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VOYAGING IN WILD SEAS

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*A Narrative of the Voyage of the
'Snark' in the Years 1907-1908*

BY

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TO
MY HUSBAND
WHO MADE POSSIBLE THESE HAPPIEST
AND MOST WONDERFUL PAGES
OF MY LIFE



VOYAGING IN WILD SEAS

Aboard the *Snark*, Pacific Ocean,
Thursday, April 25, 1907.

It is too good to keep any longer, this joy of living that is beginning to make itself felt aboard the *Snark*. For an hour I've been dangling my feet over the edge of the life-boat lashed on the deck to windward, watching the purple water swash in and out of the lee scuppers. Our midday meal is finished, concocted by Martin and myself (Martin has been and still is a little worse off from seasickness than I), and we are all comfortably lazy. And speaking of the joy of living as felt aboard the *Snark*, it is a matter of degree. Martin has not yet come to feel it; and Tochigi, our alleged cabin-boy, has succumbed to the effects of *mal de mer* with the characteristic abandon of the Asiatic. He can't or thinks he can't lift a finger, and as there are many fingers necessarily to be lifted in the management of the ship, he is very much needed in our midst.

But the water is purple, and I am recovering from my seasickness, which seemed quite violent to me, but was in reality a mild attack. Roscoe and Bert have had no nausea, but a heavy lassitude has taken the place of ordinary seasickness. The five-horse-power engine is pumping "juice" into the storage batteries, our dinner is settling in the most encouraging manner, the life-boat is being packed with staples of diet, for emergency, the deck has been hosed down—although Jack was the only one with energy enough to make a start at it; and, joy of joys, the *Snark*, under mainsail, staysail, jib, and flying-jib, is

steering herself night and day. This is a great relief, because several hours at the wheel, keeping the course (south by east), is very monotonous, as well as tiring to the untried spine. But we keep a wary eye upon the compass, and of course set regular watches at night.

We have been out only three days from Oakland wharf and all the souls who waved us farewell and fair weather; but there is so much to tell. To begin with, the water is purple, and such purple! Jack and I took a trip out to the end of the bowsprit this afternoon, and sat for a long time watching our little white ship cleave the amethyst flood. Afterward we lay over the stern-rail, looking at the red-gold rudder dragging through the purple. Do you remember that gorgeous picture by Maxfield Parrish, "Sinbad the Sailor"? The colours we have seen to-day rival its oriental splendour of indigo and gold and purple.

Just this moment, reminiscent of our sally out on the bowsprit, I glanced that way. Behold Jack! arrayed in Jimmie Hopper's famous blue-and-gold sweater, gazing again at the purple water under the bow; Jimmie Hopper's first 'Varsity sweater, which we flew at our mast-head when we left Oakland.

This morning Jack called to me, "Hurry on deck—the ocean is alive with Portuguese men-o'-war!" My first thought was one of alarm; next I wished Jack would say "water" instead of "ocean"—the latter sounded so remote. (You see, in my inner consciousness I am still on land.) Then I oriented myself, took a good look at the "mighty wet," the "prodigious damp" that encompassed us, and began to shake the land-dust out of my brain. The fearsome Portuguese men-o'-war turned out to be pretty, jelly-like bits of life—turquoise-blue, transparent organisms, each with a milky, finny sail hoisted to the breeze. The sea was floating countless myriads of them, and we hauled one or two aboard in a canvas bucket, finding them no less beautiful at close range.

Then the gunies. (I said there was much to tell.) First day, one guny; second day, two gunies; to-day, four gunies. And they will eat anything but orange-peel. A

human being is the only animal that has sense enough to make use of orange-peel—though he disguises it pretty thoroughly before he finds it palatable. A gony—in case you don't happen to know—looks like a dark-grey, overgrown seagull, until he essays to fold his wings upon the water. Then there is a difference. I say "tries" to fold his wings, because each attempt appears to be a brand-new experiment, each experiment rivalling the last in awkwardness. Once folded down, the three-jointed pinions do not always seem to sit comfortably, whereupon the bird fusses around and re-settles them until, possibly, another bird has eaten what he was after. These are the birds that get seasick when they are captured. I'd like to see something seasick besides a human being. And I'd like to see Tochigi make even a feeble attempt to be something else than a corpse. It cannot be possible that he *enjoys* seasickness! He was ever a willing worker.

But do not think for a moment that watching gunies and Portuguese men-o'-war and purple seas have been my only occupations. I have cleaned up the greasy, filthy, littered floors of the engine-room, the bath-room, two state-rooms, and, with poor sick Martin's help, the cabin. I did not think I could stay so long below; but the mess was unbearable, although it did not seem to bother any one but Jack and me. You should have seen my hands these three days. But I have made merry with much soap, strong ammonia, and as little precious fresh water as was practicable. Now I feel more like a white woman.

Have I said anything about the weather? It would not do to leave the weather out of a Log. We anchored off the Alameda Pier the day we bade Oakland good-bye, Monday, and spent the night there under starry skies. The next day was overcast; Wednesday was overcast; Thursday, to-day, is overcast, and we have had no observation. Our patent log registers about seventy-five miles for the past twenty-four hours and now, at five o'clock p.m., we are swinging along in a fresh breeze, still overcast, a faint silver sunset on the grey horizon.

Later.—They are rigging up a topsail to put speed on the yacht, and Bert has climbed the mainmast to straighten out something. He is a goodly sight, clinging high, his bare, powerful arms working at the swaying masthead. The extra sail is making the boat drive faster, but something is wrong with it, and although adding to our speed, it is so horribly ill-setting that Roscoe is promptly taking it down. And oh! it's great, this rush of wind and wave—a wonderful new life, all the working of this little world of plank and iron and brass and canvas. And if I can feel enthusiasm while my stomach is still wavering between belt and throat, fancy the enjoyment to come.

At sea, Friday, April 26, 1907.

This has been a very exciting day. Listen: Jack shaved, and I washed my face and hands. If you are inclined to smile at our simple pleasures and excitements, stop and consider if it is really funny for a water-loving crowd to go without washing for forty-eight hours or so. I love to wash my hands. Ordinarily I wash them a thousand times a day, more or less. So imagine the black filth and oil and grease *and* the seasickness that could make me more contented to sleep and wake in grime than to make a fight for cleanliness. I hope that I may never again be so soiled and unkempt. However, there's nothing like being adaptable. It is what makes a trip around the world.

I further celebrated to-day by manicuring Jack's and my own nails. It took me all of three hours. If I move too rapidly, I'm liable to lose my latest meal. I am having-my turn at the prevalent lassitude, lying in the life-boat for hours without ambition enough to open my eyes. The crew seems to be demoralised. Work doesn't go on. There is no system about anything, and this spirit is contagious. Jack is growing restive, but has not yet interfered. Some piece of work on deck is begun, and never finished, and the general lack of interest is astounding.

The sky is overcast, for a change, and winds are variable. Eighty miles have been left behind since yesterday noon. We are beginning to wonder about all the fish Jack promised us, for we have not seen a single one. Jack trolls, but has no luck. There is not even a flying-fish, the herald of the king, which is the dolphin. The Portuguese men-o'-war still escort us, and an occasional gunny casts a shadow on the deck. Oh! for a sunny day. These cloudy skies are indescribably depressing. They are not heavy clouds—every now and then the blue breaks through or a bit of sunlight straggles down, only to withdraw again behind the pall. I can see my first stormy petrels, Mother Carey's chickens. (NOTE.—If I make any mistakes, please remember that I am calling things by the names that are given me by those aboard who have either sailed the seas before, or have read extensively about the sea. Now, I don't know whether yon sable scavengers are yclept gunies or gonies. No one, upon being pressed, can help me out. I can only go my phonetic way—even the dictionary fails me. Jack and Roscoe pronounce it goo-ny, and "gunny" is as near as I care to come to that. There is nothing so valuable as a husband upon whom a woman can shirk her responsibilities.)

Tochigi came to life to-night while the rest of us were trying to consume a shifting dinner (except Martin who peered jealously down from his bunk-shelf at the table he had furnished and of which he could not partake)—Tochigi, I say, came to life and feebly piped over the edge of his bunk: "Mr. London, I think I could take my watch to-night." Of course we knew he couldn't—he was weak as a whisper; but it was encouraging to hear him offer, he had so utterly succumbed up to then. While the rest of us who are seasick are alternately working and sloughing off our nourishment, he refuses to leave his bunk except for the last-named exigency (which has become rather attenuated by now), and meanwhile his cabin-work lapses and conditions below are unspeakable. If I looked at it all with land-eyes, I know I could not stand it. But I brought an extra pair of eyes with me, for it doesn't always pay to

observe too closely. I have earnestly tried to ease the disorder below, but cannot keep abreast of the accumulation; besides, it makes Jack indignant to see me do it. The aforesaid joy of living is considerable dampened by the demoralisation aboard.

We had a three-handed game of Hearts before eight, this evening, after which I took my watch, from eight until ten. The moon showed occasionally, in a sickly, unwilling sort of way, and the sunset ought to have been ashamed of itself.

At sea, Saturday, April 27, 1907.

This also has been an exciting day, but in a different way. There was a steady increase in wind, with the accustomed overcast sky, until it was blowing what the men called "half a summer gale," although to me it seemed far more than that. In the morning we sat in and around the cockpit for a while, very jolly, talking about the colour of the water and the size of the swells and the sailing qualities of the yacht. A boat is as absorbing a topic as a horse, for lengthy discussion. Little did we dream what we were to learn about her before the day and night were gone. You see, when a boat is built, no matter upon what lines or by what rules, no man knows what peculiarities may show up. Boats are as uncertain as babies. It is too dreadful. Let me take my time.

As the wind kept on freshening, sail was shortened and two reefs were put in the mainsail; and finally Jack and Roscoe decided that it would be best to heave to for the night so that all hands could have some sleep, rather than set long watches for the wise ones or to trust the steering to the green hands—as it was a case of running before the wind with a little rag of a flying-jib if we sailed at all.

Toward night the weather looked very nasty indeed (I knew I'd have a chance to report some weather), the waves seemed enormous to me, the *Snark* rolled and pitched, water running deep across her deck, water sloshing around

below and squirting up through the floors, water squeezing in through the buried side and into the galley stores and all over the dishes and stove. But the boat acted well in the heavy seas, until it came to putting her through the paces of heaving to. *Heaving to* means bringing a vessel's head up into the wind, the sails being trimmed to hold her that way any length of time. This means safety so long as a sail stays on a boat.

Now, listen well; the *Snark* refused to heave to. Not all the efforts of three men for hours and hours could make her heave to. She simply wallowed—and most creditably wallowed, it must be confessed—in the trough of the sea, but would come no farther into the wind. Fortunately the gale did not increase, nor was it cold. But oh, the hills and valleys of the ocean! There may be real storms for the *Snark* somewhere on the wide ocean of our adventure; but the waves this day loomed quite large enough on my new horizon. If they had been really big waves, we, rolling there in the trough, might have been turned over and over, with only a stray life-preserver left floating upon the boundless briny to tell that the *Snark* had been lost with all on board. And, of course, the wind *might* have blown harder, and the worst *might* have happened, with the yacht acting as she did. The final thing to be done, in a case like this, or in any extreme case, is to put out a sea anchor, a contrivance of canvas and half-hoops that is warranted to hold to the wind the head of 'most anything that floats. So our sea-anchor was rigged up. And it failed. Then Jack and Roscoe stood by the mizzen and talked it over with serious faces. They had tried everything, every possible combination of sails that they could think of, and failed to bring the yacht up nearer than eight points into the wind, which means that we were rolling in the trough, as I have said. The men talked it over, wondered at the incredible fact of the failure, and could solve nothing of the wonder. I wish I had a picture of the three, in the pale grey moonlight that drifted through the flying clouds, leaning over the forward weather rail watching the sea-anchor. It will be with me always, that

grey scene, the three darker grey forms in oilskins, the heads in sou'westers, leaning at the same angle, hanging upon the success of that sea-anchor.

There is no explaining these things that happened this day. I can only tell the facts and leave folk to wonder as we wonder.

All these hours I stood in the cockpit hovering over the compass, wheel hard down, watching vainly, oh! how vainly, for the yacht to round up into the wind, and at the same time marvelling that some of the grey seas which brimmed to the very lip of the rail did not come aboard and overwhelm us. I remember, some years ago, figuring out that I was too old to die young; but this grey night, especially after I went to bed in my rubber boots, I caught myself dwelling on the conclusion that I was too young to die!

The other day I was bending over the stern watching the rudder trail golden through the purple water, when the mizzen boom unexpectedly jibed over. (This purple water will be the death of me yet.) I was in imminent danger, but knew nothing about it until Jack cried "Mate! come back! Come back! Quick!" At the same time he grabbed me and jerked me over a coil of rope and the rail into the cockpit. I might have been badly injured by the swift-swinging tackle. I can see Jack's face as he pulled me in. One sees many things in faces at such moments. The wheel needed his undivided attention to avert a possible smash-up of everything on deck; but the man left the ship to save the woman. "There are many boats, but only one woman," he briefly summed it up.

At sea, April 28, 1907, Sunday.

It is not physically restful to sleep in one's sea-boots—nor mentally restful, what of one's reasons for so sleeping. There is a sense of responsibility every moment of every night, let alone a night like last night. And little of a sailor though I am, I cannot help sharing this sense of responsibility. Jack bears the heaviest share, of course;

and it is not to be wondered at, when you consider that outside of himself our only sailor is a bay-yachtsman.

We ran before the wind all last night, and learned another thing about the *Snark*—that she can run beautifully, even if she can't—or won't—heave to. (Certain sage acquaintances of ours in San Francisco, for some unexplained reason wagged their heads over the lines of the *Snark* and said that in the very nature of things she would never be able to run. Why they thought so, or why they thought they thought so, they seemed unable to say. But I wish they could have seen her race that breeze last night.)

Jack, Roscoe and Bert divided the hours into three watches, for I was not expected to steer in such a sea, nor did I care to attempt it. Four-hour watches are anxious stretches for a tyro in an ugly wind and sea.

Coming on deck this morning, I stopped in the companion-way to watch my man at the wheel. His face, framed in the sou'wester, was toward me; but his big sad eyes were turned aside to the bitter sea. Four hours and more he had stood there guiding his boat of disappointment, his boat that will not heave to in a storm, that will not even mind that last resort, the sea-anchor—a boat that would be a death-trap on a lee-shore.

But as the day wore on and the wind blew more gently, and the waves went down a bit, and the sun came out and made the water purple, every one grew more cheerful. Devices, to be worked out in Honolulu for correcting the terrible fault of the boat, were thought out and discussed, and we were able to make jokes at one another's expense, and to mourn over Aunt Villa's Christmas fruit-cake, made months before the voyage, and upon which somebody put a heavy box in the engine-room the night before. I remember going down into the dark and swash and saving a huge chunk of the shattered goody, and trying to feed it to the hungry, toiling, heart-sick men on deck. There had been no dinner, no hot coffee, nothing but disappointment and a damp bed. Martin was very ill, and gazed down from his bunk with lack-lustre eyes. I don't know

what is the matter with him. It is not all seasickness; but the seasickness is so blended with other things that one cannot name his trouble. Probably he has the grippe in conjunction with the seasickness. During the trouble in the night, Martin heard Jack mutter something about "Twenty-five thousand dollars gone to blazes," or words to that effect, and somehow gathered that the *Snark* was about to go down with all hands. But even this dismal prospect did not in the least jog his apathy.

Tochigi continues bunk-ridden, and the pig-pen situation below abates no jot. Jack has an accession of disgust and discouragement whenever I try to ameliorate the awfulness—says it's a little too much to have his wife doing the work of two men. So I do things surreptitiously, although it is rather hard to be surreptitious in such close quarters; and then I wax philosophical again about the filth, and the futility of one small woman trying to keep abreast of the accumulation. At this point I climb the greasy, sooty, slippery companionway of beautiful but disguised teak, and seek surcease from sordidness in the cockpit where Jack, Roscoe, and Bert are discussing the weather. (Jack can be found at the wheel, steering and reading, any hour of the day after his morning work is finished. No one ever suggests relieving him.) Then I forget the desperate dirt in the exhilaration of the speed we are making, reeling off the knots at the rate of ten an hour and sometimes eleven. A knot is eight hundred feet longer than a land-mile. So figure out our speed when the *Snark* is walking along in a fair wind. Other times three knots will be the tale of the gay little patent log over the stern; but even so, that is seventy-two knots in the twenty-four hours.

We sailed beautifully to-day. We must do justice to the yacht's fine points, even if she is treacherous and may drown us all. Jack says he never heard of a sailing vessel that would not heave to, although some steamers are so constructed that they are obliged to heave to stern-first. Her failure to do what was expected of her last night was a fitting culmination to all the distress of the building—

the unaccountable delays, the frightful waste of money in material and worthless labour, down to the attachment on our sailing day, for \$242.86, put on the boat by that wretched old ship chandler, Sellers, who did not even first send over his bill. And Jack had paid him thousands of dollars in the preceding months, and was waiting for all final bills to come in for settlement before he sailed, waiting with pen and cheque-book in one pocket, and another pocket full of gold. And now think of his feelings, after all his troubles, to find that his own boat is the only one he ever heard of that refused to perform the important and necessary function of heaving to. He declares it is enough to make a man turn to wine and actresses and race horses, to be so thwarted in his clean and wholesome scheme to gain pleasure. I shall try to persuade him to stay by the ship!

The sea is not a lovable monster. And monster it is. I thought a great many thoughts about it last night, those hours I studied the binnacle or watched the men make their fight. It is beautiful, the sea, always beautiful in one way or another; but it is cruel, and unmindful of the life that is in it and upon it. It was cruel last evening, in the lurid low sunset that made it glow dully, to the cold, mocking, ragged moonrise that made it look like death. The waves positively beckoned when they rose and pitched toward our bit boat labouring in the trough. And all the long night it seemed to me that I heard voices through the planking, talking, talking, endlessly, monotonously, querulously; and I couldn't make out whether it was the ocean calling from the outside or the ship herself muttering gropingly, finding herself. If the voices are the voices of the ship, they will soon cease, for she must find herself. But if they are the voices of the sea, they must be sad sirens that cry, restless, questioning, unsatisfied—quaint homeless little sirens.

At sea, Thursday, May 2, 1907.

If something does not occur soon, my log's items will be reduced to: No fish, light breeze, large swells, growing

warmer, Martin and Tochigi improving, also bill of fare, likewise appetites. We had a little variation, however, on Monday, the 29th, when Roscoe took his first observation. We found ourselves in $31^{\circ} 15' 21''$ North Latitude, $126^{\circ} 48' 8''$ West Longitude, with 120 knots to our credit in the preceding twenty-four hours, in a fresh north-west breeze. About sunset on the same day we sighted a full-rigged ship several miles off. She crossed our bows and disappeared in the twilight, sailing a west by south course. That night, Martin being very ill, I took his watch as well as my own—four hours on end. And when I did go below, I could not rest, for the wind was lively, and I had a sense of responsibility during the watches of the green hands. My worry is a reflection of Jack's, which is based on the fact that our crew seem to regard this voyage-as a mere picnic on the breast of an unruffled lake. Jack has sailed deep water before; and while standing the same watches as the others, he has the entire responsibility as well. The other day he called all hands aft and gave them a very short and very mild lecture on system and discipline aboard ship. He had made no sign, but as no one had displayed any ambition to improve the appearance of the boat, above or below, he thought he would try a little talk. It will probably be resented in the long run; but things could not go on as they were.

My eight-to-ten night watches are a never-ending joy. Such gaudy fan-rays of sunset, and such distorted moon-rises, the weird light mingling with the phosphorescence in the water; and I often lie over the stern rail looking down at the rudder leaving behind a "welt of light" like a comet's tail. The little waves break and crumple in wild-fire, and everything is a wonder. One thinks calmly and simply these hours alone at night upon the ocean. Artificialities and conventions and the strains of ordinary life are remote and trivial.

Jack is at work on a boat article, entitling it "The Inconceivable and Monstrous." It deals with the outrageous circumstances under which the *Snark* was built, following the earthquake and fire; and it deals with the

worthless work and materials that were given us for our money. For instance, the "gooseneck" on the main gaff has broken short off. It took three men two hours to substitute another gooseneck, which had to be worked out of a spare gaff that belongs to another sail. Half an hour after it was tried, it snapped. This being the last one we had, the gaff was lashed to the mast with rope—and in this trig and seamanlike shape shall we enter the port of Honolulu, like a sea-bird paddling along with a broken wing. Now please take note that both of these wrought iron goosenecks were made to order. I wonder what the maker had against us!

And never for a moment do we forget that our staunch little ship will not heave to.

A year ago to-day, Jack and I set out upon a long horseback trip up the California coast. It just came over me, sitting here in the midst of the wide ocean—the feel of the sweet country, the perfume of mountain lilac, the warm summer-dusty air. What a life we live, and how we do live it while we live it!

At sea, Friday, May 3, 1907.

This is the north-east trade-wind with a vengeance. The *Snark* is sailing before it, with a regular but heavy roll that made me stuff a pillow between my body and the ship's side last night before I could get any sleep.

Bert has had a cold dip under the bowsprit, and now, in a red bathing suit and a scarlet Stanford rooster's hat, is helping Roscoe put to rights the "boatswain's locker." Our deck, what of desultory scrubblings and much sea-swashing, looks fairly respectable. Jack got Tochigi up and put him at the wheel, and the enforced exercise made a great improvement in his condition. Martin is able to cook an occasional meal, and in fancy's flights serves up many delicacies of the deep, such as sharks, whales, and dolphins. Because the vegetables that came aboard in Oakland were almost entirely

worthless, our cuisine is mostly garnered from tins—and the bean-bag.

Saturday, May 4, 1907.

We are bowling fast into the Torrid Zone, into Hawaiian weather. I am sitting on the rudder-box, steering with my feet while I write. Oh, this water, and this brave trade wind. The big sapphire hills of water, transparent and sun-shot, are topped with dazzling white that blows from crest to crest in the compelling wind. Just now a huge swell picked us up and swung us high, and the merest little fling of salt spray was in our faces. The *Snark* is what sailors call a "dry" boat. And she sails easily, without jerks or bumps. Along comes a blue mountain that looks like disaster; and we slip over it and down into the blue abyss on the other side, without a jar—just a huge, rolling slide. And ever the strong sweet wind blows from behind, sending us forward to the isles of our desire.

The steering-compass has become a part of my consciousness, sleeping and waking; and I often go amidships and hover over the big Standard Compass. I think in terms of "south by west," and "south half west," and other expressions that were Greek to me a month ago. I can "luff her up," too, when the men are aloft fixing something. And I can box the compass. Jack calls me various jolly names, such as "The skipper's sweetheart," "The Crackerjack," "Jack's wife," and I swell with pride and feel very salty indeed. And I am reminded to mention that when we call each other "Mate," this has no connection with boats, but is an interchangeable nickname.

Monday, May 6, 1907.

To-day is the first time I have felt that we are actually bound for Polynesia, and all backward thoughts are swinging round to the goal. The boys have the big chart stretched over the book-case in the cabin, with our course,

so far travelled, marked upon it. It looks a staggy course, for we let the yacht steer herself much of the time, under short canvas, to save being continually at the wheel; and we are not in the least hurry. If the mizzen were hoisted, and some one at the wheel all the time, there would be a different story, for the *Snark* can walk right along with half a chance. She shakes her heels pretty well even as things are, with a heavy load and crippled mainsail, her staysail and two jibs.

The sky has been clearing, and we are able to dry a little of the dampness below. I wonder if we shall ever get things running with any discipline. No one seems to care. Roscoe came on the voyage as sailing master, but he doesn't take charge; which laxness demoralises the rest. My fitful nightmarish sleep is troubled with trying to get the crew to do something, or of trying to get the *Snark* away from San Francisco. Waking, I put my hands to all sorts of strange tasks, to see if it will not encourage the others. Even Tochigi, now well on the mend, cannot seem to realise that this is home, and that the same round of duties obtains on a boat as in a house. But we shall get harmony out of it all yet.

Thursday, May 9, 1907.

Another item of the Inconceivable and Monstrous: Day before yesterday, when the men tried to set our spinnaker for the first time—the beautiful wing of speed that stretches overside—an important piece of wrought iron on the boom threatened to give way. So we shall have no spinnaker to shorten our time to Honolulu.

The deck has been washed!—I do not say scrubbed, or swabbed, because dripping a few pailfuls of water over the planking is neither scrubbing nor swabbing, nor will it remove the accumulated dirt. I should not have known the deck was being washed except that my decklight was open and I was slumbering thereunder when the deluge came.

Jack and I have decided that although we wish we were a little younger than we are, we are glad we are not too young. Extreme youth must be the trouble with the rest (barring the sailing master, who is sixty), for the spirit of adventure seems far from them. While Jack and I are on deck or out on the questing bowsprit, enjoying the glorious sun and flowing air, watching for the life of the deep and congratulating ourselves on the mere fact of living, the others stay in the dim and musty cabin, reading or talking or sleeping, or just sitting listlessly with idle hands. It must be that we knew what we wanted, Jack and I, and are getting what we knew we wanted.

We have sailed well in a fair wind to-day, with a big sea, and followed by some spike-tailed grey and white birds called "boatswain birds," because of their hoarse, exhorting cries, which are supposed to resemble those of the ordinary ship's boatswain—pronounced "bo's'n," of course.

Jack has begun a new article, to be entitled "Adventure." It deals with the numberless and varied individuals who applied for berths in the *Snark* for this world-voyage.

This day ended with a wild tropic sunset that lingered for a long while—a sunset of brilliant white and silver, with only faint suggestions of gold and red, and great broad rays flaring up from the horizon, fanwise. It was nothing like any land sunset we ever saw, and when the sun had dropped below the crinkly horizon, a copper streak persisted, for nearly an hour blending a ruddy tinge with the dull purple of the water.

At sea, Friday, May 10, 1907.

Ominous black clouds pressed down upon the seascape during my watch last evening, and there was such an accession of brave trade wind and so imminent a rain-squall that I called Roscoe to take the next watch instead

of Tochigi. Nothing alarming happened, only an exasperating rolling of the sea. And they say to me, "Wait until you're in a gale, some time, and see what real rolling is!" I am waiting, as I am waiting for the promised dolphins and bonitas. Tired out trying to get a morning nap, I joined Jack at the wheel before six. It was my first sunrise at sea, and the great morning sky was a whirl of tinted clouds poured over with melting sunshine, a glossy sapphire satin ocean reflecting the glory. And we saw a fish, we did, we did!—and it was a flying-fish. If you don't believe me, ask Jack. He saw two. He shouted, "Flying-fish! Flying-fish!" and went right up in the air. Now the fish-line is trolling for dolphin, for there should be dolphin where are flying-fish.

Later in the day Jack enticed me out to the tip-end of the bowsprit, with a heavy sea rolling. I must frankly admit that I felt shaky climbing out, my feet on a steel stay only a few inches above the crackling foam, and my hands clinging to the lunging spar itself. But the end was worth the pains, and it was wonderful to watch the yacht swing magnificently over the undulating blue hills, now one side buried in the rushing, dazzling smother, now the other, the sunshot turquoise water rolling back from the shining, cleaving white bows, and mixing with the milky froth pressed under. We gained such manifold impressions of the boat from our vantage at the end of the bowsprit. Now the man at the wheel would be far, far below us, a great slaty mountain rolled up behind him, and the uneven horizon high in air; now he was away above us, sliding down that same mountain. But he never overtook us, for about that time we were raising our feet from the wet into which they had been plunged, and were holding on for dear life as the *Snark's* doughty forefoot pawed another steep rise.

But this day has not been all gladness. I did the initial suffering, and Jack suffered vicariously. He knew nothing about it until, following me below to play a game of cribbage, he found me sitting on the floor at the foot of the companion-stairs, unable to speak a word. Before me sat

Roscoe, watching me curiously. Above us, Martin eyed me suspiciously, and ventured tentatively, "Now, in Kansas, in my family, the women cry when they hurt themselves like that." *I couldn't* cry—it hurt too much. I am not very heavy, perhaps a hundred and fifteen pounds; but this weight behind one small elbow-joint, in a six-foot fall, is no light matter. My rubber soles were wet, slipped on the top step, and I touched nothing until I landed below, on that right elbow. No, I shed no tears—then. But when I was alone at the wheel, under the stars, I wailed right woman-like.

At sea, Monday, May 13, 1907.

The "Inconceivable and Monstrous" has cropped up again. The bottom dropped out of the bean-pot, right in the oven, when said pot was simmering a delectable mass of *frijoles*, tomatoes, onions, garlic, Chile peppers, and olive oil. My great earthen bean-pot, my noble bean-pot, my much-vaunted bean-pot, has gone to pot! Who ever heard of a bean-pot cutting such capers? I leave it to anybody. But nothing commonplace ever happens aboard the *Snark*. Why, the very particular universe in which she moves is of an uncommon variety—a dual universe, in short. You may not have heard: but Roscoe is making the voyage on the inside of the earth's crust, while the rest of us (barring Bert, who is on the cosmographical fence) have a strong belief that we are progressing upon the outer surface of the globe, with an ascertained astronomical system surrounding us. Either Roscoe will have to find a hole through which to climb to our stratum, or we shall be obliged to crawl through to his warm kennel; and I don't know which event is the more unlikely. No, there is nothing commonplace about the *Snark* or her voyage. It wouldn't surprise me to see the water canary-yellow and the sky bright green. I forgot to tell about the dolphins. There aren't any. But there are plenty of flying-fish.

This is a fine sunny day, and I have been steering for

an hour and a half while I write, to give the others a chance to do the deck-work. Everybody is in good health, but without animation or ambition or pride in the yacht. When they are not making listless bluffs at working on deck, they continue to sit below, dully wondering when we will reach Honolulu. I believe Jack and I are the only ones who do not care how long the trip lasts. We are happy in the sailing and the health and life and beauty of everything about us, and one hour is as another for pleasantness. I rejoice to observe that Jack has unconsciously resumed his wonted light-foot gait, which I call his "merry walk," and his smile is like a sunbeam.

Yesterday I had a little lark all by myself, sitting on the lee rail and dabbling my feet in the warm gurgling water overside. Next time I'll wear a bathing-suit. Jack declined to join my refreshing gambols, saying that he would go in all over when he chose to get wet; but he trained a cautious eye upon me, for it would be decidedly inconvenient to pick up a "man overboard," especially if that man were a woman who knows little about keeping afloat in restless water. At three o'clock we went below and answered a hugh bunch of mail, Jack dictating to me through the narrow doorway that separates our rooms. We got the work done quite comfortably.

The sunset last evening claimed us for an hour, as we lay on the fore-peak hatch, heaving upon the mighty lungs of the ocean. It was the first time the sun had sunk into the sea instead of into banks of clouds. It dropped slowly through rainbow mists, a dull orange ball that we could gaze upon to the last without straining our eyes. The big night-purple waves rose and broke against it, turning slowly to ashen-rose in the shell-rose light that followed the setting. But no matter how pale the tints of the tropic world, they are very simple and crude. With the loveliness of the day-ending still in my soul, I took the wheel at eight o'clock, and was thoroughly enjoying the rhythmic solitude when I was jarred rudely from off my blissful plane by the appearance of a bald head in the engine-room

hatch-way and a querulous and accusing voice demanding, "How on earth do you expect anybody to sleep when you're making that noise?" I was singing! And it is not out of place to mention that only those near to us by marriage or blood are privileged so to break in upon our raptures!

Wednesday, May 15, 1907.

This is the most perfect morning yet. And it isn't so merely because I have had two good nights of sleep; the sea disk is of deepest sapphire, the trade-wind clouds, lying low and puffy on the horizon and straggling up here and there into the blue, are the real trade-wind clouds we have been looking for so long, while a not-too-dense white cloud follows the face of the sun and tempers the heat. We are sailing along well on a comparatively smooth sea, in the gentle but steady trade-wind. At nine the course was changed to "W.N.W. true, to clear Maui by 25 miles."

Jack looks like a picture of a sailor, at the wheel, in a suit of white sailor-togs, against a classic water background. Bert is going over everything on deck with a brush, and the deck itself is being washed. (I am glad there is some activity on deck, for last night, leaving the wheel in a sudden rain-squall to put the cover on the boatswain's locker which had been carelessly left open, I nearly broke my neck over a sack of coal that has been lying for days across the one available gangway on deck.) Martin is planning a big platter of spaghetti and mushrooms, Italian style, and Tochigi is cleaning up below. My flannel sailor-clothes are towing overside (this is the way we launder), and when they come up, clean, and have hung in the shrouds until dry, they shall be wrapped carefully and packed away until such time, how long hence, and where, who knows? as they may be needed in a cooler clime. Yesterday, although only 88°, we suffered from the heat. We are well over half way to Hawaii.

A few scaly scales were found on the deck this morning,

attesting to our having been boarded by one or more flying-fish, but nothing was on our hook. But yesterday, while Jack and I were working hard below, there arose a great yelling on deck for us to come up. Which we wasted no time in doing, for news is scarce these days; and there, to leeward, we saw a goodly school of fin-back whale.

I am reading Isabella Bird Bishop's *Hawaii*. It was written long ago, but is splendid live stuff, being her letters written to England from the Islands. I am also studying our Planispheres, in order to familiarise myself a little with the changing skies. Jack told me to watch for the Southern Cross, and last evening when I came on deck to take my watch, there it was, just as it looked on the Planisphere, and I realised I had been looking at the constellation for several nights, without knowing. I must confess that I had expected something larger and more bejewelled. But it is a very good, bright little cross, and is going to mean much to me.

Later.—Bert has blossomed resplendent in white trousers and a blue shirt. He washed his face and shaved yesterday, saying in extenuation (!) that he had not looked in the glass for a week, and didn't realise how unkempt he was. Martin is almost well, and furbished up his camera this afternoon. Jack wrote in the morning, and dug at navigation later on. I wrote letters, did some typewriting, and actually got out my sewing. I did not realise how dark the backs of my hands were from sunburn until I saw them against the fine white linen. But for a wonder my face and neck are not much tanned.

The setting of the sun, the blossoming of the new moon in a bright rose afterglow, and the coming of the stars, are a feast of beauty each evening. That growing silver of a young moon was so brilliant last night that it bewildered my sight, and I could not avoid seeing two crescents. Jack brought up his sextant and took some observations, during which he remarked icily that he *did* wish I could manage to call that fine and beautiful instrument something besides a *hydrant*.

Lat. 20° 56' North,

Lon. 152° 52' West.

At sea, Thursday, May 16, 1907.

Our trade-wind died down to the faintest breathings in the morning, and this afternoon it is so calm that we have little better than steerage-way. At this rate we shall not see land to-day as we had hoped. I worked below for hours in my state-room, writing letters, typewriting, and reading, for once finding it cooler than on deck. With deck-lights and skylights open, it is nearly always cool below—a very encouraging thing to look forward to in the tropics. And if our electric plant ever works satisfactorily, we shall be in clover. This coolness of the *Snark's* interior is one of the few things about that much-sinned-against craft that are not Inconceivable and Monstrous. So much luck may be Inconceivable, but I don't like to call it Monstrous. It might be tempting fate.

But we faced it again this afternoon, the Inconceivable and Monstrous, all done up in a blue and green package seven or eight feet long in the shape of a shark, attended by his fleet of black and white striped pilot-fish. Bert saw it first. He had been bathing from the stays under the bowsprit, and no sooner had he regained the deck than he saw the dorsal fin of the shark cutting the surface a short distance away. Jack immediately baited a hook of the proper size with a goodly chunk of fat from our best boiled ham, from which Martin happened to be carving slices for supper. And that tempting bait, that superfine—for sharks—morsel of salt pork was smelled by that shark, and that Inconceivable, Monstrous, Epicurean shark even jauntily scratched his back upon the light rope that trailed the hook!

Now, who ever heard of a shark that would not rise to salt pork, or sink to salt pork, or, at any rate, be interested in salt pork one way or another? It's in all the books and on the tongues of all the sailors, that salt pork is the un-failing bait for sharks. Perhaps it isn't exactly Inconceivable that this particular fish may have been gorging

himself to repletion before he sighted us ; but it is certainly Monstrous that the first fish we have seen on this strange, uneventful voyage (barring flying-fish and whales), should be a shark, and that this particular one should refuse superfine salt pork. It is on a par with the *Snark* refusing to heave to. That still rankles ; I cannot forgive her. It would rankle worse still if this calm should prove to be the forerunner of a real gale.

We even had a cold supper served aft, that we might keep an eye on that disagreeable, ungrateful scavenger that wouldn't scav.—I've got it ! I've got it ! That shark was a scavenger, of course, and a mere scavenger would not know first-table ham if he saw it ; and he would therefore be suspicious of it, of its smell and its taste. I know there ought to be some explanation, and perhaps I have found it.

A lovely, colourful sunseting, a shining silver sickle in the afterglow, a little studying of the constellations, and my watch began, a beautiful watch except for the fact that the tops of the brass binnacle lamps are hot, and I laid the tender palm of my left hand on the port one. Then I called for some kitchen soap and plastered the palm with it. How I do hurt myself ! Why, I have to go around with my right elbow bandaged in a salt-wet towel, and cannot use the arm. Therefore I am black and blue from violent contact with various articles on the crowded boat. It is more difficult than one would dream to adjust, physically, to this moving base.

There is a new feel about everything, with this closeness to land. We seem suddenly to have a place in the universe, a character of our own. We have had nothing all these weeks with which to compare ourselves, ourselves as a boat. We have been alone of our kind, with no one to see that we existed. This is almost as good as annihilation, isn't it ? But now we seem about to take our place once more in a known world. On a big ship, carrying hundreds of persons, it is different ; the many souls form a community, and the unrelated character of the vessel is not so conspicuous. We are so very, very little ; the daily surprise

is that we know where we are at all, that we can do aught but drift, a mote in a sunbeam.

Lat. $21^{\circ} 23'$ North,
Lon. $154^{\circ} 13' 45''$ West.
At sea, Friday, May 17, 1907.

In a thin kimono I joined Jack at the wheel to enjoy the sunrise with him. It is delightful to be so safely careless about warmth of clothes, in this blowing air. We sneeze occasionally, for old-time's sake, but there is no cold in the head to follow. There were some showers in the early hours, with calm afterwards, but we are picking up a little breeze, enough to steer by. Nothing but clouds on the horizon; no land. There is a familiar high fog overhead that makes me homesick; but I think I am homesick for the Islands.

While Jack and the boys were taking a bath to-day under the bow, clinging to the bob-stay, Roscoe and I poured brine over each other's heads, aft by the cockpit. This was after we had soaped our hair. I haven't been able to do up mine since; and now, while I write, I am steering and drying my locks after a fresh-water rinse.

Tochigi made some candy yesterday, rice boiled in molasses. The rice remains brittle, as do the brown beans that are added. Tochigi's success made Martin ambitious, and we are waiting for the molasses confectionery he is making while he bakes. His bread is very good, by the way; and he has easily learned to make the simple yet difficult graham bread. I don't know who is going to pull that molasses candy. Martin thinks he should be exempt, having made it; besides, he is too busy. Roscoe also says he is busy. Jack is writing, and can't; and the nice, round, burned circle in my palm prevents me from volunteering. Bert has announced that he can, but that he doesn't want to—sun-burned hands being his excuse. I think I can see Tochigi pulling the candy for the crowd.

Later.—At last, our first land! After supper, Jack and I were playing cribbage on the fore-peak hatch, before

going into the bows to watch the sunset, when he shouted "Land!" at the same time pointing over the starboard bow. Oh, it was exciting! Our first island, faint and far, hardly distinguishable from the clouds around it. And the best about it is, that it is just where it ought to be (if it is the Island of Maui), ten thousand feet high and a hundred miles away, which would prove our observations to have been correct. Everybody began to climb. "Martin-Johnson-Discovering-Hawaii" hung in the shrouds, while Bert, having attained the head of the main-mast, came sliding precipitately, down the jib-stay—rather a risky undertaking, we thought, until he explained to us that he had practised it in California. Tochigi deemed it unnecessary to climb a few feet the better to observe a 10,000 foot mountain. Tochigi has the wisdom of the East in his gentle head.

I remember what a paradise Jamaica looked, one New Year's morn, when we saw it rising out of the Caribbean Sea. But this is different; now we are adventuring in a little boat of our own, and one could almost wish no charts had ever been made of the region in which we now are, and that we were discovering it for ourselves.

Aboard the *Snark*, off Island of Maui,
Hawaiian Islands, Saturday, May 18, 1907.

Coming on deck at six for my sun-bath, I could not even say good-morning to my Mate at the wheel, so exquisite was the greeting. I looked south right at the snow-hooded summit of mighty Mauna Kea on the Island of Hawaii, rising 14,000 feet out of the sea. The clouds must have lifted only that moment, for Jack, scanning the horizon, had missed seeing the island; so we enjoyed it together, a dream of white and blue opalescence. It was very thick to the south-west, but soon Maui broke through, and the navigators were able to verify their calculations. Haleakala is on Maui—the greatest extinct volcano in the world, with a crater measuring over twenty miles around. It is impossible to describe my sensation when I look at those

bulking blue shapes cleaving up through the summer sea, as we sail. It is all wonder, a mystery of beauty and delight.

Double watches were kept on deck all last night. If this were Maui, we were of course too far away to lose sleep worrying about running into anything. But a sailor cannot be too careful. There is always the chance for a mistake, and there was much studying of charts in the grimy little cabin of the *Snark*.

Everybody has been strenuously occupied this morning in keeping the ship afloat. We want variety of experience; but when our cook pokes his head up the companionway and protests that the floors below are all awash, the owner of the vessel strives without delay to reduce the order of the day to the ordinary commonplaceness of existence. Bert had forgotten to close a seacock in the engine-room, and the water was rushing in. The five-horse power engine was immediately switched off to more important work than the deck-washing that was going on when Martin gave the alarm, and Bert felt around for that seacock and closed it. How amusing it would have been to go down with all on board, in sight of our first land. And as likely as not the life-boat could not be got overside in case of need, as Roscoe has had no drills.

The flying-fish are large and fat to-day; but still no dolphin. Tochigi, cleaning deck-lights and skylights, found in a nook on deck one small, very much over-ripe flying-fish. This is a rather deferred (!) item, but it isn't my fault. It shadows another item, however, that certain portions of the deck have not been investigated in the deck-washing.

Later.—A busy afternoon typing this Log, rendered difficult by the rough sea, which has increased to the biggest swell we have had on the whole voyage—probably the result of some gale to the northward. There is plenty of wind now. Jack has changed the course to N.W. by W., to clear Molokai, lying low and sad among heavy clouds, under a drowning moon. Roscoe's optimistic

brain does not consider the change of course necessary, but Jack's brass-tack judgment says we could not clear Molokai on the other course, with this wind holding all night, and for the first time since San Francisco he, as captain, has over-ridden the sailing master with a positive command.

Aboard the *Snark*, off Oahu, Hawaiian Islands,
Sunday, May 19, 1907.

Jack set double watches again last night, Tochigi and I taking the first, from eight until twelve. It was eerie, watching forward in the grey light of the moon struggling through the murk, and ever and again I would seem to see land looming close ahead, only to find it was the huddling dark clouds on the horizon. I would stay there for an hour, then relieve Tochigi at the wheel and send him forward to watch. At 5.30 this morning, Jack jibed the boat over, and I came on deck, to find the Island of Oahu, upon which is the city of Honolulu, right ahead. As we sailed nearer, the land looked very familiar, accustomed as we have been to pictures of it. The waters are deserted; it does seem as if we ought to sight some sort of a vessel, so near to Honolulu. Such an incidentless voyage—although I forgot to tell that I found one flea the other day. Where he had been hibernating I do not know. And this morning a horsefly came aboard.

The sea is transparent; one can see into illimitable depths of sun-shot blue. And of all the Inconceivable and Monstrous things yet, here we are drifting toward the reef of Oahu in a dead calm. The trades are supposed to blow here almost the year around, especially at this season. But we have had unusual variable weather all the way. Oh! for the big engine now—we could be in land-locked Pearl Harbour in a couple of hours. Of course, if the engine were in commission, there would be plenty of wind. It could not be otherwise. Don't try to convince me that anything reasonable could attend the workings of our venture. Last night it was blowing briskly, and then the

wind cut off short, and here we are turning round and round under cloudless sky and blazing tropic sun, wondering why it is not hotter. It is only comfortably warm, and this does not seem reasonable, either. Perhaps I am crazy.

Still off Oahu, Hawaii,
Monday, May 20, 1907.

