyond any of his subjects in the history and legends of his kingdom. From the very beginning of the acquaintance his relations with Stevenson were most friendly in no conventional sense. They genuinely liked one another from the start, and Kalakaua, holding out every inducement, really tried very hard to get his visitor to settle in Hawaii.

At Honolulu Stevenson already began to hear a good deal of Samoa and its troubles, for several of his new friends had formed part of the amazing embassy Kalakaua had sent to Apia in the preceding year to propose a native federation of the Polynesian Islands. It was on the information now received that he was driven to write the first of his letters to the *Times.*

The letter appeared on the 11th March, and before the week was out there occurred the great Samoan hurricane which sunk or stranded six men-of-war in the harbour of Apia, when the *Calliope* alone, by virtue of her engines, steamed out of the gap in the very teeth of the gale.

Immediately afterwards, Stevenson records a curious episode at Honolulu in a letter to Mr. Baxter:—

"*27th April, 1889.*—A pretty touch of seaman manners: the English and American Jacks are deadly rivals: well, after all this hammering of both sides by the Germans, and then the news of the hurricane from Samoa, a singular scene occurred here the Sunday before last. The two church parties *sponte propria* fell in line together, one Englishman to one American, and marched down to the harbour like one ship's company. None were more surprised than their own officers. I have seen a hantle of the seaman on this cruise; I always liked him before; my first crew on the *Casco* (five sea-lawyers) near cured me; but I have returned to my first love."

At Samoa we shall see that he had many friends in the navy; and in nothing did he take more delight than in their company and friendship. Of this there was already a beginning at Honolulu with the wardroom of

H. B. M. S. *Cormorant.* "I had been twice to lunch on board, and H. B. M.'s seamen are making us hammocks; so we are very naval. But alas, the *Cormorant* is only waiting her relief, and I fear there are not two ships of that stamp in all the navies of the world."

The hammocks were part of his preparations for a new cruise. He had arrived with the intention of crossing America during the course of the summer, and so returning to England, with ultimate views of Madeira as a winter refuge. But even Honolulu was too cold for him, and by the end of March he was full of another scheme of South Sea travel. This time his voyage was to be to the Gilbert Islands to the southwest, on board the vessel belonging to the Boston Mission or whatever other craft he could induce to take him. His mother decided to return to Scotland and visit her sister, but his wife and stepson looked eagerly forward to sharing with him this new experience.

In the end of April he paid a visit by himself to the lee-shore of the island of Hawaii, which is seen by tourists only, if at all, upon their way to the active crater of Kilauea, situated on the slopes of the lofty volcano of Mauna Loa. Even the lower crater is four thousand feet above the sea, and the climate in that region is often bleak and rainy. Accordingly Stevenson did not turn his steps in its direction, but spent a week on the coast-lands, living with a native judge, taking long rides, and seeing and learning as much of native life and characteristics as lay within his reach; the most thrilling event of the visit being the departure of some natives to be immured in the lazaretto of Molokai.

A month later he visited the island of Molokai itself, and spent by special permission a week in the leper settlement. Father Damien had died on the 15th of April, so that Stevenson heard only by report of the man whose memory he did so much to vindicate.

The scene of Damien's labours is one of the most striking places in the world. A low promontory, some three miles long, with a village upon either side of it, lies at the foot of a beetling precipice that shuts it off from the remainder of the island, to which there is no access except by a most difficult bridle-track. Hither, since 1865, have been sent all persons in the group who are found to have contracted leprosy, and here they are tended by doctor and priest, by officers and sisters and nurses, until they die. Who can do justice to such a place, to such a scene? Here Stevenson spent a week, and afterwards wrote a fragmentary and incomplete account of his visit. The best record of it is contained in the letters written at the time to his wife, and shortly afterwards to James Payn and Mr. Colvin. The description of his landing cannot be omitted.

"Our lepers were sent [from the steamer] in the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly.

I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her, and said something like this: 'Ladies, God himself is here to give you welcome. I 'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me.' It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce said it when we were at the landing-stairs, and there was a great crowd, hundreds of (God save us!) pantomime masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the sisters and the new patients.

". . . Gilfillan, a good fellow, I think, and far from a stupid, kept up his hard Lowland Scottish talk in the boat while the sister was covering her face; but I believe he knew, and did it (partly) in embarrassment, and part perhaps in mistaken kindness. And that was one reason, too, why I made my speech to them. Partly, too, I did it because I was ashamed to do so, and remembered one of my golden rules, 'When you are ashamed to speak, speak up at once.' But, mind you, that rule is only golden with strangers; with your own folks, there are other considerations."[1]

His general conclusions at the time were thus expressed:—"On the whole, the spectacle of life in this marred and moribund community, with its idleness, its furnished table, its horse-riding, music, and gallantries under the shadow of death, confounds the expectations of the visitor. He cannot observe with candour, but he must see it is not only good for the world, but best for the lepers themselves to be thus set apart. The place is a huge hospital, but a hospital under extraordinary conditions; in which the disease, though both

[1] *Letters*, ii. 154-156.