We drifted past the growling reef, inside of which we saw little fishing-boats sailing at sunset; past Makapuu Head, and past Diamond Head, that beautiful sentinel of Honolulu; and now, while we slip smoothly along toward port, I will tell the rest of yesterday's experiences. The horsefly, I think, is the only special excitement I have mentioned. After the midday meal we succeeded in hooking a guny—don't doubt me, I saw it with my own eyes, and the others will bear me witness. He knew salt pork a mile away. It was a funny sight, that guny with the hook caught in the downward curve of his upper beak, coming toward us against his will. He measured six feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, and was a thing of great beauty, with marvellously feathered, triple-jointed pinions of cloudy warm-brownish grey. His brown eyes were large and sagacious, more like a dog's than a bird's, and he used them, too. He was angry rather than frightened, and not especially vicious, although he did manage to get hold of Bert's trousers, and a small pinch of Bert. But when we tethered him on deck, the Inconceivable Monster would not be seasick as is the wont of captured gunies. We finally cut him loose, unhurt, and when he went over the side he awkwardly submerged, something to which he was evidently not accustomed, for he could not raise his wet wings high enough to fly. Just then we picked up a fan of wind and the distance between the stern of the *Snark* and the stern of the guny lengthened rapidly, the bird paddling for dear life, head-over-shoulder like a coyote. While we had him on deck we noticed an old break in one of his legs, and two birdshot holes in his web-feet. He

must be a regular old war-horse, and deserving of his liberty.

Then we glimpsed a big freight steamer going southwest; and there was quite a sociable time in the late afternoon, with numerous things to discuss—the flea, the horsefly, the guny, the steamer, a flickering breeze, and one lone Portuguese man-o'-war. And then there was the summer isle before us with promise of rest from perpetual movement, and lure of velvet green mountains and valleys.

Jack slept beside the cockpit during my watch, indeed all night until his own watch. The reef with its white-toothed breakers could not have been more than a mile and a half away, and the calm was absolute, the current fortunately setting us on past danger. At ten o'clock, I told Tochigi, who was sitting in the cabin studying, to go to bed. I felt anxious and knew I should not sleep if I went below. Twice the *Snark*, with her wheel hard down, turned completely around. I was disgusted, and remembered when a smaller yacht did the same thing with me in the bay of San Francisco, in the Doldrums off Angel Island.

How I watched that line of reef in the misty, elusive moonlight. Imagine four hours at the wheel, eyes riveted on the round, small, vital compass, heart aching for it to indicate some control of the boat. The only rest for the eyes was to strain them on the dark shore until it blurred, or try to pierce the mysterious gloom of the horizon for lights. It was tense business; but in the midst of it, worried and lonely as I felt, I caught myself thinking how happy I was.

And now, a word aside.

In shaping up the *Log of the Snark* for publication, I am forced to see that the enthusiastic book I have written, covering five months' land travel and experience in the Hawaiian Isles, has no place in a ship's log. Labour of love though it has been, the recounting of all those happy days of glamour in our first landfall must find itself

between other covers than those of a sea diary. I must pass by the month in Pearl Harbour—Dream Harbour, Jack called it; the subsequent blissful tent-and-surf life at Waikiki; our days in saddle and camp through the crater of mighty Haleakala; that amazing week spent in the Molokai Leper Settlement; the trip on horseback through the Nahiku Ditch country on Windward Maui, with its hair-raising old chief-trails and hair-breadth swinging bridges over great waterfalls—all those vivid hours of living shall have a place to themselves elsewhere, together with tribute to our friends, the Thurstons, and their friends, who helped us to know Hawaii off the much exploited "tourist route."¹

Aboard the *Snark* once more, after months of work on her engines in Honolulu, and repairs in Hilo on that same work, we set our faces to the sea again, answering its clear call as we answered it in California in April; as we shall want to answer it, I am sure, in all the months of all the years.

Lat. 15° 8' North,

Lon. 151° 30' West.

Aboard the *Snark* at sea,
Hilo, Hawaii, to Marquesas Islands,
Monday, October 14, 1907.

A week ago to-day we sailed away from Hilo, Hawaii, on our voyage to the Marquesas Islands. So began the second chapter of our boat-adventure. It is six months since we left San Francisco Bay for our voyage around the world, and what of the many delays connected with completing the yacht and repairing her wrecked engines (wrecked by incompetent workmen), we have spent far more time in Hawaii Nei than originally planned. We cannot be sorry, however, for we had a glorious time all through. But here we are at sea again, with our first port of call, Honolulu, hundreds of miles behind us, and our next, the Marquesas, thousands ahead of us—unless

¹ See *Jack London and Hawaii*, 8/6 net. Mills & Boon, Ltd., 1919.

this head-wind and sea shift and let us get on our proper course. South 28° East it is, while we sag south, due south, and at times even west of south.

Everything is dove-grey, sky and sea, and there are occasional warm showers. I am tucked snugly away in a corner of the deep cockpit, while the little *Snark* steers herself by-the-wind as successfully as ever she did before it. Herrmann de Visser, the Dutch sailor, is sitting near by sewing canvas, pushing the huge sail-needle with a "palm" on his hand. And Herrmann is singing "The Last Rose of Summer" in Dutch, in a wonderful light baritone that makes me feel selfish in being the only listener. Incidentally, Herrmann, a small black rain-hat on one side of his head, looks as if he had just fallen out of a Rembrandt canvas. But Rembrandt van Ryn never designed that tattooed ballet-girl on Hermann's short and powerful right forearm—a figure that any muscular movement of the arm makes dance amorously.

Martin Johnson, sole survivor, so to speak, of the original crew that sailed from California on the *Snark*, has come into the cockpit, and is rigging up an electric light extension for me to see by when I read to Jack on watch. There's a brown-skinned cook in the galley now, and Martin is flourishing in our midst as engineer and electrician. Martin has made good, and he is the only man who was aboard the *Snark* when we left the States, who was not chosen from the ranks of our intimates.

Captain James Langhorne Warren, our Virginia master, is sitting to leeward of me for the purpose of smoking a cigar—and bless us all if it isn't the first he's smoked since we left Hilo! You see, the captain hasn't been feeling equal to anything stronger than cigarettes during the past week. We have lost all false pride about seasickness, we of the *Snark*. We have been hopelessly, disgracefully sick, all of us, except Herrmann, who seems to enjoy remarking at irregular, inconsiderate intervals, "I do not know vot seasick iss."

It is comforting to a captain-discouraged yachtsman like

Jack to see the way Captain Warren runs things. The boat has never looked so orderly; never were commands obeyed so promptly; never was such forethought shown in keeping everything ready for emergency—for the expected unexpected. For instance, last Wednesday night, the 9th, looked squally and strange, after a most remarkable sunset which made our sensitive barometer oscillate; and before dusk Captain Warren and Herrmann had everything on deck in readiness for possible trouble during the dark hours—movable articles lashed securely, ropes in perfect working order. After all there was no blow; but if there had been we would not have been caught napping.

That great sunset was a miracle of colour. Who ever heard of vivid peacock blue in the sky? But it was there; and such turquoise and green and gold, in an Oriental riot of gorgeousness. Then the air became so flooded with living rose that we all looked as if we had been feasting on roses and the elixir of youth.

To-day Jack has done his first writing since we left Hilo. A six-days' vacation is an unusual thing for him. Also, he has inaugurated a general setting-to-rights below, as to contents of drawers and lockers, clothes, and so forth. I am unable to join in the perfumed revel, as a very few minutes below are enough to convince me that I am not yet quite myself.

Our new cabin-boy, Nakata, shipped at Hilo, is very different from the æsthetic and poetic-looking Tochigi of the first voyage. Nakata's hair far more resembles a roughly-used shoebrush than the glossy "football bang" that crowned Tochigi. But Nakata, little plebeian that he is, has the body of a brown cherub and a smile that is inextinguishable. He seems to have more teeth than the rest of us, and shows them on all occasions except when he is asleep. Also, he brushes them sedulously for just fifteen minutes every morning. When he slumbers, his funny little face is tired and drawn, for he has been and still is quite seasick. But he never gives over. No matter what his qualms, whenever he is spoken to he bobs up

with his everlasting jack-o'-lantern grin and benevolent interrogative "Yes-s?"

Wada, the Japanese cook, is more Indian than Japanese in appearance, and so far has proved just an ordinary, greasy sea-cook, his dishes a sad contrast to Martin's imaginative cuisine. But Martin and I are slowly getting him into our ways.

Our prolonged stay in Hilo was a trial to us all. This was not the fault of Hilo, nor of the very dear people who entertained us there. The irk and strain was from enforced delay—the dreadful condition of our 70-horse-power engine, which had to be gone all over again in Hilo, at an expense equal to the outlay in Honolulu, although our "friend" 'Gene (sent for from San Francisco), while knowing better, assured us that the engine was in good condition at that time. But that is of the vanished yesterday; and now Martin, in 'Gene's place, is devoting himself to preventing a recurrence of the conditions brought about by the latter's neglect.

And so we go sailing along this grey-and-gold late afternoon, involuntarily looking up now and again for a return of the splendid dolphins that played with our hook around the stern this morning. You will remember how utterly dead was the ocean those four weeks from California to Hawaii, except for one school of hump-backed whale, and a few, a very few flying-fish, and one small shark off Maui, that had not sense enough to bite at boiled ham. Why, this morning there was *kakii* for breakfast—that's the Hawaiian for it—a fish with long eel-like body and sharp head and a jaw fitted with rows of fine white teeth. But don't let me deceive you. This was the first fish ever caught aboard the *Snark* at sea.

Dolphins—they are like all the living rainbows of the aquarium at Honolulu wrapped in azure. They are all the colours of all the skies that ever were, with touches of solid green as green as solid earth. Brilliant as peacocks, and a thousand times—

—Oh, this is too much excitement for seven persons! A thousand porpoises are about us, the captain is on the

bowsprit wielding a harpoon, while Martin tugs at the line set for dolphin, over-stern, and—there! the fish has carried away the hook. The fabulous blue dolphins are swimming alongside; sunny-green porpoises are darting with incredible swiftness all around and under the white yacht, leaping clear out of the water, singly and in twos and threes, like colts over hurdles. Our ocean is alive at last with the beauty and motion of the people of the sea.

There's a white and gold sunset now, like a flight of angels in the western sky; and before the stars come out I am going to sit and dream for a little space of the beautiful world and of the swift sleek forms of vibrant colour I have seen this day.

Lat. 14° 53' North,
Lon. 152° 7' West.

At sea, Tuesday, October 15, 1907.

There's a subtle change in the atmosphere aboard ship this morning. Nakata, showing an unusual number of teeth, even for him, summed it up in two words: "Seasick *pau!*" which last word, translated from the original Hawaiian, means *finished, done away with, gone, past, eliminated*—all the blessed meanings that should predicate that dread subject. Fortunately, Nakata was not only voicing his own ecstatic state, but that of the company in general. I proved my own recovery by making the regulation four at the breakfast table below, for the initial time this voyage.

When I came on deck after breakfast, the captain and Herrmann dropped their work (the sewing of canvas into ventilators, or "windsails"), to rig up a little awning over the cockpit, so that I might write in comfort, out of the glare.

It is nine o'clock, and Jack has just gone below to write his thousand words of the novel under way. (I cannot call the novel by name because the author hasn't been inspired as promptly as usual in his choice of title.) The

hero, Martin Eden, has been waiting to make his first love to Ruth all this week the author has been under the weather.

Jack slept on deck last night and looks a happy, healthy, blue-eyed young sailor this morning, in white ducks, the broad-collared shirt open at his tanned throat. Before we sailed from Hawaii he threatened to have his hair clipped very close for the voyage; but my pleading "Oh, not *too* short, *please, please!*" at the door of the barber-shop in Hilo, saved perhaps an inch. The present neat closeness is rather becoming than otherwise.

I am so happy. All the rough edges of the first week at sea are smoothing down, and the spirit of our surroundings is getting into our blood. The wave-tops are silvered with flying-fish. One leaped out just now, cutting the air like a steel sickle, all of a foot long—the largest I have seen. And where there are many flying-fish, one may look for dolphin. Herrmann didn't catch the fish for breakfast this morning that he prophesied last night in the second dog-watch, and for which Jack promised him a bag of "Bull Durham."

The 5-horse-power engine (which we call the "sewing-machine" because it runs so easily since it was broken and mended in Hilo) is pumping electric "juice" for lights and fans, and Martin's six feet of height are under deck, which means that he is going over the big engine and putting his engine-room to rights. Herrmann is relating some choice bit of personal history to the captain, of which I just now caught the information that somebody lived "four miles off the bay from." The cook, coming on deck from the perspiring galley to dry his shirt, is commenting to the world at large upon the moustache he has raised during the past week; and Nakata is making up for lost time by washing and polishing everything in the cabin, occasionally bobbing up to smile happily at the universe.

Jack whispered to me this morning what he has not yet suggested to the others: that if this adverse wind and sea continue, he may decide to cut the Marquesas Islands from

our route and head direct for Tahiti. We sail and sail and get nowhere on the present course.

Who has said "miracle hours after sunset"? Last night, quitting the talkative group around the cockpit during the second dog-watch (six to eight), I went for'ard alone into the bows, curled myself up in a big coil of sun-bleached hawser on a water-tank, and took a little trip to the moon. The sky had cleared of all but fleecy wisps of cloud, and a gleaming half-moon and a few rare stars hung in the shining rigging. "What dreams may come" when one is all alone on a flying prow, among the moon and stars, with the sweet wind filling the wings of speed! But the dreams cannot be told, for they are thought in a language that was whispered to us when we were very young, while listening to tales of Karl in Queerland—and to only the very young is it given to translate the language. I slid back down a moonbeam to the deck very quickly when a dolphin at least three feet long leaped his length out of the water on the lee bow; but I couldn't get any anglers' enthusiasm out of the crowd aft. They were too filled with comfort and moonlight. Jack joined me after a while, and we sat on a tank to leeward, close to the water, holding to the fore-jib-sheet, watching the pearly full-rounded canvas, while glistening spray swished over the weather bow above us and wet our faces. It was the loveliest night I have ever seen at sea. The memory of it belongs between the pictured covers of a book of fairy-tales.

Then came nine hours below, of which I slept eight; and now the wholesome reality of the day is as beautiful as the fitful unreality of the night. Herrmann has drifted into "The Last Rose of Summer" again, and I cannot work while he sings. To do so would be to scorn one of the good things that bless my life. There is a really Caruso-like quality in some of his middle tones. And while I am thinking about the ease with which he handles his untrained voice, he airily switches off into a spirited rendition of "La Paloma" in Dutch, with an appropriate catch and swing that make me wonder if the tattooed lady on his

forearm is dancing to match the music while he plies his needle.

Alternating with bouts of cribbage we read up a few sheaves of late San Francisco papers, jerking ourselves rudely from this Pacific solitude, this desert of oceans, back into the crowded world of cities from which we have fled. Why, if we were cast away in this part of the Pacific, we should stand practically no chance of being picked up. It is out of the travelled way. It was something to think of, as I lay on a strip of duck on the deck, too ill to do anything but watch the veils of cloud drawing across the sky. The world was a round blue ball swathed in clouds like a jewel in white floss, covered by a blue bowl. Not a thing in sight but blue water and blue and white sky; and through the silent picture our white-speck boat moved upon her quest for palm and coral and mountain-isle and pearls and strange simple peoples. We are all the world, we of the *Snark*, so far as the rest of the world is concerned—unless a sail should break the line of the horizon, when we would become only a hemisphere; but no sail pushes up out of the blue of this painted solitude.

But accidents will happen. On Friday morning, the 11th, in the early hours some bolts worked loose in the steering-gear, and when I came on deck the captain and Herrmann were arms-down-to-shoulders in the casing around the rudder-head, heaping maledictions in several languages upon the man or men who planned and executed this casing so that it could not be got into except from the top. The teak cover, upon which the steersman sits, is the only movable part of the box enclosing the steering-gear; whereas the entire upper half of the box should be made so that it could be lifted. Just another instance of the outrageous mistakes that were perpetrated on the poor little *Snark*. There had been a stiff squall the night before, too, and it was fortunate the bolts did not come loose then. It would have been cheaper in the long run if Jack had given up his regular work during the building of the yacht, and done the overseeing himself.

Our winds have been fairly fresh, but not steady, the

best part of the week. The days have been pretty warm, and I find the coolest spot to be on the cockpit floor, where I spend hours trying to read or write, or merely watching the colours under closed eyelids. That amusement is always left, when one hasn't energy enough for other exertion. Some days the wind blew harder and the seas piled high, hissing hungrily toward us, usually missing and going astern, but sometimes striking ponderously and snapping their white teeth over the rail. The rougher nights were hard on me, as my bunk, on the starboard side, came in for all the jarring weighty blows of water when the hull rose and fell in the trough.

One languid diversion during the days of our uselessness, was the discussion of who would gather the first quart of pearls in the South Seas. It rather lames the controversy, however, when I insist that the rest shall give all their quarts to me.

Lat. $14^{\circ} 4'$ North,
Lon. $152^{\circ} 56'$ West.

At sea, Wednesday, October 16, 1907.

There was dolphin for breakfast this morning—a heavy, steak-like sort of meat. Herrmann got it last night with the granes, an awful devil's-pitchfork sort of implement. And just as Herrmann landed his dolphin—Jack meanwhile shouting for me to come and see its wondrous tints in the moonlight—I landed my cockroach, the second horror of its kind caught aboard the *Snark*. The dolphin was about two and a half feet long. The cockroach about one inch. It was a good night's catch we made—mine, I thought, being the more important. Another and larger dolphin was struck with the granes, but tore itself loose; and this morning the poor pretty creature is swimming faithfully if rather indiscreetly alongside, its wounds gaping snow-white under the brine. We are not sailing fast enough to catch dolphins on the hook. They are too clever to bite at anything they have time to observe is not the real flying-fish.

“Who hath desired the sea, the sight of salt water unbounded”—oh! we had a feast of Kipling last evening in the cockpit, until half-past nine, when Jack and I went forward to enjoy the moonlit bow again. The water was unusually placid, with a fair breeze, and we were making some headway, E.S.E. by the compass. Shadowy forms of dolphins slipped luminously past in the dark flood and like a whisper of the Far East came the voices of the two Japanese tucked away in the life-boat for the night. Perhaps the unearthly charm of our bow may grow commonplace some day; but not yet awhile.

Slowly we're getting everything into working order. Yesterday I started putting to rights my state-room lockers, carelessly packed on leaving port. Writing is going forward, the captain pursues his unostentatious navigation, the wonder of the ocean-world is becoming incorporated into our every-day consciousness, and the *Snark* sails on, the *Snark* sails on.

Herrmann is like to burst with pride, for he has caught all the fish so far. This morning he displayed a small flying-fish that he found on deck, one of an unusual variety with four finny wings instead of two. These fish dash blindly over the rail in the darkness and fall to deck stunned. Just now, stitching away at a jib that was dragged and torn under the forefoot the other night, Herrmann is relating how he skated one hundred and ten miles in a day, from one town to another, on the canals in Holland. One day he explained to Jack why he never saves money. There was a time when he had three hundred dollars in bank in New York. Off the Horn the main hatch of the ship he was in was smashed in a storm, the ocean poured in, and for a while it looked as if the vessel would sink. But in all the smother of darkness and water, obeying orders from the desperate captain and mate, Herrmann's ruling thought in the very face of death was one of regret that he had not drunk up that three hundred dollars in the last port! Upon reaching Seattle he had his money telegraphed to him from New York, and wasted no time in spending it. As Captain Warren has

it, "Money's no good except for the fun you can buy with it."

Lat. 13° 36' North,
Lon. 152° West.

Thursday, October 17, 1907.

There are two factors in sea-voyages that I cannot reconcile to advantage, namely, lack of exercise, and three meals a day. To be sure, there is a sort of passive exercise in the mere motion of the boat—continuous, and tiring until one gets used to it, but not sufficient, in my case at least, to offset a hearty diet. I have always bewailed the absence of some sort of exercising-bar on the boat; and all the time one has been staring me in the face and eyes every time I descended the companion-stairs, in the shape of the brass handle-bar at right angles to the side-bars. So now when I go below I usually "chin" that bar thrice.

Last evening, while having a cup of bouillon in the cockpit in lieu of supper below, I listened to Herrmann's story, as he polished away at Jack's set of surgical instruments, of how he left Holland in wrath ten years ago, to return no more to the bosom of his family. It appears that he was skipper of his father's boat (a ketch-rigged vessel, by the way, like the *Snark*), carrying small cargoes in the North Sea and on the coasts of England and Denmark. One Christmas Eve, Herrmann came from Rotterdam, where his vessel happened to be, upon urgent invitation from his family. He arrived at dinner-time and found his parents and his brothers and sisters with their guests around the table. Some relative, a clerk in an office, commented disagreeably upon Herrmann's clothes. "He told me as I shouldn't come mit my father's house to dinner in the clothes as I was. My clothes ben all right, blue English sweater and good pants. So I got awful mad for him, and I told him I could buy all his clothes a t'ousand times ofer, as I ben getting much money." More words passed, and Herrmann, who I gathered had been feeling somewhat convivial when he arrived, finally "got too

mad" and landed across the festive board on his antagonist's countenance. Herr de Visser reprimanded his son for this breach of etiquette and peace. This proved too much for Herrmann's "mad." He rose in outraged dignity and left the parental roof for ever. "And I told my father he would nefer see me more," Herrmann concluded, in a tone of mixed pathos and defiance.

"But your mother?" I asked.

"Oh—she cried much; she felt very bad."

Then I: "Why don't you write to her, Herrmann, some day? It wasn't her fault."

His delft-blue eyes looked past me across the sea.

"It iss too late," he said, softly. "She iss dead two years."

Lat. 12° North,

Lon. 151° West.

Saturday, October 19, 1907.

It was bathing-suits and bucketfuls of salt water this morning before breakfast. I assuaged some of my yearning for exercise by hauling in the canvas bucket, after which I replenished wasted tissue with a fairly stout breakfast. Wada is doing nobly with the cooking. He goes on his independent way, to the best of his ability, until some suggestion is made, whereupon he devotes himself to learning a different way.

We feel so very husky, drying our bathing-suits on us in fresh breeze and sun. The particular northerly wind our skipper has been whistling for, sprang up last evening in the dog-watch, after a day of calm that looked suspiciously like the Doldrums (far north of the Equator as we are), and during which we ran our crippled big engine for an hour or so. But the crank-bearings heated badly, and we flapped on the rest of the day by sail, but didn't flap far. With the wind came a smart shower, and we hung out some of our clothes to wash.

Sitting around the cockpit afternoons, reading Melville's fascinating *Typee* and Robert Louis Stevenson's and his

mother's books on the Marquesas and Tahiti, we long more than ever to get forward into the South Sea. And it is a wonderful thing we are doing—full of romance and colour. Even while we are being held back from the Line by this calm, we have with us beauty rare and unforgettable. The calm ocean is a disc of sapphire encircled by a rim of clouds. Once, watching that wounded dolphin which still follows us, we noticed that the smooth blue water, through a trick of light, seemed to be dotted with bluer pools—something like the effect of oil on water.

But the calm is gone, and now we are travelling on our course, east by north; and it is cool and fresh in the shade of the cockpit awning.

Jack called to me the other day and said he had something to ask of me—that, every time I came on deck, I should look around over the water. “This is a lonely sea, Mate, and there might be some poor devil in distress.” I told him I rather thought I already had the habit of looking around the horizon a great deal. “Yes; but make it your *duty* to do it every time you come on deck.” Well, men have been lost for the lack of a dutiful eye in this regard, and I'm going to be very watchful.

I'm afraid Herrmann isn't quite equal to some of Jack's jokes. The latter announced lately that he wanted Martin and Herrmann to do two things for him on this trip around the world—Martin at some time to get a baby monkey for roasting, and Herrmann, for the same purpose, a baby cannibal. Martin reports that Herrmann said to him with an aggrieved expression, “*I couldn't shoot a little baby!*”

Lat. 11° 7' North,
Lon. 150° 33' West.
Sunday, October 20, 1907.

This was a morning to put the fear of Nature into the heart of a tyro at sea-going. I came on deck at seven, after what had seemed to me a rough night, and found the captain at the wheel, closely watching a black sky ahead, Herr-

mann shortening sail, and all preparations being made for trouble. Then one of the teak top-doors of the companion-way descended upon my head and I went below for a few minutes to nurse my wrongs. There are plenty of ways to get hurt in squally weather on a small vessel. Yesterday accidents were rife, a cut finger apiece for Martin and Herrmann, and for me a thumb jammed in a heavy water-tight-compartment door.

Next, the mizzen was taken in, and the motion gentled down a little. After breakfast we ran well into the squalls of rain, and the men soaped their bodies and washed their clothes in the rain-water that stood in the slack of the canvas boat-covers; while Jack and I had a novel bath in the curtained cockpit, rain coming down on us and dripping from the mizzen boom also. The only complaint just now is that after our thorough soaping the rain stopped and we had to put on our clothes without rinsing off the lather! Dry bathing-suits are the clothes, however, and when it rains again we'll take another wetting. The captain said he guessed a bucket of fresh water could be spared for completing my shampoo. He holds every one else down close when it comes to using our water store. I am very economical, though—for I try to realise what it would mean to be out of water at sea, and this promises to be a long voyage. A very little water, with a drop or so of strong ammonia, goes a long way toward keeping one clean.

It was great fun bathing in the rain—you haven't any idea how something unusual like this varies the monotony of seafaring, however pleasant that monotony may be.

Now, at ten o'clock, the weather has moderated and the sun is trying to come out. There is a great amount of movement, however, and none of us feels any too well. Persons who are going to be seasick ought to be broken in with a gale immediately upon sailing. The best I can do this morning in the way of work, with any degree of comfort, is to lie in my bunk and use a pencil. I had hoped to get at Jack's typewriting, but the very thought makes my

narrow walls revolve. I am so glad they are even approximately white walls,—though even now, after two thorough coats of white enamel paint, old Captain Rosehill's salmon-pink coating shows through. Captain Rosehill was Roscoe's successor, and served as harbour captain while the *Snark* was in Hawaii.

We have learned something startling. Yesterday Jack was reading in the South Sea Directory the report of an old-time mariner concerning the difficulty of fetching the Marquesas and Society Islands, from Hawaii, on account of adverse wind and sea. He went so far as to hint at its being practically an impossible traverse. So we are on the way to doing something impossible, are we? Well, we have started, and it is easier to think of the impossibility of the trip for other people than for ourselves. We have just *got* to make the Marquesas.

Lat. 11° North,
Lon. 149° 50' West.
Monday, October 21, 1907.

Two weeks ago to-day we left Hilo, figuring on three or four weeks for our passage to the Marquesas. Yesterday Captain Warren remarked that it might be fifty days yet before we see them. A Hilo friend's anxious questions, at parting, as to whether we really expected to reach our destination, will probably recur to her mind several times before our arrival is listed. Most persons seem unable to comprehend that we are not deliberately suicidal.

It's hard sailing this morning, in a big sea with steady wind. Yesterday we *seemed* to be sailing; there was abundance of movement, but it was mostly up and down—a troubled cross-sea and strong head-wind.

Just after the stormy sunset and sudden twilight yesterday, the moon showed dead ahead, a burning copper disc melting its way through a wall of lead. Then happened one of the amazes of the sea. Out of the turmoil of wind and mounting waves, out of the whirling chaos of the low

overtaking sky, we sailed right through the leaden wall into a night of perfect tranquillity, lit by an incredible burst of moon and stars. It was a revelation, this peaceful ocean and dry north breeze and sparkling firmament. It was like the shifting of colossal scenery in some marvellous spectacle. The stars were too large and bright to be anything but tinsel and electric light; the sky was far too purple for a real night-sky, and the billows of woolly clouds too massy and tangible to be mere vapours of sea-water.

Lat. 9° 45' North,

Lon. 136° 17' West.

Monday, November 4, 1907.

Death is farthest from one's thoughts these pleasant, busy days of semi-calm, when there is just breeze enough to slip us along slowly over the smoothly rolling flood. We are complete in our little working-world; the domestic machinery cogs along much the same as in a land-home. There is little danger of any one falling overboard unless he is attacked by vertigo, and we are in a live world in which death, I say, does not occur to our minds. But when, after such days, and placid evenings spent in the starlight with music and singing and poesy, one is startled into consciousness at midnight by being let down suddenly against the bunk-rail, and the further sensation of going on over, endlessly, endlessly—then death is the first flashing thought. It might not be so to one in the open, on deck; but a closed forward state-room, in a small yacht, is a trap. It may mean death by drowning, or, what is worse, *sharks*. Sharks are no myth in this populous Pacific—as the jaw of a young six-footer, drying its twelve rows of fine saw-teeth on the mizzen pin-rail, grimly attests. It all darted through my brain when the squall smote, and I went over the rail of my high bunk and landed on the five-by-two floor with an agility I would not have thought possible. Theretofore I had always taken off the rail before climbing carefully down. I turned on the electric

bulb, cleared up fallen things as best I could, got on my clothes somehow or other, all the while wondering if the boat would ever right. My heart was beating in my throat with the suddenness and manner of my awakening; while my head told me I was not needed on deck, in spite of an urgent desire to get out from under, for I knew that every man was up and doing. A woman may be a very small item in the way of usefulness in stress at sea; but there is always something to be done, and after our careless days of placid weather things below had not been wedged in as tightly as usual.

I was glad to get out and up on deck in the driving smother. I "tooted" to Jack, while groping my clinging way to the wheel, and tried to satisfy my curiosity as to what was happening—which is asking too much with regard to a tropical gale in the dead of night. A sailor cannot see, he can only feel; and what he feels is a powerful gust that puts the vessel over and keeps her down, while he takes in sail and wonders what is behind the awful blackness to windward. So when I said to Jack at the wheel, "What is it?" he could merely answer, "I don't know." No one knows. It is black, it is blowing like a gale but it may be only a rain-squall, over in ten minutes.

One thing gratifies me: Jack and the skipper never try to reassure me at the expense of their own veracity. I begged this of them at the start. So I get the best there is to be had of their frank opinions. I want to know, and I ought to know; and they treat me in this respect as "one of the boys."

So Jack "didn't know"; all he was sure of was that with the sudden onslaught of the wind he awoke in the life-boat, aware of Captain Warren streaking past him to the mainboom tackle, for the squall had burst in the opposite quarter from a light breeze that had been filling the sails. The celerity with which Jack must have landed from his bed on the canvas cover of the boat amidship, into the cockpit and to the wheel, is partially told by a huge rent in the nether garment which adorned

his person at the time, and which I have just finished repairing.

Nakata was steering when the squall smote, and immediately spoke to the captain, asleep on deck alongside. The captain is quick as lightning, and had things straightened out in no time. Fortunately the *Snark* is stiff, and shows no signs of turning turtle; so that while the man at the wheel eases her along in the violent puffs of wind, the others have time to handle the sails without fear of capsizing. When I came up, Martin and Herrmann were taking in the flying-jib and sails and Jack was succeeding in keeping the yacht before the wind. How I love men, and the work men do! Jack, keen at his task of steering in the squall—the sturdy little wheel flying under his hands; the men forward holding on by their eyebrows while they took in the jib; the captain everywhere; Nakata, cheerily fastening down the weather-skylight and taking bedding below—men, men, all brave men, doing their fighting work in the world.

And death receded into dim distance with the interest and excitement of our little battle with the forces of outdoors, as the small *Snark* buckled down to carrying every thread of her working canvas, which was re-set shortly when the wind grew no worse. The captain's voice broke warmly as he spoke of the way she did it, and the way she minded the helm. He is very emotional. Why, the other day when he had that shark on the hook over the stern, I thought he would weep with excitement and disappointment for very fear that Herrmann would not slip the bow-line over the creature's tail in time. He was afraid the hook alone would not hold it.

The squall blew itself out shortly, leaving us a good sailing-breeze, and we went below and finished our sleep. But such an experience clinched what old sailors tell of the treachery of these latitudes, where the wind slaps out of unexpected quarters at unexpected times, and in the night at least no man knows what lurks behind the darker dark to windward. . . . Captain Warren, sitting at the wheel, nods appreciatively at what I have written.

Although personal death does not press upon us in pleasant weather, there is doom all around for the lesser things, swift and pursuing. For four days countless myriads of small fish resembling mackerel have been leaping and glinting around the ship, driven by tireless enemies below, and meeting pain and disaster at the surface from the ravenous young gunies scanning the deep from above. It is something like the tragedy of the flying-fish caught between dolphin and frigate-birds. Of this an old chronicler of the sixteenth century writes :

“ There is another kind of fish (the flying-fish) as big almost as a herring, which hath wings and flieth, and they are together in great number. These have two enemies ; the one in the sea, the other in the air. In the sea, the fish which is called the Albacore, as big as a salmon, followeth them with great swiftness to take them. This poor fish not being able to swim fast, for he hath no fins, but swimmeth with the moving his tail, shutting his wings, lifting himself above the water, and flieth not very high. The Albacore seeing this, although he have no wings, yet giveth a great leap out of the water, and sometimes catcheth him ; or else he keepeth himself under the water, going that way as fast as the other flieth. And when the fish, being weary of the air, or thinking himself out of danger, returneth into the water, the Albacore meeteth with him ; but sometimes his other enemy, the sea-crow, catcheth him before he falleth.”

Jack has been taking a hand this morning in the carnage, or trying to, getting out some of the pretty tackle we used to unpack so gleefully at Glen Ellen when the orders were filled from the East. But the fish were too busy with the other form of death to be caught by this lure of bright steel and colour.

We have fared better in the matter of wind during the past two weeks. On the 22nd, at 4.30 p.m., a squall came up that sent us spinning along at six knots during the following hour, in the right direction ; and the second day following, good winds started that kept us well on our course for several days. Everybody aboard is happier

when the *Snark* is holding her own, especially the captain, upon whom a dead calm has a very bad effect, and during which his temper is short and his language, on the side, when I am not supposed to be within hearing, is hardly elegant.

It is a splendid sight, a rain-squall coming over the water in the daylight. It resembles a dust-storm or low rolling hills—fairly smoking along; and when the dust of the rain arrives you do not run for shelter, but just stand and enjoy the warm drenching. This morning Jack and I stood by the weather shrouds forward, watching it come from the north-east, the nearer waters broken by leaping fish.

We are in the Doldrums now, variable winds and frequent showers, whereas in the Variables there was more wind and less rain.

The horizons are dreams of cloud-beauty on the still days; or, toward late afternoon when a light breeze sends us smoothly ahead, we may see low-lying clouds of blue, the clouds themselves blue, and out of the low pillowy clouds on the horizon will puff up bursts of white that tint through with rose and gold as the sun goes down, while we sit with faces glorified by the rose of the west and the wine of the sunset sea.

Lat. $9^{\circ} 37'$ North,

Lon. $135^{\circ} 18'$ West.

Tuesday, November 5, 1907.

It has surprised me, as we have drawn nearer to the Equator, that it has not been warmer. "Stark calm on the lap of the line" as we are, the heat is not distressing. Of course, one would not choose to be in the sun for long at midday; but there has been nothing unusual about the temperature. To-day, however, is quite hot enough for an introduction to the Line. A hat and green visor scarce shade one's eyes. I was fairly blinded just now when I took up some linen things to bleach on the launch-cover.

Head and eyes ache from the brassy glare, and I am going to take better care of them and wear a hat oftener, although I love the warm colour of the sun-burn on my hair.

Keeping clothes from mildewing and yellow-spotting is a ceaseless responsibility, and deterioration of silk is appalling. A large portion of Nakata's time is employed in taking on deck and returning below our bedding and wearing apparel. Just now I am burning an electric extension in my crowded closèt-locker, to offset the dampness, while a mass of *holokus* and other summery garments is on my bed benefiting by sunshine that filters through the deck-light. There is one compensation, however, for the trouble of overhauling, and that is the pleasure of handling pretty things. My everyday garb on the boat is of a kind that, while comfortable and even picturesque (according to Jack), makes me appreciate the sight of more feminine and dainty possessions. You see, the grime of San Francisco has not yet quite worn from our ropes and tackle; and after completely ruining one silken bloomer-suit I said "Never again," and adopted pyjamas, rolled up at knee and elbow, as Jack wears them. In such a suit of white, black-figured, with a piratical touch of red at waist and neck, I go my free and barefoot way. As for the crew, they seem to take everything I do as a matter of course, without comment of eye or lip.

I am not the first observer in the world who has noted that most persons long to be something for which they are not fitted by nature. Nakata is no exception. His desire is to be a blond, and he waxes ecstatic over my burned locks. "Bee-yu-ti-ful, Missisn!" he cries innocently, his gaze lingering on my hair as I brush it in the sun. Now he is wild with a bird-like delight over my suggestion that we bleach his stiff black poll. I am equally keen for the lark, but there is no peroxide aboard. Martin, I think, has leanings toward brigandage, judging by the desperately evil look he attains by wearing a blue-and-white bandana around his head in lieu of a hat. He has lost overboard

some eight hats and caps since we left San Francisco, and is now reduced to a bandana, and his precious Baden-Powell, and he is afraid of losing that. I do not know in what character Jack would be scintillating, if he could find the scarlet bathing-suit he is hunting for—a new one bought in Hilo; but it has disappeared, either tucked away as things aboard the *Snark* are too often tucked away and lost to all intents and purposes, or else stolen before we sailed. Our shelf-copy of *The Sea Wolf* is gone, too, and a book-proof copy of *The Iron Heel*. And neither Jack nor I has a sou'wester—both stolen, as far as we can judge. I wear the captain's, at his urgent solicitation, although it is not fair to him, and Jack goes around in his old rummage-sale Tam o' Shanter, the age of which is beyond guessing. As for me, I am posing as the happiest and luckiest girl in the world, and it is an easy rôle.

Now let me tell about that six-foot-five shark we caught—the first ever landed on the *Snark*. The captain got it with a salt-pork-baited hook over the stern; Herrmann slipped a bowline under it, and then shot it in the head several times. But it died hard, thrashing on the deck a long time after the men got it inboard. Of course, it was hung up and photographed—strange, vicious monster, with eyes like a cat, yellowish, slit-pupiled, and with a cat's disinclination to give up the fight for life. It still thrashed about even after most of its internal economy had gone overboard. I never have heard a description of the eye of a shark, and its resemblance to the feline optic struck me instantly. "The tiger of the sea," to be sure—why, it ought to have cat's eyes. This shark of ours was a specimen of the man-eating variety, with twelve fearsome rows of saw-edged teeth. The meat of the shark is good and sweet, and not dry; but sailors do not care for it—probably because of their hatred of its propensity for human meat.

But sharks have annoyances of their own, one of these being a black sucker—*remora*—that clings to it as a sea-anemone clings to a rock, a marine vermin that can hardly be soothing to the shark. The longest we pulled off was

about ten inches. The clinging-muscles of the slippery pest are under its head, under the jaw, if it can be called a jaw. At first we thought these parasites were young sharks. So tightly did they stick, that it was almost impossible to pull them loose while they lived. And now all that is left of our first shark are the jaws, drying on the pin-rail, and the vertebra, strung at the mizzen-masthead.

There were many dolphins swimming around us the morning we got the shark, Saturday, the 2nd—an orgy of colour in the sun-shot azure of the water. It was one of the days when the water is pale sapphire through which the sun-rays focus deep down in long slanting funnels of quivering golden light. The shark was attended by dozens of its black-and-white striped pilot-fish, and there were several bonitos around also.

Later.—A small shark is following us this afternoon, but in a listless fashion that indicates a full stomach. It chased a big dolphin out of the water, and the pursued fish took a shoot of at least seven feet over the surface—a curving blade of flashing blue.

The first Portuguese men-o'-war that we have seen since we left Hilo, have shown up lately—one day a solitary little silver sail, and the next day myriads. Just here I am reminded of the "nature-fake" discussion that is raging in the United States. It appears that Mr. John Burroughs has incurred the displeasure of a correspondent of the *Outlook*, by stating that "the Physalia, or Portuguese man-o'-war, has a kind of sail in its air-sack that helps it sail to windward." The irritated correspondent jumps back with: "It does nothing of the kind; it cannot sail to windward, and it never did; it drifts to leeward." But another critic out-Burroughs Mr. Burroughs, as follows:

"The physalia has three masts, all square-rigged, and in windward work easily lies within three points of the wind. Going large he runs under bare poles. In the Bay of Baratavia I have often seen a squadron of these Portuguese men-o'-war with stunsails set, beating to windward to get the weather gauge on a Spanish omelet, then furling every-

thing and running down the wind to their less active victim. The nautilus has sails too, only it is barkentine-rigged, and in running sometimes sets a lower foretopsail."

One day, when the men were overhauling the fore-peak, eight infant rats, with their mother, were killed. We hoped they were all settled, but since then traces of another have been found. Probably it comes into the galley at night for water, as there is none handy anywhere else, all tanks being of galvanized iron, with no seepage. Captain Warren says that aboard ships a rat will gnaw almost through a water-cask, contenting itself with the moisture oozing through, rather than letting the water out freely and losing it all.

We have been practising with our rifles this afternoon—the first time I've had a gun in my hands since the heavy rifle on Molokai, when I hit the target at two hundred yards. To-day we were trying at pieces of wood and cans on the water. Perhaps, before the day is over, Jack will have a chance at the shark.

Try as we may to forget the inexcusable blunders in the building of the *Snark*, and the persons who are inexcusably responsible, things hitherto unknown keep creeping out to make us more than ever sick of commercial civilisation. The men who sailed with us from San Francisco insisted upon the honesty of those who betrayed us in the building of our boat—even insisted in the face of evidence to the contrary as strong as what came to light yesterday morning, when Captain Warren found the deck-beams forward of our state-rooms, where they were not likely to be discovered, to be pine instead of the fine oak beams that were ordered and paid for in the east and delivered at the shipyard. To be sure, many a good ship's deck-beams are pine; but that is not the point: the shipbuilders substituted beams that cost about \$2.50 apiece, for beams that cost us about \$7.50 apiece. What became of the oak? But this is not the worst. The bitts forward, upon the strength of which depends our safety when at anchor, is a ghastly bluff. About one quarter of it reaches as it should down to the bottom of the boat; the other three-quarters

are supposed to go down to the bottom of the boat—but *do not*. A magnificent great beam of oak to look upon—it stops short at the deck, a farce, another heart-breaking reminder of the way the “honest” men treated us in the States. The rotten wrought iron—it still goes back on us, here and there; the deck-planking full of butts, ordered without butts and paid for accordingly; the pitiful futile engine. But I haven’t told about the engine. After paying out five hundred dollars more in Hilo on repairs to it, now, after working it at half-speed (it would go no faster) for perhaps a couple of hours altogether since we sailed a month ago, the engine is *pau*, and cannot be used again until another machine-shop is handy, which will not be until we reach Papeete, Tahiti. Even the engineer in Hilo, our last hope, let us go out to sea with an engine he knew for a joke, and with some new faults of which he did not tell us, although he knew them, according to Martin. Why Martin did not give us the benefit of his information, I do not know.

From the engine room at intervals comes a heavy sigh. It is certainly appropriate, and quite affecting, even if it is produced by a metal valve! It is an expensive valve, by the way, installed in Hilo, doubly expensive because it is a failure. Ah, well—cold world and warm friend, it has been all one to Jack and me where the building of the *Snark* is concerned. But we have each other and the fair sky and water all about us, and we are alive and living in spite of them all.

Lat. 9° 4' North,
Lon. 134° 15' West.

Wednesday, November 6, 1907.

Have I said before that we are over half-way to the Marquesas?—and already a month at sea. There are potatoes for four more days; and with the potatoless prospect arise vague longings for fresh *taro*, and *poi*, cocoanuts, and breadfruit! We shall be glad enough to welcome land and trees and growing things. But Jack and I are not in

the slightest sense bored by the long passage—we haven't time to do the things we want to do. The captain frets and chafes sorely, however, although after a particularly crusty spell, he usually laughs at himself and explains again what it means to a captain to have a vessel held back.

We thought we had made an important discovery. It seems that the mackerel fishing-grounds of the world have been practically deserted of late years, and no one knows where the fish have migrated. Here, in this lonely part of the Pacific, we began to think we had solved the problem. But the books tell us that mackerel are not to be found far from land, so this boiling sea of fish through which we have been sailing cannot well be mackerel, but is more likely to be the skipjack and young bonita—both related to the mackerel, however. Also, the extreme shyness of the supposed mackerel toward our hooks, tallies with that exasperating characteristic of the skipjack, as noted in the book of reference that we dug up. Our little library is of unending use and joy to us.

It being too wet to box after breakfast this morning, Jack read aloud to us all,—Joseph Conrad's *Youth*, a masterpiece of which he and I never tire, many times though we have read it. I, at least, can appreciate it much better than I could before my acquaintance with the sea. Books and stories about the sea and sea-going bring the world closer than ever about me, as I touch more intimately, day after day, the life of the sea. Captain Warren swears by Conrad—a sailor vouching for the capable work of another sailor. And speaking of the captain reminds me of an incident that occurred yesterday which made a great impression upon me. Our little arsenal has rusted in spite of present care-taking, having got a bad start during 'Gene's regime, and the guns jammed yesterday, after the first few shots. Jack was firing his Colt's automatic pistol, and it jammed. The empty shell would not eject, nor would the loaded magazine come out. I was watching his efforts to straighten out the thing, and the captain could see I was nervous lest there be an explosion

in Jack's precious hands, although I declare I made little fuss. So the captain begged Jack to let him experiment, adding something about its not being so important a matter if anything happened to his own hands. It was said quite as a matter of course—the captain of a boat taking as a matter of course the first risks in all things. Jack did not relinquish the pistol, and I was immensely relieved when the magazine finally yielded and came out. But I shall not soon forget the captain's words and intention, and told him so later on. He looked pleased, and said simply, "Mr. London's hands are worth more than mine."

Everybody had a good time to-day, for there was plenty of incident. The captain hooked our first bonita, a small specimen about fourteen inches long, dark changeable blue on top and all delicate mother-of-pearl and rose underneath. Being a dry fish, it was relegated to a chowder for supper. Jack did not finish his chapter of the novel this forenoon, because, soon after he had gone below to write, after inspecting the bonita, we spied a turtle not far off. Captain Warren wore ship and made for the bowsprit, dropped down upon the martingale back-rope, calling meanwhile for a line to put around his body, while he should fasten another rope around the turtle, after which we were to haul them both in. He did that once before, he says, and shows a scar from the turtle's bite. But he did not go overboard this time, for we drifted to the left of the creature. Waking from sleep, it paddled astern, bobbing against the starboard side of the boat, heavy with a meal off a dozen small-fry. Over the stern the captain hung on to the granes that Herrmann put into the turtle's shell just back of its head, while Jack shot his automatic rifle into the head. Herrmann and Martin were frantically hunting for the harpoon, which was not where it belonged, strange to say! Only one barb of the granes had caught in the shell, and the captain had his hands full to keep from losing the catch. Herrmann could not manage to stick the harpoon where he wanted it, so he put a rope around himself and dropped overboard, passed the turtle up and was

himself hauled in. One doesn't feel quite happy with a fellow voyager overboard in these waters, I can tell you. One never knows when a shark may be loafing just under the keel, dozing lightly and alert for anything that looks like a meal. Like our shark, the turtle was attended by pilot-fish.

Handling a sea-turtle is a thing to be done gingerly; for besides the vicious mouth with its sharp beak inside in lieu of teeth, he has a thick strong claw on each flipper. And when a turtle is dead, he isn't dead; you can't trust him—he is worse than a shark. A story is told of a turtle-shell hung on a tree, with only tail and head left attached. A sailor put two fingers into the mouth, and the "abysmal brute" beak closed and the sailor left his two fingers therein.

The dissection of this creature, which is "neither flesh, nor fish, nor fowl," but resembles all three, was worth seeing. I wonder sometimes how I can watch these bloody operations. But I want to see, I want to know; and these good reasons brace me up. The most remarkable thing I saw in the interior of this turtle was the canal leading to the stomach, which canal was lined with yellow spikes like those of a sea-anemone. Nothing that is swallowed can return to the light unless the swallower wills. Captain Warren is drying this curiosity in the sun, and says it is going to make me a purse! Our turtle measured three feet from nose to rear end of shell, the shell itself being twenty-six inches long. The tail alone was about ten inches.

During the catching, there happened a thing of wonderful beauty. Twice, a brilliantly coloured dolphin, at least six feet in length, leaped high and shot out over the water, twisting and turning in the air before falling on its side with a loud splash—just having a good time enjoying its life and strength. There were many dolphins swimming close around us at the time, as if curious about the turtle, and we saw a four-foot albacore, resembling the bonita, only many times larger than any bonita we have come across. Schools of tiny skipjacks swam under the yacht,

and a small flying-fish came aboard. Jack's old promises are being abundantly surpassed.

It is an unending happy dream of youth and romance, this idling over the face of the waters, taking anything and everything that comes along, as a matter of course, rain or sunshine, cloud or wind, pleasure and danger; and it is all pleasure.

Lat. 6° 45' North,
Lon. 134° West.
Friday, November 8, 1907.

Captain Warren is trying hard not to be short and glum in this near-calm, in which the only fan of air that blows takes us more to the south than we care to go as yet—east-ing being what we must make in order to gain the Marquesas. But Jack and I are most cheerful, with our work and reading, sparring, playing intense games of cribbage and “admirin’ how the world is made.”

The turtle has been served up in various forms, each better than the last—broiled, fried, soup-wise, and in chowder; and the end is not yet.

. . . Last night a slim new moon came out above heavy slate-blue clouds after sunset, and under the clouds glowed a dull-gold horizon, while the sea was all a pale purple flushed with rose. If my sunsets grow tiresome, forgive me. They are so lovely that it seems I must speak of them. This morning the ocean reminds me of a great round aquarium, the rim wrought with frosted filagree of clouds—a bowl of blue water wherein the fish leap clear as if trying to escape. But the bowl has a cover of palest blue, and there is no escape.

Monday, November 11, 1907.

To-day a new element entered into our romance—the element of raw, red, brutal sailor-life that landsmen and women read about in books. And it has left me sad and

sick and with a cruel sense of disillusionment. I have already hinted at the emotional disposition of the *Snark's* present skipper; but I did not dream that I was preparing my readers for the horrid thing that happened this afternoon. It is like a nightmare; only, when I look at the ugly cut on poor Wada's blanched face, with the purple-bruised eyes swollen almost shut, I know again the sickening reality of this new page in the *Snark's* Log.

The captain's moroseness had been increasing steadily and probably he had reached the stage when he had to take it out on somebody. He chose the smallest man on board. Warren has a cleft in the top of his skull that he says was dealt him by a crazy ship's-cook; but after to-day's experience I don't mind hazarding that maybe that cook was not crazy.

And here's what occurred: This morning at breakfast the captain suddenly remembered a box of honey some one had given him at Hilo. He also remembered having subsequently seen this box in the galley, and now asked Wada sharply why he had not served the honey with our hot-cakes these many mornings. Wada, very flustered and small in the voice, answered haltingly that he had never seen the box. He was commanded to produce it immediately, but failed to locate it. Then the captain, half rising from the table, cried in a voice shaking with rage, "You find that honey, or *I'll show you how to find it!*" His fury was out of all proportion to the occasion, and much out of place at table, to say the least.

After breakfast, Wada, with drawn face, and assisted by a silent but sympathetic Nakata, searched through locker after locker, in galley and in cabin; but, presumably through the very forgetfulness of fear, he did not happen on the right locker. After lunch, which passed off rather constrainedly under the lowering looks of the captain, there was a general air of uncomfortable expectancy aboard ship. In the afternoon, while Jack was steering and reading aloud to me in the cockpit, there came through the galley deck-light the sound of a one-sided conversation

in the trembling, uncontrolled tones of Captain Warren. Nakata was hovering on deck with the longest face we had ever seen on him. Few words reached us; but there followed a thudding pause that turned me faint. Then the captain came on deck, and his hands were bloody—I know I can never look at them again without thinking of it; and he was followed by a shrunken, blinded little brown man whose entire face was a red smudge. I did not look again, for I felt somehow that along with the pain Wada was suffering, there was pride and a shrinking from observation. So I looked at Jack instead, and something in his eyes told me the happening would never be repeated.

The captain came aft with his brutal hands; and would you believe it?—he had so relieved himself that he was now all apology for making a scene, and further, his voice broke sympathetically over the “punishment” he had been obliged to give Wada. The cook had ordered him out of the galley, and of course it was a captain’s right to go anywhere he pleased aboard his command.

Martin had heard and seen everything through the glass window in the wall between galley and engine-room. The captain, Martin told us afterward, who is twice as large as Wada, had blocked the galley door with his person, and demanded “that honey.” Wada, scared out of his wits, said it was not on the boat. The captain started to enter, threateningly, and Wada, in the last extremity of terror, said, “Don’t you come in my galley.” Which is where he made his big mistake, for it was just what Warren had tried to frighten him into, so he would have an excuse to take the boy by the throat with one hand and smash in with the other. There was no escape in the confined space, with the stove behind.

Wada was stupid, granted—for the honey was found later—but he was terrified, and not intentionally mutinous or impudent; and his punishment was entirely disproportionate to his offence. This is not a merchant ship nor a tramp steamer; it is a pleasure-boat, and such extremes are uncalled for.

Poor little Wada! That evening I was alone in the lifeboat, when he crept on deck. I called him to me and asked him if the cut on his forehead was painful. He answered in a dead, level voice that it was not, but that his throat ached. I noticed that he was hoarse. He seemed to grieve most over the possibility of a scar, for he said he had never been in trouble like this before. He thought a scar would be a sort of disgrace.

"Cap'n big man—just like hit little baby when he hit me," he said with a sigh.

Lat. 8° 30' North,
Lon. 131° West.

Wednesday, November 13, 1907.

I am sitting on a new corner seat in the cockpit, at seven bells in the evening; Jack, Captain Warren and Martin, are perspiring over a game of poker in the cabin; Herrmann is on the rudder-box holding the boat to her course, south-east one-half south, in a fair wind that has been blowing since three o'clock, to our delight. Upon my assurance that it will not bother me in the least, Herrmann is singing "The Last Rose of Summer," although I have discovered that the tale he carries to our familiar air is not the one we know, being a recital of a Dutch Maud Muller who scorned the rich suitor, preferring her poor but honest yokel.

To the north-east, in an otherwise clear and moonlit sky, a low black thunder-cloud is spitting intermittent flashes of steely lightning that make my electric light yellow by contrast. It is too lovely a night for me to be stuck in an artificially lighted corner; but this has already been a day full of neglected work, and if I wait too long to write what I see, the freshness and colour will go out—like the life and colour that went out of a dying dolphin Herrmann landed yesterday. I was sleeping late, and Jack tiptoed in at 8.30, not wanting me to miss this first dolphin caught in daylight. It took me just about two minutes to get on deck, and even then the living peacock-

blue was gone, all but speckles of it dotting an iridescent green. This in turn shaded out of a dark blue line underneath, which soon faded to glossy white. Most of the dolphins we see in the water are of all shades of bright blue, passing into emerald green; and to-day, through some light and shade effect, they appeared to be broadly striped with black and green and blue. They are the chameleons of the deep—except that their colours are not protective; they shame everything else in air and sea.

This fish measured over three feet. Although we have seen them twice this length, the captain says this three-footer is the largest he ever caught. As with the sunsets, I must be pardoned for recurring to the dolphin, so beautiful a thing he is. We have been surrounded by enormous ones these days of calm. Imagine a vision of luminous azure deep down in transparent dark sapphire water—why, we drop everything to watch. The turtle shell, towed close astern, brings various sorts of inquisitive fish around us when the water is calm.

To-day Jack and the captain classified our charts—some already used, some unnecessary ones, to be returned to California, and the ones for the future put into the order in which we now expect to need them. After these days of turning around and around in calms, or fighting head winds and currents and getting nowhere, we are fired with fresh ambition to follow the islands shown by the charts.

Big drops of warm rain are blobbing all over the page as I write; but they cannot put out my covered light, so I don't mind them.

Poor Martin has been wrestling with defective plumbing in the bath-room; also with certain faults in the engine-room electrical apparatus. His opinions as to the integrity of the people dealing in ship chandlery are undergoing a transformation, now that he must keep in order these faulty things. "The darn things were only made to play with," he complained, looking ruefully at an inefficient pump-handle that had been defying all efforts

to make it do its work, and that had finally broken short off.

Lat. 8° North,

Lon. 129° 42' West.

Thursday, November 14, 1907.

Not much sleep these hot nights, for the "juice" that runs the cooling fans gave out a few nights ago. About 4.30 this morning the wind freshened to a strong squall that called for all hands on deck to take in flying-jib and mizzen. How it does pour in these squalls! The big stinging drops seem to shoot from the clouds rather than fall, with a drive that sends them through oilskin. But it is such cleansing rain. The ropes grow whiter after each deluging; and I love to feel the water run off my slicker and drench my bare feet.

It is so cheering to hear the brave bright voices of the men through rain and dark, reassuring us as to their safety. One could go overboard so easily at night in a big sea and not be missed for a time; and even if he were missed immediately, how pick him up in the gloom and noise and confusion?

I am more or less painfully aware of the many places aboard a small craft upon which one can "bark" his anatomy. I would better say "her" anatomy, since I have a more than ordinarily brilliant faculty for decorating myself with bruises that vie with the lunar rainbow in smothered tones of violet and orange. I am particularly conscious of such abrasions after a rough night. I recoil in sleep from a wicked encounter of my temple with a sharp-cornered pigeon-hole on a locker-door by my head, only to receive the full weight of my descending body on the flattened end of my poor sun-tender nose against the bunk-rail, as I turn, assisted by a violent roll of the boat, for consolation to the other side of the bed. Oh, it is not at all funny—until I come to tell about it, when I have to laugh even if it hurts to laugh. I am minded of the solicitous old sea-dog who warned Jack by letter that

it was not safe to take a woman outside the Golden Gate in a boat of the *Snark's* size; that we would be bruised over our "entire persons, unless the boat be padded, which is not usual." I'll give him the satisfaction of knowing that I am pretty much bruised over my "entire person," but that I am growing hardened both in spirit and muscle. Every one aboard knows when I hurt myself; but I really think I make less outcry than of yore. I would be willing to wager a good round sum that more than one reader of my tale of bumps and humps will say that my husband is a brute to risk me on such a voyage—unless he wants to lose me. But to all such I make reply that they should just see me if he tried to leave me behind. However, I think I must have been inspired when I suggested, in America, that we take the trip before we were any older!

No woman but an idiot would embark on a round-world voyage in our fashion without sundry flutters and misgivings. I did not worry very much about trouble or danger; but at first I could not help being a little nervous sometimes in the sizable seas through which the little *Snark* would thread her way with that impudent adventuring nose of hers. But now, except when shocked awake from a dead sleep, I take the pawing and clawing, lurching and bounding over the bucking seas, quite as part of the day's work. This is not to minimise the possibility of the awful things that could happen to us and may yet happen to us, for the sea is a cruel, unlovable monster of caprice and might; but now my accustomed nerves are beginning to dread nothing less than the worst.

We are all becoming more and more a part of the boat. We take less conscious care of ourselves near the rail—but we are actually more cautious than ever, in a finer and more intelligent, if more subconscious way.

. . . Think of the mails that must be waiting for us at Papeete, Tahiti. It will be six weeks next Monday since we sailed from Hilo; and it struck me with a pang the

other day, that before long; dear ones at home may be saddening their days with apprehensions for our fate—and life is so short, and terrors of this kind shorten it, if life be measured by heartbeats of happiness. It is bad enough for people to think of us out in this cockle-shell, without the agony being piled up by “overdue” press reports. Our obituaries may even now be in preparation in newspaper offices where news is scarce!

Jack says this is probably the longest single stretch we shall ever have. Where we should be logging one hundred miles a day at the least, we are only doing a few. Take yesterday: we made thirty knots on our course, and I don't know how many off our course; and this morning after the squall, which kept us on the course, the wind broke off and we are now fighting slowly north-east with plunge and splurge, in a big short sea, making very little headway. It is a comfortless movement, too. We are past getting seasick now; but I for one am not quite at rest in the region of my solar plexus.

After making the acquaintance of the tropic cockroach, the centipede, and other unsympathetic co-dwellers in this vale of tears, a woman's heartfelt desire is to keep them from possessing the household. My household is a boat, with all sorts of attractive nooks and damp lockers and dark corners for insect or reptile. No centipedes have shown up; plenty of time yet for them to come aboard with island fruits. But after several days' vague curiosity about certain black husks in the graham bread, it was discovered that the flour was alive with weevils and black bugs. Well, there's no use being *too* squeamish; but Jack, horrid thing! said he had noticed a distinct change for the better in his physical well-being, as if, forsooth, he had been living on a fresh-meat diet!—Ugh! the flour was carefully sifted and sunned on the skylight to-day—don't think for a moment that we wasted it overboard. We are too far from land to do anything so unwise.

It is an even chance, now, which port we fetch first,

Nuka-Hiva in the Marquesas, or Papeete in Tahiti. When the wind is contrary, which, when there is any wind at all, is usually the case, there is talk of our being unable to make the required slant to the Marquesas, the chance being that we shall be lucky if we can lay a course that will not miss Tahiti. I rather wish it would be Tahiti first, in order that we might pick up our mail sooner; then, granting a fair wind east, to run back to the Marquesas, taking in Tahiti again and later mails on our westward way. There is certainly nothing cut-and-dried in our calendar—we do not even know where we are bound!

But we'll let go our anchor in some lovely haven this side of the "Port of Missing Men."

Sometimes I think of the women of my New England family, scattered from their home-Maine throughout the South, in New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, who in their time have gone abroad in ships with their master-mariner husbands, travelling for years, until some swift disaster widowed them, stranded and desolate. In the town of Searsport, Maine, where some years ago I visited a beautiful white-haired cousin with the look of loss in her eyes—in Searsport there are some eight hundred inhabitants, the majority of whom are widows of sea captains. And it seems strange that I, born and reared in the opposite corner of the Union, should be out adventuring to strange lands myself with a man who loves to sail the sea. How much closer I shall ever be to those women of my father's family.

. . . The other morning, lying late, I heard the captain say he had never seen so many fish in his life. During the day I learned what he meant. They were mostly bonitas, cresting the waves with their flashing silver bodies, the water boiling and seething with them as they darted and leaped—countless thousands of them.

. . . Nakata is learning much English; but once in a while he shows preferences for words of his own coining above those taught him. For example, yesterday I told him to clean the blades of my electric fan, which pick

up all sorts of fluff out of the atmosphere. The small heathen (who is a Christian, by the way !) told Herrmann that he was going below to clean the *wind* !

Lat. $7^{\circ} 52'$ North,

Lon. $126^{\circ} 36'$ West.

Monday, November 18, 1907.

I gave up trying to sleep below without the electric fan, and have spent my third night on deck, forward, under the bow of the lifeboat. Sailing softly along before light airs, the nights have been lovely, moonlit, with no squalls.

Herrmann cannot be brought to see that it is quite the right thing for a woman to sleep on a hard deck with no mattress ; but I am entirely satisfied with my yielding spread of many-folded, clean canvas, a duck coverlet and a comfortable pillow ; and if my feet grow chilly, there's a poncho to pull over. It is a novel picnic to turn in under the moon, face and body softly swept by the palpable, flowing wind—air that one drinks rather than breathes. And when I rouse and lift my head to look in the waking eye of dawn, I truly wonder where I am, and glance momentarily into the airy rigging above with a sense of lacking weight and substance, of being part and parcel of myth and mystery. The face of morning is very beautiful, bending over the flushing sea.—Think of our little white boat, floating loneliest of all boats, in this desert of celestial colour. It is adventure, pure and simple ; it is enrichment of one's most precious store of imagination. . . . We stood last night after supper, Jack and I, leaning over the launch and gazing spellbound at a sunset of forms and hues so grotesque and crude, contrasts of rawness and garishness so rude, that our senses were shocked. The simplest pigments were used to limn the picture, greens and blues and pinks ; and from the basic flaunting gold there shout out great spreading rays of rose and blue. A cloud-genii, inky black, developed in the

centre, and as the colours deepened around, long cloud-capes on the horizon sent up strange forms like insane, toppling mountains. It was exciting, tonic, jarring blood and brain like an electric bath or a burst of cannonading or anything unusual and shocking. Something made me face to the east as if to seek peace for the eye. The opposing vision was untouched by the spirit of the first. A cold silver moon hung in a sky of dove, over a sea of silver-grey, all softly luminous but as wanting in colour as grey can ever be. To change to this calm desolation of grey and silver was as if to turn from a gaud-tricked, painted woman to see a grey nun standing.

November 19, 1907.

Whenever there is any good fishing over our rail a sort of tacit holiday obtains, affecting all hands but the cook. Yet our brown chef revels in the sort of work entailed upon him by our catch. Three hundred pounds of sea-meat happened on our deck the other day. "Fish market," Nakata unctuously commented; while Wada, squatting on his bare heels, dexterously carved a seven-foot shark, sharpening the knife on its hide now and again. In addition to the shark there were some dolphins varying from three to four feet in length, and several bonitas larger than any we had yet seen.

The sport began with Martin hooking his first fish—a ten-pound bonita that put up a game fight and came aboard glowing with angry colours as bizarre as our sunsets—a painted fish if there ever was one. Raining and blowing though it was, Martin hied him to the end of the bowsprit and promptly caught a five-pounder of the same species, that looked for all the world like an elongated soap-bubble, blown from Paradise, if Paradise can fling off anything so exquisite. Martin hooked one smaller bonita, which exactly fitted Wada's eye for a baked stuffed fish.

Jack knocked off work for a while and came up to try

his luck, but his success was reserved for larger game. The bonitas shot along near the top of the water, straight and true and brightly gleaming, like steel shuttles weaving a prodigious fabric of grey and white. Jack had no sooner returned to his work again, when "Shark!" was the shout on deck, and I reached the stern in time to see the tiger of the sea with his yellow cat-eyes turn leisurely on his side and swallow bait and hook, the captain yelling meanwhile for Jack to come and have the fun of pulling it in. But Jack was not going to spoil a sentence for any second shark, and came up a moment later to empty his shot-gun into the head of the furiously struggling monster. It was not so game as our first shark, giving up both the conscious and the unconscious fight much sooner.

Jack offset all his hitherto unsuccessful sport when the dolphins began to bite that same afternoon. For several days the birds that hunt flying-fish had been scarce, and we had noticed an absence of the latter. For this or some other reason the dolphins were hungry, and we hung over the rail and watched the orgy of colour they made in the calm blue underneath as they would sniff at the bait several times, suspiciously, and finally, reassured, catch it up next time they shot by. Every one but Nakata and I pulled in a dolphin. I didn't try, and Nakata failed. Jack caught two, and Martin two, and Jack's larger one turned out to be an inch longer than any other, measuring four feet seven inches, and weighing twenty-six pounds. He played it for three-quarters of an hour with rod and reel, and a small hook baited with flying fish. It passed through indigo and turquoise to the most brilliant luminous gaslight-green, and, when finally landed with the help of the granes, faded into fairest gold all over, then quickly spotted with electric-blue. Some dolphins came abroad a hard, bright white, immediately changing to other tints; others arrived in pale blue, or pale green, or both, and no two went through the same succession of colours. They are unbelievably beautiful.

Since this big catch, different ways of putting fish on the

table have kept Wada's ingenuity busy. They have been baked and stuffed, with tomato dressing; boiled; broiled with a rasher of bacon; have made excellent chowder; and this morning dolphin fritters made their bow, nicely light and done in olive oil. And the roe is a great delicacy. Wada is beginning to look like himself again, but for a nasty healing scar between the eyes. The captain keeps a wary eye on the cook, as if fearing treachery; but Wada goes his way unconcernedly.

One big dolphin swallowed four expensive hooks from off a white wooden lure in the form of a fish, but gulped another baited hook presently, and when Wada came to clean the fish he discovered the lost hooks.

We do not want for incident these days. What of the weather, the sunrises and sunsets, the extreme loveliness of the reflecting liquid expanse round about, the squalls, calms, winds fair and foul, there is endless novelty; but it is life-incident, or the scarcity of it, that pitches excitement high when anything new in this line turns up. We are all like children at a circus parade. Herrmann, with the murderous granes poised for a cast at dolphin or turtle, his face alive with earnest attention, is a model for a sculptor of old-country types—to be wrought in bronze; the captain, breathless and with quivering voice, hanging to a line around a shark, the Japanese emitting little barbaric squeals and cries of delight, Jack talking fast, with his eyes shining, and I tumbling over the main-sheet to a place of vantage—oh, I can assure everybody that it is exhilarating! One day lately we sighted a small white sea-porcupine about eight inches long, bobbing calmly on the long swell, head and tail extended, like those of a turtle. Its arched white back glistened with wicked spikes. We tacked and tacked in order to pick it up, straining our eyes to keep track of it; but the wind was too light, and we failed. We saw another turtle last night, but missed it. These turtles are unusually far from land, I have learned.

To offset our very unstimulating record for speed on this traverse, we contemplate the fact that, so far as

we know, no other yacht has ever travelled the course at all.

Jack has resumed his navigation again in earnest; and on the 15th, Friday last, took his first chronometer sight on this cruise. Herrmann is much impressed, and wonders why we employ a captain!

We have taken up Saleeby's fascinating work, *The Cycle of Life*, which Jack found he could not be selfish enough to read by himself; so, several times a day, while I stitch away on summer lingerie, or embroider, he reads aloud to me of the sufficient wonder of the ascertained fact and the relativity of all knowledge, worked out in beautiful clear style in chapters under such headings as "Swimming," "Cricket," "The Living Cell," "Song," "Fratricide," "The Destiny of the Horse," "The Green Leaf," "Atoms and Evolution"—all related in a way that makes one glow with enthusiasm over the universe that is and the particular brain-cells of the man who can present the conclusions of science in such enchanting form.

. . . Our course staggers tipsily over the chart, but we are going to get in cahoots with the south-east trades some day, and now, having accomplished the requisite easting, we are sure of the Marquesas if we can be sure of anything in this capricious ocean. As the *Snark* buckles down each day to her work, we discuss our future plans for that region indefinitely termed the South Seas, and have about made up our minds to try for the Pautomus, of "infamous reputation" for danger, as Robert Louis Stevenson says—the Dangerous Archipelago of old-time navigators.

Jack has spent to-day's holiday in overhauling all his fishing-tackle—coils of line, coarse and fine, shining reels of different makes and sizes, hooks of roughly murderous or of finely cruel aspect, elegant rods of varying degrees of slenderness and polish, dainty nets of white or yellow; and the spoons of steel and mother-of-pearl and gay pigments are fit to make an angler's fingers twitch. One lure represents a curving silver minnow, cunningly armed with wicked hooks.

After boxing this morning we had to borrow a pail from the galley for our bucketing, for on Saturday Martin, open-mouthed over the stern while the captain held the shark, deliberately let go the canvas pail he happened to be holding; and later in the day, hauling up a galvanised iron pail full of water, the rope parted and a second container was lost. Herrmann is now manufacturing a new canvas bucket, having finished my windsail, which even as I write is conveying cool draughts of air down through an open deck-light.

Lat. $6^{\circ} 45'$ North,
Lon. $125^{\circ} 36'$ West.

Monday, November 25, 1907.

There is something wholly exasperating about the weather this morning; and as it was the same all of yesterday and last night, our nerves are a bit on edge. The wind blows briskly from the wrong direction, sending us east by north, when we want to go south-east; and we are bucking the head-sea that has certainly been no novelty on this long passage—forty-nine days to-day. You cannot move without bumping something, in this contrary motion; and when a big swift roll comes, things slide and fall in all directions. Just now, among a shower of articles set loose by a vicious surge of the yacht, one book struck the floor with such force that it slid right out of its binding, and it was not flimsily-bound either. My pocket-diary took a trip across the deck, poised in the very teeth of the scupper, and the instant after Jack rescued it a wave washed in where it had been. There has been little sunshine for several days, and, on account of wet weather, less opportunity for open deck-lights; so our state-rooms and lockers have a disagreeable odour of staleness and mouldiness. The air is sultry, and I had a surprising attack of prickly heat this morning. This is the first day I have felt as if I would rather sight land than not; then I appreciate that if it were not for my work

with which I never catch up, and my desire to make the most of my uninterrupted time, I might be tainted with Captain Warren's impatience. Altogether, I feel very much like breaking my cheer and being real cross for a spell! But what's the use? I know, when I come right down to "brass tacks," as Jack says, that I would rather be here, on this buffeted boat, in this up-ending head-sea, than in lots of other states I can think of—say on an abused and stumbling horse, riding over a bad road, in another person's ill-adjusted saddle, under a hot sun; or, to come nearer home, I'd rather be in present circumstances than in those of last Wednesday, the 20th, when we found ourselves short of water, with no prospect of rain and with only twenty days' rations left. But the unpleasantness of that prospect, which I am using to offset to-day's irk, was mitigated somewhat by the interesting touch of danger. A taste of sea-peril of this kind has a thrill in it—something new to go through and to think of afterwards, provided, of course, that there be any afterwards. There was an element of romance, somewhat dimmed by humour, in the spectacle of the galley-pump, shackled with steel handcuffs against the possibility of the cook drawing more than his allotment of water for cooking purposes. We experienced a hitherto unknown sense of miserly vigilance over our quart-bottles filled to last twenty-four hours, and hung up in shady places.

The threatened water-famine affected us according to our several natures. Martin was seized with an aggravated thirst and consumed his quart in the forenoon. To bring home to him the consequences of his unbridled license, we compared our plenty with his want by trickling our own supply loudly and ostentatiously from varying heights into our glasses. As for Jack, he drank moderately, and had a little of his allowance left the following morning. I was not driven into excess by imaginings of a future parched throat; indeed, I was less thirsty than usual—although I am not prepared to say how much of my lack of desire was affected by the discovery that

there was a flavour of kerosene in my bottle. At night, however, Jack let me have some of his hoarded store in exchange for some of mine for his morning shave. Naturally, no provision for washing entered into the regime, each scheming the disposal of his single quart as he saw fit. I tried ammonia in salt water, and it was an improvement over salt water plain; but I did not put any of this mixture on my face. I cleansed that mirror of my soul with cold cream, and judged my countenance to be the cleanest of the ship's company, as I saw no one else making any sort of shift to wash.

The cook was given seven quarts of water for general use in cooking only, and employed this so discreetly as to put chocolate or coffee on the table at all three meals, whereas we had expected none for at least one of the three. Herrmann was inclined to survey the whole proceeding as a joke, which called forth a few serious remarks from Captain Warren, who is the only one of us who really knows the terrors of thirst.

. . . Jack and I added a great picture to our brain-gallery on Thursday. Alone in the cockpit, we watched our men rig up the large deck awning, tilted up at the sides, the centre breadths lowered at the forward end over a tub set on the skylight, while a funnel was stuck into the opening of the 'midship tank to catch all gleanings from the awning in event of rain. For the sky had clouded and the wind freshened from N.N.E., and squalls, white squalls and black, curtained the horizon. The awning rigged, our men rested; and the picture we saw was of three of them leaning at about the same angle on a boat, watching for rain—unconsciously straining forward toward the thing desired, one mastering thought bringing them together in one bodily expression of that thought. They leaned a long time, motionless, absorbed, unaware of our scrutiny or our appreciation. And those eluding squalls lifted and fell and glided like marionettes on a revolving stage, leaving us dry, until about midnight. Between then and daylight about one hundred gallons were poured

into the 'midship tank. And by Saturday, for it rained on and off till then, as much water was stored as before the shortage was detected.

You have been wondering at our sudden discovery of this shortage of water? (Bang, rattle, snap! the flying-jib has just carried away. The only advantage of this is that the boat doesn't paw quite so wildly with her headsail off.) But as I was saying. In a sudden squall Tuesday night, during the hoisting of the spinnaker-boom, in some way the faucet on the port bow tank was turned, and not before morning did we discover our loss. Investigating the other tanks, on deck and below, it was also found that somebody had miscalculated in a former inspection, and we found ourselves facing a serious predicament. We might have drifted around in these doldrums for an indefinite time without rain.

To-day we are still three hundred and seventy-nine miles north of the Equator, with a current setting us eastward. The barometer is normal. I often think of the Stevensons in the *Casco*, sailing from San Francisco to the Marquesas in the 'eighties.

. . . 3 p.m. Jack is popping away at some snowy pink-billed bo's'n birds that are flying very close, crying sharply to one another. A rummaging for lost possessions has been going on in the cabin, and Jack's red bathing-suit came to light along with other missing articles. And speaking of losing things: when one loses them on land, there is always the possibility of recovering them; but at sea, when a thing is overboard, there is a finality about it that is positively startling. That canvas bucket, for instance—the new one can never take its place, and we know we shall never see the old one again. It is oscillating somewhere in the deep, pressed equally from above and below, there to stay until dissolution disposes of it into the primordial ooze. And the granes broke away the other day; also a white silk neckerchief with a red border, that floated astern for a time, then suddenly disappeared—probably into the maw of a dolphin.

Evidently it did not please his palate, for it came up promptly.

. . . Nakata is a thing of joy to all hands—except to Herrmann, who cannot understand the boy's amused incomprehension of his queer Dutch-English. Herrmann carefully explains technicalities of steering to Nakata, who bends his oriental brows in strict attention to language he wots not of (although he is learning *our* English fast) and then promptly brings the vessel, say, up into the wind. This sometimes perilous experiment fetches the long-suffering and exasperated Hollander aft on the jump, to explain with augmented ambiguity of speech, that that was what he had expressly explained to him not to do.

I myself have failed in one glaring particular, to elucidate something to the cabin-boy, namely, that "sir" is not the accepted manner of addressing a lady. Perhaps my pyjama knee-breeches are to blame; but when, to my call he cheerily responds, "Yes, sir!" I know, by his correction to "Yes, *man*," that all my care in pointing out the contraction of *madam* has gone over his bristly black head, and that he is still puzzled as to why he should say "Yes, *man*!" to a woman. He also insists gently but firmly upon calling the cockpit the cockroom. There is something fascinating about him, his ready smile, his cheerfulness, his temperamental happiness—like some wild thing of docile instincts. His frank expectance of kindness, as expressed in his winning bearing, bring him goodwill all round. The captain has to hide his face repeatedly, for the sake of dignity and discipline, at some evidence of frisky humour on the part of the little brown mannikin with the homely face that his smile makes beautiful.

. . . Sometimes down through the open skylight, as we sit at work in our cubby-holes, come fragments of conversation that hint of a different state of affairs on board the *Snark* from that of old—hint of discipline, and continued discipline. One doesn't hear all; but the other

day the captain's voice cut out : " Do I *mean* it? Wha' d'you suppose I give an order for, if I don't mean it? " But there's plenty of friendliness among the men, although it doesn't do for a minute to allow a sailor, who has lived on law and order aboard ship all his life, to become lax on a boat as small as ours. Herrmann is so extraordinarily susceptible to praise or notice that he quite loses his head if we approve any little act of his, and begins to suggest improvements in everything around with an originality and fearlessness that is rather discomfiting. After he has been called down by the master, he is perfectly lovely.

. . . A week ago we began economising on fuel by having cold suppers; but there is a small burner aboard, used for melting solder, upon which Wada manages hot drinks and occasionally rice and curry, or soup. Our table is a raised skylight, and thus we have a chance to see all of the sunset.

On Tuesday, the 19th, in some cider we unearthed aboard, we celebrated the second anniversary of our marriage. I wish we knew who sent it to us so we could return thanks. Jack waxed reminiscent and regaled the others with anecdotes of our honeymoon in Cuba and Jamaica. And—well, here we are, out together hunting the thrills of new experiences with as much vigour and enthusiasm as ever, and no abatement in sight.

Jack has the delightful characteristic of always wanting to share everything in which he is interested—his amusements, his books, or the thing he is studying. He explains to me his advancing steps in navigation; he reads aloud to me; he wants me to feel the tug of his fish on the line; and he draws all of us together to re-read, aloud, some book he knows will give pleasure. Sunday forenoon, having done more than his usual "stint" of writing the previous day, he took a holiday and read Conrad's *Typhoon* aloud, to the delight of the sailormen. And so, a unity of good spirit is preserved aboard, because one man is fond

of sharing knowledge, the acquirement of which is the business of his life.

There is one of Jack's pleasures, however, that I cannot share with him, what of a congenital lack. This is his beard. He is "letting his face rest" for a week, and as I cannot appreciate the rest it gives *him* to let his whiskers grow, it makes me restless to contemplate his rough chin and jaw. And I take less delight in any sudden and unforeseen juxtaposition. But I consented to let him raise this mat, upon his promise that I may take his picture just before he shaves.

. . . On Wednesday last, Jack landed a thirty-pound dolphin, one of the finest we have seen—all exquisite variations of abalone and gold and blue, green and rose. We tried to capture a big skate that bothered around for hours, attended by two white baby sharks and a lot of pilot fish. But the monster flopped away finally with its black wing-like propellers. Wada hooked one of the infant sharks, less than two feet long, which cooked up into the best baked fish we have had.

The bonitas are easily fooled these days with a small white rag on the hook, which is jerked ahead to simulate a flying-fish. Friday, the 22nd, the boys had eighteen bonitas on deck at one time. Jack added a good-sized dolphin, and the collection was hung on a pole reaching clear across the deck amidship, from shroud to shroud, a flying-fish dangling at one end, the bonitas grading up to the big dolphin at the other end. Since then bonitas are caught for the keen sport only, and thrown immediately back. They are a hunger-cruel spawn. The instant one is hooked, his mates make a rush for him. Many a fish, even dolphin, brought aboard, shows healing wounds from great mouthfuls that have been taken out by its enemies, many of them among its own kind. The stomach of a fish usually tells the story of this continual fight for existence.

It is a wonderful sight, in a squall at night when the vessel is racing over the water, to behold in the depths shoals of bonitas slipping along whitely in the phos-

phorescence, their flight in perfect relation to the speed of the boat, so that they look like pale stones seen in the bed of a stream. By day, their backs show like swift olive-brown shadows, until they turn their gleaming sides up to the light. Two of the latest catches weighed twenty-five and twenty-four pounds respectively—chunky, fat fish.

Lat. 6° 2' North,

Lon. 125° 30' West.

Tuesday, November 26, 1907.

Referring again to our fishy satellites, last evening while we were listening to *Typhoon* in a flood of rosy light, the water pink, the clouds bright pink, and the sky of startling blue, an enormous dolphin was playing about, leaping clear and falling loudly on his side, over and over again, adding to the evening radiance his flash of blue-white—his colour-mood for the moment. When a dolphin has felt the tear of the hook, and got away, or when he has carried the hook off, he leaps and flashes through the air, recklessly shaking himself, landing on his side or his back with a crash, with all the mad abandon of a colt in the breaking-yard.

. . . The wind has gone nearly into the south-east and it now looks probable that we may be picking up the trades. There is a good-sized sea and swell running, and it is hard to adjust one's movements to the lunges of the boat when she takes a header into the abyss or is flung from the crest of one big wave only to fetch up smack against the next. But the little *Snark* noses her way pretty wisely in the labyrinth of heaving hills, and no small vessel could ride more easily than she.

. . . Something very reassuring and encouraging occurred just now. The flying-jib was not replaced after carrying away, and we sailed all night without it. This morning the jib-sheet was unhooked, and the jib also hauled in, after which the mainsail was lowered, to put in a new lace-line—the rope that laces the head of the

sail to the gaff, and which had worn through during the night. Jack was bringing the yacht up into the wind to ease things for the men working on the mainsail, and all at once the good thing happened. The *Snark* was right up in the wind, practically hove to, under staysail and mizzen, in light wind, and with a moderately heavy sea kicked up by the blow that had preceded that light wind. And she would not heave to that night coming from San Francisco to Hawaii! But why? Why? That is our everlasting query. The captain says it is ridiculous to think she would not heave to; we agree with him, perfectly. But she did refuse, just the same. As Jack says, "I don't believe it—I only saw it." How one learns to love a boat. I am beginning to appreciate how sailors feel about ships, no matter what happens, never quite admitting even to themselves that the vessel is at fault. Captain Warren swears more and more heartily by the *Snark* the more he sees of her performances.

. . . And now, at 9.50 a.m., every visible sign points to our being in the south-east trades—the blue, white-capped sea running with the wind, the wind itself, the "wool-pack" clouds. All at once I am willing and even anxious to reach the islands—to see land again, mountains, bays and safe anchorages; to eat fruit, and fruit, and more fruit—bananas, guavas, oranges and lemons and limes, yams, breadfruit, taro. . . .

We have all bet a dollar each with Jack, who wagers that we shall see the Marquesas by December 12; but it begins to look as if he may win.

. . . Martin developed a roll of film for me yesterday, and spilt his hypo on the bathroom floor; but he went right on developing where the fluid deepened in the leeward corner. This morning, asked the cause of the peculiar odour, Nakata enlightened us with: "Mr. Johnson . . . he . . . yesterday . . . make come kodak-medicine!" "Nakata's latest" is a sort of daily newspaper. I verily believe that if the *Snark* went down with all hands, our last conscious picture would be of Nakata's toothy smile, and the last sound in our ears would be the pæan

of sheer exultation of being that this child of Japan lets out whenever anything happens, whether of good or ill.

. . . During these weeks under the tropic sun I am surprised at my lack of deep sunburn. To be sure, I am less white; but considering that I seldom wear a hat, only shading my eyes with a green visor, this freedom from tan is remarkable. Herrmann remarked quite innocently one day that the only man aboard who was not burned was Mrs. London. But my hair is burning—a gorgeous red and yellow, without apparent loss of gloss or moisture. It is “Oh-h-h-h *beautiful nice!*” according to the exuberant cabin-boy.

Lat. $5^{\circ} 41'$ North,
Lon. $126^{\circ} 2'$ West.

Wednesday, November 27, 1907.

My birthday—and we are celebrating with a true south-east trade. We have logged one hundred and two knots in the twenty-four hours, and now, at 4.30 p.m., are smoking along on a course of south by west. Jack and the captain are grinning and chuckling like schoolboys over a chart of the Marquesas and Paumotus, spread between them on the rudder-box, while the captain reads aloud “Hostile Inhabitants” over and over, printed against tiny dots of islands in the Paumotu cluster. Jack has just looked up, in answer to my question, with “It’s a hundred to one now that we’ll make Nuka-Hiva all right. We’re on the home-stretch——” “—And a short home-stretch—excuse me, sir!” interrupts the captain, with shining face. They both agree that eight or ten days “at this lick” ought to bring us to port. Martin popped a land-famished face over the boatswain’s locker a moment ago, and asked what I was smiling about. And I am willing to admit that I am now frankly satisfied to exchange these longed-for days of all work and no fresh fruit, for a different programme. Also, I want a level place to sleep on for a spell, where I can present the unwinking eye of

sleep to "Policeman Day" for about ten hours at a stretch. I have had but one uninterrupted night in fifty-two.

I inaugurated my birthday's entrance by catching two large bonitas, landing one of them unaided; also I hooked a good-sized dolphin, but lost my head and forgot to "play" him, so he broke the hook and streaked for parts unknown. Jack was hugely elated over my catch—the first time I had tried. Once, I caught six mackerel in Penobscot Bay; and, unmentionable years before, I bent-pin-hooked thirty-five minnows, without bait! This is the extent of my fishing experience.

Dolphins and bonitas are with us in gleaming hordes to-day. The *Snark* is flushing the flying-fish for them, most of which seem to be four-winged, like dragon-flies—dragon-flies of the deep, sailing down the wind. It is continual slaughter, and they are a cruel lot, these big fish; but by what manner of reasoning cruel? What other food than their own kind is provided for them by beneficent nature? And when they are haled aboard by their unwilling mouths, straining and resisting, staring horribly with lidless eyes of fright, it all lines up in one's mind as a game—a game wherein men and fishes and beasts destroy to live. And war of man or war of fish or beast, it is all of a piece with the game.

Jack harpooned three dolphins to-day, using the harpoon in lieu of the lost granes; but it is not the proper weapon for them, does not go easily into their firm bodies, and they get away. But they doggedly stay with us, recognisable by their scratches, as intent as ever upon damaging smaller and weaker ones.

Last evening at supper time there was the worst rain-squall we have ever weathered. It came from two directions—or rather *they* did, for two squalls struck at about the same time, one from the weather quarter, one from the weather bow. Below, holding the dishes from spilling into our laps, we knew only that the *Snark* stayed down a long time; but the captain, coming to supper—it was over quickly—said it was our stiffest squall yet.

Earlier in the day I had my most disagreeable experience on the voyage. I had settled before the typewriter in my state-room. Everything was lovely—the windsail pumping coolness down through the open skylight, the deck-light open, with a poncho spread on my bunk to catch any chance spray that might come down; I had just typed “Chapter XXX” at the head of a page with four carbon copies under it—and then the deluge. My newly cleaned and oiled machine was drenched with salt water, inside and out; the water ran down my draw-tables into the packed lockers beneath the bunk; a gallon or so fell through the deck-light on to the poncho, and I was quite forlorn with water. I felt like a quenched candle, and went about dispiritedly soaking up the brine with cloth and sponge, while it took Martin the best part of two hours to get the devastating salt water off the typewriter and the works carefully oiled. Just to show how quickly rust forms in this climate: Jack had shaved in the morning (and I did not get that photograph, after all!); and being called on deck suddenly, asked me to lay the soapy safety-razor on his bunk. Within two hours red rust was on the blade.

Lat. $1^{\circ} 18'$ North,

Lon. $127^{\circ} 30'$ West.

Friday, November 29, 1907.