ugly and incurable, is of a slow advance; in which the patients are rarely in pain, often capable of violent exertion, all bent on pleasure, and all, within the limits of the precinct, free. . . . The case of the children is by far the most sad; and yet (thanks to Damien, and that great Hawaiian lady, the kind Mrs. Bishop, and to the kind sisters) their hardship has been minimised. Even the boys in the still rude boys' home at Kalawao appeared cheerful and youthful; they interchange diversions in the boy's way; one week are all for football, and the next the devotees of marbles or of kites: have fiddles, drums, guitars, and penny whistles: some can touch the organ, and all combine in concerts. As for the girls in the Bishop Home, of the many beautiful things I have been privileged to see in life, they, and what has been done for them, are not the least beautiful. When I came there first, the sisters and the majority of the boarders were gone up the hill upon a weekly treat, guava-hunting; and only Mother Mary Anne and the specially sick were left at home. I was told things which I heard with tears, of which I sometimes think at night, and which I spare the reader; I was shown the sufferers then at home; one, I remember, white with pain, the tears standing in her eyes. But, thank God, pain is not the rule in this revolting malady: and the general impression of the house was one of cheerfulness, cleanliness, and comfort. The dormitories were airy, the beds neatly made; at every bed-head was a trophy of Christmas cards, pictures, and photographs, some framed with shells, and all arranged with care and taste. In many of the beds, besides, a doll lay pillowed. I was told that, in that artificial life, the eldest and the

youngest were equally concerned with these infantile playthings, and the dressmaking, in particular, was found an inexhaustible resource. Plays of their own arrangement were a favourite evening pastime. They had a croquet set; and it was my single useful employment during my stay in the lazaretto to help them with that game.[1] I know not if the interest in croquet survived my departure, but it was lively while I stayed; and the last time I passed there on my way to the steamer's boat and freedom, the children crowded to the fence and hailed and summoned me with cries of welcome. I wonder I found the heart to refuse the invitation."

After leaving the confines of the leper settlement the steamer landed him upon another part of the island, where he and the captain took horse and rode a long way to the house of some Irish folk, where Stevenson slept. Next day he continued with a native guide until he reached the summit of the pass above Kalawao, down which alone the settlement could be entered by land. Here the overseer lived, and with him Stevenson stayed and had much talk.

Of his ride across the island he wrote:—"Maui behind us towered into clouds and the shadow of clouds. The bare opposite island of Lanai — the reef far out, enclosing a dirty, shoal lagoon — a range of fish-ponds, large as docks, and the slope of the shady beach

[1] He was advised by Mother Mary Anne to wear gloves when he played croquet with the leper children. He would not do it, however, as he thought it might remind them of their condition. After he returned to Honolulu he sent Mother Mary Anne a grand piano for her leper girls.

on which we mostly rode, occupied the left hand. On the right hand the mountain rose in steeps of red clay and spouts of disintegrated rock, sparsely dotted with the white-flowering cow-thistle. Here and there along the foreshore stood a lone pandanus, and once a trinity of dishevelled palms. In all the first part of that journey, I recall but three houses and a single church. Plenty of horses, kine, and sullen-looking bulls were there, but not a human countenance. 'Where are the people?' I asked. '*Pau Kanaka makê:* done: people dead,' replied the guide, with the singular childish giggle which the traveller soon learns to be a mark of Polynesian sensibility.

"We rode all the time by the side of the great fish-ponds, the labour (you would say) of generations. The riches and the agriculture of Molokai awoke of yore the envy of neighbouring kings. Only last century a battle was fought upon this island in which it has been computed that thousands were engaged; and he who made the computation, though he lived long after, had seen and counted, when the wind blew aside the sands, the multitude of bones and skulls. There remains the evidence of the churches, not yet old and already standing in a desert, the monuments of vanished congregations. *Pau Kanaka makê.* A sense of survival attended me upon my ride, and the nervous laughter of Apaka sounded in my ears not quite unpleasantly. The place of the dead is clean; there is a poetry in empty lands.

"A greener track received us; smooth shore-side grass was shaded with groves and islets of acacias; the hills behind, from the red colour of the soil and the sin-

gularity of the formation, had the air of a bare Scottish moorland in the bleak end of autumn; and the resemblance set a higher value on the warmth of the sun and the brightness of the sea. I wakened suddenly to remember Kalaupapa and my playmates of two days before. Could I have forgotten? Was I happy again? Had the shadow, the sorrow, and the obligation faded already?"

From this expedition he returned to complete his preparations for immediate departure. The family now possessed an unrivalled fund of information about "the Islands," and had accumulated not only the necessary stores but also a collection of all the resources of civilisation best fitted to appeal to the native heart, ranging from magic lanterns and American hand-organs to "cheap and bad cigars." The only difficulty was the ship, and the *Morning Star* not being available, the *Equator*, a trading schooner of sixty-two tons register, Captain Denis Reid, was chartered. The terms agreed upon were original and entertaining; Stevenson paid a lump sum down for a four months' cruise, with a proviso for renewal, if necessary. The ship agreed for a fixed daily extra price to land at any place in the line of its trading cruise on Stevenson's written demand. On the other hand, when it stopped anywhere for its own business, were it only to land a sewing-machine or to take on board a ton of copra, it was bound, if the charterer so desired, to remain there three days without extra charge.

The 24th of June arrived: Stevenson and his wife and stepson were on board with the indispensable Ah Fu, and the schooner was ready to cast off. At the

last moment two fine carriages drove down at full speed to the wharf and there deposited King Kalakaua and a party of his native musicians. There was but a minute for good-bye and a parting glass, for Kalakaua had none of Ori's scruples over champagne. The king returned to shore and stood there waving his hand, while from the musicians, lined up on the very edge of the wharf, came the tender strains of a farewell.