The only thing that roused me at seven this morning, after a disturbed night, was a dash of cold water that sent me shooting feet-first out of my canvas covert alongside the cockpit—the driest place I had been able to select this breezy weather. It was a second dose, the first having caught me just after I went to sleep, about ten, when the lee-quarter failed to dodge the edge of a wave going obliquely astern. That time I got it on the head, and slept damp. Herrmann has hung me a canvas stretcher between cockpit rail and weather rail, with a tent-like protection from the spray. It was very rough,

angling across the big seas; and the jaws on the mizzen-gaff, which are chewing away at the mast till the chewed section is in splinters, rubbed skreakily all night, the bell in the cockpit keeping up a doleful rhythm like a fog-bell. For all our bobbed-off little craft with her barnacled copper and her small sails wrought for ease of handling and comfortable sailing, we logged seven knots during the night, and this morning, at ten, we have covered one hundred and twenty knots since noon yesterday—and still humming. Captain Warren is keeping the vessel off a little, for the comfort of Jack writing below, so that he can have the weather skylight open and the windsail working. But think how wonderfully “dry” the *Snark* is. The few instances I have cited of water coming aboard, are all I can remember—a pretty good record for these many weeks in squalls and rough seas. Oh, yes—one other instance: last evening Jack and I were perched up forward on the windy weather bow of the launch, dodging flying spray and drinking deep the flowing trade, while watching the everlasting miracle of bright fishes darting so effortlessly and swiftly. Finally came a monster swell that the *Snark* decided to have a little fun with at our expense. She rose like a hunter at a fence and then descended, the wave curving back and down from her bow, but the wind flinging the heavy spray upward. Jack’s feet preceded his body up the rigging, while I, farthest from the rigging, hanging to a horizontal steel stay back of my head, raised my own feet and escaped some of the drenching. I wish I had a picture of the pair of us. The bulk of the water went below, all over the set dinner table, on the leeward seat in the cabin, on my bunk, a gallon or so piling up in the floor-corners. But these infrequent splashings are nothing compared with the sweeping a “wet” fast yacht endures, where there is no comfort on deck, because of water, and none below for closeness of air. Why, the Stevensons were kept in the cabin for days at a time when the *Casco* was doing her best paces.

We are about one hundred and fifty miles from the

Line, as we go—about ninety as the bird flies; and to-morrow we hope to cross—into the South Sea at last. The weather is actually cool. The books tell us that the south-east trades are cooler than the north-east. Fancy the charm of verifying this and that item in the old books—especially in such a little travelled section of the globe.

The fishes are unusually beautiful this morning—to the leeward the bonitas showing red like autumn leaves in a torrent. Sometimes they display a streak of this glowing crimson underneath when they are brought to deck, but never before have I seen them so red in the water. It is something to live for, once to behold, near the close of day, an upstanding wave between you and the sun, transparent blue, green-topped, white-tipped, sun-shot, and glinted through with rainbow shapes of the sea.

. . . Inconceivable and Monstrous, again! Yesterday Captain Warren ordered the topsail set. So far on the voyage it had never been set. It was promptly dragged forth from where I had been sleeping on its folds for many a night. Herrmann was aloft in the hot sun for quite a while, making an unsuccessful effort to get it set. Finally the captain took a climb, for something was radically wrong. Then the trouble was made plain. When it was discovered, in California, that the mizzen-mast had been stepped too far forward to allow for the mainsail, instead of re-stepping the mizzen-stick (which should, by all that is right and honest, have been done), the mainsail had been cut down and the topsail left as it was—to match a mainsail that no longer existed so far as its original size was concerned. This is the second time on the voyage it has been set, and we now realise why Roscoe took it in so hastily the first time.

(Right here, a bonita close by leaped his length into the air, got his flying-fish, and we saw him with the rainbow half swallowed, as he tumbled ingloriously back into the water tail-first.)

Lat. 8° 11' South,
Lon. 138° West.
Aboard the *Snark*, South Seas,
Thursday, December 5, 1907.

There is one incident in human affairs that it is safe to say never fails of interest, never palls. Perhaps it is the only one—but I will not go that far. The raising of land on the horizon is the one thing that induces a thrill even in the most experienced—from the very connoisseur of travellers to the oldest sailor afloat. It seems to me that I have centred in my soul all the fascinated, illusioned expectation of all peoples in all days under similar conditions; for to-morrow is the day when we confidently hope to see land, the first in nine weeks, come Monday next. It seems as if I can hardly wait for the loom of it ahead. How will it look? Will it be floating in the blue and gold of sunset, or will it show hazily in the blazing afternoon?—or mayhap in the pearl and rose of dawn? “The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart and touch a virginity of sense.” Thus Robert Louis Stevenson.

We crossed the Line last Saturday, November 30, in longitude 128° 45'—which was even a little better than Captain Warren expected; and immediately we fell in with such cool temperature that I promptly caught cold. It doesn't sound probable, I know, that right below the Equator I caught my first cold in months; but I'm the one that caught it, and I ought to know.

We had planned to do some weird stunts to celebrate crossing the Line; but it turned out a very busy day in one way and another, in which there seemed no place for pranks. I copied ninety pages of Jack's manuscript, for one thing—work I had neglected for other work. We must have tripped up against Neptune somewhere, however, for I found yellow whiskers that looked very much like rope-ravellings, on the stays under the bowsprit.

While I write, lying under the lifeboat for shade, the men are trying to lure a big shark that is sniffing around.

He is of a size to make one glad of a few planks between. The waves are a-hiss with leaping bonitas fighting for some food they have run into, any unlucky one that happens to get bitten being immediately devoured by the rest. We have not seen a single dolphin since the day before we crossed the Equator. "They dropped us cold!" said Martin. The bonitas and flying-fishes alone have been sliding with us down the bulge of the earth since we topped the rise, at the rate of one hundred and forty miles a day. Night and day, night and day, everywhere we turn, the countless purplish-coppery bodies of the blood-mad destroyers keep us in sight while we thresh out the flying-fishes for them.

Ah, but I forgot the Wiggler! He lives and moves and has his being under our keel, wriggling out occasionally to take a snap at a passing bonita, like an irascible little backyard terrier. He is about a foot and a half long, and of a whitish green—a sort of suppressed hue, showing like a cellar-plant among gay flowers when he lines up against the sun-blazoned bonitas. On Sunday, the spinnaker was set, and as we began gliding ahead at a seven-knot clip, in the wake we saw our Wiggler, left a little astern on one of his expeditions out from under. He was making the run of his life to catch up. We yelled and hooted affectionate encouragement—he was doing such a plucky and manful sprint, nearly wagging his tail off. "Go it, you son-of-a-seacook!" "Come on, *now*, once more! That's it!" "You'll make it, keep up the fight!" were heard from various quarters of the stern rail. Presently it seemed as if the chase were lost. The only way we might have helped him was by throwing him a line—with a hook on it. Martin saw him next day, however, as much at home as ever; but he surely had his fins full to make up the speed handicap caused by that spinnaker.

. . . We are betting heavily as to who will first see land. I am pledged for all of forty cents among my shipmates. It cannot be more than a hundred miles dead ahead; but the sun is in our eyes, and it is not a

14,000 foot Sandwich Island mountain we are looking for—only one of 2800 feet. We are going to lose our dollar bets to Jack, for the date we wagered on fetches up to the 12th, one week from to-day.

Jack is sitting on the weather rail, with his feet in a pail of fresh water—unwonted extravagance. He has not had a shoe on these two months, and is trying to coax his feet into shape for the trial that awaits them, who knows?—maybe to-morrow. In order not to waste his golden hour, he is reading, and also, at intervals, shooting bonitas with his 22-Winchester automatic rifle. I wish I had known him better before I married him!—just listen to this: Yesterday I said, “I don’t feel like typing to-day.” “Don’t do it on the boat then,” urged Jack kindly. “Don’t type until you get to TYPE-E!!!”

. . . There have been many heralds of the land about us the past two days—various kinds of birds, with gunies and boobies among them; bo’s’ns, and smaller white birds, fluttering by twos, like love-letters in the wind against the blue sky. There are small black birds, too, and brownish grey ones, neither of which we know.

The South Seas—think of it, we are sailing, beautifully sailing, over the very waves of that storied region of islands of strange form and composition, peopled by strange men of unspeakable customs. But we are not in time—the devastating civilising years have preceded the *Snark* venture, and we can only see the islands themselves with little trace of the people who roamed them of old. What of Melville’s Valley of Typee now? But listen: When I wander through Typee, a few days hence, I am going to people it to suit my fancy; I am going to see the chiefly Mohiva and kind Kory-Kory, and the matchless Fayaway, and all their beauteous straight-featured tribe. I alone may see them, but see them I will!

The other day I read a book by Edwin Somebody-or-other, in which he tells with casual cleverness of his meanderings among the islands of the South Seas, and in his chapter on the Marquesas, especially devoted to the

Island of Nuka-Hiva, he does not once mention Typee. Can it incredibly be that he never heard of it?

It is all very well to romance about the fantasy of the South Sea Islands; but my imagination persists in rioting in fields of cabbages and onions, potatoes, cauliflowers, and luscious tomatoes; in taro patches and fabulous banana- and cocoanut- and breadfruit-groves. Captain Warren's desire carries him closer, into the chicken-coop; while Martin is content to dream merely of the nests—one dozen variously prepared eggs being his first order.

. . . There are no more spectacular twilights; the days have grown much longer than they were on the other side of the hill. And the sunsets do not compare with those of the Variables and the Doldrums. But the sailing is wonderfully lovely—the boat rocking, rocking, on waves that pursue from astern and overtake and propel us, spinnaker and mainsail winging us straight toward the setting sun.

Nor are the water and skies so gorgeous as we found them above the Equator; but any lacks of this sort are offset by the "silver-winged breeze" that blows from the right direction, and every hour of the day I am thankful for the change from past exasperating, bone-racking, flesh-bruising head-seas and winds. Here everything is with us—wind and billow, fair days and nights.

. . . I am curled comfortably in a hollow of the lifeboat cover, shaded by the mainsail, and the swinging of the boat is so restful—not a jar, nothing but soothing curves and undulations of movement, ever rocking forward and sidewise, but imperceptibly making five knots an hour in the light but steady wind. We are in the sun's highway, a broad and glittering stretch directly before. We must be absorbing the gold as well as the miles, for there is none of it in our wake. . . .

We often try to picture different friends, suddenly transported into our midst aboard the *Snark*, and wonder how they would comport themselves. With no experience of the sea it would be remarkable if they saw anything

beautiful in earth or heaven. The roll would attend to that. The smallness of the boat, the nearness of the water, and particularly the size of the waves, would about wreck a nervous woman for the time being. The very middle of the yacht would be the only livable place for her, as being farthest removed from certain destruction over the awful rail. Now, I am not making sport of anybody. I can project my viewpoint far enough to put myself in the other fellow's mind under such a strain. I have been here a long time and it is only comparatively lately that I have felt quite secure, free from nervousness and sickness.

. . . We have finished Saleeby's book, and are now reading Ball's *The World's Beginning*. Astronomy helps me to new appreciation of this world we are circumnavigating, and of the whole universe of worlds and suns. At night, before turning in, we lie in the lifeboat a while, Jack and I, and study the Southern skies, sometimes dropping below to scan our planispheres; and last evening we had a feast of meteors, that streaked long trains of light across the sky.

Nightly a poker game obtains in the second dog watch, and the only monotony in it that seems to strike Jack and Martin is the way the captain wins and continues to win. He usually does it with a royal flush in his face and say a pair of sixes in his hand. He has had a run of luck that deserves greater scope.

There is always one perfectly contented soul in our party, no matter what happens, and that is our inimitable cabin boy. At dinner to-day I asked him, "Are you happy, Nakata?" "I, happy?—oh-h-h, Missisn, *v-e-r-r-y* happy—yes, ma'am." (He has mastered the "ma'am" at last.) "But why happy, Nakata?" I pursued. He threw back his head to look up at the sunlight through the companionway, smiled seraphically and said with pure sweetness: "Oh, *ev-e-r-r-y*-thing, Missisn!"

. . . The only thing with which I can compare my state to-night, is my Christmas Eve sensations of old time. I am sure there must be a stocking of mine hanging

up somewhere on the boat, and that there is going to be something nice in it when I wake.

Lat. $8^{\circ} 47'$ South,

Lon. $139^{\circ} 44'$ West.

Aboard the *Snark*, in channel between Ua-Huka and Nuka-Hiva, Marquesas Islands, 3.30 p.m., Friday, December 6, 1907.

Can't you see it?—can't you see it, Cape Martin right ahead there in the west, and Comptroller Bay just around the point?—Comptroller Bay, into which the Valley of Typee opens, where Melville escaped from the cannibals. Then another and dimmer headland, beyond which is Taiohae, where we shall anchor at sunset if the fair wind holds.

Captain Warren picked up Ua-huka (Washington Island) at daylight, and the first I heard, awakening under the lifeboat, was Herrmann up the mainmast calling down. But so sure was I of my full stocking, and so very sleepy, that after rising half-way and seeing nothing, I subsided for another nap. I had been up at a little past three, looking at the Southern Cross—the first time below the Line.

When I did finally turn out, I saw a volcanic island of beautiful form and proportion, grey-green and shimmering in the morning radiance. We sailed toward it, passed it, and now it lies astern, touched with the sunset. The island looks as if it has had a drouth, for its steeps are as yellow with dried grass as California's in the autumn, with here and there a hint of dull green.

. . . This has been a full day. I was bound and determined that I should not be caught arriving at Taiohae with a lot of back work on hand on the typewriter—in spite of Jack's vile pun on Typee; so I copied a chapter of his novel, sacrificing our daily reading; closed up a lot of letters with the advice that we were coming into port (against the possible sailing of some vessel from Taiohae immediately after our arrival), and

did a thousand little things for shore-going. After lunch Jack and I went forward with our rifles, and shot at the numerous birds fishing in the olive current of the channel. It was my first shooting at moving objects, and, considering that the aiming was from a plunging boat, I didn't do so badly, for I got three boobies on the wing, two or three more that were just rising, and ruffled the feathers of others. Also, I struck a bonita, which instantly up-bellied, and as instantly disappeared among its ravening brothers. I tried porpoises, and they immediately grew shy and came seldom to the surface. And we fired at a small whale, but it quickly sank out of danger.

. . . Now we are nine miles from Taiohae Bay, and with the glasses can just pick out the two Sentinel Rocks guarding either side of the entrance. The headland features I have already mentioned are on the southern side of the island, the northern coast stretching far to our right. Cape Martin reminds me of the castled outlines of Wyoming, with a natural tower standing atop the abrupt black head of the promontory. The face of the island toward us, the east side, seems ruggedly bluffed; and above, fold on fold of volcanic green mountains range back and up to the highest point of the island, 3890 feet. Perhaps that is the farther wall of Typee Valley that we can just glimpse beyond those first bluffs. It seems to me I never wanted to see a place as I want to see Typee.

All sorts of business is going forward, while the yacht slides steadily nearer. The captain studies the coast with his binoculars; Martin is putting finishing touches of green paint and aluminium paint on the rejuvenated launch-engine. (It had been about given up by Martin until Jack got out the books and made a suggestion that, when applied, set the machinery going merrily.) Herrmann, the while trying to explain how it happened that in Honolulu he had bought both his sea-boots for the same foot, is scraping wood—teak, pine, oak, on yacht, launch, and lifeboat; Wada steers; the spinnaker has just been taken in, and, the wind hauling, we have jibed

over. The sturdy anchors are in readiness to let go when we come to our resting-place, and I'll warrant the skipper knows exactly where the red-marked lead-line is. Jack is stretched out beside me on the lifeboat cover, reading, and, I think, dreaming a little. When he was a small boy he happened on Melville's *Typee*, and promptly thirsted for Marquesan exploration. Years later, after one trip to sea, he tried to ship as cabin boy on a sailing vessel bound for these islands, but failed to secure the berth, for he thinks the captain must have seen desertion in his eye. But here he is, and here am I, lucky enough to be the partner of his realised adventure; although for his sake I wish he could have fulfilled his desire when the dream was young.

. . . The little *Snark*! She seems to be reaching out eagerly, after sixty days of unremitting motion, for her shelter under the land. Consider—for six times ten days we have never been still one moment. I am afraid the imminent level repose that threatens will disquiet more than soothe, until we readjust.

5 p.m.—The captain is now thinking of putting in at Comptroller Bay for the night, for squalls are closing in around us and dimming the sunset light that we depended upon for conning into Taiohae harbour. I rather hope we do go into Comptroller. It would be enchanting to wake in the morning with *Typee* Vai spread out before us.

We are surrounded by untold myriads of sooty little sea-swallows with white heads and sweet piping voices. As we curtsey past Cape Martin, its striking profiles change from moment to moment, and we can see green trees that look like Hawaiian *kukui*, trooping up the shallow erosions.

Aboard the *Snark*, Taiohae Bay,
Nuka-Hiva, Marquesas Islands,
Saturday, December 7, 1907. 10 a.m.

It is a cyclorama of painted cardboard, done by an artist whose knowledge of perspective was limited. The

walls inclosing the green, still water in which we ride at anchor, the pinnacles and bastions half-way to the rugged scissored skyline, the canyons and gorges, sun-tanned beaches, grass-huts under luxuriant plummy palms, and the rich universal verdure—it is all painted boldly on upright cardboard. There is a rift in the amphitheatre, toward the sea, and on either side the entrance, booming surf breaks upon the feet of the two Sentinels of tilted strata, crowned with feathery trees. It is an astounding scene, and cannot be compared with any place I ever saw. The mirrored effect of the atmosphere on the perpendicular mountains is not unlike that on Winward Oahu in Hawaii; but the form and lines of the landscape round about this bay surpass anything in my book of memory pictures.

The entrance looks very innocent this morning in a sunny calm; but it did not appear so harmless last evening, our waning daylight shut off by a blinding rain-squall, just when it seemed indispensable that we should see clearly in order to make our way around the eastern Sentinel. The captain had finally decided to try for Taiohae. The distance across the mouth of the bay is only seven cable-lengths, and it is necessary to hug the eastern side, because the equatorial current sets over toward the west shore of the bay, and with only light fans of air, there is liability of going on the rocks.

It was tense and delicate work. Every one was on deck, Jack at the wheel, Herrmann standing by the three headsails, Martin and Wada obeying general orders, and Nakata hauling in the lead-line for the captain after each cast. And over it all was the trained intelligence of the captain, whose was the responsibility of the *Snark* and the lives on board. He stood in the bow, before we entered the harbour, with straining eyes on the fading outlines of the East Sentinel, close by which lay safety, and praying that the wind would hold. But it held only until we rounded the rock, then swept on seaward past the entrance, leaving us to fare as best we might with current and tide, rocks and surf. The spinnaker was taken in and the mizzen set, and each man returned to

his post, ready for prompt obedience. I longed to be a man, to take some active part; but they don't let me do much—and besides, there are plenty of men to handle the boat. (Why, the picturesque 500-ton bark lying yonder carries only eleven men, while our ten-ton yacht has six all told.)

I was fascinated with the working of the *Snark*. The captain's questions, "How is she now?" or "How is she heading?" were rapid and frequent; and Jack, eye on binnacle, busy with instant replies and instant compliance, had no chance for extraneous observation. Muffled in oilskins, I sat on the cockpit rail, and posted him on what I saw—the looming rocks close at hand, the white-toothed breakers snapping hungrily and loudly, and the vague suggestion of the dreaded western shore. Captain Warren commanded my respect. His head was clear, and he seemed high-strung in a way that only refined his certitude of judgment and action. Much though I have absorbed of knowledge of the sea, in relation, at least, to our particular craft, I was open-mouthed at his quickness of perception. I knew, of course, how carefully he had "crammed" the sailing-directions, and how sharply the chart was reproduced on his brain; and these things, coupled with his practical experience, were sufficient to satisfy my reason; but it was wonderful just the same—as man is wonderful in everything that raises him to primacy over the brute earth-forces.

By and by we picked up the "fixed red light," hung at ninety feet, described in the Directions, and had something tangible to steer by. We fanned in, tack upon tack, with the mere breathing of the mountains to give us steerage-way. The *Snark* responded faithfully to the hand on her helm when there was the faintest air to make it possible. The near water was very still, and sometimes the only way we could tell that we were inching ahead was by the slight passing ruffle against the boat. The bay is very deep along its sides, so we had no especial worry except for the current. Once or twice we seemed to be drifting toward the west, for the sound of the surf from

that direction came clearly. Then suddenly a big light flared out in the murk ahead, although try as we would with our glasses we could not make out whether it was on land or vessel.

But as we approached our anchorage, there were other and less disquieting sounds in our ears than breakers. Down from obscure heights drifted the querulous bleating of kids, which I bewildered into more distressful tones by answering them in kind. And then a cock crew cheerily, and another, while the venerable *blat* of a patriarchal goat hushed the timorous young. The breath from the darksome steeps came down fragranced with spice of flowers—the yellow *cassi* loved of wasps, which distils perfume far and wide.

At quarter before ten we dropped anchor in nine fathoms, having passed the entrance at about 7.30. You cannot imagine what a feeling of utter rest followed the rush of the anchor chain through the hawsepipe—the sea-song of adventure. We found ourselves unexpectedly tired, and although we slept in the warm below on account of rain, we slept profoundly. I know I did not turn over in seven hours. I was awakened by voices on deck, and coming up found that Mr. Kreiech, the German trader who has charge of the Taiohae Branch of the Société Commerciale de l'Océanie, had called. I could see him going shoreward, a big figure standing in an outrigger canoe paddled by scarlet-breeched Marquesans.

. . . It seems rather odd, as the morning wears on, that no one else comes out—only one indolent native has had curiosity enough to approach—a well-featured brown fellow. We sent him in search of bananas, and he wanted five francs for one bunch. He accepted half of that with perfect contentment; and then we all fell to and stuffed inordinately on this first fresh fruit in two months, and agreed that we had never eaten bananas before, so luscious were these.

As we have seemed to be in no danger of interruption from the beach, we have gone ahead with our work as usual—in the cockpit, shaded by the awning. Little

flaws of wind, pollen-scented, flurry down upon us from the pictured walls of the amphitheatre, that are slowly taking on a less artificial aspect—losing nothing of their exquisite beauty, but becoming more earthly and approachable. The water is not clear—rather a dull olive-green, deepening into rich blue toward the mouth of the bay. Outside, we can see the channel white-caps racing past the Sentinels.

. . . After lunch we climbed reluctantly into our “store clothes,” shoes being particularly odious. I had in my mind’s eye pictures of several provincial white women, wives of the traders, and arrayed myself with care in brown linen with a touch of red scarf and corals—a “neat but not gaudy” effect that was destined to be appreciated solely by our own crowd and Mr. Kreiech and his assistant Mr. Rahling, to say nothing of the silver-laced old French Maréchal who looked over our ship’s papers; and to be wondered at by the natives. There were apparently no white women on the beach. But later on, when we inquired if there was any one in the place who would board Jack and me, Mr. Kreiech recommended a Mrs. Fisher, and we learned that besides herself there were her daughter and a niece, a French school teacher, and the Sisters at the Mission. We were also informed that fruit, eggs, fowls, vegetables, and nearly everything else that we have been hungering and thirsting for, are extremely scarce—almost out of the question, in fact. However, when making arrangements with Mrs. Fisher for two meals a day, she assured us that good limes and oranges are plentiful; that fowls can be had occasionally, for a reasonable price; that the mangoes are beginning to ripen, although the breadfruit season is not yet; and that cocoanuts are abundant. There were also hints of fresh-water prawns, fish, wild goat, water cress, and tomatoes, but no potatoes—the last importation from California being exhausted. Mr. Edwin Somebody-or-other misled us by his glowing description of the lavish and automatic supply of everything edible in Nuka-Hiva. There is a French bakery, glory be, where

crusted loaves are made at frequent intervals. This is a welcome surprise—an excellent cross between French and Italian bread.

But let no toddy-thirsting mariner be deceived as to this chaste strand. Whiskey is *taboo* in the Marquesas, although rum and wines and absinthe can be purchased at the Société store.

This afternoon we decided to rent the only available cottage. Imagine our gratification when we learned that it was the old club-house where Robert Louis Stevenson frequently dropped in during his call at Taiohae. In one corner of the large main room is a sort of stationary stand, where drinks used to be mixed. The house is now owned by the Société; and before promising it to us on any terms, Mr. Kreiech had to negotiate with exceeding deliberation with the native couple who live there as caretakers. No one here ever makes the mistake of doing anything on time or in haste, and the man who tries to rush the natives is the man lacking foresight. But Mr. Kreiech is evidently destined for success with the kanakas, for the elderly pair are to move into the detached kitchen, and we shall take possession of the cottage to-morrow. Jack and I could easily in ten minutes move all their belongings—a bedstead and bedding and a few garments hanging on nails; but twenty-four hours is not considered too much notice to allow. We saw these two old persons at the store at five o'clock, at which gala hour the workmen gather on Saturday afternoons to be paid off. Practically the entire population of the village drops in socially—a pitifully dwindled community in these latter years. The woman from our cottage is constantly attended by an enormous *puarka* (hog), given her by the captain of the Norwegian bark. She fondles it as if it were a beloved dog—although I could not help wondering if her affections were not slightly gustatory in character. And we saw her pitch viciously into a Norwegian sailor who waxed too familiar with her pet.

Jack and I sat on a big drygoods box on the veranda of

the little store, dangling our happy heels against the sides, and stared and were stared at by the natives, while we munched and sucked some villainous striped candy that Martin bought. Here were our first Marquesans—and hardly a pure-breed among them! The blend is baffling in many cases—Spanish, Portuguese, German, French, Corsican, Italian, English, American. One little girl with snapping black eyes and curly hair was pointed out as a true Marquesan specimen; but some one contradicted the assertion with the statement that her mother was half Irish. She had been “given away” as Hawaiian children are passed along, and lives in terror of the short temper and long arm of her adoptive sire.

When these people are displeased or contemptuous, they express their feelings mainly by writhing their mouths into the most astonishing contortions; and whenever our female caretaker emerged from the crowd, facing our way, her shapely lips wore an expression that led us to believe she was not altogether enthusiastic about our impending occupancy of the cottage. She moved restlessly here and there, attended by the enormous pink *puarka*, reminding us of some one trying to force an objectionable relative into society. She has been a beauty, this old aristocrat of Nuka-Hiva, and most persons might envy her straight features and beautiful eyes. She wears the old-time tattooing on face and hands, the latter looking as if blue-lace mitts. The Marquesans were famed for the fineness of their tattooing.

The language of smiles is efficacious here as in Hawaii—more so, in fact, for these Marquesans are far less sophisticated folk than the Hawaiians.

Walking from the little wharf to the store to-day on first landing, we passed a building where half-naked natives and Scandinavian sailors from the bark were chopping copra (the dried meat of the cocoanut) with spades, preparatory to sacking it for export. Other natives, brawny fellows wearing only a red and white loin-cloth (*paréu*), carried the filled bags out through the surf to a lighter which was towed to the bark by her small

boat. The men, chopping on the floor of the dark room piled high behind them with the copra, composed a striking picture. Fair sailors and dark natives, all shining with sweat, they bent to the work, and we would catch curious tattooed faces with savage features, peering from out the gloom at the strangers. We fell in with the captain of the bark while we were looking on, and he explained the work.

We were immediately struck, upon landing, with an ominous narrowness of chest and stoop of shoulders among the natives, only a few showing any robustness. And the explanation came from moment to moment in a dreadful coughing that racks the doomed wretches. The little that is left of the race is perishing and it is not a pretty process. The men and women are victims of asthma, phthisis, and the sad "galloping" consumption that lays a man in two months or less—to say nothing of other and unnameable curses of disease that "civilisation" has brought. And as for children—there are very few born any more. A handful of years have made a fearful change in the Marquesas, the islanders going down before disease so rapidly that to-day, for instance, only nineteen able-bodied men can be mustered in Taiohae for ship-loading. It is only the infusion of outlander blood that holds the fading population at all.

The women wear the *holoku* of Hawaii—in Marquesan *éuéu*, in English Mother-Hubbard—the men being variously habited in overalls with bright striped net shirts, or merely in the *paréu*, a large square of red, or blue, blotched with bizarre designs in white or yellow—an English importation. Everybody, of all ages and both sexes, smokes cigarettes of strong native tobacco rolled in a spiral of dried leaf, or bamboo strip, or cane. The women are disappointing as to looks; but we have to remember that it is a far cry to the days of Herman Melville, who spoke of the Marquesan race as being the handsomest and fairest of the South Sea islanders—that the women would compare favourably with "the beauties of Europe." We had a glimpse of the husband of the

old caretaker, and he, too, has the fine straight nose, well-sculptured mouth, with large and well-set eyes, and the marvellous tattooing. Mr. Kreiech vouches for the pair as being of the purest Marquesan aristocracy.

Taiohae, Sunday, December 8, 1907.

Owing to the requisite delicacy in handling the old couple, we were obliged to sleep aboard again last night, and with our men returning from the shore at all hours there was not much sleep. It was quite novel, for once, for Jack and me to be alone together on the *Snark*. We spread a mattress on deck and lay on our backs looking up at the sparkling stars and a thin new moon that trembled on the edge of the sky. The warm tide rippled along the sides of the boat, the surf droned soothingly in the distance, and the balmy air was filled with drifting scents of flowers and cocoanuts. My thrumming *ukulélé* fretted the wild kids, and their drowsy complaints came down from the steeples. Then the whole firmament was blotted out with sudden clouds and the face of the tropic night completely changed. I went below; but Jack chanced it in the lifeboat cover, and later on I found him fast asleep in a pool of rainwater.

Once up this morning and the cobwebs brushed out of my brain, I was glad of another morning afloat in the incomparable harbour. We were lucky enough to arrive in time for a very important event in Marquesan circles. One Taiara Tamarii, a part-Hawaiian part-Marquesan familiarly called Tomi, was to hold a great feast commemorating the first anniversary of his mother's death. On such occasion, an important ceremony is to erect a cross upon the grave. But over against this pious symbol, the feature of rarest interest is a procession of the natives bringing in roasted pigs for the feast, imitating the days not so far gone when successful warriors returned with the bodies of their vanquished foes.

The host himself, the huge and burly Tomi, was waiting

when we went ashore, together with Mr. Kreiech and Mr. Rahling and the captain of the bark. We strolled along the wide green beach road (if road it can be called where never rolls a wheel), past Mrs. Fisher's picturesque tumble-down cottage, on up a gently rising stony trail, over brooks and by scattered grass houses built on ancient *pae-paes* described by Melville—high platforms of stones laid by dead and gone Marquesans. The natives of to-day have neither the ambition nor strength to pile such masonry, and so they squat upon the stages of their forefathers.

Now and again we were overtaken by hurrying natives who had some part to perform in the festivities or who were carrying articles for the feast. One wild-eyed strapping young woman, reckless with drink that she had obtained somehow, attracted our attention by her exasperated attempts to pick up a battered accordion that kept dropping out of her bundle. Although she fell repeatedly, any offer of help was fiercely resisted.

We passed one hut before which lay spread a half-dozen roasted porkers, done to a turn and awaiting transportation to the house of Tomi. Finally we came within hearing of a barbaric rhythmic harangue in a woman's high strong voice, and were told it was a chant of welcome, the burden being that the occasion was made perfect by our presence. Following the wild sound, we turned, full of tingling curiosity, into an enclosure containing a spic and span new cottage built above a high open basement. To the right, through the trees, we could see the welcoming chantress—a swarthy, elderly creature with a certain lean, savage beauty, ham-wise upon a corner of a noble *pae-pae* that supported a grass hut. We were made very much at home by Tomi and his family, who received us in a half-shy, affectionate way. His wife had a refined, well-featured face, while his youngest daughter, a girl of twelve or thirteen, was a veritable beauty of any time or place.

We were soon out of doors again, seeing what we could see. Martin and I worked our cameras energetically, for

never was there such incentive. Behind the house was a long arbour of freshly plaited palms, under which, upon the ground spread with leaves, the natives were to eat their *puarka* and *poi-poi*. There were mighty wooden bowls of this *poi-poi*, which is a thick and nutritive paste made from breadfruit, instead of from *taro* as in Hawaii. Breadfruit *poi-poi* is buried in the ground for an indefinite period, that used on this occasion having been entombed for years. I surreptitiously poked my finger into one grey mess in a huge hand-hewn calabash, but I did not like the taste so well as the *taro poi*.

Scores of merrymakers moved or sat about the grounds, women gossiping in groups and inhaling endless numbers of cigarettes of the acrid native tobacco, naked pickaninnies tumbling in the grass or sucking sections of fresh young cocoanut, while to and fro stalked Tomi's brothers carrying more calabashes of *kao-kao* (food) on their polished shoulders—magnificent brown savages girdled in scarlet, and over these bright cinctures ordinary leather belts in the backs of which were stuck murderous knives.

Altogether fourteen huge cocoanut-fed hogs had been roasted whole in the ground among hot stones. These hogs were laid, four or five at a time, in a savoury row near the arbour. Tomi's brethren drew their long knives with a flourish and fell to carving the steaming meat, meanwhile surrounded by yearning, sniffing dogs of all mongrel breeds under heaven. As soon as one lot was carved, another lot was brought. The two biggest brothers willingly posed for us, once bearing a greasy pig on a pole between them, and again with the great wooden bowls of calabashes upon their glistening shoulders.

There was a sudden alarming change in the music. We ran to the front of the house, not to miss anything, where an old woman was loudly mouthing a rude and protracted cry that was much too sinister and menacing to be pretty, and made creepy sensations down one's spine. There were answering warlike cries in men's voices from a distance among the trees. The exchanging calls, like tom-toms and war-drums, split the calm air; weird and

ghastly questionings seemed to be in the voices of the women, and incommunicable horrors of suggestion in the resounding replies from unseen bearers of victorious burdens.

It was not a long procession that wound into view through the palms and twisted *burao* trees and past us to the rear of the house; but it was led by a king's son, and as the slow, ominous double-file came on, he repeatedly turned to it with exhorting vociferations that called forth a howling clamour of assent to some ungodly proposition. The men carried long leaf-swathed bundles, each bundle slung high on bamboo poles between two bearers. It was comforting to be assured that the packages were only pig wrapped to resemble *long-pig*—which term is too mortuarially obvious to need explanation. But the actors in the tragedy entered with such zest and lack of shame into the spirit of the seeming, that we were led to speculate upon how many years, if left to themselves, it would take them to lapse into their old habits of appetite. I hate to spoil the vivid, savage picture; but the anachronisms were too funny to leave out. For instance, one man sported a top hat above a tattered rag of a calico shirt; several wore ludicrous derbys of the low-crowned "Weary Willie" variety, and the king's son (who, by the way, was none other than the man who wanted a dollar a bunch for bananas the day before) shone in decent ducks and a native straw hat. But we had to be satisfied, our willing imaginations eliminating the comedy and grasping the beauty of the entirety of the scene, while Tomi's brawny half-nude brothers, carrying the biggest bundle of leaf-wrapped flesh, made up for any discrepancies. In spite of the anachronisms in costume, there was a tremendous sense of unreality about the whole proceedings.

Upon the instant the procession appeared, several old *vahines* began jumping stiffly up and down like electrified mummies, their arms held rigidly to their shrivelled sides—after the manner of the "jumping widows" described by Melville—and emitting the most remarkable noises that ever came from human throats. This they kept up during

the passing of the procession, and it seemed that their function was to announce the readiness of the feast—not to spoil the appetites of the guests, as a fastidious diner might have suspected.

But no epicure, however outraged, could have quarrelled with the collation to which we were bidden. There was but one disappointment—to our sorrow we were specially honoured by eating in the house, at a table, with all the implements of an effete civilisation. We bowed to the inevitable, but with secret rebellion in view of that palmy banquet outside on the ground.

Our dinner was course-served by the cook himself, a slim Marquesan, and he certainly was a chef to remember. We had fresh-water shrimps, big fellows tasting like New England lobster; wild chicken (descended from the domestic ones brought by old-time ships) boiled in milk squeezed from the meat of cocoanuts, and delicately flavoured with native curry and other spices; roast sucking-pig, as fine and white as spring fowl; for salad, they gave us water-cress, crisp and succulent; and there were potatoes, real Irish potatoes, come all the way from San Francisco via Tahiti, French-fried and with a flavour of homesickness. We were not served with *poi-poi*, but our old favourite the *taro* was there, to my utter gratification. Absinthe was passed around before eating, and California wine, white and red, flowed during the meal, followed by a sweet French champagne.

Mrs. Fisher and I were the only women at the board; while outside on the veranda, in fine white *éués*, with their black locks flower-crowned, the more pampered of the native women had their goodies, unavoidably reminding one of a dusky harem. Now that I am having a chance to observe, I think one might discover more beauty among the women here were it not for the shocking manner in which they wear their hair, white women as well as natives—brushed straight back from the forehead and hanging in a braid behind. Such a fashion is trying to the most lovely face.

We were a long time at table, during which there was

opportunity to study the heterogeneous company from the head of the board. On my right, next to Jack, came Mrs. Fisher, then Captain Warren and Martin, by whom sat the ship-carpenter from the bark, a huge grizzled Scandinavian with bearded mouth and dull and introspective eye—a Viking in size and form, but with all the fire gone out. At the foot of the table was the captain of the bark, a man with nose and mouth that deserved better eyes for company, a nose severely Greek, a mouth sensuously so, but the eyes just ordinary Scandinavian blue eyes, set too near together and remarkable for nothing but their insignificance. On my left, next Mr. Kreiech, our diffident host, Tomi, sat beside one of his eight brothers, and next following was old Mr. Goeltz, father of Mrs. Fisher. The mate of the bark, a medium sized young fellow with a homely, amorous face, came next to Mr. Rahling, who completed the circle.

Dinner was diversified by considerable exercise, for we must run to the windows to see the *hula-hulas* of the natives, who would nearly kill themselves laughing at the untranslatable sentiments of the songs. These were accompanied, of all things, by an accordion, that had a habit of sighing profoundly at the end of each stanza. Then there was much mirth and banter over the swift sneakings for home of certain men carrying large portions of *puarka*. It is the custom that each guest may take home whatever of his allotment of meat he does not consume on the spot. One furtive kanaka trying to get away unobserved with what looked to be a whole hog in two sections slung each on the end of a bamboo pole, was detected and hooted out of sight. We were told that this man always departed early with all he could lay his hands on.

It was a wild afternoon that followed, dance upon dance, until it became an orgy. The *hula-hula* here is largely Tahitian, and is faster and briefer and less graceful than the Hawaiian *hula*, while the music has not the charm of the Hawaiian. In fact, we heard only one air to-day, played on the accordion; and the only virtue it had was

that it made the men and women dance. Everybody danced, everybody applauded. Even I had to join in a waltz with the two captains, much to the amusement of the natives. Sailors from the bark shook a leg or so to keep the fun boiling. At the height of the prevalent madness, the old bow-shouldered Viking, who had been gazing heavy-lidded and vacuously at the scene with an idiotic expression on his pendant lip, without warning sprang up like a monster marionette, and crashed into the middle of the suffering floor in a mighty hornpipe. Pandemonium broke loose, everybody yelled and screeched with delight, until the giant was suddenly smitten self-conscious and dropped foolishly into his chair; but later, when Martin, who was having the time of his life, took a whirl in the *hula-hula* (with great credit to himself), the old man could not hold still any longer. After wiggling his great feet for a little while, he essayed another hornpipe, and wound up in an angular *hula-hula* that brought tears to our eyes. I know I never laughed so in my life. The clutter of dogs in the house greatly enhanced the orgaic spirit of things. Jack and I sat dangling our feet from the high window-sill, and wondered if we knew where we were this time!

The windows opening on the porches were crowded with shining dark heads wreathed in white flowers, and when I begged for a wreath I was soon crowned with a fragrant circlet of tuberose, or such they most nearly resembled, twined with glossy green leaves.

But to the natives the most deeply significant event was the photographing of Tomi and his family before the imposing white-painted, black-decorated wooden vault entombing the dead mother, with the new cross planted in front. It is nothing out of the way here to inter the dead in the house-enclosure. Martin posed the group and took the picture, but there was difficulty in getting all the subjects to look serious at the same time. Tomi wore not the ghost of a smile, not he; he knew what was what. But the majority of the long line of relatives signally failed in gravity, with disastrous results.

While this was going on, the old ship-carpenter awoke once more from his lethargy and tried to dance with the women; but he was evidently not accustomed to handling anything so fragile, and they refused to dance more than once with an uncouth giant who stupidly bruised their wrists.

We were somewhat delayed in our farewells by Martin, who at the last moment engaged in a particularly brilliant *hula-hula* with half a dozen of the men. At length he was torn unwillingly away and preceded us down the rocky pathway, a Bacchanalian tilt to his leafy coronet, a shoe in either hand to rest his feet, and a worshipful *vahine* on each arm. Jack also carried his shoes, which he had taken off as soon as he reached Tomi's. I kept mine on, although I was not entirely happy; but the stones were many and sharp and I considered I was choosing the lesser torture. The homeward walk included many stops and rests, and it was an intense relief to strike the soft green turf of the main road. This lovely thoroughfare is called the Broom Road, after the driveway so-named in Tahiti. Mrs. Fisher says "Broom Road" means a road which many feet have brushed in passing. That woman bids fair to be a mine of interest and information, and we are congratulating ourselves upon having her take us to board, especially as she is the only one here who can or will do this.

We are going to be very happy in our independent fashion in this clean little house with its big living-room and closet, an ample veranda for sleeping and working, and best of all a concrete bathing place out-of-doors under a shed connected with our side door. There is room in the house for the Victor and all its records, and word of the talking machine has already gone forth so that there are many peepers through our vine-clad fence.

Monday, December 9, 1907.

We slept eight unbroken, dreamless hours last night in makeshift beds on the porch—at least I did; Jack never

sleeps without fantastic dreaming. The quiet did not disturb us in the least. We were lulled by the musical purr of the little surf only a few rods away, and the patter of warm raindrops on the banana leaves in our garden. But just as we were losing consciousness, the soft night-sounds were rent by a chorus of Gargantuan laughter—horrible, raucous, as from the throats of insane Titans. The splintered turrets of the mountains fairly reverberated to the astonishing orgy of noise. This morning we learned that the goblin chorus had issued unaided from the throat of a diminutive and entirely amiable jackass that grazes untethered about the village.

The air of Nuka-Hiva is pure and sweet, with frequent showers that cool it deliciously—and it is certainly warm; but perspire as one may, there is no great discomfort if one dresses sensibly. I am going to wear kimonos and my Hawaiian *holokus*, without strictures of any sort in the way of belt or sash.

It's early to bed and up early in this tropic Elysium, with *déjeuner* about ten and dinner somewhere around five. There are no stated hours for any functions of living. So before seven this matchless morning I sat me down in the long grass under a giant-leaved banana tree, with a pan of golden-rosy mangoes and a sharp knife, and plunged into the preparation of a luscious breakfast. *Plunged* is an excellent word, although *dived* might be better, for one cannot dally with the gracious mango without getting pretty well up to the elbows in its squashy ambrosia. I shall not tell how many mangoes Jack ate, nor how many oranges, nor how much lemonade he drank in addition. Such oranges! Except for seedlessness, the finest California oranges are no better.

While Jack wrote at a table in the middle of the big room, I fussed about making the cottage homelike with our belongings, Nakata watching me out of the corners of his eyes to learn points about housekeeping, the while he unpacked and furbished our saddlery; and the sight of the comfortable pigskin Australian models made me smile at the memory of Mr. Rahling's pained look when I

declined his kind offer of a side-saddle on a ride that Mr. Kreiech suggested for the afternoon. No comment was made; but methinks I am about to learn that the dusky women of this green isle are still in the clutch of the feudal ages.

At ten, Jack and I, both in kimonos, under a pongee parasol, strolled up the green boulevard, and the cut of our garments caused much whispering and giggling among the loafers as we passed. Whatever Mrs. Fisher may have thought, she kept it to herself, and went cosily about the laying of a small table in her cool front room. But we protested vigorously when we found she had not planned to sit with us, for we were looking forward to talking with her. We had our way in the end; and while we stowed away a meal that was an earnest of our being well looked after by her, Mrs. Fisher told us vividly of her life. She has been in the South Seas for thirty years, although born in San Francisco of German and English parents. She married in Tahiti at fifteen, and, besides most of her eleven children, she has buried husband and mother. Being a keen observer, with strange things to observe, she is ripe with knowledge of the islands and their inhabitants, both white and brown. Weird were some of her tales of both colours. In spite of a life of unusual trouble and hardship, she is wonderfully young looking. She has a striking profile and carriage, her rather austere expression relieved by a pair of irresistible dimples when she smiles.

By noon we were in the saddle. Our horses were small black stallions, full of mischief from lack of exercise combined with natural cussedness. I was unwarned, and mine began by variously rearing and kicking all over the road, with sudden shying slides down the banks to the beach, and wild leaping runs over precarious foot-bridges that spanned nasty gullies. Thank goodness he did not know how to buck. It was about the only thing he did not do, however, to get me off; but I managed to stick, and at length he decided that he wanted to follow the party. We fell into line, a small but turbulent cavalcade,

horses snorting, neighing, kicking, fighting, but sure-footed as goats, and gentle of gait when they chose to have any gait. I have read of the surety of these Marquesan ponies, but the writers neglected to mention their beauty. The original stock came over from Chili, and has bred true in form and spirit, though not in size. They are firm bodied, shapely beasts, with slender legs, small trim hoofs, fine coats, and beautiful heads. They are also hardy, although they do not know hay and grain, and are merely turned out to forage in the jungle.

The object of our ride was to inspect an ancient god that is doomed to voyage over-seas in the black hold of the Norwegian bark, provided a way can be devised to transport it through the intricate jungle. Our trail lay north-east, and imagine my delight when they said this was the way to Typee, and that to-morrow we should start out on the same path to the fabulous valley. I was too busy at first with my india-rubber steed to appreciate our surroundings; but presently he grew weary of tearing up the landscape to overtake that merciless rider, the Norwegian captain, and I was able to look about. On either side of the trail, as far as eye could penetrate, were the splendid ruins of ancient *pae-paes* terraced up the hillsides in tangled jungle of blossoming *burao* that strewed the earth with brown and golden bells. (This is the same tree as the *hau* of Hawaii.) Some of the nearer stone platforms carried most picturesque little grass huts; but we saw very few natives, probably because there are very few left to see. It is mournful, all this grandeur of wasted masonry, left in solitude by a wasted race.

But it was a lightsome forest, for all its old associations. Sometimes we rode in a mist of golden silk-cotton growing on a tree that is like a delicate drawing of straight lines and right angles, with scant and lacy foliage and bursting pods of cotton depending from its cane-like branches. Among the *burao* trees we also saw the *lauhala* of Hawaii, which is likewise used here for hat-plaiting and basketry. There is a lack of wild-flowers in Nuka-Hiva; indeed,

almost the only flowers we saw were those of the *burao*, and the flame-coloured flags of the *flamboyan* tree.

We tied our now submissive horses a mile or so up the trail, and plunged on foot into the denser woods and up among a world of moss-grown *pae-paes*. The stillness was intense, a waiting solitude that made one listen and look for the unexpected. You could fancy faces and contorted limbs in every gnarled *burao*, or shadowy forms crouched along fallen mossy trunks; and it seemed sacrilege to tread the springy undergrowth, for surely it had risen from the dust of forgotten Druids. There was a mute sacredness in the forest that was in no wise destroyed when, after a panting climb, we came in sight of the ungodly idol that we sought, leaning moss-clothed and isolate against an old and broken tree. And the god was a goddess, after all—Tataura, the rotund deity of fecundity, to whom childless brown women prayed in the long ago.

Our dream was broken when the German trader and the soulless Norwegian captain fell to wrangling over ways and means for transporting the quaint image to the beach, and stuck their iconoclastic knives into the soft red stone to see whether it might not be of a consistency for sawing to advantage. We glimpsed a stealthy brown figure, almost naked, lurking near, watching the intruders into his ancestral wood, in his eyes a blending of modern agnosticism and the superstition of yesterday, with a tinge of suspicion and regret. Jack and I left the two white men haggling over the fallen immortal, its almost obliterated heathen face seeming to grin sarcastically. We wandered down through the twisted temple of outdoors, touched by the romantic hillside where once lived a laughing, careless people, beautiful to look upon and dwelling in amity and abundance—when they were not out besieging or being besieged by the dwellers of other hillsides and valleys.

The two men overtook us down the trail, and on the way home we turned off to visit a mineral spring that

supplies irreproachable drinking water to the fastidious in Taiohae. Our caretakers are to keep us with full jars at the cottage. The captain forged ahead and tore through the trees, I close after, supposing he knew what he was doing—and he did, but it was not the right thing to do. I followed him over a place that I would have disliked to attempt on foot. He forced his poor horse down the boulders with savage unscrupulousness, and it was too late for me to withdraw, although my doughty little stallion tried to recover on the brink. I was angry, and took pains to explain the situation to Mr. Kreiech when he came up on foot, having tied his horse somewhere like a sane man. Jack had been drawn over that boulder as I had been, and neither of us wanted Mr. Kreiech to think we were accustomed to abusing horses. Of course we had to claw out the way we descended, for there was no other way.

At the spring, the water of which had a pleasant mineral tang, we were treated also to a draught from cocoanuts which a native opened with his long knife. These Marquesan cocoanuts are much superior to the Hawaiian ones in sweetness and richness of water and meat. They are picked young and full of the delicate-flavoured water, and the delicious meat is soft enough to eat with a spoon.

On the home stretch the irrepressible Norwegian raised general havoc in our ranks by wickedly whooping by downhill, and Jack's small stallion promptly bolted. Mine took after him in turn, and I could only trust to his tiny nimble feet, for there was no checking him. So I made the most of the mad descent, which was exhilarating if risky. By the time we drew up at Mrs. Fisher's at the foot of the hill, Jack's saddle was on his horse's neck, and it was a mercy the horse was not overbalanced to a fall.

. . . Such an appetite! And what a dinner! Mrs. Fisher has engaged as cook the man who set the feast at Tomi's yesterday, and he seasons his dishes most tooth-somely. There is a combination of fine French cuisine

and native cookery that keeps us hungry to the end and looking forward to the next meal.

We asked Mrs. Fisher and her household down to hear the phonograph in the evening, and passed the word along to others as we leisured on foot back to the old clubhouse. They turned out in force, flocking to our garden with smiles and bashful laughter, then disposing themselves here and there, sitting or standing around on the grass inside the gate, as well as on the broad green beyond, while some crowded on the porch where Jack was working the Victor. The women were nearly all in white, the men in ordinary suits of white duck or blue drilling, or in brilliant paréus. I wore a holoku, which pleased the women; and I went among them and tried to make them feel at ease, for they were very diffident with me at first. I, too, sat in the grass, laughing with them and trying to learn their words—one, in particular, *maitai*, meaning good, being worked most successfully in a hundred connotations. And they in turn put fragrant wreaths of rich white flowers about my neck and upon my head, patting my hands and smiling appreciatively like lovable children.—Poor things! Over and under and all about their mirth-making is the coughing, coughing, a running accompaniment to everything they do; and they continually soothe their racked lungs with the strong native tobacco. Roaming among our guests outside the gate, I found lying under a *flamboyante* tree in the moonlight an old Corsican beachcomber with white hair and beard. He would not come inside, indicating that he could enjoy the music better where he was. How did he happen to come to this place, and, more remarkable, why did he stay on? I wonder what his thoughts were, listening to music from the outer world, there in the short grass under the *flamboyante* tree in the moonshine. Some one has whispered *leprosy*. This may explain him.

The men proved better listeners than the women, who, after their first curiosity about the "man in the box" had worn off, fell to chattering, chattering, till

even Sousa's *baton* could not command clamour enough to drown them. Once in a while some kanaka, interrupted in his own racket by the superior clatter of the *vahines*, by hissing loudly restored a brief general silence.

And all the time, out on the bay, fairy-like in the moonshine floated the quaint old grey bark with her painted ports, and the tiny white-speck boat that brought us to this lovely isle—four thousand miles to cover a twenty-one hundred mile course. But she did it! she did it! And there she lies these pleasant days, resting until she is called upon to bear us on over the purple seas, through the pearl lagoons of the Dangerous Archipelago, to Tahiti—Papeete, the “Paris of the Pacific,” on, on, endlessly, the receding horizon our goal. It is all wonderful and unreal, here in the midst of it; and my heart is full of marvel at the beauty of life, my life, although at my pitying feet in the grass the poor fading creatures of this fair land lie coughing their lives away, pathetic aliens of no true race, waifs of the drift of many and incongruous bloods.

Against our doorpost an old tattooed savage leans, squatting on the floor, his eyes dumbly agog at the talking-machine; in front of him, chin in hands, sits a degenerate of French-Marquesan stock, with a fine and delicate face marred by a look of concentrated foolishness in the great brown eyes. Mrs. Fisher sits straight and white and still, eyes fixed and far-dreaming, while on her long-tried knees sleeps a grandchild. And woven into the picture is a score or so of dogs, more oddly-bred than the people who tolerate them and cuff them by turns. Some departed Great Dane has left his gold-striped coat stretched upon many a strange frame, and the lineaments of a pug-dog mock at one from the shoulders of a hound sans pedigree.

. . . At a little after ten we told our friends “*pau*,” which is current here as in Hawaii to express the end, the finish, and, to the blare of *La Marseillaise* the men and women trooped away singing.

Then a great black cloud rose from behind the mountain and covered the moon; and in the darkness we found the way under our lacy canopies of mosquito netting, and drowsed off to the staccato of big rain-drops on giant banana-leaves, to dream of Typee Vai on the morrow.

December 10, 1907.

The plan had been to get away at five for Typee, but when that birdlike hour dawned it seemed that Jack and I were the only ones who had taken it seriously. No one else had made any preparation. We got away at half-past ten. But it did not matter—nothing matters in this leisure-land.

There were six besides ourselves—Captain Warren, Martin, and the Norwegian skipper with two native girls he had asked to bring. And last, and very important, was Nikko, an Easter Islander whom Jack had engaged as guide. The Norwegian had offered, as he had once before made the trip; but we preferred a resident of Nuka-Hiva, and Nikko knows his adoptive island thoroughly.

With my husband's entire approval I had concluded, in view of a hard ride through all sorts of country on a skittish horse, to discard skirts altogether; so I sallied forth booted and spurred and in khaki riding breeks—of course to find the native girls, arrayed in voluminous *évéus*, lounging in roomy side-saddles. Take my word for it that they betrayed more surprise and disapproval than I did.

The bark captain had the ride very much to himself, because he was the only one who had no consideration for a horse, albeit his was a fine animal, borrowed at that, from one of the women. The rest of us struck a humane pace and stuck to it, while he raced over the rocks regardless of rise or declivity, his poor brute dripping rivers and quivering with exhaustion.

I rode my little stallion Jacques, and Jack's mount

was a sure-footed "buckskin" gelding. Martin, had he but thought of it, might have assisted his tiny bay mare with his own long legs, for they could easily touch the ground. But Captain Warren's close-knit figure just suited the stocky, wicked little stallion that had been allotted him. It set its will against his at the start, but the stern-jawed mariner prevailed through a course of cajolery, heeling, and thrashing. Jack and I laughed ourselves weak during the first half-hour.

The morning was fresh and sparkling, but the sun, touching the purple peak-tips with gilt, soon let loose its whole golden flood into the valley, and we were glad of a cool breeze to the summit. Such a gallery of incomparable pictures! First, the beach with its frilly surf, the vessels rocking in the wind-crisped water beyond, and yet beyond the blue flashing sea. Then the coloured palisades about the bay, sprayed with rainbows from little waterfalls born of a night's rain. On the landward side we were greeted by palm-vignetted sketches—here a warm-brown grass hut with its warm-brown dwellers smiling *kaoha* to us as we swept by; or the old grey-white mission with its peaceful garden where a cowed priest tended his flowers; and we passed the *ha'e* (house) of the dead Queen Vaeheku, spacious and imposing by contrast with the dwellings along the Broom Road. Then we plunged into the wooded trail where opened ferny vistas and the golden cotton brushed our faces with morning dew. It was familiar going for a time, with a memory of the forsaken red goddess in the enchanted forest; but presently we were beyond our ken and following our guide up-mountain—a mile behind the flying Norseman and his unfortunate charger.

We crossed shady streams and drank deep while the horses breathed, and ever we fought our way up, until we came out upon a rocky ridge and turned to look back upon one of the loveliest visions in the world. Such green, such unbroken emerald verdure—the valley a great round green-lined nest, dotted with feather of cocoanut; with little white birds, two by two, floating dreamily in the

void. The sides of the nest, the wonderful mountains, shimmered in a tinted mist, and far down in the silver horse-shoe of the bay the boats lay tiny and toy-like. As in a chart spread out before us, we saw the twin Sentinels, and lying mistily on the horizon the violet islands of Uapo and Hiva-oa—"Yonder Far." We could even glimpse the ragged edges of the western wall of Comptroller Bay. This reminded us of our objective, and we turned once more to the ascent. Just as the encircling walls of the valley below looked too diaphanous to be real in the blowing blue vapours, so even the perpendicular cliffs close at hand looked unreal. This magic atmosphere idealises everything, far and near.

Our last pull out of Taiohae Valley was on a zigzag trail, some sections of which were narrow and steep enough to recall the Molokai *pali*, and we rested the horses frequently and enjoyed the ever-widening panorama growing beneath. Much of the trail was smothered in a slender though sturdy cane-growth, and we were warned not to cut ourselves on the green blades. This must be the cane that so discouraged Melville and Toby in their flight from the *Dolly*. The bank on the upper side was mossy and a-wave with familiar ferns, one variety resembling the stag-horn of Maui in Hawaii, although without its vicious thorny attributes. We saw a ripe guava, just one, and that was hollowed out by bird or rat. There was an abundance of guava-scrub, but the fruit season is young. On the top of a bank level with our eyes, we found a Liliputian wild passion vine bearing the most fragile lavender blossoms, miniatures of those we know at home.

The whole land was solidly green, valleys and glens, mountainsides and summits, broken only by chance scarry cliffs upon the bald faces of which clung desperate contorted palms.

We peered ghoulishly at a huge rocky funeral-crag near the divide, where corpses, embalmed so that even the eyeballs remain intact, are said to be hidden. Shall I ever be able to explore such a place? I let my oppor-

tunity slip at Kealakekua Bay, Hawaii (where Captain Cook died), because they said the sun was too hot for me to climb the face of the tomb-honeycombed cliff. And there's not the ghost of a chance on Nuka-Hiva. It has been tried, with most unsatisfactory results, by some of the white residents here in times gone by. They could not get even a whiff, so to say, of their loathsome quarry. The native carrying their camping things became suspicious, found some significant tools in the outfit, and refused flatly to have anything to do with the expedition. And of course he didn't keep still about his find; so that ever since it has been considered unhealthful by the whites to make any attempt to scale the frowning monument.

We now emerged upon more or less of a table-land, and galloped along high breezy ridges from which fell away on either hand a world of hills and wild fruitful valleys; while ahead, beyond the last ridge, rose the farther wall of Typee. A little way on we discovered that we were at the very head of Hapaa Valley, whose inhabitants were the fiercest enemies of the Typeans in Melville's time. To-day the green gloom of the deep pocket is unbroken by hut or smoke or human form. Not one man is left to point out past glory of conquest nor triumphant feast of pale, grim long-pig. Melville spelled it Happar, and the spelling of Typee should rightly be *Taiipi*; but Typee it will always remain for the wander-luster.

To make our travelling more perfect, the sky had somewhat overcast, and just enough sun broke through at intervals to throw lavish swaths of light and shadow across the tremendous landscape, while we went in cool comfort.

When Nikko pointed out the head of Typee Vai far to our left, my sensations were all I could wish. There in the midst of stern mountain bulks, black in the shadow, just where the deserters sixty years ago perilously let themselves down into the valley, was the waterfall described by Melville—a distant shaft of purest white, still as a pillar of marble. And very likely the long,

embowered pathway down which we gained the floor of the valley is the very one by which Toby escaped from the man-eating tribe.

Near the head of the valley we could see the white welt of the trail to Hatiheu angling up ravines and erosions. One of our native girls came from Hatiheu, granddaughter of a chief, and part French. She is an indolent, insolent-eyed creature, and as neither she nor the other girl seemed incline to be sociable, we soon left them to themselves.

The only other striking feature on the opposite wall of Typee was a sloping enclosure of several acres, overcrowded to bursting with breadfruit and cocoanut. The walls looked to be of piled stone, and we could not doubt that this was one of the walled groves made so much of by Melville.

And the valley itself—one cannot be surprised that its olden visitor thought it extraordinary and had no words to tell of its extreme loveliness. Deep in the heart of the mountains it rests, an inexpressible wilderness of greenest green, threaded by a beautiful river fed by cataracts at its magnificent scowling head. The mountains of Nuka-Hiva are not very high, but have all the character of greater mountains and make grand effects among the shifting, tumbling cloud-masses. The length of Typee I should judge to be about seven or eight miles by two broad, and the valley opens into nothing less lovely than the bay of its own name, the mid-most of the three arms of Comptroller Bay.

Melville saw much of Typee blossoming and fruiting abundantly under savage cultivation; but I cannot think the general view is any less overwhelming in our day, with its mad riot of vegetation. It is when one walks in the old paths and comes close to Typee that the change hurts. It is as if a curse had fallen upon it—spreading over it a choked jungle of *burao*, damp and unwholesome, on the edges of which, near the river, unkempt grass houses stand upon the lordly *pae-paes* of decayed affluence.

And the people! Where are the beautiful women and the splendid men who loved so sweetly in their happy

land? Look for them you must—for Fayaway and her maidens, clad in white *tapa* cloth; but what you see is a wretched thing dragging toward you in bedraggled calico, her face discoloured and blotched with leprosy, her very existence a shame to mankind and the sun.

Melville estimated some two thousand warriors in Typee Vai; now there are perhaps a dozen vilely-bred men and women whose cross-strains alone have kept them alive, declining as they are in disease and misery.

We unsaddled and tied our horses by an ancient stone enclosure, and Nikko carried the lunch down by the river. We came to our first case of elephantiasis in a hideously deformed young native with a face smacking strongly of Chinese. He brought us cocoanuts for our lunch, and for which we paid him. His feet were literally elephantine—the leg swelled until the toes were no more conspicuous than those of an elephant. The man wore a deprecatory expression, as if he would apologise for his unlovely existence.

We were extremely annoyed, as we sat under the trees by the stream, by myriads of the diminutive black flies, called *nau-nau* (pronounced now-now), that have bothered us somewhat in Taiohae. Mrs. Fisher had warned us against allowing them to sting us, as the bites, after lying dormant for days, almost invariably fester and continue to fester. She urged me to wear long sleeves and gloves. To-day the pests settled in clouds, getting into the food and robbing us of peace. Later on, when Jack and I took a swim in a pool of the river, which we tried to think was "Fayaway's lake," we were obliged to keep under water to escape the flies; and when poor Jack, going out first, essayed to dress on the bank, he was beset by such numbers that he was beside himself, and his language not at all pretty. I placidly treaded water and chaffed up at him from my comfortable seclusion. But he got back at me. When I tried to clothe myself, omitting all towelling for the sake of speed, the vengeful man stood by and made remarks when I went quite, quite mad in my efforts to get things on without imprisoning the

clinging tormentors. Perhaps I deserved my punishment; but he needn't have been *quite* so mean!

After lunch I remembered my promise to myself that, once I was on the spot, I was going to people Typee Vai to suit my imagination. So I stole away up the hillside, past an immense *pae-pae* bearing a filthy hut, and struck a damp pathway that led into the *burao* thicket. I walked on and on, but the trail seemed to lead nowhere, so I gave up and retraced. This moist, unholy jungle has possessed the land. I saw nothing of special human interest except a big mossy stone that gazed dimly sphinx-like out of what may have once upon a time been pictured eyes.

Baffled, I tried the up-river path. This was better—really exquisite in fact. The way was smothered in sunny trees and shrubbery and the most alluring little pathlets tempted away from the riverside into a happy tangle of growing things. One could easily imagine a phantom Fayaway playing there at hide-and-seek. I saw a ripe warm orange lying under its tree, and pounced upon it, catching at the idea of having one golden apple out of the lost Eden. It was a capital orange, too, even if hot. There was another ruddy ball on the slender tree, but I let it hang. I wandered on in the steaming tropic air, under the blue flame of the noonday sky, and found the going fair and my dream good. The valley rang with bird-calls, although Melville made a point of the absence of birds, and they must have been imported later on—along with the *nau-nau*!

Jack was asleep under a tree upon my return. Before long we were in the saddle again, with only one horse-fight to mark our departure. After I had mounted, my coal-black steed rose to his full height per hind legs, and descended upon the mounted Scandinavian, raising a considerable lump on the man's knee. Then we started back the way we had come, but, instead of crossing the river to the home-trail, kept to the left, galloping through a grove of the biggest banana trees we have ever seen. A scant handful of natives peeped apishly at us from under the giant leaves. Climbing to a pass leading out of

Typee, we gazed down upon the tan beach where Melville escaped to the ship's boat. Two men were fishing in the river where it met the bay, and we caught the gleam of their silver quarry lying on the sand.

Now came a joyful surprise. Typee had depressed us with its desolation; but here, the other side of a low hill, we dropped into a little vale that looked more as Typee must have in her hey-day. This was Hooumi Valley (pronounced Ho-o-oo-me). Melville never mentioned it in his book, and, since he was zealously guarded from approaching the mouth of his own valley, undoubtedly knew nothing of it. Still, judging from the accessibility and smallness of Hooumi, its people must have been counted among the Typeans, for such a small contingent could not have held out against the powerful valley proper. Melville probably saw the people of Hooumi among the others, and included them in his two-thousand estimate, while ignorant of their actual headquarters.

It is a bit of aboriginal fairyland, this Hooumi. We raced along, following the windings of its blue stream, many a turn taking our breath away with the beauty it unrolled. The prospect was one of plenty, the "profitable trees," breadfruit, bananas, cocoanuts and the like, growing profusely on every hand. The breadfruit is magnificent, reminding one of the jewelled trees in the story of Aladdin, for the very leaves, broad and indented, glisten like polished gems, while the large fruit, sometimes round, sometimes oval, is studded with emerald knobs.

Once we rounded a broad bend, where a healthy, hearty savage, gleaming like copper in the westering flames, fished ankle-deep in pebbly shallows; again, we came upon a still elbow of the stream in which a perfect grass hut, with all its trees and background of wooded hill, was reflected; or there flashed upon us a straight stretch of road, striped with tree-shadows, and opening up the lofty shoulder of a jagged crag, tipped with sungold; and once I drew up abruptly, having almost missed, in sheer enjoyment of my horse, one of the prettiest sights in the valley—a particularly well preserved *pae-pae* by

the roadside, supporting a ruined grass house shaded by three plummy palms of varying heights and angles, and one justly proportioned breadfruit tree that laid its purple shadow distinctly upon the tessellated platform. A grass hut is the very quintessence of savage picturesqueness.

We fetched up at the mouth of the valley in a little village of native huts and one small frame house built on a modern *pae-pae* in a grassy enclosure. It might have been more romantic for us to put up in native fashion; but we were quite willing to forego that pleasure and accept Nikko's arrangements, what of our aversion to centipedes and such things—although, if grass house it had been, well and good. One's lust for the outlandish chills somewhat in face of sharing bed and board with unpleasant crawling vermin of elongated aspect and with bites up their sleeves.

Upon riding into the yard, Jack and I were entirely absorbed in a young man who moved about as one in possession, without affectation, and with a dazzling smile in mouth and eyes whenever he met our gaze. His face was not handsome, except as his ready smile made it so; it was the body of him that stayed the eye with its complete symmetry of line and proportion. And more than beauty of form was the carriage of it—never did a Prince Charming bear himself with more regal grace. With all his thewy masculinity there was a flowing softness of line and motion that led away from any thought of iron muscle; but later on, when he jack-knived himself up a cocoanut palm that our sailor-eyed men pronounced all of a hundred and twenty-five feet high, we saw the steel sinews of him, the deep lungs, and the control. It was an astonishing thing he did: merely walked up that swaying column on all-fours, and descended similarly, backward; and when he reached the ground and walked past us with his inimitable port, he was only breathing quickly, as a man after a short run might do. Now I come to think of it, he was the only being in the village whom we did not hear cough.

It seemed ill fitting to offer a young god from Olympus

a franc for braving a mere cocoanut palm ; for one grows used to such irregularities of circumstance, although I must not forget that this royal-bodied youth did not even look toward us for approval or for the money that had been promised. He approached only when bidden, naked in his perfection save for a scarlet cloth, and received double the prize with the manner of a victor in the athletic field taking his reward as his due and no more, pleasantly without servility. Indeed, he did not even look at the coins in his hand until he had swung with leisurely dignity across the green to where the cooks were busy, and there we saw him laugh like a pleased boy while the men congratulated. Later on, this Marquesan Adonis was fairly commonplace in blue overalls and a net shirt ; but he could not disguise walk or smile, and whenever he appeared, Jack and I followed with our eyes. You see, he meant old *Typee* to us, for he was neither half-caste, nor sick. Excepting the fisherman in the stream, he was the only specimen we saw who approximated the Typean of Melville, and the other old chroniclers.

Everything in the neighbourhood was in a bustle over our feasting and lodgment. A dozen men were preparing *kao-kao* in a large half-open shed in which we saw a reminiscent wooden trencher the length of a man, and wondered if there was a resident in the village old enough to remember its grisly use ; while other men dug a shallow pit in which the sucking *puarka* was to be roasted whole, and Adonis went about the preparing of that goodly item.

We sat on the ground leaning against a plaited side of the shed, enjoying the yielding turf under our tired limbs and long draughts of the incomparable cocoanut. Every living thing eats cocoanut meat in Nuka-Hiva—fowls, pigs, men, dogs, women, horses, cats and birds. So we amused ourselves seeing how near the domestic livestock would come to take our cocoanut from us. The horses nearly drove us out by their voracity—and speaking of horses : although it is not much above fifteen miles to Hooumi from Taiohae, they are hard miles, and one would have

thought our animals would enjoy a rest; but from the instant the saddles were removed there was a continuous vicious engagement among the stallions that kept every one on the lookout lest he be run down. My Jacques' first offence was to walk up to Jack's innocent horse and deliberately bite a generous mouthful out of the soft part of the back, which cannibal outrage he twice repeated before nightfall. And Jack does so hate to ride an animal that has the slightest scratch under the saddle!

It would take too long to go into the details of how a pit is prepared, so that when the pig is wrapped in leaves and laid among hot stones it becomes roasted as the natives like it. Suffice it that our *puarka* was thus buried, piled with leaves, and the whole covered with earth; whereupon a long, lean dog that had missed no jot of the proceedings, composed himself to sleep on the warm grave.

It takes these people endless times as long to do anything as it does white men. Most white men, I should qualify, for the Norwegian captain never knows his mind two minutes and backs and fills with staggering rapidity when any kind of decision has to be made. I cannot see how he commands a ship. He had been vociferating sixteen times in every fifteen minutes during the latter part of the journey and while we were getting settled in camp, that he would not stay over night; he had stated positively the day before that he could not go at all, and this in reply to no special urging; he had been largely to blame for our tardy start, and whenever any hitch occurred, he would roundly abuse Nikko—Nikko, who was our guide, not his.

But to get back. The dilatory methods of the native cooks made it quite imperative to assuage our appetites with fruit and cocoanuts; and, strange to say, so great a void was there that we were in no way daunted when we dropped cross-legged on the cottage porch and surveyed the banquet. We leaned against our saddles and saddlebags and partook of boiled breadfruit that we knew was

the real thing at last. I cannot name the flavour of this substantial comestible; but I can say that the man who described it as tasting like sour potatoes and cheese and turpentine and kerosene must have had accidents in his kitchen. Like the taro, which it resembles in excellence only, it is a noble vegetable—or fruit we must call it, I suppose, since it grows on a tree; and I am quite sure that if I had to live entirely on breadfruit or taro, or both, I should not miss bread or potatoes.

They set breadfruit *poi-poi* before us, and very good it was, with its tart flavour; but I think we shall never like it as we do the taro poi. There was a big bowl of fowl deliciously boiled in the pressed milk from the meat of cocoanuts, and we added Taiohae bakery bread that we had brought in a sack. There were eggs, nicely soft-boiled, and the Hatiheu princess and her friend, who had warmed toward us by now, affably demonstrated how to eat certain small chunks of fish from the fingers, first dipping into a slightly fermented cocoanut sauce. For wine, we quaffed from fresh cocoanut flagons. Home is sweet, to be sure; but I wish Marquesan cocoanuts and breadfruit grew in my kitchen garden!

The women of the place were very shy with me for a while. I do not think they have seen many white women, for all the European blood that pales their own faces. Besides, there was the difficulty of my trousers to be got over, and I cannot wonder at their corner-comments and embarrassed smiles.

After dinner we were invited into the main apartment of the two-roomed house, where we sat in a circle on a spotless, polished wooden floor, and were offered absinthe for a *liqueur*. A bit of French helped us along, and the Scandinavian, besides his English, knew a little Marquesan from the Hatiheu girl, so we did very well. I noticed the sewing machine that books all mention as the invariable *pièce de résistance* of South Sea Island well-to-do homes—indeed there were two, and the fresh red calico *éuéu* worn by our hostess showed that the machines were not allowed to rust. This lady had kept in the

background until now, and we found her very handsome, of a big, sumptuous, Hawaiian type.

One thing I was determined to find out—if there was any of the old *tapa* cloth left in this forsaken country. The mistress of the house looked a likely person to ask; and she went into the other room, nodding her head. After an anxious time for me, out she came with a nine-foot roll of pure white fabric, undoubtedly made many years ago from the breadfruit bark, for no *tapa* of any description is made by the Marquesans now. This piece exactly answered Melville's description of the clothing worn by the maidens, and it was in good condition. It was the only good white piece we were able to obtain, all the rest being deep cream and of coarser fibre. Dear me—if Fayaway came to Typee now she would have to array her loveliness in a red calico wrapper. But the daughters of Nuka-Hiva are quick to emulate a new style. Already, in Taiohae, I have noticed the luxuriant locks of several swarthy damsels going topward in imitation of my modest chignon. Perhaps, who can tell? one visiting Hooumi a few years hence may find the leaders of fashion promenading in khaki riding breeks!

But I cannot allow myself any kind of a joke at the expense of these dying Hooumians. Although this little community was more prosperous and sanitary than what we saw in Typee, it is not saying much, as we soon found when the news of our *tapa* purchase went out and the women began to bring in the sheaves of their foremothers. The lame, the halt, and the blind, the asthmatic, the consumptive—shyly and painfully they came and laid their faded bundles at our feet, eagerly watching our discriminating eyes, some gasping for breath, their sunken chests rattling. One woman in particular, a half-breed, had the prettiest French face imaginable, "pale as the milk of cocoanuts," with big soft brown eyes that lighted up when she saw our approval of her creamy fathoms and the money Jack held out to her. And all the time the poor soul was fighting for breath, her hands often clutching the air. When she went from us, Jack and I looked at

each other silently, for we could hear a long way off the involuntary groans from her ruined lungs. And her father—where is he? Who might he be? For a thoughtful moment the universe was “jangled, out of tune.”

We collected quite a bale of rare old tapa, accepting only the best. I suppose we saw about all there was left in the valley, and it was not much. As far as I can discover, this white and cream tapa was the only kind made by the Marquesans. The patterns and warm colours of the Hawaiian and Samoan sorts were unknown here.

Before bedtime, we two stole off for a little look-see about the beach. There was an air of happy excitement even in the moonlit woods, for foreign visitors are very infrequent and the village was out and a-whisper with our coming.

Aside from the witchery of shining strand and the shadowy woods, we saw nothing of special interest except a long, graceful whaleboat that lay wrecked and rotting in the rank grass.

The rest of the party had decided to return to Taiohae at six next morning, for our captain had work aboard the *Snark*, and the other skipper was near the end of his lading and must get back. Jack and I planned to take our time in order, if possible, to pick up some wooden bowls and other curios. We secured one small but beautifully-grained bowl, or calabash, this evening.

We were allotted the one small room off the large one, and found on the immaculate floor three spotless white pillows, stuffed with silk-cotton, and a white bedspread. It would be interesting to know where the lady of the house learned her civilised cleanliness. We laid our heavy oilskin saddle-slickers, for mattress, and turned in under the white counterpane. Outside on the porch a string of natives of both sexes and all conditions slept side by side, heads to the wall. I say slept, but it is only a manner of speaking. There was a clamour of coughs, wheezings, expectorations, and conversation more or less desultory—principally less, for just as I would decide they were at last dead-o, and compose myself for that coveted end,

somebody would break out again, the whole chain catching like a pack of firecrackers. Our invasion being their latest topic, we knew we were the subject of debate. At last they quieted, and we succumbed to the liquid lullaby of the little surf.

Wednesday, December 11, 1907.

I opened my eyes at seven this morning. Jack was standing inside the porch window. He seemed to be disagreeing with a native outside who held up a dark, oscillating object in both hands. Jack turned away as if he had lost interest, whereupon the thing was flung on the window sill in a curly heap.

"Goatskin?" I inquired.

For reply, Jack gathered up the dusky fleece and dropped it into my lap. Involuntarily I shrank from it. Goatskin! It was human hair—long, thick, wavy, the seal-brown, matted strands curling tawny at the ends. The eerie locks were deftly gathered on a band of woven cocoanut fibre, and the dancing-skirt, the hula-hula fringe, stood confessed. All very beautiful; but when one was assured that undoubtedly this garnered wealth of hair had been shorn from the heads of human sacrifices that had been cooked and eaten by their captors, the light-someness of romance dimmed somewhat. I handled the ghastly trophy gingerly, but with a determination that it should not escape the "*Snark* room" we mean to build at home; and a little later a bargain was struck. The curio would have been cheap at any cost, for it is a priceless memento of a vanishing race.

The lethargic Hooomians were aroused at last. Acquisitiveness was the order of the day. Their hoarded ancestral treasures were snatched from mouldy seclusion and showered on the sunlit pae-pae. While the bartering was on, much counsel was offered to each seller by his companions. Children mixed with the chattering, coughing crowd, and an occasional yelp attested to some skinny dog having been landed by a flipper-like savage foot.

A pair of armlets to match the hirsute hula-hula skirt came to light, and the eager villagers all tried to explain at once that there should also be anklets, but that none were to be found. We felt like paleontologists reconstructing an antediluvian monster—but instead of bones we had only *hairs* to go by. And speaking of hairs, we made another lucky find in several of the “old men’s beards” that Stevenson describes as so precious to the Marquesan heart. These are thin grey fringes about a foot long, stiff and grim, and are worn on the forehead, held by a brow-band and thrust starkly upward.

The asthmatic French-faced girl glided toward us with seraph smile and shining upraised gaze, bearing in her two hands a crown of carved turtle-shell, thick and beautifully spotted, the curving sections held together by delicately plaited threads of cocoanut fibre. King or priest, we could not find out whose had been the head or heads that once bore this rare ornament. Each piece is carved differently, with fine workmanship, and we shall probably never know the meaning of the figures wrought into the shell. Perhaps to the present generation they are meaningless. That the crown is old, is shown by the condition of the cocoanut sennit, as well as the firm dirt-incrustations in the shell. We were shown how to fasten the “old men’s beards” inside the circlet, and the effect was startling enough.

The pretty crown-bearer proved a good business woman, and did not cheapen her wares by showing them all at once. Once the curio had become ours, she brought out another, a brow-band of porpoise-teeth and beads. This did not appeal so strongly, although in the eyes of the natives the porpoise-teeth rendered it far more valuable than the turtle-shell crown. They pressed close in their efforts to explain the distinction. But it was the woman who won. She was so sweetly wistful, that we bought it mainly to see her smile again.

Then we turned to the calabashes (*kokas*) that had been collected for our inspection—bowls, great and small, of heavy *mio* wood, hard as stone. Nothing we had seen

in Hawaii could excel these old Marquesan vessels. To be sure, they were not polished; but it was easy to discern, through the grime of many years, the splendid graining of the wood and its possibilities for a shining surface. Our only difficulty was how to carry them, and we wanted them all; but our quandary was simplified by finding that most of the biggest were undesirable on account of cracks; so we compromised on three that were perfect, and a lot of small ones, some round, some oval. We gave our hostess all the bread that remained—a coveted delicacy—and Nikko used the gunny sacks for packing the calabashes on his horse, while Jack and I carefully stowed in our saddle-bags the smaller and more fragile things. I shall never cease to regret that we could not manage that long-pig trencher from the cook-shed.

By now it was time for breakfast, and we fortified ourselves with eggs, bread, bananas and cocoanuts. After which we strolled about with the kodak for a last look at the village. At half past nine we were mounted and bidding farewell, and oh! it was a joyous jaunt across the island. Hooumi thrilled with bird-voices and riversongs in the green-and-gold forenoon, while Typee lay sleeping her long, long sleep, her sombre head wrapped in a grey cloud-pall. We sat a little space looking our last on the great, silent picture, before leaving it forever.

“Don’t try to take it,” Jack advised, as I trained my tiny camera on the splendour of Typee Vai. “You will be disappointed—it will be only a blur.”

But I snapped it all the same, thinking that even a blur of Typee would be better than no record.

When we reached Mrs. Fisher’s about noon, our horses fresh and lively, we found that the others, who left Hooumi three hours ahead, had beaten us in by only fifteen minutes. At first we could not understand. But it turned out that the captain of the bark had forced the pace until his horse gave out in an hour, and the others, nearly as badly off, were held up waiting for it to recover. Martin was indignant, because try as he would to hold

the rest, he was obliged to overdo his own horse to some extent.

. . . While we were faring to Typee, the nineteen labourers of Taiohae were bringing the red goddess down the mountain. It is a significant fact that no *Marquesan* would touch it, which leads one to conclude that of the total of able-bodied workmen of Taiohae, not one is a real Marquesan. And there were murmurings on the beach that day—impotent and spiritless protests of the old blood against this desecration of its hoary wood. So the maternal Tataura was toted down out of the jungle and deposited whole and unharmed in the rickety old bark's hold.

. . . This evening we dropped in to see Mr. Rähling in his pretty cottage smothered with vines and flowers—one yellow bell-shaped blossom, called by the natives *épuua*, rioting everywhere. He came out from a little workshop next his bedroom, and at our request took us in to see what he had been doing. Among other cleverly wrought articles, he had carved several saddle-trees out of the hard *mio* wood—excellent models of the McClellan type. There were also two side-saddles. "Nothing to it!" declared Jack. "You must sell me a saddle-tree." And we added this to the rest of our Marquesan curios. But never fear but this saddle, although of the nature of a curio, will be rigged up some day and see good use on the home ranch.

Mr. Rähling also parted with a little red god of stone and two small calabashes; then to our delight we found a pair of human hair anklets which he was willing to forego, although he had no idea where he could duplicate them. Indeed, both he and Mr. Kreiech are astonished at the number of valuable things we have secured, insisting that they did not know they still remained on the island.

Returning home, we walked in upon the two old thoroughbreds, sitting a-ham before the collection of heirlooms we had haled from Hoomi. They Oh'd and Ah'd lugubriously when we added the red god and calabash and anklets to the mound, then rose sighing and went to

their own quarters. Poor things—it is a wrench for them to see the last of their relics going into the hands of pale interlopers, although we, at least, are not unmindful of their sentiment.

But of all the outlandish trophies from our Typean quest, none holds the grisly allure of the hair skirt and its accompaniments. More than one head must have fallen to furnish such abounding tresses. Those of the skirt are all of two feet in length, and piled thick, layer upon layer, so that the least movement produces that oscillation I had noticed on the window-sill. We try to vision the unholy rites wherein this ghastly garmenture was worn.

Thursday, December 12, 1907.

This is the day upon which the *Snark's* company had wagered it would see Nuka-Hiva. So we have been paying Jack his ill-gotten dollars. His judgment was six days better than ours; and thinking over the happenings of the past six days, we are mightily glad of it.

Taiohae may be a quiet place; but we somehow find ourselves beset with engagements of one sort or another. Jack wrote all this morning on his novel, which he will name *Success*, while I typed in another corner of the porch. When we went to Mrs. Fisher's *déjeuner* at eleven, she showed us a pair of beautifully carved dark-brown calabashes which her father, Herr Goeltz, had sent over for our approval. We "approved" promptly, and they were ours in no time, as they were the handsomest things of their kind we had ever seen. Herr Goeltz also sent word that he had more of these, as well as other curiosities, if we cared to pay him a visit across the way, which we shall do to-morrow.

We had promised to go aboard the bark this afternoon; and, after a siesta on our shady veranda, went out in the ship's boat with the captain. That man is so good looking, and has such charming moods, that we could like him wholly were it not for his inhumanity to horses.

There is strong romance to me in old ships, especially in such a setting. We climbed up the side ladder and found ourselves in the rickiest vessel imaginable. The top-masts had a raffish cant that made one think apprehensively of Paumotan hurricanes. Decks were unkempt, ropes looked risky; even the "absinthe-minded crew" had a gaunt, uncanny, unfed appearance. Our movements on deck were impeded by frightened and fragrant goats running at large, together with the vociferations of an unseen litter of lusty puppies added to the weird din. We moused around the mouldy quarters of the vessel, peering into bilgy holes and weevily stores, and then went below, where I sat in a cushioned nook of the really cosy little cabin of Norwegian pine, the walls of which the captain had himself decorated with *fleur de lis* picked out in aluminum paint. We drank smooth French beer and swapped yarns for an hour or more—at least the men did, and I listened. Captain Warren was somewhat gloomy, for this very morning he fell down the bark's companion-way and all but broke his ribs, and a bigger baby than an injured sailor is hard to find.

Jack got some Norwegian pine and several Asiatic pilot books in exchange for superfluous manila hawser from the *Snark*. This skipper runs his ship very easily, it would seem. Parting with a pilot book or a volume of sailing directions means nothing to him. Short a 1908 Almanac, he is too careless to copy a few pages from ours. Why, he has actually allowed his chronometer to run down, and it looks as if he intends to go to sea day after to-morrow without setting it by ours! But he's a man for a' that, for who but he flared the big light for us the night we crept feeling our way into the harbour!

We took him over to the *Snark*. Our men were hollystoning the deck—the first it had ever received. Herrmann met us with his Mona Lisa smirk, and almost burst with pride over the new whiteness of the deck. He seemed much impressed with the change my "shore clothes" made in me, and commented respectfully, not for the first time, on the lack of tan on my complexion.

But on this occasion he quite eclipsed himself. He broke out heartily :

“ I tell you, there is of only one white man aboard the *Snark*, and that's Mrs. London ! ”

And the goose did not know why we laughed.

Herrmann had permission to take Jack's Mauser out for goats yesterday. He made a day of it, and has been busy ever since explaining in detail the various reasons why he did not bring home any game.

Mr. Rahling was on the wharf when we landed, swimming Jacques in the deep water alongside. Seeing the horse in the water reminded me that our men noticed a shark near the yacht the other day. I had thought of taking a swim every morning off the pier, but this changed my mind.

Friday, December 13, 1907.

No matter how hard we work, it is rest to live in this tranquil house. In one corner of the viny porch a chapter of the novel is being finished, in another my eternal typewriter clicks ; while at the fence awed voices murmur, as Tomi's daughter Tahia explains the writing-machine. *Tahia* means “ above the rest,” and this little brown-eyed girl of fourteen is certainly the superior of her playmates in beauty and intelligence. She has been allowed to come close to the wonderful machine that manufactures books (more amazing, I do believe, than the talking-box), and feels very important. I go on typing while they stand a few feet away whispering under a whisper, fearful of disturbing. Then they steal away on their bare, fan-like feet, with a soft *kaoha* in thanks and good morning. The natives are very considerate of our privacy, never making themselves nuisances in any way.

While we are busy with our end of the work, refreshing ourselves ever and anon from our pitcher of orange-nectar (we have thirty-five oranges squeezed every morning), Nakata goes about learning the ways of a white man's house, although the makeshift manner in which we are

living is not the best of training. Aside from the routine of the *Snark*, the little man is innocent of European habits—with the exception of one, fine washing and ironing. What a boon in the South Seas! Jack's white crêpe shirts and my sheer lawns and linens—they're all one to Nakata.

The seaward aspect of our Elysium showed a trifle ruffled this morning, a heavy swell sending an unusual surf on our brown shingle, where the men loading lighters with the last of the bark's copra cargo were having a lively time. The south-east trade, the *tua-to-ha*, is blowing briskly, with the same twist to the north'ard that gave us fair wind here from above the Line.

We added to our knowledge of South Sea *kao-kao* at breakfast to-day, in the shape of roasted *fei*—pronounced fay-ee. It resembles a plantain in appearance and tastes like a hardy, substantial banana, though less sweet. The natives are especially fond of it.

From Mrs. Fisher's, accompanied by her purring, tail-less cat, we crossed over to Herr Goeltz's. He met us on the tottering, trellised veranda, on his grey head a faded black velvet cap trimmed with yellowed lace, on his sunken frame a nondescript suit, trousers tied in at the ankles to keep out sandflies—the *nau-naus*. (Jack and I are already wishing we had been more careful.) The old man led us into the dim and dusty twilight of his cobwebby castle—a fairly commodious house of five rooms. I at once became lost, poking around in the musty corners, into spidery cabinets brought in old ships from Germany; old albums; baskets of shells and green cat-eyes from Samoa, and cupboards of beautiful china and heavy old French porcelain. Our eagle-faced host, sharp and keen of wit for all his eighty-two years, while showing us about talked upon a score of topics. One of these was his cruise through the Paumotus on the *Casco* as Stevenson's pilot; another was his noble Polish family, for estray though he be, he has a title all his own. He brought out several more of those fascinating carven bowls of wood, concerning one of which, a symmetrical oval laced with intricate tracteries,

he told us a creepy tale. Without going into the sanguinary particulars, you may take it that the blood of two white skippers has been drunk from this ornate receptacle; and, if history be true, their fate was far too good for them. For instance, one of these captains, among other atrocities in return for the goodwill and royal hospitality of the natives on one of the islands in the group, presented the chief with a wholly rotten whale-boat that had all the seeming of staunch newness, what of shining paint and gay trimmings. That captain had the bad luck to be wrecked at the self-same place a few years later. If you don't believe it, we'll show you the bowl!

Herr Goeltz had disposed of the bulk of his possessions long before we touched at Taiohae, which made us wish we had been earlier. However, it took half a dozen to carry away the spoils of our forage. I had often noticed the green-trimmed porcelain with which Mrs. Fisher set the table, and it turned out that she had borrowed it from her father, who had the remainder of the set. Such tureens! Such platters, and such great plates! Said Jack, with a small amused smile at the "pictured corners" of his mouth:

"I think we could use the whole set, couldn't we?"

It is very nice to be treated like a small daughter occasionally, and thereupon we fell to counting the pieces to see what was missing. The dishes had been often borrowed and some of them broken; but there was a goodly array left. Mrs. Fisher came over during our despoiling, and, while glad to see her father making a little money, she could not hide the sadness in her eyes at the last family treasures going the way of the rest.

I added some delicate teacups; then there were a couple of old ivory fans, and a pair of fine conches. We also found some thick round *héis* (wreaths) of small yellow-and-white landshells, and a true (?) piece of the elm, or whatever the tree was, that grew over Napoleon's grave at St. Helena.

We were tired and warm upon reaching home, and, piling our burden in a corner of the big room, retired to

the concrete bath and sat reading for an hour, the water up to our chins. It would be hard to eclipse our schemes for comfort. Stevenson doesn't mention this rude tub. Think what he missed. His description of the club is: "A billiard-board, a map of the world on Mercator's projection, and one of the most agreeable verandas in the tropics." We are heartily ready to indorse this last, even in advance of any other experience in verandas under the Equator.

The Norwegian came in to bid us farewell, as he expected to sail at daylight, and incidentally he trimmed Jack's hair according to a promise made yesterday.

The day ended with music, and we had the novel entertainment of merry Marquesans dancing the energetic hula-hula of their Tahitian cousins, to Hawaiian music on an American phonograph—under a tree with a French name!

Saturday, December 14, 1907.

Up and out at half past five this morning, we watched the old grey bark with painted ports square away for the Azores her chronometer dead and no 1908 Almanac aboard. A fair vision she was for all that, dipping her flag to the *Snark*, where Wada was running up the colours. A gun saluted from the shore, and dusky women, sitting beneath the trees and on the pier, raised a mournful wailing for the men who had been so briefly theirs. "For men must work, and women must weep"—it is the sea-song for white women, brown women, black women, wives and sweethearts, the world over—the old, old game.

We lingered to see the last of the bark, as she passed through the portals of Taiohae and took the rocking swell. Soon her last royal was out of sight behind a headland, and we wondered if we should ever see her again. Then we watched the painting of the morn upon a shell-pink sky above the sculptured heads of the Eastern range, and drank deep of the cool sweet breath of waking day. We were too full of peace to stir, resting there at the grassy

edge of the sand. One by one the tear-stained women picked themselves up and went disconsolately along the green road to their lonely homes. When we, too, finally rose and walked toward the old club-house, Nakata was starting to hunt for us. He paused when he saw us—a quaint and smiling Japanese figure in grey kimono, standing under a small broad tree laden with flowers like pink tiger-lilies.

“Breakfast ready, Missis-n,” quoth the cheerful picture; and ye of the cities with your steaks and chops, ham-and-eggs, and fried potatoes, have nothing on us, with our mangoes, butter-yellow, rich and spicy, our wild pineapple, sweet as sugar-cane, and our pitcher of orange juice.

. . . There were two arrivals to-day—one, a canoe from Hooumi bringing two big calabashes for us, in the pink of condition, and the other the beautiful schooner *Gauloise*, spic and span as a gentleman’s yacht, carrying mails every several months between here and Tahiti. Captain Chabret, a striking, swarthy man, born of French and Paumotan parents, and educated in Europe, called with his mate, who interpreted, as the captain speaks little English and our French is very lame. The Hooumian made the sleepy afternoon vibrate with solemn blasts on our war conches. Once heard, one could never forget the barbaric mournfulness of their long, resonant, bell-like call. It conjured up nightmares of stealthy tattooed savages gathering for the fray and secret orgy of long-pig.

At five o’clock we went to the store to see for the last time the social gathering of pay-day—for Jack says we shall get away Wednesday. I cannot say enough for the kindness of Mr. Kreiech and Mr. Rahling. They have never been too busy to give their undivided attention to our slightest want. When Mr. Kreiech discovered that I was interested in the old French silver which is current here, he had me into the inner office free to rummage in the money-bags. I found several five-franc pieces bearing the head of Napoleon over the dates of 1809, 1811, and 1813, for which, of course, Jack paid the equivalent.

Captain Chabret dropped in, and Mr. Kreiech opened bottles of sweet French champagne on a counter, and brought a couple of watermelons from his garden. How Martin Johnson's Kansan eyes did shine!

After a while Jack and I gravitated out to the big box on the porch to dangle our heels once more under the yellow spilth of the sketchy cotton-tree. The grief-stricken girls of the early hours were arm-in-arm and eye-to-eye with the men of their own kind, who looked well content. We saw our two aristocrats of the cottage, the woman, whose name I have discovered to be Mauani ("Sky is covered"), as usual on such occasions making herself and her *puarka* very much at home. The jolly workmen, in the big white cook-caps they often wear, jostled one another in the store as they spent their earnings in gaudy paréus and tobacco. Among the dark skins, Mrs. Fisher's daughter shone white as a lily, moving about with her plump pink baby. She is a veritable Madonna, and Leonardo would find himself in his element here, for this girl, like Herrmann, has a Mona Lisa smile and the inscrutable gaze that goes with it. Mrs. Fisher, a head above the crowd, trod her stately way into the store, with a grandchild hanging to her skirt.

Everybody was invited down to hear the phonograph at half past seven. They turned out *en masse*, less shy than before, dancing the hula-hula with fervour, Tahitian sailors from the *Gauloise* swelling the fun. Simeon, a bright native boy who clerks in the store, was the envy of all when we showed him how to run the Victor. This left Jack and me free to mingle with our guests.

The captain of the *Gauloise* was familiar with the operas, and enjoyed the music immensely, murmuring little expressions of appreciation in French. But I had to bother him to tell me about pearls in the Paumotus. Then Jack and Captain Warren plied both him and his mate with questions concerning the Paumotan atolls. The weather in their vicinity seems to be a joke in the South Seas, although a serious one, as the name Dangerous Archipelago would imply. We have decided not to risk

the *Snark* any length of time among these treacherous coral-rings. One of them, Rangiroa, in one side of the broken circle and out the other, will do for us on our way to Tahiti.

During all the merrymaking of an evening like this, Mauani and her old mate, Taituheu ("Burned-out cinders") sit in the living-room, proud to show that they are part of our household—quite a change from their original attitude. What is in their minds behind those wide-set eyes as they watch the gambols of the decadent remnants of their purple blood?

It is impossible to form any true estimate of what was the moral status of the original Marquesans. The Sailing Directions of 1884 give them a black reputation for licentiousness, and warn shipmasters against putting in at these islands. Persons here with whom we have talked say that a widow is grievously insulted if a new admirer fails to appear on the day of her husband's funeral. We are assured that the people have little love and absolutely no gratitude. That polyandry exists, we have evidence; but it is an institution of old standing and high repute.

But from Melville one does not get the impression that the Typeans were unusually lax in their social relations, and Stevenson, in 1889-90, gives the Nuka-Hivans a good character for modesty, pride and friendliness, as well as endless courteous observances. At any rate, whatever they once were, they are passing; and those who are left are so altered that one's conclusions are worth little.

We asked Mrs. Fisher if she had known Robert Louis Stevenson. She said she had met him at Anaho, on the other side of the island, where the *Casco* first touched, and she added:

"He used to go about barefoot, with his trousers and singlet-sleeves turned up, and never wore a hat; and 'most every one thought he was a little crazy."

Dear Robert Louis!—he was "crazy" because he was saving his own good life in his own good way. I wonder what is the general opinion of Jack and me in our kimonos

as we trail over the landscape bareheaded under a pongee parasol, our bare feet thrust into Japanese sandals.

December 15, 1907.

Strange Christmas holiday weather this, our first tropic winter. We look forward to eating our Christmas fowl aboard the *Snark*, provided she hasn't become fatally involved in the Paumotus. They tell us that until very recently the insurance companies refused all risks on vessels in this vicinity, and now, while they will insure, the rate is twenty per cent. The owners, however, take out no policies. They estimate the life of a schooner in the Paumotus to be five years, and merely write off twenty per cent. a year.

I could almost find it in my heart to wish for a week of California climate. The warmth here, while not oppressive, keeps my north temperate cuticle in a ferment of invisible prickly-heat and visible bunches of exasperating hives; and by now the *nau-nau* bites are becoming more than exasperating; and Jack's are worse than mine.

But do not think that these trifling annoyances interfere in the least with our plans. Jack asked Mr. Rahling to arrange a goat hunt, and to-day, with two mounted kanakas to carry guns and game, we three started. For the first time our ride took us off to the left of the Typee trail. We saw more of the beach, and, once out of the valley, had an entirely new aspect of the island. Nuka-Hiva is only fourteen miles long by ten broad; but every foot of it is worth seeing, from sea-brim to mountain-rim and all the verdant laps of the valleys between. The changes that are wrought in such small space stir one's blood from moment to moment. From dreaming over sweet vales of repose, the eyes, startled by some sudden gloom, rise to the black trouble of stormy peaks where thunder-clouds are rolling. Oh! to have seen the volcanic chaos of the making of this isle of the Southern

Sea, with her sister isles lifting their heads round about to keep her company.

Once across Taiohae's western bastions, we rode through fragrant lanes of yellow *cassi* at the head of another and smaller valley almost as beautiful, that ended in a wonderful blue bay, bounded by lofty perpendicular rocks to the west, and on the other side by the wild eastern declivity of Taiohae's wall. I dislike to mention that the name of this lovely anchorage is Port Tschitschagoff, although it will soften your anguish to know that the natives mercifully call it Hakau, and, even more gently, Tai-oa. It may further interest to learn that it took a master mariner born a Krusenstern to outrage such a heavenly port by a name like Tschitschagoff.

The entrance is twenty fathoms deep, with fine sandy bottom, while the azure basin itself is two hundred fathoms in depth and one hundred wide. In it the greatest man-o'-war yet built could anchor in safety from the worst hurricane that ever blew; and to careen her on the even, sandy beach, would be child's play.

The valley is luxuriant with palm and breadfruit and banana, and well watered by streams; and we startled from cover many a reverted chicken, which swept with strong pinions over the tree-tops on the incline. But not a human being makes home in this ideal spot—and it can be bought for \$1000 Chile, less than \$500 in American gold. Think of the smothering cities of the world, and this exquisite haven gone to waste. That it was not always thus, is shown by Captain Krusenstern:

“Behind the beach was a green flat resembling a most beautiful bowling-green. Streams of water flowed in various places from the mountains, and in a very picturesque and inhabited vale. . . . A ship in need of repairs could not wish for a finer harbour for such a purpose. The depth is exceedingly convenient. Bananas, coconuts, and breadfruit, are superabundant. The chief advantage is that you can anchor about 100 fathoms from the land, thus having the king's house and all the village under the guns of the ship, in case of an attack.”

That was a hundred years ago, and now wild fowl, goats, birds, wasps, and the ubiquitous *nau-nau* have sole possession. The wasps warned us menacingly off their premises, and we went; but this wasn't a circumstance to what they did to us coming home. But more of that later.

Looking back as we climbed into yet another valley, we saw a big boulder that they call the Rocking Stone; but we did not take time to prove whether it really "rocked" or not.

The valley in which we did our shooting is a very fastness of natural disorder, as if the primeval forces had stopped midway in setting it to rights and let grass grow over the wreckage to see what the effect would be. No gradual slopes and placid beaches lead into this goat-scented retreat. It would be a dreadful misfortune to run a ship's nose into its snarling, frothing lip.

Tying the horses, we took our rifles and proceeded on foot. I have never done such rough climbing. It took all my wind to accomplish the rocky pulls, and all my confidence to descend their other sides. Once—and for the second time in my life—my nerve deserted me. I had to cross the bare face of a horribly-sloping rock, and midway, in spite of hands reaching close to me, I suddenly saw myself on an icy incline in Switzerland where once I felt I must cast myself in the abyss. But I gathered my wits, and before long we were sitting on the knife-edge of a windy ridge, with a world of green hills behind, and the chaotic goat-haunt before us. We kept very still, and breathed our panting lungs full of the flowing air while cooling off from the hot scramble. Then a dotted line strung out far below our toppling perch, and one of the men fired. The dotted line lost a dot, and the rest swerved across the green lawns into the brush, where another dot that had been struck, fell just at the edge. One altruistic goat came back out of safety to sniff at the fallen one.

The two kanakas, with two others who had appeared out of the woods, went back into the hills, and Mr. Rahling,

Jack and I worked seaward along the ridge. I found I was holding their stride back a little, and begged them to go ahead. I followed in their tracks, and overtook them down a long sweep of grassy hill after they had killed several goats. We sat for a long time at the edge of a chasm, picking off stray victims—virile little billy-goats that wagged their wiry beards in dismay at the invasion of their stronghold. But the distressed cries that rose from the stricken were not sweet in my ears, and I about made up my mind that now I had proved I could bring down distant game, I would leave killing to others in future, and do my practising as before, on twigs and grasses and targets.

A sudden shower blew up, and we sheltered under the brow of a crag in a small red lava cave, odorous of goat, meanwhile watching rain-squalls drift like brown veils across the stern features of the mountains.

While our men were packing the game to the horses, we rode up on the mountain for a further view of Nuka-Hiva. And it was all a piece of the same beauty—the castled rocks, the hills shrugging their round shoulders against the blue mantle of the sky, the unearthly atmosphere and colouring of the little world of island. Is there anything lovelier waiting for us further on in our voyage?

Out of sight from where we stood, is a long slope of country that lacks the rugged character we know so well, and the natives call it the “desert land”—*Henua-Ataha*. I wish we could visit Anaho, on the northern coast. From what Stevenson and his mother have written, it must be very beautiful, although I cannot imagine anything to surpass Taiohae. I wonder if the discoverers, those “careless captains,” had the imagination really to be shaken by the beauty of the Marquesas—Mendaña, and Marchand, and Ingraham.

There was quite a row going on when we rejoined the others. The horses had seen fit to take fright at the familiar sight of dead goats, and were literally kicking up a rumpus. Jack’s diminutive stallion—the one Captain

Warren rode to Typee—joined in the fracas. He was looking for trouble. And he got it. When we came to the yellow *cassi* thicket the wasps got him, and unfortunately that meant poor Jack as well. He rode in the rear, Mr. Rahling leading, I in between. Jack yelled: "Get out of my way *quick!*" How could I? The only way was ahead, for the trail was exceedingly narrow, to say nothing of steep and stony. So we got ahead, and I'll never forget the way we "got," dropping down that perilous path to Taiohae. Mr. Rahling's horse broke into a headlong scramble as the insects stung him, at the same time kicking my horse, who, stung behind, let the rear horse have it, and caught Jack's foot, while I was nearly pitched off. Jack's horse, frantic with pain and fear, tried to pass me, plentifully urged by his rider, who was holding the side of his face. Aside from one or two stings Mr. Rahling's horse and mine went free, and we were untouched. Jack was the scapegoat. The wasps were the largest we have ever seen—canary-yellow, with bunches of long yellow legs hanging out behind. Jack says they were as large as canaries. I don't know. I wasn't quite so close to them as that!

Monday, December 16, 1907.

We were a lame pair to-day, from the unusual climbing. Then Jack had a painful lump on his neck where a wasp had pierced a cord, and other lesser lumps. The *nau-nau* bites did not add to our comfort, and we decided that as a place of permanent residence Nuka-Hiva could be improved by exterminating canaries—I mean wasps—and sandflies. There are divers reasons why the Marquesans are not at present entirely desirable for white immigrants. One of these is the high duty on everything one would want to import, and another is the incredible fact that the French government imposes an *export* duty on copra, which is about the only remunerative article of commerce.

This forenoon Jack had his first chance to use his dental instruments. A shrivelled little old Chinaman whom we had often seen about the copra sheds, came shambling up the steps. In a tinny voice and the most birdlike of pigeon-English he volunteered that he once worked in San Francisco as a cook, and then asked Jack if he would pull a tooth. Jack laid aside his manuscript of an article on Typee, and hunted up the dentistry book to refresh his memory on the experience he had had with a skull in a dentist's office in Honolulu. He then examined the Chinaman's suffering jaw, and selected the requisite forceps. Martin and I induced him to perform the valiant act behind the house under a banana tree, that we might photograph it. And a curious picture it was, the broad-shouldered white man in Japanese garb, bending over the withered, shrinking Chinaman. The ancient fang came easily; but just as Jack brought it loose and triumphantly held it up, Martin cried:

"Oh, Mr. London, *please* put it back—I wasn't quite ready!"

Shortly afterward, a sensitive-faced Tahitian youth, with big, scared eyes, came on to the porch. He pointed to his mouth and made unmistakable gestures. Jack rolled up his sleeves and went at it again, looking almost as important as when he worked out his first chronometer sight. The victim stood it like a man, albeit he quaked and breathed hard with the strain. He seemed very grateful, and went away laughing nervously with the tooth in his hand.

While we were talking over the morning's professional doings, a shadow fell upon us. It was cast by Tomi, who had quietly approached and stood regarding us with lugubrious eyes and crooked mouth. He had had a toothache all night, he said, and only just now had met the jubilant Tahitian. (I have not told the latest about Tomi. Unless he has been maligned, it looks very much as if he is responsible for the untimely end of two successive wives—which may account for a certain worried look worn by his present consort.)

He sat his mighty frame upon a protesting chair and opened his mouth warily, keeping a suspicious eye on Jack as if he might purposely seize upon the wrong tooth. The correct one was laid upon by the shining forceps, but the instant they began lifting, the giant clapped his jaws together and grasped Jack's arm in both hands, emitting the most blood-curdling groans. Captain Warren and I took a hand at holding him down, but it was no use—although it was already loosened, Tomi would not allow that tooth to be extracted. He was finally coaxed into having another drawn, which he said had been aching also.

“More power to your elbow, Mr. London,” giggled Captain Warren, as Jack began to pull. This time Tomi did not get away. We held on, and so did the dentist; and the big hulking fellow went away as aggrieved as if we had enticed him in to rob him of his teeth.

“The great baby!” Jack said disgustedly, as he passed the forceps to Nakata to cleanse. “I didn't believe about the wife-killing until I tried to pull his teeth.”

. . . This afternoon we were in the most typical Marquesan *ha'e* we have seen. Strolling about in a final search for curios, we were accosted by an eager young woman who explained brokenly that she would like to show us some *kokas*. She led to a high-roofed wooden cottage that we had seen many times; but immediately behind, on rising ground and connected with the cottage porch by a plank, was another house, a grass one, not visible from the road. We bent our heads to enter, and emerged into a long room the floor of which was of the broad polished stones of a *pae-pae*. Against the farther wall, full length, were spread beds of clean native matting, folded and thick-piled just as Herman Melville had them in Typee. Everything was spotlessly clean. Apparently the family that lived in this *ha'e* took pride in keeping up its traditions.

In a dark corner we made out a number of large bowls. The woman dragged them out feverishly, and with the help of Tahia, who had followed in, made us understand

that they belonged to her husband, Tomi's brother, and that she could not sell without consulting him. There were other and smaller calabashes on the wall, all in good condition. They like their big poi-poi kokas, these people, although not seriously enough to go to the labour of making new ones; so the well-to-do hang on pretty closely to the ancestral vessels, at least in Taiohae. We were lucky in finding a few persons who were not so well-to-do, and when the results of our hunt were nested on our floor, they totaled sixteen bowls. While Tomi's brother was not anxious, he parted with two or three.

On the way home we bought some paréus of gorgeous designs and hues, to use for the double purpose of souvenirs and of packing fragile articles. Our boxes will go to San Francisco by a barkentine that is expected in about three weeks. Before we left the store, Captain Chabret came to bid us good-bye, and then went aboard, for the big mainsail of the *Gauloise* was already being hoisted. Shortly we noticed the boat returning. The captain hurried to the store, and with the Frenchiest of bows and most gallant compliments presented "Madame" with a Paumotan pearl—a lustrous oval with a slight crease around the centre as if it had tried to be two pearls. My first Paumotan pearl—and a gift at that. And think—when I showed it to Mrs. Fisher at dinner, she cried:

"Why, do you like those things? Come in here a minute!"

I followed her into a little room where the Madonna sat at a machine stitching hand-plaited bamboo sennit into a hat for Jack. Mrs. Fisher delved into an old wood mosaic case on a mahogany dresser, and at length brought to light a tiny box. In it was a miniature of herself which she asked me to accept, and then she unrolled a wisp of tissue-paper in which lay five pearls—all a good match for the one I had.

"You take them, and welcome," Mrs. Fisher urged. "I've had them a long time, and my girl takes no stock in them."

It did not seem right, somehow, to rob her of her last pearls, but nothing would do but that I take them.

"I wish you could see the big ones I used to have in Tahiti," she mused. "But they went the way of everything else. I had to sell them.

"See," she went on, turning to the bed. "Here's a hat we've been making for you."

It was such a pretty thing—a "sailor" of glossy white bamboo plaiting, and about the crown a hei of pale brown-and-white bird-feathers, soft and fluffy. It is hard to keep even with these kindly folk. The Madonna makes hats to sell, so Jack and I had put in an order for one; but any advantage to her was promptly offset by this gift to me.

We asked everybody to a final musicale, and, as before, Simeon squatted on the porch with a bare brown foot on each side the machine and tried not to look too superior as he reeled off disk after disk of opera, hymn, and sea-chantey.

The old Corsican reclined in his place under the flaming tree beyond the gate. I wonder if he misses the Tattooed Man. They must have known each other well as rival celebrities. Did you ever hear about the Tattooed Man of Taiohae?—although it would be hard to pick up a book on the South Seas that does not mention his curious tragedy. He was white, and, as I understand it, fell hopelessly in love with a high chiefess in the neighbouring island of Uapu. To propitiate her, he resorted to the extreme measure of being tattooed—a matter of fine torture and ineradicable consequences. The tattooing of the Marquesans was the finest in Polynesia, and the suffering from the process so keen that great chiefs have been known to back out before their decoration was completed. But their incentives must have been less powerful and their nerves less firm than this white man's—he was red-headed, too, they say. He was covered from head to foot with lacy designs, not omitting the fashionable broad bars across the face. And what was his reward? The high-born damsel went into violent hysteria

at sight of him, frightening her relatives so that they ordered him off the premises. She could never behold him without laughing, and at last, discouraged, he returned to Taiohae, where he died an old man.

Tuesday, December 17, 1907.

While the music was going on last evening, an attenuated grey figure angled through the festive gathering and whispered to Jack. It was Herr Goeltz; and great was the surprise, for no one could remember ever having seen him out after dark. He took Jack away, and I wondered what was up. Jack returned in a little while, accompanied by a native, the pair of them bearing two wonderfully carved, full-sized paddles, and a model of an old-time Marquesan war canoe. No one knows exactly where or when the canoe was made, but it is thought to be all of a hundred years old. It is the handsomest thing we have, the hard wood dark with age, and the deep-cut devices on its sides and full figures at each end demonstrate that the Marquesans were wood carvers of no mean talent. Model though it is, the canoe looks almost big enough to use; but while it is several feet in length, it represents the proportions of the exceedingly long war canoes, and its narrow sides would pinch a child. These things were part of the furniture of a little cottage next the store, belonging to an old captain who was absent, and we saw them one day when the Norwegian, who was sleeping there, took us to look at some of the curiosities in the place. The owner came in on the *Gauloise* and remained over. Herr Goeltz heard that he was feeling convivial, took a look in and found him in a mellow mood, and then came after Jack, who in some way wheedled the old sailor into selling.

So Martin has been hard put to-day to make a case to fit the barbaric battleship; but it is done now, and stands with five other boxes as big, one way or another. We all worked. Wada came to help Martin, and Jack schemed

to stow safely the thirty-five-odd weighty bowls we have gleaned from Nuka-Hiva. As late as this morning, two more came in.

While the men did the heavy work, I sat on the floor and carefully wrapped the more delicate articles. On the back porch, his chair placed so he could watch us, old "Burned-out-cinders" sat muffled in a blanket, for his asthma was bad—poor old Taituheu, with his perfect Greek face, banded across with the wide bars that were once blue but have now turned green, as a turquoise turns. And Mauani—the dear old thing hovered about me all day, sometimes passing her slender hands, mittened with their fine tattoo, over the treasures we were looting from her land; sometimes crooning, vowel-throated, in the "evading syllables" of her tongue, above some carven koka; and once, going out of the room, she came back with hands full of the flowers I call tuberoses, fastening them, one by one, through my hanging hair and over my ears. Would that I could pack her in a box, too, that she might greet us along with her appropriate furniture when we go home again.

It is said that the nether limbs of the late Queen Vaeheku were noted for the most marvellous tattooing in all the Marquesas. And I imagine our friend Mauani could show some trceries worth studying, if one may judge by her feet and ankles, which are covered with "lace." But she hasn't given me a chance to see any more, either through modesty or mere shyness. It is easy to see she is very proud of her tattooing, nodding her head in appreciation of its excellence whenever one points to it. I notice that she also uses the word "tattoo" in reference to wood-carving, turtle-shell-carving—any sort of ornamental scratching.

The only excitements of special moment to-day were the disappearance of a young and exceedingly agile centipede (probably brought into the house with the dry banana-leaves used in padding) into a full packing-case; and the arrival of the schooner *Roberta* from Tahiti. She is much larger than the *Gauloise*, and looks quite a

ship alongside the *Snark*. It is a little world, this! Why, years ago, when Jack was seal-hunting off the coast of Japan on the *Sophie Sutherland*, the *Roberta*, then the *Herman*, was working in the same waters; and Jack used to go "gamming" aboard of her, pleasant evenings on the sealing-grounds. This particular vessel, of all others, is now in the hands of the French Company, away down here in the South Seas, and anchored smack alongside Jack's own boat. What next?

December 18, 1907.

We hated to get up this our last morning in the Marquesas. I wish we were going to "Yonder Far" (Hiva-Oa) and others of the group; but Jack is anxious to receive his mail at Tahiti, and we must hurry hence. It is going on three months since we saw home letters or newspapers.

We lay in our netted beds, conscious of the sweet-scented air, and looking up the eastern battlement of the bay, with the old fort on tiny "Calaboose Hill" in the foreground, all woven into marvellous tapestry by the straight lines of a heavy tropic shower. The rain turned from diamond to rose-tourmaline and lastly into opal and gold as the sun spilled rainbows into it, and then the downfall stopped as quickly as it had begun, startling us with the sudden cessation of bombardment on our iron roof. I heard Jack quoting:

"You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!"

I saw his mottled face and hands as he emerged from the mosquito-netting, and felt the burning irritation of my own outraged skin, and was glad, after all, of the prospect of getting to sea once more, away from the wretched nau-naus. Well are they named—not *yet-yet*, nor *then-then*, but *right-now-now*, with past and future all welded into the insistent, existent moment. If Nuka-

Hiva never sees us again, it may be put down to the nau-naus.

It did not take very long to make the *Snark* habitable once more. A trip or so of our lifeboat (the launch engine has never worked since the morning we arrived) returned all belongings, and Jack and I went aboard and stowed our personal things.

In settling up accounts at the Société store, Mr. Kreiech left out the item of house-rent, saying that he was only too glad to do this for our entertainment. And he had two men raining cocoanuts all morning from the big palms next the store, and others bringing in oranges and limes, that we might have our favourite drinks all the way to Tahiti.

It was hard to bid Mrs. Fisher good-bye. There is something infinitely lonely about her patient life. Our final sight of her was on her low-eaved veranda, smiling sadly, with that wistful grandchild clinging to her skirts and weeping heart-brokenly at he knew not what.

Tide would not serve until about ten in the evening, and there was no need of going aboard early. So we sat on the porch of the empty club-house that once echoed to Robert Louis' voice, and for the last time watched the sun go down behind the twilight crags, in the foreground the fruit of our mango trees and the acacia fronds of the *flamboyante* silhouetted against a palpitant sky.

Tahia came and sat at my feet, laying on my knees an armful of roses and a circlet of white blossoms on my hair; and a Tahitian girl brought more roses and a wondrous hat she had made, even the flower-trimming of which was of glistening white bamboo.

We spoke low in the dusky quiet, and from the water heard with a thrill the shadowy *Snark* heaving her anchor short. Sitting safely in this peaceful land, among the whispering of cocoanut palms and great banana leaves, I felt vaguely averse to embarking again on the unrestful ocean, and visions of the infamous Paumotus would creep in between my eyes and the storied shores of Taiohae. Then I remembered that fear is only a word to us of the

Snark—a word without meaning. And I also remembered the nau-naus. So I was all-too-glad when Jack rose and said it was time to start—adventure leaping afresh in my heart.

The going out was lovely as a dream. We slipped along in the smooth dark tide with a fair light wind, while plaintive little night-voices from the hills stirred the stillness. The moon literally burst from an inky cloud at the edge of a cliff, and the misty ridges round about the bay lay like garlands looped upon the mountainsides.

Our German friends saluted with a shot from shore, and "Hoist that spanker!" Captain Warren cried from forward, while Jack, at the wheel, let go the single stop that held the willing mizzen wing.

How different this, from that dark night we entered. Then we could only feel our way; to-night we were lit by moon and stars and snowy reflecting clouds, fans of moon-rays upon the mountains, and growing patches of light upon the water—all the paint and tinsel of night under the Southern Cross.

Never was I so happy, I do believe, as on this dazzling night, when the rush and muffled roar of the outside breakers came to our hearing and we felt the *Snark* taking the first swells. At last I know it—the lure of the sea, the real glamour of it, a thing that can no more be explained than Love, or the beginning and end of the universe.

And with the happiness came a sense of homesickness; but that often comes in my fairest hour of this wild free life that is mine, with its great spaces and flowing wind and rolling waters.

To the nestling night-pipings of sea-birds above the breakers, we passed out the sea-gate of Taiohae and lost the "fixed red light" on Calaboose Hill. The spinnaker was set, and blossomed and swelled like a great white petal in the moonlight.

"The old girl!" Jack said affectionately, giving her a spoke as she foamed ahead in the jewelled flood.

“O happy! Happy! Happy!” joyed Nakata, executing a queer little Japanese pirouette, with his hands full of glasses of lemonade.

“Good-bye, Typee,” we saluted, as we drank and looked back on the capes, showing grey in the moonlight like grim heroic statues of monster mastiffs.

The ghostly flowers piled on the bosun’s locker sent out unearthly sweetness, and the off-shore wind came laden with breath of cocoanut and cassi. I know I am growing to be like the man who so loved the tropics that he feared his blood was purple.

Good-bye, Typee, and incredible Nuka-Hiva, the first fairy port of our southern dreams. And low lie the atolls before us, and that mystic lagoon of tinted coral and rainbow life.

At sea, Marquesas to Society Islands,
Thursday, December 19, 1907.

This has been one of our ideal days at sea, after a restful night during which the *Snark* logged sixty knots. It is good once more to feel the ocean crooking its sleek back under our iron keel. As yet there are no warnings of Paumotan vicissitudes, although Hermann has been looking for a change, and talked so much about it that the captain told him testily not to count his squalls before they were hatched. The wind is fair, the waves most comfortable, and a spirit of industrious prosperity pervades the yacht.

While Jack and I read our astronomy, the deck is being gone over with clean sand from Taiohae beach, and painted stanchions under the rails scraped and oiled to show the natural oak. Chickens in a coop for’ard keep up a querulous clatter, and the captain and Herrmann have interminable discussions concerning obvious trifles. It seems to me from my slight experience with sailors, that their minds are very immature. They become utterly absorbed in harangues about unimportant details that could be disposed of in two sentences by the average

adult. These differences between Captain Warren and Herrmann afford us much secret amusement. The skipper is irascible, Herrmann obstinate; and when they have parted in the wrath and despair of continued misunderstanding (the captain muttering "The bally square-head!") Herrmann can be heard complaining (while the lady on his arm oscillates sympathetically), "The captain is of too excited. He gets as too excited already."

We used up our last daylight by reading from Conrad's *The End of the Tether*, Jack with the book, while the rest of us lay or sat around the cockpit watching the burning of a golden city on the sunset horizon, beyond the rose and amethyst swell of the sea.

Monday, December 23, 1907.

Before I proceed further, here is a quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson's *In the South Seas*, as an earnest of what one may expect in this region of lagoons:

"... the atoll; a thing of problematic origin and history, the reputed creature of an insect apparently unidentified; rudely annular in shape; enclosing a lagoon; rarely extending beyond a quarter of a mile at its chief width; often rising at its highest point to less than the stature of a man—man himself, the rat and the land crab, its chief inhabitants; not more variously supplied with plants; and offering to the eye, even when perfect, only a ring of glittering beach and verdant foliage, enclosing and enclosed by the blue sea.

"In no quarter are the atolls so thickly congregated, in none are they so varied in size from the greatest to the least, and in none is navigation so beset with perils, as in that archipelago that we were now to thread. The huge system of the trades is, for some reason, quite confounded by this multiplicity of reefs; the wind intermits, squalls are frequent from the west and southwest, hurricanes are known. The currents are, besides, inextricably intermixed; dead reckoning becomes a farce; the charts are not to be trusted; and such is the number

and similarity of these islands that, even when you have picked one up, you may be none the wiser. The reputation of the place is consequently infamous; insurance offices exclude it from their field, and it was not without misgiving that my captain risked the *Casco* in such waters. I believe, indeed, it is almost understood that yachts are to avoid this baffling archipelago; and it required all my instances—and all Mr. Otis's (the captain) private taste for adventure—to deflect our course across its midst.

“For a few days we sailed with a steady trade, and a steady westerly current setting us to leeward; and toward sundown of the 7th it was supposed we should have sighted Takaroa, one of Cook's so-called King George Islands. The sun sets; yet a while longer the old moon—semi-brilliant herself, and with a silver belly, which was her successor—sailed among gathering clouds; she, too, deserted us; stars of every degree of sheen, and clouds of every variety of form disputed the sub-lustrous night; and still we gazed in vain for Takaroa. The mate stood on the bowsprit, his grey figure slashing up and down against the stars. . . . At length the mate himself despaired, scrambled on board again . . . and announced that we had missed our destination. He was the only man of practice in these waters, our sole pilot, shipped for that end at Taiohae. If he declared we had missed Takaroa, it was not for us to quarrel with the fact, and, if we could, to explain it. We had certainly run down our southing. Our canted wake upon the sea and our . . . course upon the chart both testified with no less certainty to an impetuous westward current. We had no choice but to conclude we were again set down to leeward . . .”

They sighted an island in the morning, not the one they were looking for, but Tikei, “one of Roggewein's so-called Pernicious Islands.” This seemed entirely out of the question, and “at that rate, instead of drifting to the west, we must have fetched up thirty miles to windward. And how about the current? It had been setting us down, by observation all these days: by the deflection of our wake, it should be setting us down that moment.

When had it stopped? When had it begun? And what kind of torrent was that which had swept us eastward in the interval? To these questions, so typical of navigation in that range of isles, I have no answer. Such were at least our facts; Tikei our island turned out to be; and it was our first experience of the dangerous archipelago, to make our landfall *thirty miles out.*"

Mine are the italics. And ours is the expected. On Friday it began to squall and continued off and on all day, with a lively blow once during the night. We were obliged to work sweltering in our staterooms with skylights screwed down. In a lull toward evening, Jack was lying on the life-boat cover, reading, when the main-boom jibed over, the sheet catching his head and giving it a wrench that luckily did not break his neck. He is still lame in neck and shoulders. That night, when the drowning moon struggled out of the watery vapours astern, there appeared before us a perfect lunar rainbow, the first Jack and I have ever seen. It only differed from a sun-bow in its subdued tones. Next, a flying-fish came right down into the cabin, looking like an offshoot of the rainbow.

Oh, it is classic Paumotan weather! Saturday the fair wind broke off, and it blew from the southwest, with a big swell, and we had no rest for rolling. The captain took off the jib toward evening, and at midnight, in a nasty squall, lowered the mizzen. We have been averaging over a hundred knots daily, and on Sunday night, in a tremendous black thunder-squall that spit forked fire, we drove through the water at ten knots. We sighted a bark that afternoon, miles ahead, going the same way with the *Snark*, but soon lost her.

No chronometer nor latitude sights have been possible for two days, and we are wondering how near we shall find ourselves to Rangiroa to-morrow, when we should be picking it up. To-day has been squally and overcast. At 9 a.m., we should have been abreast of the small atoll Ahii to the southwest, but were unable to pick it up. Heavy squall at noon—so heavy that the rain drove

through raincoats, and even got below in spite of us. Followed a dead lull, in which the galley-stove smoked for want of draught. Next the wind slapped out of the north for a change. In the afternoon there was a much stiffer blow that kept on so steadily that the captain thought it might be the beginning of a gale, although the glass was normal. Never did I see such a downfall of water. The flat-beaten sea smoked with its violence, and every line of rain left a white streak on the grey water.

We ate our fried fowl and taro in the cabin, without removing our seaboots, and solaced the muggy hours of work below with many drinks of cocoanut water and orange juice.

Nakata was laid up with a headache in the afternoon—the first time we have ever seen him indisposed—and when he awoke after an hour's nap, we had great sport trying to convince him that he had slept the clock around.

Off the Dangerous Archipelago,
Tuesday, December 24, 1907.

At half past four I came on deck in the wan moonlight. Jack was forward, on watch for Rangiroa. It was an anxious time, for these elusive atolls are but few feet high, and Rangiroa being sixty miles long, we might, with light wind and strong current, drift too close. We thought of Takaroa, not far away, where the wreck of the British ship *County of Roxburgh* still holds to the reef.

I notice in the Sailing Directions that when Le Maire and Schouten discovered Rangiroa in 1616, they were actually driven from the lagoon by "small black flies"—the nau-naus, of course. They named the atoll Fly (Vliegen) Island. As no one now mentions these sandflies as a feature of Rangiroa, we must conclude they were all blown off to Nuka-Hiva!

Every one will agree that I started this day wrong. In the first place, I rose too early, thereby losing sleep; and when I went below to wash for breakfast, I took down the wrong bottle, deluged my toothbrush with

strong ammonia, and somehow missed the warning fumes until I started brushing my teeth with the fiery stuff.

All morning the captain tried to get a chronometer sight, but the sun gave him no chance. A little after nine the sky lifted to the southeast and we saw a line of cocoanut palms. "Pincushion," observed Nakata; and at that distance they did look for all the world like pins.

But what island could it be? It did not seem to tally with the description of Rangiroa—there wasn't enough of it. Captain Warren made up his mind that an easterly current had swept us so far east that these trees were on the next atoll eastward of Rangiroa. So he altered the course to about southwest to pick up Rangiroa. He was rewarded a little later by another pin-cushion just where he wanted his island to be, and great was the general relief.

It was a marvellous thing to see that atoll rise from the sea as we approached, and from moment to moment develop in intensity like a plate in the dark-room. The feathered palms were stepped in a strand of pale-pink sand, against which combed a surf of every vivid shade of blue and green. It burst high and white against the rosy barrier, for there was a considerable swell and what Jack insisted was a westerly current, in spite of Captain Warren's contention.

Still, we were almost convinced it was Rangiroa, and it remained only for us to find Avatoru, the northwest passage indicated on the chart, on our way in, and anchor in the still, sunny waters of the fairy lagoon with its harlequin fishes. It seemed as if the sun shone only within that charmed circle.

The captain himself climbed to the masthead and presently called down that he saw the entrance. Fifteen minutes later he descended with sour and anxious countenance. His entrance was after all only a low part of the reef, with the surf breaching clear across.

Again we sheered off and followed along that puzzling island. And the more we scrutinised, the less it tallied with the Sailing Directions and the chart. The captain

fumed and fussed, but held to his opinion that it was Rangiroa. Then something showed on the edge of the reef that looked like the wreck of a ship, and we wondered if it could be the *County of Roxburgh*, and that we had inexplicably happened upon Takaroa. Coming closer, we saw only some blackened boulders of coral.

Jack began to look about with purpose. Day was wearing, weather threatening, and something had to be done. He found that we were now due west of the island, and since we had skirted the entire northwest coast and found no passage, it could not be Rangiroa, which has two well-defined northern entrances. Therefore he reasoned that the land we had sighted in the morning to the southeast was Rangiroa, and this atoll we had coasted all day must be Tikahau, the next island northwest of Rangiroa. Jack himself got two afternoon sights, and asked the captain to work them up; but the man seemed to have gone completely to pieces, and would not even make an attempt. So Jack did it, charted a Sumner Line, and confirmed his opinion of our whereabouts; but Captain Warren refused to accept his conclusions. He simply would not admit that he had gone thirty miles wrong, even if Stevenson's captain and a special pilot, with days of successful sight-taking behind them, as well as countless other skippers, had been quite as unavoidably unfortunate. Also, he clung to that eastern current of his, although all signs pointed to the contrary.

We now steered north, for the sky was stormy and wind shifty, and it would not do to spend the night too near that reef. Jack said he thought he would go "butting around for a day or two" and find Rangiroa in spite of torrential tides and other adverse elements. But no one was enthusiastic, and he went below and studied the chart some more. When he came up, he walked aft to where the rest of us were sitting, looked back thoughtfully at the receding "pin-cushion," and said brightly:

"Well, Captain Warren, shall we put about for Tahiti?"—and to me, "What do you say, Mate?"

Everybody cheered, even I, for I was as tired as any

one, hunting for needles—or pins—in this aqueous haystack, in such criminal weather.

So the course was laid to pass between Tikahau and a little island to the northwest of it, Matahiva, and peace descended upon the *Snark*. Next time Jack came on deck he made all hands a Christmas present—all but me. We had nothing for each other but each other; and, besides, we make our gifts at any and all times, instead of upon conventional occasions.

Jack had been suffering from an increasing headache, and before supper it sent him blind to his bunk. . . . And now, standing up and writing on my high bunk, I wonder if woman ever before spent exactly such a Christmas Eve. I have soothed my sick Mate to sleep, and feel very much alone, for the thunder and lightning are terrific, the water rough, the wind roaring—and the white-speck boat only forty-five feet long. The captain is on deck and so are the men, including the cook, for squalls are stiff and frequent and there cannot be too many nor too keen eyes to keep a lookout in a night and place-like this, nor too many hands to obey orders.

Just now a heavy blow shook the bows. I was certain we had struck, for never had a wave dealt such a shock to the *Snark*. I rushed on deck, blinded by the blue sheets of lightning, and somehow managed to reach the cockpit where Captain Warren was sitting as calmly as if nothing had happened. No, he had neither felt nor heard anything. It made me appear rather foolish, and I crept below again. I am reminded of the dry and comforting lines:

“The heavens roll above me; and the sea
Swallows and licks its wet lips over me.”

Christmas Day, 1907

And it's “Merry Christmas” from stem to stern this day. The sun came up at the proper hour for a sun to rise, the natural phenomenon of the south-east trade

set in, and there is a general aspect of restored poise in the universe, except that now, south-west of Rangiroa, the fickle Paumotan tide is running east! Well did Charles Warren Stoddard observe: "If you would have adventure, the real article and plenty of it, make your will, bid farewell to home and friends, and embark for the Paumotus."

When I opened my door this morning, Nakata, head cocked on one side like a bird, contemplated me with that elfish sweetness of his, and, after giving me full and respectful time to spring my "Merry Christmas," himself proffered a timid "Missis-n—Merry Christmas!" Wada, wide of smile in the galley doorway, repeated the greeting. I went on deck determined not to be caught again, and nailed Martin and Herrmann; but Jack and the captain spied me from the cockpit while I was busy with the first pair, and shouted in unison.

Poor Jack encountered hard luck again this morning—and fortunately a hard head. At four, his headache slept off, he was coming up to take his watch, when Herrmann, not seeing him in the darkness, jammed down the heavy teak companionway covers and caught him squarely on the crown. It will never do for me, a sailor, not to be superstitious enough to wonder what Jack's third accident will be. He is having a holiday, however, and it will do him good. But he joined the captain in taking chronometer sights, both men working them out with assumed latitudes, and differing only a mile in their results. These proved Jack's correctness the day before, and the captain said Jack's observations this morning were perfect. A good noon observation dispelled all uncertainty about our position, and we should sight Tahiti day after to-morrow. It is very fascinating, this finding one's position on the world of waters, and I often wish I had time to study the science of it. I'd rather see my husband navigate and sail his boat than write the greatest book ever written. It is living life, whereas writing is but recording life, for the most part. Jack himself always insists that he wishes he had been a prizefighter!

All day the sunshine has scorched down from a broken sky, and I cannot express the comfort it spread throughout the little ship. Everything moulds so quickly when the sky is over-cast, and rainy days have made cabin and state-rooms stale and unwholesome. It is hard enough to keep even with must and rust in good weather. I was caught on deck by rain the second night out from Taiohae, and my blankets sadly needed drying. The skylights have been raised straight up, and drawers and lockers below opened wide to sun and air.

The men have been tired and sleepy, after a wakeful night of squalls. In one especially ugly one, the mainsheet parted, worn by unpreventable friction in calms north of the Line when the boom slatted back and forth in defiance of tackles.

Wada's Christmas dinner was a brilliant success. There was tinned soup, followed by shrimp fritters, roast chicken, fried taro, tinned corn, salad of tinned French beans and mayonnaise; and for dessert a luscious dish of sliced oranges and bananas grated over with fresh coconut. Martin and the captain contributed a quart of champagne they had brought from Taiohae to surprise us.

Nakata emerged on deck about two o'clock, looking well-filled and contented, having banqueted on roast brown chicken and plump white kernels of rice. He walked to the fringe of bananas swinging above the port rail, contemplated it desirefully, selected two large ones, and went forward to eat them at leisure. Jack offered a dollar if he would eat twenty bananas in the space of half an hour. Nakata could not see why Jack wanted to lose money, but wasted no time in helping him do so. He took a half-dozen bananas, squatted on the deck, and began to assimilate them in judicious, well-masticated mouthfuls. The six disappeared, Nakata stood up and shook himself, took a further half-dozen from Jack, looked critically at their size, then at the fringe and back to Jack, and requested that he be allowed to select his own fruit. But Jack held him to that already picked, so he peeled the seventh and began on it, his eyes passing from one

to another of us with calm, unblinking, Asiatic certitude. By the ninth he was sitting again, leaning against the rail and gurgling an occasional "O my!" or imploring smaller fruit, his eye no less calm, but wandering more frequently to the clock. Once in a while he would break off to laugh at himself, and lay a caressing hand upon his distended pod. "Allee same chicken-crop," he giggled stuffily.

By the eleventh banana his laugh was very wheezy and his eye less certain. He gazed long at the twelfth before tackling it, and half-way through rose stiffly and carefully and threw the remaining half overboard, declaring with amiable finality, "No can!" He explained in pantomime that he was like a cup into which he had been trying to force the contents of two cups, and no raising of stakes and lengthening of time, even to twenty dollars and another half-hour, could tempt him. He leaned painfully over, picked up the remaining eight bananas and ranged them across his body to show, by comparing them with his stomach, how unreasonable we were. As he went down the companionway, he flashed back at us one of his inextinguishable grins.

"He et so much as it can be," Herrmann commented, with his jocund smile.

Our way is now clear except for two islands. One of these, Makatea, lying in latitude $15^{\circ} 48'$ South, longitude $148^{\circ} 13'$ West, we should sight late to-day. It is an uplifted atoll two hundred and fifty feet high, revealing its coral formation distinctly and having an encircling reef of coral in turn, but no entrance for large vessels. It would be interesting to visit, for there is something alluring about the idea of such an isolated isle, inhabited by a few Polynesians. Visible for twenty miles, there is no danger of our running upon it unawares. The second island, Tetuaroa—or group of islets enclosed in a reef thirty miles in circuit—is farther on.

Thus, we have almost sunk the mysterious Dangerous Archipelago. While it means relief to have run around

behind such weather, one can but regret not having entered just one coral sea-girt ring—not to have bartered for one “pale sea-tear,” one pearl just risen from its coral bed. Their very names make one long to know them—these thousand miles of rosy coral wreaths flung north-west to south-east across the blue Pacific, with Pitcairn, high Pitcairn of *Bounty* fame, geographically if not geologically belonging to the group, bringing up the southernmost end. Are they not enticing, these names? Listen—Mangareva, Oeno, Mururea, Ahunui, Vahitahi, Negno-Nengo—and Fakarava, where Stevenson sailed in.

And the people of varied origin that live under the cocoa-nut palms and fish for pearls in the lovely lagoons—think of seeing those wonderful native divers. It is said the natives are very hospitable, most of them resembling the Tahitians, although formerly of a more warlike character than the Tahitians ever were, so that King Pomare I of Tahiti had his body-guard chosen from among them.

But Jack comes to me and says that many are the pearl atolls ahead of us in the southern seas, on to the west, and that my lap shall be filled with pearls if I will only wait!

Off Tahiti,
Thursday, December 26, 1907.

Makatea was passed in the night, but no one saw it, as there were squalls all around. We glimpsed Tetuaroa this morning. At ten we were about forty miles off Tahiti, and the captain will sail until he picks up Point Venus, the northernmost jut of the island, then hold back and forth all night and at daylight make for the Papeete entrance through Tahiti's coral cincture. Point Venus, according to our Sailing Directory, is the most important geographical site in the Pacific, as it has been the point most accurately determined, or at least has had more observations made from it than any other point. In 1769 Captain Cook, on his first expedition, went here in

company with Green, the astronomer, to observe the transit of Venus. If I had a son, and he looked through this old South Pacific Ocean Directory, and then did not want to run away to sea, I should disown him! Such unbelievable romance is spilled through these pages of bare facts, such exploits of such brave gentlemen and gallant commanders! English, French, Dutch, and what not—theirs are names to conjure with, and we run upon them everywhere: Captain Cook, Mendaña, Roggewein, Bougainville, Ingraham, Quiros, Bligh, Boenecheo, Wallis, Marchand, Schouten, Cartaret, and so on down the blazing line of men who went fearlessly to sea in all sorts of queer craft and drew charts on this vast sheet of water. I wonder that any one ever grows old in this storied region, this purple desert of the ocean, littered with “fragments of Paradise.” As it is, people age leisurely. Atrophy is stayed by the atmosphere, physical and mental, of Polynesia. That they do die some time or other we know, from the plaintive Tahitian proverb:

“The coral increases, the palm grows, but man departs.”

“We have lived a little, you and I, Mate-Woman,” Jack said this morning, as we took our book under an awning out of the glare. We had been talking over our travel experiences and the people we had met, from Cuba to Molokai, from Paris to the Marquesas. A vivid life it is, and we hold it and cherish it, every minute, every hour of to-day, and yesterday, and the fair thought of days that are coming.

. . . You should see Herrmann this afternoon. Probably taking note of a camera on deck, he disappeared below for a quarter of an hour. Then he came up, all in white sailor ducks, the broad collar flaring back from his powerful neck, long time free from any restraint of “high-heeled collars” as he innocently calls them. He was exceedingly debonair in a jaunty white hat, on his face the frankest possible smirk of satisfaction and expectancy of admiration. He had shaved a three-weeks’ stubble, and the smirk was a whimsical ghost of Mona

Lisa's smile, lurking half-abashed behind the mandarin-droop of a yellow moustache.

He has been irrepressibly talkative all day, has Herrmann, and the captain correspondingly glum. "The fool Dutchman," he growled, reminiscent of Herrmann's enthusiastic efforts at being clerk of the weather in the Paumotus. His moroseness passed lightly above the sailor's guileless head, however, for presently, bending over a piece of canvas with the statement that he was not so quick mit the needle as he was more time before yet, Herrmann went on to tell of his last experience in an American ship, where, contrary to the usual custom on vessels from our country, the men were poorly fed. Their fare, he said, was but six slices daily of unrisen bread, with rusty, weevily pea-soup five times a week. The captain wanted to make him bo's'n, but Herrmann would not accept the promotion. "I cannot as drive the men of the way I must ought," he lucidly explained to us. "I cannot of swear a more o' many than *dom*, and like o' that, when I am as very mad." Then he recounted how one day a seventeen-year-old boy fell overboard, and the captain did not turn his head until one of the officers rushed past to the wheel. "Then the cap'n called him back, and came alongside the rail up, and nevermore did I as hear such a language as he of used. The youngster boy he vas as trying save himself mit the log-line, and like o' that, and the cap'n swearing at him of to let go. And that youngster boy he let go. But that was not any never mind to the cap'n. It vas awful to see that boy as of left behind. . . . No, I cannot as drive the men. I cannot as swear yet as like that already."

According to Herrmann, his association with the *Snark's* company has wrought great improvement in his English. "I have of learning more English as every day," he beams repeatedly (he is always afraid he will not be heard); but I vow he isn't learning it from me! His ambition is to own a farm in America. "It is the only country of what I like," he avers.

. . . . The day had been sticky hot. Sky and water

have vied in outshining each other and have met in a brassy glare. My head has ached, but my fuzzy utterance concerning it, produced by the ammonia ravages inside my mouth, has caused more mirth than becoming sympathy.

The bulk of Tahiti is plainly to be seen, but its eight thousand feet of volcanic upheaval is lost in leaden billows of cloud. Jack and Martin are laying plans for getting to work on engine repairing as soon as may be after arrival. The captain pores charts, and, as twilight comes on, sweeps the nearing coast for the Point Venus Light, supposed to be visible at fifteen miles. The captain was in Papeete some twenty-five years ago in a training-ship, but remembers little about its approaches.

What are our dear ones at home thinking, all these weeks without report of the *Snark*? We had written before leaving Hawaii that we should not be more than three weeks going to the Marquesas—and we were over eight. There is no cable from Tahiti. There never was one, in spite of a certain English writer to the contrary. The first word we can send will be by the old steamer *Mariposa*, which Captain Chabret told us would leave Papeete on January 13, making a twelve days' voyage to San Francisco; and on this steamer will go all the mail we sent from Taiohae by the *Gauloise*. The *Mariposa* should be in Tahiti on the 9th, and we can hardly wait to get our hands on our letters.

Again must I break into the Log, briefly to narrate months passed in Tahiti, a land which, although surpassingly beautiful from craggy mountain head to smoking surf, is very much on the "tourist route," and very much exploited in book and steamship circular.

No one who has entered the harbour of Papeete, "Paris of the Pacific," is ever likely to forget the emotional impact of it. Outside the coral barrier, one sees to the south the smoke of reefs, rising, drifting over the rainbow-coloured channel between Tahiti and pinnacled Moorea,

lying to the west; then follows the exciting fight through the swift outward current of the narrow reef-entrance into the harbour, with the wicked waters leaping, hissing, reaching, snapping, from the treacherous coral on either hand. Once safely inside and past the reefy wooded islet in the middle of the harbour, Motu-uta, the calm of the haven is like peace of prayer after deliverance from peril, and you lift your eyes to green palmy hills, on to the abrupt heights of solemn Orohena, Aorai, Piti-Hiti, and other stern mountain heads—The Diadem, a thorny tiara of spikèd peaks, like the Dent du Midi of Switzerland.

And then the town: never was anything sweeter to look upon than this garden spot of flowers and vines and trees of deepest green, the quaint French roofs peeping here and there from among the *flamboyante* and *fau* and mango foliage. The Quai de Commerce, Papeete's main thoroughfare, runs along the incurving water front, embowered in magnificent *flamboyante* trees, with houses and shops on the shore-side only, while the seaward outlook of the broad avenue is unobstructed save for gnarled tree-trunks, and little white schooners and sloops backed up in deep water right to the sheer margin of the street, their graceful bows facing out toward the barrier reef.

Near the southern end of the crescent, a high white church, red-roofed, is reflected upon the glassy water inshore, and other buildings, long and white and many-windowed, are duplicated as clearly—like a fleeting glimpse of a Swiss city on a lake.

Along the street occasional slow forms in long gowns of white or pink, red or blue, move to and fro, or a duck-suited Tahitian, going just fast enough to keep from falling, wheels on a bicycle.

To north and south of the harbour lie idyllic points of low white beach, crowded with laden cocoanut palms; and as you gaze at them and between their pillared trunks to the intensely blue water of other bays beyond, over the whole lovely picture comes a change that is all in your own brain. In place of the houses of the French and their half-castes, you behold golden brown grass

huts of the early Tahitians, scattered under trees that are not *flamboyante* trees. Moored in sheltered places, or drawn up on the beach, you see scores of enormous war canoes, perhaps the mighty fleet of nearly two thousand that was here in Cook's day. There are no streets, only haphazard pleasure-lanes among the pandanus-thatched dwellings; and no steamer-wharf and long unsightly sheds of commerce mar the perfect sweep of shore-rim. Under the palms pace stately figures of men and women, and a warm trade-wind rustles the great fronds above them.

Then you fancy a commotion in the happy village, and, following the stretched arms of the natives, turn to greet a wonderful sight—two painted galleons, questing along the outer edge of the barrier reef. They spy the passage and alter their course—fair vision of strangely fashioned hulls and gleaming canvas, as a favouring zephyr swells the fantastic sails. Perhaps it is morning, or maybe flush of sunset; or, again, it is the brazen noon that strikes upon land and sea. It does not matter—each phase of the day is more beautiful than another.

In the carven bows stand two Spanish adventurers, Luis Valdez de Torres and Pedro Fernandez de Quiros. Three hundred years ago, first of European *voyageurs*, they raised Tahiti; and secretly from all the world but Spain they carried home the name they gave to their discovery, *La Sagittaria*. So well did Spain guard her knowledge that when, more than a century and a half later, Captain Wallis came upon Tahiti in the *Dolphin*, he did not dream but what he was the first white man to set foot upon King George Island, as he christened it, in honour of George III who had equipped the expedition. A year later came Bougainville—1768—and called the land *Nouvelle Cythère*. In 1769, the ubiquitous Captain Cook dropped in. Don Domingo Bonecheo happened along in 1772, and changed *La Sagittaria* of Quiros and de Torres to *Tagiti*. And on his last voyage, Cook, with Furneaux, made his third visit to Papeete Harbour, August, 1777. Eleven years later the *Bounty* arrived

in Matavai Bay, on the other side, commissioned by George III to transport breadfruit trees to British West Indies. Captain Edwards, in search of the *Bounty* and her mutineers, reached Tahiti in March of 1791, and Vancouver saw the island in the same year. The London Missionary Society sent out the *Duff* to carry missionaries and Bibles to this group and anchored at Tahiti on the fitting day of Sunday, March 5, 1797. Truly, we are late in this part of the world. Everything is altered, except the up-thrusting spires of the amazing mountains; so it is good once in a while to give rein to the imagination and restore as best one may the unspoiled paradise of past centuries.

After standing off all night in the squalls, keeping Point Venus light in our eye, in a gorgeous sunrise Captain Warren steered for the entrance through a breaking reef, while the ship was made trig and trim and I added a duck skirt to my costume. Everything seemed in our favour as we dipped and slid in a pleasant sea toward the narrow channel. We had no cause for misgiving, and could devote ourselves to enjoying the beautiful picture of the island.

Alas—the breeze dropped us very near the entrance, and in a dangerous position, for even so chunky and sturdy a hull as ours could never survive a pounding on this iron coral. So it was up with signals, and promptly our friend Captain Chabret responded, coming out in a launch; and promptly broke down as soon as he had made fast to our side. Anxiety? Try it once—a small vessel like ours, drifting straight toward a toothed ledge of adamant roaring with bursting seas, her sails slatting uselessly with each lurch, and an impotent tug bobbing alongside.

It was not the tug that pulled us through, but the good old much abused wind, which picked us up at exactly the right point in our game of chance. And we made as pretty an arrival at Papeete as Jack's yachtsman heart could desire, beating lightly across the harbour, the yacht

like a graceful skater on ice, her white sails filling now to this side, now to that, as Jack steered, his bright face all alive with achievement and pride in his dear little tub! "The old girl!" I heard him laugh.

The American cruiser *Annapolis* was in port from Tutuila, Samoa, and Captain Warren fairly strutted when she dipped her flag.

The port doctor, M. DuBruelle, came out and assured himself of our excellent health. He seemed especially interested in knowing if we had any live rats aboard, and we learned that the plague scare in San Francisco had not abated.

Before the port doctor's boat left, another came skimming out, this time a tiny familiar outrigger, paddled by a native and carrying a blood-red flag. Standing in the canoe was a startlingly Biblical figure—a tall, tawny blond man with russet gold beard and long hair, and great blue eyes as earnest as a child's or a seer's. His only garmenture was a sleeveless shirt of large-meshed fish-net and a loin cloth of red.

We were fairly spell-bound by the striking vision, and still more mystified when it broke the silence with a matter-of-fact friendly "Hello, Jack!" and "Hello, Charmian!"

Then Jack recognised him—"The Nature Man," Ernest Darling, whom he had met in California some years before, and greeted him cordially.

"But what's the red flag for, Darling?" Jack wanted to know.

"Why, Socialism, of course," he answered simply.

"Oh, I know that," Jack said, "but what are *you* doing with it?"

"Delivering the message," Ernest Darling declaimed, with a sweeping gesture of both tawny arms toward Papeete.

"To Tahiti?" Jack asked incredulously.

"Sure." And the Nature Man clambered aboard, shook our hands, and gazed into our faces with his sweet, mystical, unsmiling eyes, and then became suddenly and

utterly absorbed in unpacking a little basket, setting on the cockpit seat a small jar of clear white honey, two bursting-ripe mangoes, a tiny jar of heavy cocoanut cream, and two small, perfectly ripe alligator pears, which latter Jack hailed with a hungry smack.

He is a picturesque creature, this Nature Man, and good, good clear through. Of course he is a little mad—patently because he lives differently from the generality of people; as Robert Louis Stevenson was a little mad in that he chose to walk barefoot; as I must also be mad, on that same score. In spite of his interest to us, however, Jack and I had the same thought about Darling—one look between us told it all—that he would be a disturber of our coveted solitude ashore, and that, as sure as doom, he would proselyte unceasingly in the sacred cause of nakedness, diet—or lack of it—cocoanut hair-oil, fish-net shirts in winter, and so on. . . . How could we dream of his delicacy, that kept him from intruding until, weeks later, we sent for him; nor his devotion in illness, nor his generosity with all he possessed?

.
“ Any old place I can hang my hat
Is home, sweet home, to me,”

one tramp sang; but with this glowing young tramp of mine, this peripatetic Jack London, any old place he can hang his writing elbow on any old table, is good enough for him. He is a wonder to me. My first responsibility in any new place is to find or devise a table for his work; and there have been some queer ones. No matter how alluring the situation, how novel, how exciting, at nine of the clock down he sits, peppers the plane before him with little note-pads, some already scribbled, some blank, squares his manuscript tablet—or diagonals it, rather, for that elbow rests well on the table—selects an ink-pencil from the half dozen that Nakata keeps filled, reads over the previous day's thousand words—usually aloud to me—and then, with a little swooping bob that seems to shake him free of all external bother,

and a busy, wise little smile, he settles for two hours of creation—of bread and butter, he will have it. Sometimes he looks up, with a big smile in his eyes, and says to me :

“ Funny way to make a living, isn't it, Mate-Woman ? ”

And I often wonder how many men can do it—carry their business around with them, and attend to it strictly, day after day, at stated hours, living romance and creating romance at the same time. Now I can spill my thoughts over many pages at the end of the most thrilling day ; but to restrain oneself to certain hours is another matter. Also, Jack practically never writes of experiences while he is in the thick of them. He waits ; he gains perspective and atmosphere through time. He is the artist, the painter ; I am mere photographer—with colour plates, true, at times, but still a photographer.

In Lavaina's famous hotel I left the artist to his painting, and went house hunting. I found a cottage embowered in roses and tiare and blumeria, shady with bread-fruit and palm, and drowsy with honey bees. The ground sloped greenly up at the back to a mossy high wall over which drifted choral voices of men and boys in a Catholic school. The cottage was let to us by our good friend Alexandre Drollet, government interpreter. It was ours for three months, during which we made a month's round-trip to San Francisco on the steamer *Mariposa*, leaving the *Snark* engines to be repaired—for the third time. The history of these Papeete repairs is largely one of graft, in which our captain shared bountifully. We should have let him go, but for one thing. We had learned, from him, be it said to his credit, of his having served seven years of a life sentence for murder. He had been pardoned, and we, to give him this chance to rehabilitate himself, kept him on despite his known crookedness to us.

We worked very hard in Tahiti—we had to work hard to keep even with the graft. Jack knew it long before he told me ; but his way is always to let people hang

themselves in their own way. Perhaps it is a good method by which to learn one's essential human relationships.

Although we enjoy work and the opportunity to work, I am not sure it is the best thing for us under this ardent sun. Our friend Dr. E. S. Goodhue, in Hawaii, warned us repeatedly that we were living too strenuously in an enervating climate. I am tired beyond all apparent reason, much of the time. But be this as it may, one thing is certain, as Jack says—we shall never *rust*, in this or any other latitude.

The custom among the French in Tahiti requires a visitor to make the initial call. Since we did not learn this until near the end of our three months, and since we are ever poor callers, we were practically uninterrupted; and Omar himself might have benignly envied us our life in that idyllic garden. A few delightful souls broke through the inhospitable habit of the country, and gave us some happy social hours—the Meuels of the Steamship Company; the Tourjées (his father was founder of the Boston Conservatory of Music); Consul Dreher and his wife; and Mr. Young, a wandering friend of the Nature Man's. Also, the famous Tati Salmon bade us to his home at Papara for the New Year's festival. There we met his daughters and sons—splendid examples of the physical aristocracy of Polynesian chief-stock mingled with English blood; all educated in Paris, and now living their sumptuous tropical life. Husky Jack London was a mere babe alongside these strapping girls, who easily weighed three hundred. We attended a fair and a feast at Papara, and, most remarkable of all, in the narrow white French church heard the *himine* singing of the native Christians, a beautiful production in which the women carry the air, and the men produce an accompaniment of sound, the volume and tone of which is akin to a pipe organ. This is familiarly known as "the Tahiti Organ." The melodies are based upon old hymns, but have become infused with an indescribable barbaric lilt that is infinitely stirring.

We also came to know dear old man McCoy and his kind-hearted daughter—of the McCoys of Pitcairn and the *Bounty*. Our acquaintance with them was a rare bit of luck for us.

One especial blessing, when we could tear ourselves from the completeness of our home life under the bread-fruit and palms, was our sunset swimming off the *Snark's* rail. We were a mixed and exuberant company—Captain Warren, our Japanese boys, Martin, M. and Mme. Drollet and their brood, the Nature Man and Mr. Young and others; and great was the splashing and laughter and defiance of sharks. Once, we arose before dawn, and, with the Nature Man, climbed the perpendicular heights to his tiny plantation. And often, of mornings, before Jack was awake, I sallied out in flowing native garb and bare feet for dewy walks in the foothills.

I believe our only really unpleasant experience in Papeete was Jack's bout with the dentist. His teeth had been threatening for some time, and finally "blew up," as he expressed it. His sufferings were such that the American dentist, Dr. Williams, finally begged Jack to take a vacation, as both of them were nervously exhausted. We acted upon this good advice and took a week's cruise to Moorea, which proved as beautiful as the sunset vision of it that we were accustomed to. . . . And here I shall shake off the temptation to speak more at length of Tahiti, and go aboard our little floating home once more.

Aboard the *Snark*, at sea,
Between Raiatea and Bora-Bora, Society Islands,
Thursday, April 9, 1908.

Five days ago, we bade farewell to Tahiti. All was packed and ready two days before; but the weather was outrageous, with a falling glass. Then, of course, something had to go wrong with the small engine so that we had no electric lights. The growing friction between Warren and Herrmann had ripened into a breach that lost us the sailor. A runaway seaman from a French

ship took the Dutchman's place at the last moment of our departure—a rather good-looking but weak-faced youth from Bordeaux.

Having pulled up stakes at the Drollet house and sent our things aboard, we went to Lavaina's hotel. There were few guests, and our rest would have been good but for mosquitoes and the noisy revels of a couple of citizens of Papeete who were entertaining, in a near-by cottage, some of the officers of the Chilean training ship in port. Whatever may be the ship's discipline, these Chileans are a lawless lot off duty. So impudent are the dark-browed little rascals that a white woman feels uncomfortable alone in the streets. And they are such soiled, untidy creatures, both officers and men. However, they are more attractive than the general run of hoodlums at home, for, as with the Latin races generally, they are full of good music, and some have excellent voices.

First we heard the distant music of their band, which was giving a concert ashore; and after the home-going carriages of the Papeeteans had all rattled by, there came the ringing robust voices of the Chileans as they marched down street to the cottage across the way, the melting contraltos of their native girls blending in the rollicking chorus played by the band.

Once indoors, one convivial South American wrestled most musically with "La Paloma," evidently remembering it "by ear," with frequent assistance from his friends; but the spirit and go compensated for lapses and interruptions. Some one played his accompaniments on a piano and we lay and listened to the songs and cries of "*Bis! Bis!*" Then came dancing, hula-hula after hula-hula, to the strains (most strained) of an accordion, every one crazy with fun, while wild laughter and drinking songs broke out between whiles. In a lull, a man sang "Les Rameaux" in a glorious baritone to a splendid piano accompaniment; after which two others were inspired to make a triumphant duet out of the song. We could only compare the affair to some talented college fraternity turned loose—only there was something of

true Bohemianism about these swarthy small foreigners that no cool-blooded Anglo-Saxon ever quite achieves—perhaps because he tries too hard. And also it is easier for those who have acquired music with their mothers' milk to infuse their fun with true abandon.

Evidently it makes a difference who breaks the peace of Papeete after 10 p.m. The line was promptly drawn by neighbours against our poor phonograph playing later than nine at Drollet's; and Lavaina's guests were called down for mere singing and piano playing shortly after the ultra-respectable hour. But these same guests are subject to annoyance from the immediate neighbourhood, and nothing is said. "Funny," as Nakata would remark. In this particular instance, however, Jack and I counted our sleep well lost.

Lavaina is one of the few honest business persons in Papeete. She is "all right," and there is no graft in her. It is even said that she often suffers by her lack of cupidity in dealings with less guileless ones in her bailiwick. Just as she had greeted us three months before, she now sped us with her famous cocktails, and we departed with a tall bottle of the same, and her good wishes.

We had M. and Mme. Drollet for our parting dinner at Lavaina's. He brought Jack a backgammon board, while Madame presented me with a roll of bamboo hat braid of her own make; and the twain sent aboard the yacht the last of their incomparable breadfruit. Mr. Young and the Nature Man loaded us with taro and feis and bananas, to say nothing of drinking cocoanuts.

And as we throbbled out through the breaking barrier reef, waving good-bye to our friends on the wharf, we knew that our last memory of Papeete Harbour, as it is our first, will always be the quaint Biblical figure in its scarlet waving loin-cloth, Ernest Darling, the Nature Man.

In spite of delay and graft, and Jack's terrible time with his teeth, our days in Papeete were very sweet, living on the fat of the land (blissfully garnished with

garlic); but it was with a distinct joy of relief that we turned to the north-west and watched for our next island. Jack's spirits were somewhat dampened by a mild attack of seasickness. I had a violent headache all night, which may have been a form of the same malady. There was a distressing double sea, and not wind enough to steady us in it.

We carried three passengers from Tahiti, although not of the description to cause us to forfeit our yacht license. One was an amiable yellow pup, en route to a native maiden on Raiatea; the other two passengers were served up brown just as we passed through Raiatea's reef entrance, and closely resembled one of Wada's masterly achievements of fried chicken. This was the first time on the run that we saw Jack interested in *kai-kai*—which is the Tahitian for food.

Skirting the reef for some distance, hunting for our entrance, we had a long vision of Raiatea—an elysium of green mountains and greener foothills. The highest is nearly four thousand feet, but the general outlines are less startling than Moorea's or even Tahiti's bluff shoulders. There is one mighty bastion, however, probably an ancient blowhole, to the right of the village—an important landmark for mariners.

Two miles north of Raiatea, and within the same reef (an unusual phenomenon), lies another large island, Tahaa, surrounded by its brood of islets.

As I sat up forward in the sunset, revelling in the fertile loveliness of Raiatea, Jack came behind, took my head in both his hands, set my face to the west, and pointed off between Raiatea and Tahaa to where a wondrous castled shape of earth was flung against the burning sky—and I knew it for that far-famed gem of Polynesia, Bora-Bora. Even now, days afterward, sailing closer and closer, this island loses none of its enchantment.

But to get back to our arrival at Raiatea :

The *Snark* passed between two emerald islets that guard either side of the reef entrance, into the Bay of

Teavarua. There is another passage, but the water was breaking there and we chose the wider and smoother way—lively enough at best. Captain Warren remarked, as he did concerning Opunohu Bay at Moorea, that there was nothing the matter with the harbour except too much water, the depth being between eighteen and twenty-four fathoms, although with good holding-ground. We learn all we can beforehand about these anchorages. Our hook bit in at about eighteen fathoms, and the yacht swung to the puffy little willie-waws that ran down the hills. It was dark, except for a tender young moon and one lone light ashore. We could dimly make out a schooner lying close in by the land, and two or three long buildings that resembled factories.

We did not go ashore. The *Snark* is our home once more, and our own beds are the best we know.

The next morning, Monday, my head ached harder than ever, and I stayed below. About eleven Jack tentatively observed that if I felt able, we might take a short sail in a canoe with a most ingratiating native. I was not enthusiastic, but to please Jack I crawled out and up, to find a rusty outrigger alongside rocking to a snowy spritsail the size of which was comically out of proportion to the slender dugout. The owner, a bright-faced, alert-bodied islander with uncommercially honest eyes, was modestly blessing us with bundles of greens and a basket of knobby sweet potatoes, for all of which he would take no price. He was garbed in a paréu and a straw hat, and his name is Tehei (pronounced Tay-hay'-ee)—good Tehei, now at the *Snark's* wheel, piloting us to Bora-Bora; while Bihaura (Bee-hah-oo'-rah), his wife, sits near by and hemstitches like a Mexican needlewoman, after one lesson from me.

But I am anticipating—as sometimes must when recapitulating.

Well, we dropped into the canoe, Jack in pyjamas and I in bathing-suit (for I was absolutely sure that airy spritsail would capsize the outrigger), and Tehei lifted me down as carefully as if I were a baby. We sailed

away toward the reef, Jack balancing on the outrigger, for any canoe is ticklish with a sail—and such a spread of cotton as this! Tehei was as fine and quick as could be in handling his boat, on each tack lifting a sun-bleached log over on the weather outrigger to offset the force of the wind, at the same time motioning Jack to shift his weight to wind'ard. I sat damply on a piece of board resting across the sides of the canoe, which sides were not more than a foot apart. A canoe under sail is little less than a keel in itself, its passengers mere ballast and disposed almost on a level with the water, their feet resting in the swash at the bottom of the narrow coffin-like thing.

We were children on a lark. I forgot that I ever had a headache. This merry adventure was more like the real thing than anything we had done yet. What mattered Papeete, with its degenerate civilisation and its business sharks? Or poor lovely Taiohae with its careless government that lets it go to rack and ruin, its sinned-against people dying without spirit to resist death!

Tehei's slim French and redundant motions finally convinced us he was serious in desiring to take us on to Tahaa, whence he had come; so we called on our own French and gestures to get him to take us back to the yacht for a few accessories such as cigarettes, a comb, a handkerchief. A tin cracker box was packed and wrapped in a rubber poncho, for a possible stay over night. While we had our midday meal below, Tehei sat contentedly on deck and ate *maitai kai-kai* (good food) according to his own pleased verdict.

By half-past twelve we were careening dizzily off for a new island. Tehei seemed to know every fathom of the lagoon, and presently left the deeps, guiding swiftly over broad coral shallows. I found my breath coming quickly at the proximity of some of the large coral masses; but Tehei perched in the stern and serenely steered with a big paddle overside, winding in and out the little channels of the reef, familiar to him as our city streets to us. The smallness of the craft and its

disproportionate canvas, together with our whizzing speed, recalled an ice-yachting experience I once had up in Maine, on a Mt. Desert lakelet.

Let no one imagine we arrived dry at Tahaa. We did not. Jack was drenched; as for me, the water had poured into my lap, and I had been kept busy, as my part of working the boat, bailing with a contrivance hollowed from a section of a small tree—a sort of scoop with two elongated parallel holes for the hand to grasp.

At the time we climbed out at Tahaa and waded ashore (Tehei first offering to carry me), we did not know of the olden fame of this island and Raiatea for hospitality. William Ellis, in his *Polynesian Researches*, published in 1829, while recounting some startling horrors of the natives of the Society Group, gives the Raiateans a reputation for gentleness and courtesy unequalled in any of the other communities. But we had no preparation for the wonder we were to know in the small thatched house before us. A dark, wiry little vahine, anything but a beauty but sparkling with intelligence, came running to Tehei's musical hail, and bustled us in. I am glad that an ancient custom of the natives has lapsed—that of greeting newcomers or friends with loud wailings and lacerations of the flesh with sharks' teeth!

The ground about the house had a damp, bare appearance as if it had lately been inundated. A few trees grew around, and a patch of sugar cane. We stepped on a flat bottom of an antiquated canoe-prow, mounted to a porch under long pandanus eaves, and were conducted into the one large room. Tehei followed, having first unshipped mast and sail and brought them ashore; and he and Bihaura brought us a foot tub of fresh water and a bath towel—think of it! a bath towel. Then, with delightful importance, they fished deep into a cedar chest in a corner for a dry shirt for Jack. I asked, “*Ahu?*” (which is Tahitian for *éuéu*), and the small vahine in limp black calico disappeared head and shoulders into the scented receptacle, emerging with a clean white dotted muslin *ahu* and a chemise that was doubtless her

Sunday best, for it was elaborate with cotton crochet. These luxuries were presented with little bows and ducks and smiles, and, finally satisfied that we had what we needed, the pair quietly withdrew outdoors—the very pink of unobtrusive consideration. Going to latch the door more securely, I found it had a quaint latchstring of cocoanut fibre, like one we once saw in Hawaii.

Invisible to those without, we could look through the breezy bamboo walls and see our friends bustling about a thatched cookshed. Dried and dressed, we went to hang our wet clothes in the sun. Bihaura materialised on the spot—from empty air, I suppose, as we had seen her busy elsewhere an instant before, and took charge of things with good-natured peremptoriness and capability.

It is not so much what Tehei and his mate do; it is the way they do it, without apparent unusual effort. We have been hospitably, gracefully, lovingly entertained before; but never, in any land, by any people, white or black or brown, have we received such absolute perfection of treatment as from this simple kanaka and his simple vahine. The point is, not that they placed their house, their raiment, their food, and their personal service at our disposal, but that they did it as if there were nothing unusual in the proceeding—as if it were the most natural thing in the world to give their comforts and their privacy to entire strangers from a strange country, coming to them without scrip or purse. In fact, they came out after us, as if they ached to devote their beautiful souls to some one. We had expected to find kindness and hospitality; but we were overwhelmed not only with the measure, but the delicacy and fineness of it. There was not the shadow of curiosity in their demeanour—in spite of our weird habiliments and our luggage of tin cracker box. We were entertained with a solicitude that lacked servility, a friendliness in which there was no obtrusiveness.

While Tehei did the main cooking (an excellent custom in Polynesia that carries no onus with it), his wife worked a transformation scene in the house. Their few personal

belongings were stowed in corners and covered neatly with woven mats of lauhala. Other and finer mats were spread double and triple on the floor beside a big high bedstead, made up with clean sheets and pillow-cases, with a downy red and white steamer-rug spread across the foot. The bed-space they screened and canopied with ample quilts that would put a New England county fair in the shade. The bureau and inevitable sewing machine—which, with bed and two chairs, was the entire European furniture—were cleared for our use. A large packing-box set in the middle of the room served as table, laid with a spotless hemmed cotton cloth, water bottle, two plates, two forks, one knife. Some of these were borrowed from a neighbour upon whom Bihaura seemed partially to depend for taste in setting and serving the meal. She was a well favoured woman, named Metua, not young, who had travelled to Raratonga and Hawaii, and spoke a few words of English. Later in the afternoon we were lounging on the porch, on a clean mat and a big white pillow stuffed with floss of cotton-tree, and once, hunting for change of position, I rested my head on the woman's knee. She caressed my head for a long time; and when she went home, Jack called my attention to her legs and feet as she pulled up her gown in a sudden shower. Then I saw she had elephantiasis *fee-fee*. It did not seem to embarrass her, nor did she attempt to hide the deformity. Fortunately for my peace of mind, this malady is not contagious, and the woman was as clean and neat as any one could be.

It takes these people hours to prepare a proper meal; so, a little before sunset, seeing no imminence of dinner, we took a walk through the village, which is composed of scattered dwellings, some native, some dilapidated European, stringing along both sides of a single thoroughfare built across a strip of the marshy lowland that forms the shores of Raiatea and Tahaa. There may originally have been some advantages in the introduction of "neat European houses," as they were dubbed by the old

missionaries, into South Sea communities; but one cannot help wish that a certain missionary of the early nineteenth century had not followed his bent. After repeated and discouraging trials to get the incredulous and unwilling natives to profit by his example and erect geometrical habitations of wood and stone and plaster after the manner of English cottages, this good man was struck with a glimmer of the fitness of things, for he plaintively admitted that sometimes he almost believed the rambling style of architecture and situations of the aborigines better suited the wild loveliness of the islands than the four-by-square atrocities he was painfully trying to substitute. The enormous glaring white meeting-house now falling into decay is a blot on the beauty of Tahaa, and as it does not seem to be used for any purpose, it will be a mercy if the next hurricane wipes it out of the picture.

Those whom we met accosted us with welcoming smiles and *Ia ora nas*, while numerous children trooped after, for few whites come to Tahaa, and there is but one white resident. The natives are very good looking, some quite handsome. One scarlet-girdled young wood god gladdened our eyes, swinging by with a long hunting spear over his shoulder, dog at heels, a chaplet of leaves on his curly head, and a laugh and song on his red lips.

But gone are the days when the people of Polynesia exerted themselves to any extent. They catch just enough fish for their own needs and a little over and above to sell when they want money; their cultivation of vegetables and fruits is sporadic, or, as some wit has put it, consists in not hindering the natural growth of things. The games and sports in which they once took pride seem unknown to the present generation. Where is Tahaa's doughty chieftain, Fenuapeho, champion wrestler of all Polynesia a hundred years ago—or one to take his place? Where are the lithe archers, the fleet foot-racers, the thewy boxers, the strong swimmers? These were all here once, but such ambitious pleasures lapsed along with

customs less pleasant to muse upon—such as infanticide and older human sacrifice—until there is not even a cock fight left to remind one of the howling high times of yore. Most of the natives show little energy of purpose. Most endeavours are relegated to the *manaña* of the Spanish, the by and bye of the English, the *ariana* of the South Seas—it is all one; only, *ariana* means to-morrow or the next day, and maybe not then!

On our return walk, a man came out of his yard and presented us with several chubby shells spotted like birds' eggs and with an iridescent natural polish. Many of the neighbours dropped in to pass *Ia ora na* with us—with a more pronounced accent on the last syllable than in Tahiti. Some of the girls were exceedingly pretty; one, a Raratonga maiden called Tunoa, was a decided beauty. I amused myself with fair success trying to spell the native names and words Metua gave me, to our mutual delight, meanwhile gnawing at a piece of sugar cane; Jack improved his time reading his inevitable book (there was room for one even in our tin cracker box), and took a nap. We ventured a peep at the cooking of the delayed dinner, the devoted chefs actually making apology for the primitiveness of their method. Upon steaming leaves laid over hot stones, Tehei piled sweet potatoes to roast, taro, yam, feis, and a nicely prepared young fowl. Also there was a dish with nice sticky banana poi in it, along with the rest of the good things banked up for roasting. Then Tehei spread large clean green leaves over all, and again, on top of these, numberless round mats made of leaves symmetrically tacked together with their own stems. These leaf-mats had been used before, and were therefore not allowed next to the fresh food. Every crevice from which steam escaped was closed by these thick mats, tier upon tier. In the end I think we managed to convince the self-depreciating pair that their way was the best we ever saw. It certainly was the prettiest cooking possible. And they were so immaculate about it; I know Bihaura washed her hands a dozen times.

In addition to the things put to roast, we were treated to raw fish, coming on the table cut in small white squares that had gone through the usual process of soaking in lime-juice and salt. It was served in the delicious cocoa-milk sauce flavoured with lime and salt, which we had learned to like in Tahiti. There was excellent French bread, too, from the native baker. While we ate from the packing-case, Bihaura and Tehei became invisible; but the *fée-fée* lady sat on the floor and kept track of our wants. The seriousness of all three in their anxiety that everything would not be quite right, was touching. Our well meant efforts to have them share our table so horrified them that we did not press.

Jack had been trying to explain to Tehei that we should like to go fishing, and he conveyed to us that he was arranging to take us in his canoe at eleven at night, to fish on the reef. That was more than satisfactory to Jack, who scented a novel experience.

In the early evening Tehei got ready hooks and lines. He and Bihaura made us a present of a wooden poi bowl of Tehei's manufacture, carved from one piece, oblong, with ends like a canoe and four squat legs. I am now less disappointed about the one I failed to get on Moorea. These legged bowls are more like the pictures of the Samoan kava bowls. Tehei seemed flattered that we should want his bowl!

While we talked, Bihaura, having discharged her duties of attending to our material wants, lost her expression of earnest practical solicitude, and broke into gracious little smiles as she and Metua sewed at their wonderful red and white quilts. With our few words of French and Tahitian, and their modicum of English, we managed conversation, and enjoyed the unique evening immensely. We learned, among other things, that Tehei and his wife once lived in Papeete; hence their acquisition of modern habits and possessions. These two work so harmoniously, and we have yet to hear a hasty word or a sharp command from either to the other. The woman is a small Martha, full of household affairs and the comfort of her

guests. She sews, weaves mats and hats, and plaits fine cocoa-fibre ropes on which to hang things in the house. And she has made a basket of white and brown bamboo that is the only good basket I have seen in this part of the world where material and workmanship in hats and baskets generally seem to be flimsy. Across one corner of the room hung a gigantic fringe of lauhala strips, ready dried to split for strands from which to weave various useful articles.

My headache having tuned up, by eight o'clock I retired behind the quilt partition and lay on the big bed gazing lazily at the colours and patterns of the hanging quilts, which, with the light beyond, resembled stained-glass windows. Jack came to say good-night, and while we talked in subdued voices, we noticed a dimming of the lamplight. A few minutes later we realised that we were alone in the house. Thinking Jack had also gone to rest, our friends had faded away like quiet shadows into the darkness.

Jack went over and turned up the light, whereupon Tehei reappeared, as if to await the appointed hour for the fishing. But he fell asleep on a mat, and Jack, not wishing to wake him after all his labour for us, left him there.

And now let me warn you, that if ever you come to Tahaa to spend the night, bring along your mosquito netting. We did not, and there was little sleep, for it was too warm to pull the sheets over our heads, and we turned and tossed and flapped the air and slapped ourselves and each other until early morn. If I had known what inconspicuous bites these particular mosquitoes leave behind, I might have tried to go to sleep anyway.

After coffee and bananas in the morning, Metua, seeing me in my bathing suit again, thought I wanted to swim, and led westward down the road to a place where the bottom was sandy rather than prickly with loose coral. Mindful of Jack's warnings about sharks, I did not care to go in alone, so we sat on a log, watched the water, and soaked in the sunshine, while wee brown girls brought

big yellow allamanda blossoms and stuck them in my hair and over my ears in their pretty fashion. It is sweet to be a guest in Tahaa.

I was just thinking about returning to Jack, when I heard his "Mate! Toot! Toot!" and discovered him and Tehei coming along in the canoe. They shot into a shallow, and took me aboard. Tehei's new tackle was in the canoe, and he paddled and steered at the stern, while Jack paddled in the bow. We skimmed over the broad shallow reef, past the wooded islets that lie upon it, and peered down into enchanted gardens of coral, yellow antlers and purple bunches, stretches of brown dotted with blue, and then there would softly gleam sheets of white sand bottom, wrinkled with black sea-slugs—*beche de mer*. Here was only enough water to float the canoe. We wondered what manner of fishing was to be ours, and after a while glided into deeper water, where Tehei called a halt, brought to light a squid, bit off portions of the live tentacles and baited all the hooks. He then handed me a line, so wound that it paid out from the inside, like a ball of twine, by the weight of hook and bait and sinker. When the sinker sounded bottom, Tehei took the line from me and attached it, where it left the water, to one end of a bamboo, then passed the unused line along the stick and tied it at the other end, and cast the whole contrivance loose, where it floated flat on the water, the fish-line sinking perpendicularly from one end. The idea is, that when a fish runs with the hook, the bamboo is forced end up in the water, the canoe puts after it and pulls in the catch. We must have set a dozen of these, in a crescent, before one of the sticks stood up, and we paddled vigorously to the shrill cries and shouts of Tehei. I should like to hear a lot of kanakas all going at once for their lines!

We hauled up a fish about eighteen inches long, the same kind we had had raw the night before—an iridescent wonder with long mouth and sharp teeth. Then another stick up-ended, and we flew screaming to the spot, making as much noise as twenty savages, and hauled in another

beauty of a different kind, more like a dolphin. After that no more bamboos acted up; so after resting in the canoe for half an hour, absorbing the lovely colour of sky and land and water, we paddled ashore to a point covered with cocoa palms, where we were greeted heartily by an elderly half-caste woman of vivacious manner and rich-toned voice. In good English she regretted our short stay in Tahaa, as it would deprive her of the pleasure of giving us a native breakfast. They must all be large hearted, these islanders. She spoke French fluently, having been educated at the convent in Papeete. Her Tahitian name is Terii Marama, and later on she mentioned Susan Bambridge as her English name. We gained some valuable information concerning the surrounding islands, particularly Bora-Bora, where she told us Bihaura, who came from there, owned a good house. And before we left, we had arranged, through her as interpreter, that Tehei should accompany us to Bora-Bora, where he would be able to bring about for us the stone-fishing we have heard so much about, and other amusements of the place.

While we sat talking in the tufted grass under a huge fau, Tehei spied a squid in the shallows on the edge of the water. Now, you would not have seen it, or at least all you would have seen would have been what we saw—a bunch of brown seaweed as big as an ordinary sponge. But Tehei knew, and Terii Marama knew; and first thing *we* knew, Tehei's teeth were tearing at the vitals of a desperate diminutive octopus that writhed its nauseous tentacles, strong with innumerable suckers, about the man's hand and arm. This was the way we were warned to do in Hawaii, if a squid caught us swimming!

On the final round of our lines, we found three fish drowned. The sky was lowering black to the east; so we pulled in all tackle and started for Tahaa village. The wind grew stronger in our teeth, and I knew Jack's unaccustomed arms and shoulders must be aching. But he kept up his rhythm with Tehei, and when we were in water shoal enough Tehei rose in the stern and poled

the canoe along in leaps. However, the squall beat us out, and a heavy one it was. Tehei, ever keen for our comfort, insisted upon my wearing his hat—a brown felt this time, of indeterminate age and experience. I really much preferred wet hair; but no mortal but a prig could refuse such thoughtfulness on the chance of causing hurt, so the hat went on. I huddled down behind my drenched and weather-battered husband, for the wind made my wet clothes feel a trifle chilly. We were willing to go the whole way in the rain, but as it kept increasing, Tehei steered into a little indentation where stood his brother's house—a mere roof of thatch above a raised floor, built half over the water, and with no walls. Here the inmates, a fat and jolly native and his pretty young wife, lounged on mats and grasses in an abandon of the simple life, and with effortless cordiality welcomed us in all our bedragsglement. I was an object of much friendly curiosity, for besides the fact that a white woman is not often seen in Tahaa, the fame of my swim across Opunohu Bay had gone before me. Jack had mentioned the incident to Tehei the previous day, and the intelligence had spread. I never dreamed that my feeble three-quarters-of-a-mile splashings would attract attention among the amphibious people I imagined in the South Sea; but times have changed in this respect as in others. A day or two ago two men in the bay off Raiatea were much alarmed by the presence of an enormous spotted shark which insisted upon following them. They said it hung perpendicularly about the canoe, opening and shutting its huge bristling jaws at them.

The rain pelted harder than ever, the sky grew blacker, and just as we were climbing into the canoe again to make a dash for it, we heard a call, and along the road came Bihaura at no mean gait, in her arms a small oval tub containing white chemise and ahu, covered with our rubber poncho. She promptly rescued me from the beached canoe and hurried me under the thatch once more, bearing the tub on one arm and half-carrying me with the other,^f her solicitude finding vent in a stream of

vociferation against the heartless elements. Like a hen demanding the best for her chick, she shoo'd the inmates from under their own thatch, that I might change in privacy; and out they went, with no ill feeling. Probably they are used to Bihaura's energetic and uncompromising methods. When dressed, I gathered up my skirts, put on the poncho, overturned the little galvanised tub on my head, and climbed into the canoe. Bihaura had disappeared in her elfish way and when, after a stiff paddle, we beached once more at Tahaa village, she was waiting at the water's edge. Wading in, she took possession of me, and mothered me into her house, without a word placing me before an inviting heap on a mat—a fresh chemise and pretty blue ahu. And when I had donned these garments, I found to my hand a rose silk Chinese shawl, embroidered in lilac wistaria, and heavily fringed—probably a relic of her marriage day. Jack was furnished with dry things, and shortly afterward coffee and bread were brought. A couple of hours later we were feasted on choice roast sucking-pig. It was raining hard when we sat down to eat, and Tehei and Bihaura, leaving Metua to attend us, picked up the vessels in which they had brought our dinner, and made as if to return to the shed for their own kai-kai. But this was a little too much, and we refused to take a mouthful unless they ate in the house. Whereupon, well pleased, all three squatted on the floor and proceeded to enjoy themselves.

In the morning we had expressed our wish to return to Raiatea during the day, and now, on the porch, we found many baskets of limes, fruit, and bunches of taro and greens, leaning against the bamboo walls and covered with braided cocoanut fronds against the slanting "crystal rods" of rain that threatened to drive inside the house. These edibles we felt sure were intended for the *Snark*.

The weather increased, and presently, watching the hard squalls travelling toward the other island, we began to wonder a little about the yacht tugging at her long cable, and speculated whether or not another anchor had been bent, and if the captain would think to take a native

pilot in case he had to move the yacht around the island to better shelter. It was a queer experience—away off on this island, separated from everything that was ours (even the cigarette prospect a dwindling one for Jack), sitting cosily in fine muslin and silken embroidery, peering through a windy wall of bamboo at the small gale that was blowing up we knew not what. We could see a cutter and a canoe weathering the wind and rain, out there in the smother on the reef. The cutter was running under bare poles, and the canoe had her spritsail lashed down into a little rag of a leg o' mutton, while her men weighed down the outrigger to keep her right side up.

Tired watching, we loafed on the big bed and talked, looking at the workmanship of this house not made with nails, the white rafters' naturally-arched crossbeams, and the shingle-like thatch. Jack fell napping, but I could not sleep for the loud strong wind and deluge of water on the grassy roof; but before an hour had passed, the blow eased. We got into our weather clothes and appeared on the porch, with an expectant look that raised consternation in Bihaura's maternal soul, for she did not want to trust her feminine pale-face protégé on that water. But she obediently went in quest of Tehei, and a cutter was hired, the price for carrying us to Raiatea, \$2.00 Chile, being carefully explained to Jack by Tehei.

We walked through the village, accompanied by Bihaura and the usual following of curious urchins, and halted at an old cottage that had once been painted white, where lives the one white resident of Tahaa, Mr. Lufkin, a native of Massachusetts. He has been in Tahaa over sixty years, off and on, and now, at the age of eighty-six, a victim of *fée-fée*, continues on in his chosen land, with a daughter of sixty. "She is all I have," he said plaintively, and the slim brown woman, with distinctive New England features, nodded and smiled. Tehei's arrival put an end to our visit, and we went on down the long quay of earth and coral and shell.

The sail in the staunch and fast little cutter was very exciting. I might have had a livelier time if Bihaura

(who, with Tehei, went with us) had not kept me in the bottom of the boat, so well wrapped that I could see nothing, but only feel. There is no saying Bihaura nay when she chooses to exercise her motherly care. She herself helped in the sailing when we were in tight places, which were frequent, that dripping wrapper of hers clinging to her lithe little body like a sheath of skin. Thunder and lightning rolled and cracked, breakers growled and roared close by on the outer edge of the reef over which we were slanting, and we had to tack repeatedly to follow the channels known to our boatmen. At length the squalls came so fast and furious that the men took in all sail, leaving just a puff of canvas on the boom to insure headway, this puff being held and regulated by Bihaura's small brown hands. The men never had to tell her what to do. . . . "Do you know where you are?" was in our eyes this vivid night when Jack and I looked at each other in the lightning.

As we neared Uturoa we saw no light from the *Snark* for guidance, and we did not want to miss her in this ticklish weather, when the howling wind from seaward and any miscalculation in the darkness might cram us on the reef close to shore. We all united in calling this very careless on the part of the *Snark's* skipper. "Aita maitai," the natives said, shaking their heads gravely. And it certainly was "Not good."

Then we began dimly to discern the yacht at close range, saw a light going toward to the forestay, and as we swept astern our rope was thrown to a man who had climbed into the launch to receive it. That man proved to be a Japanese boy, one ever-faithful Nakata; but the weight our driven cutter put on the rope was too much for him, forcing him to let go. We heard a variety of foreign languages in distracted voices, a general furore and lack of head that led us to infer the captain was not aboard. We were lost to the yacht for the time, drifted to the wharf and got on the lee side of it, where the men alternately held the bounding cutter off and held on, to prevent her from being demolished.

The launch then came spluttering through the choppy sea, in charge of a voluble and excited Frenchman and an equally excited Japanese, namely Ernest and Nakata. Ernest landed from the weather side of the stone quay, leaving poor Nakata to hold the boat from breaking against it. Nakata, doing his small best, was terrified into wild ejaculations for fear he would fail—Nakata has ever a care for our property.

This was the first we knew that Ernest had learned to run the launch; but he had not learned it any too thoroughly, and now, when Jack got in to go to the *Snark* and fetch a line to the cutter, Ernest could get no spark from the engine. So they rowed through the smother, and poor Jack was again reminded that for a year he has been asking one captain after another to have more convenient rowlocks put into the launch. However, he brought the line, and the cutter was drawn safely to the yacht.

I never enjoyed anything so much in my life as I did trying to make our island friends comfortable. It would be hard to say which side knew the greater novelty. We had full measure of it with them; and to them our electric lights and fans were miracles. I led Bihaura into my tiny warm state-room and hunted up dry garments; but I could not get ahead of her—she had brought her own change! I then ransacked ribbons and trinkets for gifts, and she was very gleeful in her courteous and subdued way.

Wada cooked European food for them, opened tins of things that were new and desired, and delighted them with a heap of his beautifully cooked rice, of which they are inordinately fond and which they seldom see. We put them to bed in the cabin, the owner of the cutter included. I should be happier all my life if I thought we had given Tehei and his little vahine half the pleasure they afforded us.

After breakfast next morning, they returned home in the cutter, leaving us with the understanding that we were to pick them up on the morrow and take them to

Bora-Bora on the *Snark*, Jack to arrange for a cutter to carry them back to Tahaa when we sailed for Samoa. Bihaura, as she bade us good-bye, said in the words of old King Pomare of Tahiti: "E mau ruru a vau!" ("I am so happy!")

When Tehei and Bihaura left us yesterday, we went to our work as usual, and after the midday meal Martin took us ashore where we called on Mr. and Mrs. Vonnegut, who had sent us an invitation to visit them. Martin tells us that when the *Snark* hove in sight on Monday outside the reef, they were out driving and immediately turned homeward to make ready to offer us quarters ashore. And we did not go near Raiatea, but ran off in a crazy canoe to Tahaa. It is something like the way we did in Honolulu—sailed right by to Pearl Harbour, and stayed there a month before going into the city.

Mrs. Vonnegut is a jolly soul, Tahitian-born but of English parentage. Upon our arrival at the store she promptly sent for the surrey, and, drawn by a sorrowful but willing roadster of Lilliputian breed, we saw some of the country. The little bays, with their thatched huts, and the mountains behind reflected in the water, made entrancing pictures; and other views with Tahaa and Bora-Bora in the background, were equally lovely. In many places in the marsh through which the road runs, grows a beautiful sort of lily. It resembles a hyacinth in form—many blossoms around one stem—but is larger, and the overlapping petals have eyes like peacock feathers, with the difference that the eyes in these flowers are canary yellow, set in blue that shades through mauve to a lavender which deepens toward the outer edges. The leaf is almost round, ending in a slight point, and looking like a leaf painted with one masterly stroke of a broad brush dipped in dark green pigment. Jack picked me one of the flowered stalks, but it soon withered and discoloured.

We called upon the French Resident, M. Belonne, and his pretty bride, and drank tea with them on their tree-sheltered bit of beach.

Returning to Uturoa from our north-west drive, we passed through the village south, on the way buying a basketful of live shrimps from a woman who waded in from the near reef at Mrs. Vonnegut's call. These were for bait, as Jack planned to fish off the yacht after dark, asking the Vonneguts to join us.—And while we were fishing, Martin played the searchlight on the shore for the amusement of the natives, whom we could hear shouting with delight.

Martin, who travelled southward some miles on Raiatea, says the country is superb, and that the natives live very primitively and picturesquely; but Uturoa is not pretty. The example of the misguided missionaries evidently persisted here, for most of the houses are European, and not attractive European; while the large white, staring, uncompromising warehouses of the trading companies are an exasperating blight. When Mr. Ellis, nearly a century ago, was carried out of the water, canoe and all, by the welcoming natives, upon his second visit, he found an "improvement" since his first coming that made his soul rejoice: "We called upon the king," he writes, "whom we were delighted to find living in a neat plastered house." Isn't that lovely?—And if said king did not contract consumption or asthma or phthisis, through the unaccustomed restriction of air, it was because he had a stronger constitution than most of his kin and kind.

Raiatea is said to possess some interesting relics of antiquity. One of these is the ruin of an old temple of human sacrifice which was once enclosed by a wall built entirely of human skulls—mainly those of warriors slain in battle. But with Bora-Bora only a dozen miles away, famed for its merry people and pristine life, we did not linger. At one o'clock this day upon which I am writing, April 9, Martin started off the engine and we set over toward Tahaa to take on Mr. and Mrs. Tehei, making our way cautiously in the deeper channels among the coral. It was the brightest of mornings, everything sparkling, a gentle breeze cooling through the warm sunshine, breakers curling white on the barrier reef and the

lagoon painted in more hues of green and blue than man can name, "nor woman neither," I found—blues so live and intense that the eye was caught and held as by a very spell of colour; greens brilliant as emerald shot with sunlight, or soft and restful as purest jade. In this riot of silken colour, broad irregular splashes of elusive plum-tints marked where coral rose near the surface. Midway between the two mountainous islands, we all agreed upon Tahaa being more beautiful than Raiatea; and during the day, travelling mile after mile along the dreaming shores of the smaller island, we have strengthened our belief. It is an enchanting panorama of rambling hills and bays and islets, with high Ohiri lending a strong and rugged character to the otherwise verdant round outlines of the land.

Tehei hailed from the cocoa-plumed point agreed upon, and indicated that we were to go back to the village. Which we did, first taking him aboard. Out from the village paddled three large canoes so laden with food and floral offerings that Captain Warren raised his hands in helpless dismay: "My goodness gracious! Where are we going to put it all!" The decks were littered with bunches of prime bananas, both green and ripe; cocoanuts of all edible ages; papaias, green and golden; endless baskets of the homely but heavenly yam; a few oranges; taro; pumpkins; bound and protesting chickens, and a vociferous and reluctant piglet; and lastly, a diminutive papaiia tree, cut down in all its promise, set in a kerosene can, and decorated with the rarest flowers of the island, twined around the fruit at the top, and stuck into the pretty leaves. When we were under way, Tehei and his wife formally presented Jack and me with the sucking pig, the chickens, and the gay papaiia tree, along with other and not so elaborate bouquets. The fruit and vegetables went without saying; they are automatic hereabout.

Some of the relatives of our passengers wanted to go along too—one, a pretty young wife, her ears decked with large real pearls, entreating Jack with tears in her

eyes and arguments that must have been most eloquent if misplaced, judging by Bihaura's disgusted expression at this, to her, breach of breeding. She looked somewhat as she did at her own house when a vahine dropped familiarly in at dinner-time, and tried to sell us chickens!

Tehei appropriated the wheel and piloted out of the harbour, a school of small fishes having great sport in the froth kicked up by the propeller. Bihaura, seating herself upon the deck on a small straw mat that always accompanies her travels, gazed around complacently upon this big "*bateau*" with its "mash-een," and pronounced it all "maitai," and again "maitai."

. . . And now, I have been writing pretty steadily since we left Tahaa, and am going to rest and look, until we drop anchor under the green battlements of Bora-Bora.

Lat. 16° 32' South,
Nearly 152° West Lon.

Aboard the *Snark*,
Teavanui Harbour, Bora-Bora, Society Islands,
Friday, April 10, 1908.

In the sheltered cockpit, writing, I am surrounded, outside the rail, by inquisitive but unobtrusive natives of varying ages. They have been paddling quietly out all forenoon from Vaitapé village (called Beulah by the missionaries), lying yonder in the morning shadow of Pahia, which rises almost straight up 2100 feet close behind. One might suppose that the mountain would cut off from Vaitapé the prevailing wind; but the trades contrive somehow to reach around both sides of the peak, and the climate couldn't be more delightful.

Bora-Bora lies only about twelve miles north-west of Tahaa; but it was after moon rise last night when Martin shut down the engine and the anchor rumbled out, for the harbour is to the west and we had to travel nearly around the island, outside an endless ring of reef breakers to the entrance, a fifth of a mile wide. After the sun went down, Tehei stood in the bow with the captain, Jack at the wheel, and I camped amidships to pass

orders above the noise of the engine. We were not sorry we had to go so far around, as we saw more of this matchless isle. We realised in glorious actuality an old engraving of Consul Dreher's; only, the real Bora-Bora is far lovelier than the picture, and infinitely more majestic. Wonderful, wonderful, and again wonderful, I kept repeating—line and colour changing with each new facet of this island jewel. During sunset the land was all rose and opal, turning to cool restful green. The islets on the garlanding reef stood like emeralds against a green lagoon; green hills grew up out of the verdant shore, and behind, the green, green mountain pierced clouds that reflected the universal green. Pahia is the *pièce de résistance* in all views of Bora-Bora, rising sheer and double-peaked and palisaded, hills leaning against it, and little islands flanking round about. The Nuuanu Pali in Hawaii has been widely painted and photographed, and it is not a whit more worthy than Pahia of Bora-Bora, with the perfect composition of its surroundings. It is like a planet, petrified with its ring of satellites.

After Tehei and Bihaura had been set ashore at their request, Jack said to me: "What do you say we go over for half an hour or so?" Ernest took us to the long jetty, and we wandered in the soft cool air, attracted by music, which was accompanied by a concerted, regular *chug* as of some dull and toneless instrument. The grass grew to the water's edge, and on this village green, by the forgotten graves of the decaying Mission church, we beheld an idyllic pastorage of youths and maidens dancing under a spreading *flamboyante* to the strange rhythmic chant. The maids were all in white, garlanded with sumptuous perfumed wreaths of allemanda and blumeria and tiare, mixed with drooping grass-fringes, the men likewise garlanded, and girdled in white and scarlet paréus. They moved in twos and threes, arm in arm, closely around the mouth-organ musicians in the centre, like bees in a swarm. The curious chug-chug was made by a measured grunt-grunt! grunt-grunt! of the dancers.

There was witchery in it all—the wheel of graceful revolving forms, twining brown arms, bright eyes and white teeth glistening in a soft and scented gloom that the moon had not yet touched; and the last least veil of enchantment was added by flitting soft-glowing lights amongst the dancers' heads. These spots of soft radiance were curly fragments of phosphorescent fungus, culled from dead and dying cocoanut trees, and set in red and silken hibiscus blossoms, worn over the ears of these flower-like women—curled flowers of captured moonshine, sometimes tender, luminous blue, sometimes evasive green, and again mere phosphorescent white.

One of the girls, encouraged by our Japanese boys who were gaily mixing with the company, bashfully gave me her moon-blossom from its place over her ear, and it was such an exquisite unearthly thing that I wished I might keep it forever.

A half-caste merchant, Mr. Buchin, who runs a sort of hotel, came over to us and passed the time o' night, graciously placing his services at our disposal.

After clapping a few more dances of the dusky sprites, we walked south along the beach road, like a pair of children in dreamland, peeping into open lighted doorways of habitations too frail to be the abodes of human beings; looking straight up through feathery palm-tops at the moon peering over the mysterious shadowy mountain; and presently we were arrested by music of another sort than that under the *flamboyante* tree. "Himine!" Jack whispered, holding my arm tighter and hastening his steps; and together we tiptoed to a large oval structure—just an immense thatched roof with walls of low picket. Inside, a lantern and kerosene lamp disclosed by their flicker a group of women and men sitting on a large mat on an earth floor first spread with dry grass. They were singing himines such as cosmopolitan Tahiti forgot long ago. Vahines composed the front ranks, and from the rear came the remarkable tones of the "kanaka organ," heavy ringing voices booming like strings of 'cello and bass viol picked resonantly by giant

thumbs. Three young men, leaf-crowned like wild things of the forest, with a frolicsome-eyed Mowgli at their head, swayed from the hips, their foreheads clear to the floor as they trumpeted, in a sort of sitting dance—like that of the Samoan *fita-fitas* on the *Annapolis* in Papeete harbour.

Singing mothers held children in their laps, and one girl, a perfect type of the heavy-featured, dreamy-eyed Polynesian, looked wistfully through the green grass fringe of her hei, toward where she knew her young companions were dancing free. But she held her important own in the himine, being principal high voice. I do not say soprano, for there are no natural sopranos in savagery. So, in order to emulate the high tones as heard among the missionaries in their hymn-singing, the native woman forces her chest tones up into the head, producing a true note, to be sure, but a harsh and strained one. I have yet to see a vahine who can take a high tone without wrinkling and distorting her face, and sometimes she even reaches up and holds one side of her face as she climbs the register.

Jack's theory of this difficulty is something as follows: That the lower the race, the less differentiated are the sexes; the women are stronger in proportion to the men than are the women of higher civilisation, and so on down the line of sex characters, even the voices of both sexes resembling.

We were assigned to a bench by a grey-haired elder, and sat there half an hour lost in pure enjoyment of the remarkable harmonies. One himine especially we called for again and again. It was like the triumphant shouting song-cries of successful hunters returning from the forest; or like the victorious pæan of warriors bearing home slain enemies from the mountain.

We trod the charmed path back to our boat rocking in the silver flood, and went to sleep in our little floating home, in our ears the organ tones of Mowgli and his wood-mates, and the wild call of hunters and warriors from forest and mountain.

Bora-Bora, Saturday, April 11, 1908.

Hands full of gifts, we returned this morning to the yacht after early coffee and hot cakes with our devoted Tehei and Bihaura in their imposing residence, a two-storey, four-roomed house. Yesterday the gendarme in authority on Bora-Bora, M. Laborde, not waiting for us to look him up, came aboard resplendent in white helmet and ducks and military medal for "Service et l'honneur," and welcomed us in the friendliest way, inviting us to his house, granting unasked hunting privileges, and offering us "plentee cheval." Whereupon we ordered our saddle case out of the forepeak. Everybody is the same—it is smiles and Ia ora nas, abundantly backed with practical benefits. Never can we balance the score—only can we be thankful for our lucky hap.

So ashore we went in the afternoon, returned M. Laborde's call, and met Madame, a stately French woman (probably the only white one on the island), with a royal braid of brown hair hanging nearly to the floor. Her husband obligingly conducted us to the house of the old chief of Bora-Bora, Tavana Tuhaa, to whom we had a letter of introduction from his cousin, Terii Marama—Susan Bambridge. The gendarme humorously explained that he himself was the French chief, and Tavana was kanaka chief—with a Frenchy little shrug at the obvious lack of Tavana's power. But then, M. Laborde is directly under the Resident at Raiatea, who is directly under—but no more.

At a dilapidated European house we were greeted by a very queen of kanakas, a splendid big woman—the physical aristocracy again. But she was clad in tatters that ill concealed her hideously advanced elephantiasis. She went to fetch her husband, and the two wrecked bodies came together up the neglected garden walk. He is part white, a small, slight man, pitifully disfigured with elephantiasis. They were very quiet, courteous, and unembarrassed by their sickness. We soon left, for there seemed little ground upon which to meet. After this we

dropped in to see Mr. Buchin. As we were due at Tehei's for dinner at five, we sauntered early in their direction, passing on our way the big himine house. Bless us, if they weren't singing yet!—or had they rested off in the night?—the same three wood-boys, the girl we call The Type, and the rest. The elder hailed us in, hospitably enough, but with tone and gesture of one accustomed to authority.

Seeing a number of large rough tables piled around, and a great mound of fruit, vegetables, and fowls, we concluded that preparations for a feast were under way. Never did we hazard more widely. After listening to a number of "selections," and to a repetition of our especial favourite, the fiery ferine chorus, the astounding thing happened.

A fine looking man arose from the grass, waved his hand toward the heap of edibles with a graceful flourish, and began to speak. As he proceeded, we at length caught the unbelievable drift of his discourse. He was presenting us with this bounty. But why? We made deprecatory and declining signs, and the orator disappointedly subsided. We were very uncomfortable—we could not accept so great a gift. Why should we? How could we? We could make no fitting return, and we have heard of an unwritten law, that a gift in this part of the world means a gift in exchange for a gift. Also, the yacht would not be able to accommodate such abundance of kai-kai in addition to the quantity already taken aboard at Tahaa.

So we sat and uneasily listened to another himine from men and women with baffled, reproachful eyes, while the grey elder fidgeted with a hurt and displeased air.

The song finished, he arose stiffly and, advancing toward the mooted offering, himself presented it to us in an address with many flourishes. Still we hesitated. We simply did not know how to act. And suppose we had possibly made a mistake in our interpretation of their meaning, and committed an awful breach of etiquette? Judging by the frustrated elder's face, when we again declined the unprecedented munificence, we were already guilty. We felt very foolish; but we lacked informa-

tion, and were anxious to get hold of some one who could set us straight. To ease the strain, we asked for another himine, after which we retreated as well as we could, hopeful of finding some way to come to a rational understanding over such an irrational situation.

When we reached Tehei's house, he explained, with the help of Nakata, who had been washing and ironing there, that kai-kai was not ready, and that we were to take a walk with Bihaura. Captain Warren and Martin had also been invited, and we five struck south and caught a view of the next bay before sunset.

We passed a "lumber-yard," or so Martin named it, where, upon racks under long sheds, were laid for sale supplies of thatch: Long dry leaves of pandanus are strung on to five-foot lengths of reed, made fast to the reed by over-lapping one end of the leaf and pinning it with the midrib of the cocoanut frond run through from leaf to leaf horizontally, until the rafters are covered. Sometimes it takes three thousand or more of these fringed reeds to roof a fair-sized house. The thatching will last about seven years, and no roofing equals it for coolness—or for centipedes.

We noticed before some of the houses canoe-shaped wooden trenches several feet long, full of sago in the making. Farther on we flushed a number of blue heron, as well as snipe, and a few ducks, and promptly recollected Laborde's permission to shoot. Captain Warren took a gun out this morning and we had fried snipe and wild duck for luncheon.

Jack and I had made it up together, on account of mosquitoes, that we would somehow get around the wishes of Tehei and his wife for us to spend the night ashore; but we changed our minds once we were inside our room, not because we feared the mosquitoes less but that we feared hurting our friends more.

Our room was large and many-windowed, and had two wide beds dressed in perfect triumphs of scarlet patterned quilts and snowy belaced pillows. "She noticed we had separate bunks on the boat," Jack

whispered. The floor was thick with beautiful plaited mats, Bihaura's weaving; and there was provision in the corner for washing. On the floor between the beds was that red and white basket I had admired on the passage, and which was now mine. Beside it lay some pretty seashells.

They had not wanted us to come to their house until it was quite prepared, this lady and gentleman of Polynesia; and when we went from our bed chamber into the next room where the dinner table creaked with its weight, we knew by these signs and by their tired and anxious faces that they had worked themselves nearly sick. But they were so blissfully, affectionately happy over our appreciation, that their eyes and lips broke into loving smiles whenever we looked at them.

On a small side table stood two newly plaited green baskets full of all kinds of flowers, and beside them a more enduring present. This was a miniature double-canoe carved by Tehei, and rigged with the native tackle for hooking large fish—a long bamboo pole amidships between the two boats. When a fish is caught, the pole is jerked high in air, the line flies backward and the fish is brought to hand. This toy is a perfect representation, even to the shell fish-hook. And to cap it all, a gigantic wooden fish depended from the pole—this last Bihaura's work, carving, pink and blue colouring and all.

Next we were crowned with white tiare and led to the board. The Horn of Plenty had been spilled upon it! There was roast sucking pig, done to a nicety; and fowl, dressed with delicious gravy and browned onions; bread-fruit and the usual native vegetables; raw fish in our pet dressing; fresh-water shrimps; baked fish; banana poi, cocoanut milk—and I cannot remember any more, except the good coffee and French bread, and many kinds of fruit.

The centrepiece was a bouquet of strange flowers resembling ears of wheat, anywhere from one to two feet long. At the end of each was attached a blossom of some other kind, even to white jasmine.

A step forward in intimacy was made, Bihaura taking

her place beside me. Tehei declined all urging, pretending that he was needed to look after the cook-shed. But he was absent very little. The two were evidently agreed on this arrangement, so we let them have it their own way. Bihaura was so tired she could hardly eat; also, she was in a flutter lest she do something wrong. She watched our every mouthful and the manner of the taking—which fork, or spoon, or dish. But after a while she became more at ease, and later was drinking our health in flagons of cocoanut, and jumping up and down in her seat at our suggestion of bringing the Victor ashore and giving a concert. You see, we are cudgeling our brains for ways to offset the favours we are continually receiving. Tehei never comes near us empty-handed. Martin, noticing that the Seth Thomas clock on the wall, an “octagon-drop,” was not working, offered to repair it, and the gratitude of the owners knew no bounds.

We had to be careful what we admired. I remarked an elaborate straw hat tastefully trimmed with a blue feather, and asked Bihaura if she made it. She nodded and said something to her husband, and he took up the hat and presented it to me. Of course I refused to accept it; and so sensitive are they, that they instantly divined the situation, and acknowledged the refusal in good part. But Bihaura went into the other room, and returned with a thirty-foot length of hat braid, plaited of straw so fine that the entire roll hardly covers my hand. This I could take—but not her best *chapeau*. It was a relief that they did not pick up the mats from the floor and give them to us.

After dinner we all sat on the porch, with fairy fungus lanterns over our left ears. Tehei was so weary that he slipped off to the end of the porch and lay down. From somewhere came to me the memory of an old sweet custom in the Marquesas, of friends exchanging names, thereby inaugurating a relationship. So, tapping Bihaura on the breast I said, distinctly, “Charmian,” and, tapping myself, “Bihaura.” It was an inspiration. She understood, and repeated the formula gravely and reverently,

whereupon we kissed as sisters. Jack so approved that he tried it with Tehei. And now we often call him "Brown Brother." This is the favour they love. The worst of it is, that they now try to get even with us for this greatest of all honour we have bestowed!

We suggested himine, hoping that Tehei, on the spot, might unravel the mystery at the singing house. The singing was in full blast when we arrived and we could see aggrievement still on the face of the elder, although he was punctiliously polite. The pyramid of fruit and gasping chickens was untouched. It was not long before Tehei brought order out of the chaos of misapprehension. It proved true that we were expected to accept this friendly largess; but Tehei, quickly catching the drift of our protest against the magnitude of it, explained that we should be glad to have say two of each kind of article. Amity was restored, and Jack laid aside two hens, two bunches of taro, two clusters of bananas, and so on.

Then we all sat down happily to the music. The captain and Martin, classically wreathed, lounged on a curving bench—an Alma Tadema strayed into the barbaric picture. There were more singers and more sitting dancers. One rose in the flickering light and performed the most beautiful dance of welcome, bending his lithe body back, with extended arms; pressing his hand to his brown breast as he swayed forward; in every pose expressing that all Bora-Bora was ours. And through it he sang, with a voice like a bell, so ringing, so smooth, so rich in tone and expression, that it stays in my ears like a song heard overnight in a dream. He was the most captivating boy—captivating and uncapturable, in his half-wild spirit. If we had reached out to grasp the welcoming hands of his dance, I am sure he would have vanished furtively into the woods, with his sinewy young body, his red mouth curling back over flashing teeth, his bird-like eyes, his light, small feet with the toes spread like a bird's. Sometimes he leaned forward, looking closely into our eyes in the uncertain light, like some questioning forest animal or sprite.

I do not believe the grey elder will ever quite forgive the unintentional slight we put upon him and his followers. Although he failed in no detail of courtesy, it was but a limp hand we wrung upon parting. If he could only understand, as Tehei understands.

. . . The many windows in our bedroom were a delusion, all but one which had a couple of panes out. And upon bidding us good night, Tehei and his vahine were at great trouble to shut both doors tightly. When a savage, accustomed to the air of all outdoors, comes to live in a house with windows, he seems to think they are made to nail up—else why should they be furnished with glass?

We got the doors open, meanwhile more than vaguely aware that we were inoffensively spied upon by inquisitive neighbours; but the windows were tighter than the storm-windows in a Maine winter. We had not noticed a mosquito during the evening, so turned into our fluffy beds trustingly.—They didn't sing, they didn't even bite; they just threatened, they alighted, they pestered; and there was no way for the breeze to get into the sealed apartment and blow the wretched things about.

. . . There is no getting around the fact that our host and hostess are suddenly become of high importance among their neighbours. Did they not arrive as guests on the "masheen bateau," and were they not taking first place in entertaining the white visitors? But do not think for an instant that this figures in their kindness to us. One look into their faces precludes such possibility. The little woman sat beside me at the himine, and if I leaned toward her in the least, she would nestle closer, and clasp my hand—bridging with sheer lovingness and trust all time and difference of race. Returning up the moonlit road that night, Bihaura and I with arms around each other, Tehei stalking with exalted awkwardness arm in arm with Jack, with a hundred following us, we were so full that, once alone in our room we could only look at each other with moist eyes. Finally Jack, wandering around with a hopeless look, arms hanging,

said in a discouraged voice: "I can't understand it. It's overwhelming. I simply don't know what to say." A minute afterward he added: "Wouldn't it be an *awful* thing stupidly to hurt them in any way?"

It gives new lights upon cannibalism as practised on white sea captains who requited love and courtesy like this with deception and abuses worse than death.

Sunday, April 12, 1908.

Aside from an early walk with our guns, this has been a restfully uneventful day, if there is anything uneventful about lying at anchor off a South Sea island as extraordinary as Bora-Bora. In the evening we were due to join Tehei and Bihaura, to go to the phonograph concert. Tehei's resuscitated Seth Thomas was pointing to ten minutes before seven as we entered. It had struck me that I should do my brown sister the courtesy of at least one appearance in strictly conventional attire; so I had brought a rose-flowered ahu. I knew Bihaura was pleased, although never by look or word has her perfect ladyhood betrayed sign that there was anything out of the way about my clothes—whether bathing-suit, pyjamas, or bloomers.

The machine-made concert in the himine house was such a success that we knew we had hit upon the one thing to square favours. What mattered it that the machine had less springs than usual, warning us, by sundry whirs and clicks and obstinate halts of the crank, that it would throw up the job if we did not look sharp? The man behind, one newly baptised Tehei London, had a warm and perspiring time of it.

. . . The comfort and sense of home Jack and I now feel aboard the *Snark* is inexpressible. My little white cubby is a place of refuge and privacy, clean and convenient. The deck is immaculate with lime juice, and clear of boats—a roomy, breezy place for work or play or sleep. Think of scrubbing decks with the juice of limes! Why, I help squeeze them in the tub for this purpose,

submerging my arms to the elbows in the bleaching, softening fluid. I also tried trampling out the juice with my bare feet, to Jack's great amusement.

There is only one drawback to life aboard—the swarm of cockroaches, large, medium, and small. We have joined the fleet of “cockroach schooners,” the attractive name by which Society Island trading vessels are known. We are fighting the bugs, hand, foot, nail, and—I had almost said tooth. Anyway, I can bring my fist down on a cockroach with the best, provided it isn't one of the largest. My qualms are still insistent that I shall not squash a shell-backed monstrosity full of blood that is white!

Aboard the *Snark*, at sea,
Society Islands to Samoa,
Wednesday, April 15, 1908.

There goes the graceful white cutter headed back for Tahaa under a cloud of canvas, while the *Snark* surges westward. From the stern of the cutter a white-robed woman waves her handkerchief, and upon the stern rail of the *Snark* Tehei is bowed in prayer and tears—*riomata*, tears and sorrow. He did not know how hard it was going to be, the big brown child-man, this parting from his little brown woman. He wanted to go, and she was willing; but the pain of parting, beginning yesterday, when Jack and I made up our minds to take him, was worse than they had bargained for. She was brave; but to-day, coming to eat the last meal with him, she sat in my room, bent over with grief, while I frantically pawed my belongings to find gifts for her, beginning with a fine hanky to wipe away her tears. Tehei went about with salt trickles running down his cheeks, reiterating “Maitai, maitai ariana,” with rebellious courage, when we laid a sympathising hand on his shoulder.

He joined us this morning with his scant luggage, also bringing for me one of Bihaura's enormous tree-cotton pillows wrapped in a many-times-folded mat some seven feet square, and a smaller mat, exquisitely fine.

In addition, Tehei brought more vegetables and fruit, and Mr. Buchin rowed out with some South Sea cotton—not the tree-cotton,—a basket of ripe pomegranates and a parcel of vanilla-beans. Then arrived thirteen chickens we had bought on a wonderful horseback ride around the island—accompanied by presents of fruit until the yacht was fairly wreathed with bananas, pineapples, baskets of oranges and limes, and her decks choked with yams, taro, pumpkins, cucumbers, and a dozen other comestibles. Bihaura's final offering was a sucking-pig—such a homesick, disgusted, obstinate *puaa* never came aboard a ship. It persistently pulls its foreleg out of tether and essays perilous journeys to the rail. Tehei himself cannot make that wee porker fast.

“They have placed us on the High Seat of Abundance,” Jack mused, his eyes very blue with feeling.

And now we are really westing toward Samoa, about 1200 miles from Tahiti. We have fair wind and sea, and are glad to be sailing. I am looking forward to a few uninterrupted days for work, and might as well begin right away and tell about yesterday's stone-fishing:

I had forgotten all about the conches that were to rouse the inhabitants in the morning. When the heavy resonant tones broke the stillness, I sleepily wondered if a tramp steamer had strayed in, or perhaps a cruiser; then turned over and slept again. It was just as well. Although the starting-time had been seven, and Jack had given up work, we did not get away until ten.

“Here they come!” Martin shouted, and there they certainly came! It was a gorgeous spectacle. Imagine the deep-blue lagoon, encircled with green islands of all sizes and forms, and, coming toward you a barge that rivalled Cleopatra's—a gigantic double-canoe, “manned” by a round dozen splendid brown girls, all in white with red scarves knotted about the hips, garlanded and crowned like tropical May Queens. In the stern of each of the joined canoes sat a huge muscular savage, likewise crowned, naked to the waist, both smiling under the hot sun like the happiest creatures ever created. On a

platform across the bows Bihaura and Tehei, decked in scarlet and crowned with orange-coloured cosmos, swayed and bent, bowed and gestured in the graceful abandon of their native dancing. We could hardly recognise the prim and housewifely Bihaura in this radiant undulating woman; nor had we realised how handsome our swart brother could be. Sometimes they leaned forward from the prow, for all the world like Polynesian Wingèd Victories challenging wind and sea with defiant, irresistible figures of bronze. And all the time they sang, and the girls sang in chorus, knocking rhythmic paddles against the canoes in unison, between dips.

Three times around the yacht they swept, then ranged alongside—a careful undertaking, for a long bamboo fishing-rod was thrust forward from the bows, decked with festoons of flowers. We welcomed the beauties aboard, and after some formal speechifying by Tehei and the boatmen, we all embarked in that gay "bateau." As soon as we were settled on the tiny platform, the fair paddlers got under way, and resumed their singing, while our brown relatives took up their performance where they left off. In the midst of the musical clamour a languid-eyed houri rose, climbed up to us, and, dancing the most alluring hula before me, bent in her dancing and embraced me, the while dabbing my face with fluttery kisses from lips cool and soft as blumeria blossoms. She repeated this fond greeting to Jack, and danced back to her paddle.

Looking down the double row of dusky girls, performing so easily the arduous work of propelling such great loaded canoes, we were almost startled by the seeming varied root-types among them. Yet they were probably pure Bora-Boran from time out of mind. There we saw a face that would have done honour to a North American wigwam; two moon-faced sisters with languishing, sleepy eyes, were strikingly Chinese; while one maiden would easily have passed for a Persian. Another was elusively Japanesque; and a slender paddler on the right was a good American type. And so on down the line: some

were intellectual in feature and expression and shape of forehead; some innocent-faced, some sophisticated; some wise, some frivolous; and each one a beauty, with strong, brown body and limbs, inexhaustible spirits, and the desire of fun in her brown eyes.

It was a pull of several miles to the shallow point where the manœuvring was to be, and our garlanded crew sang all the way, with untired lungs, occasionally breaking out in some old wild cry that had to do with the custom of stone-fishing. Once in a while a little squall would rush down the mountain and give them all the work they could handle, while Bihaura shouted, "Hoé, Hoé" (Paddle! Paddle!)—the word we learned in the surf canoes at Waikiki.

To help along the cheer, I essayed a little hula dance of my own, for was I not one of them this day, and did I not wear a white waist and a red paréu and a yellow hei, with the best! Oh, they were vociferous in their applause and their cries of "Maitai! Maitai! Maitai nui!" It completely won them, that little tripping of mine off the beaten track.

When we were hauled up on the white shallows, I was borne ashore high and dry, pick-a-back, by a laughing vahine, while one of the jolly steersmen did Jack a like service. The palmy point was dotted with the tribe, and we were led to a thatch on the sand, under which we reclined in the midst of our crew, who took up their himines again, sitting in a circle. One of the steersmen was an actor and *improvisateur*, delivering himself of the most touching tones of appreciation of our joy-giving presence. Outside gathered the clans, and on the beach a crowd surrounded the captain and Martin in the launch.

There seemed to be some delay, some hitch in the proceedings. Things did not appear to be going forward, and we learned that there had been disagreement among the factions—one faction would not fish with another, and so forth. Now, the grand feature of stone-fishing is the number of canoes—a hundred should be in the

crescent that spreads out upon the reef and narrows and draws in to where the women, standing in the water at the beach, holding a net of cocoa leaves, close the crescent into a circle, and thus capture the driven fish. Only about twenty canoes had answered the blasts of the conches, and here we were, likely to be robbed of our stone-fishing. At last, through the intervention of M. Laborde and Tehei, it was arranged that the twenty canoes would see what they could do. We embarked in the launch, with Captain Warren at the engine, Martin remaining ashore to take pictures.

When the twenty canoes had spread in a wide crescent on the shell-green water, with the breaking wall of thunderous breakers at reef-edge, we could realise the disadvantage of there being so few, and tried to imagine how a hundred would look. There was a flag-canoë, and, when all were in position, a man dropped the flag—a red and white paréu on a stick—from side to side. At every drop, a kanaka at the bow of each canoe beat the water with a stone on a string. It was a remarkable scene of action. Running our eyes along the crescent, we saw the white spray-smoke of the stone-thresh on the water, then the brown forms lifting and swinging the stone again. Tehei, in our bow, swung with the best, and when he lost the stone from its string, instantly followed it overside, promptly rising with it in his hand. I picked up his floating orange wreath and put it dripping on his black head as he emerged.

The line of canoes drew in and in, beating and beating, and we saw the vahines forming their barrier of legs and cocoa leaves. Our launch behaved beautifully until almost the end, when the canoes had constricted into a tight circle and the vahines passed the great string or screen of leaves inside the canoe-circle. Then the engine gasped and died, the rudder at the same time coming down with a crunch on a huge hummock of brown coral. Jack pick-a-backed me ashore, and we approached a dismayed and disgruntled gathering on the beach. There was not a fish in the enclosure—not one! Where were

the boiling myriads of fish, big and little, that fought and jumped and struck and bit at the wall of legs—the fish that in desperation dashed themselves up on dry land!

We made a cheerful, if sympathetic, face about it all, especially as we could see that Tehei and his wife felt keenly the failure to show what the stone-fishers could do. It seems that the people here never can judge when a good catch will be made, even when the canoes turn out in force. And the bad luck happened on this day of all days.

Bihaura had by now learned that her *maté* was going to sea with us, and although she continued to keep the pot of fun boiling, on the paddle home to the yacht she broke down and sobbed with her head on her knees. Mr. Alacot, a genial half-caste merchant who had been in the party, interpreted to us that she was also sorrowing because Jack and I were leaving, and that we had been “so good to her.” We asked him to tell her that no one in the world had ever been so good to us as she and Tehei, and that if the yacht were only larger we should take her also. Once back on the *Snark*, with the girls sitting around the after skylight singing choruses for the *improvisateur*, she became more like her usual controlled self. But she clung close to Jack and me, and watched her husband as he danced and sang and tried to interpret to us the impromptu songs and speeches. Nevertheless, we caught him wiping his eyes now and again.

Long ago in Polynesia there was an organisation called the Aeroi Society, that lived by its talents for entertaining; a sort of peripatetic Bohemian Club, going about from district to district visiting the chiefs, with whom presents were exchanged. The chiefs in turn descended upon the common people and farmers, robbing them of their produce in order to feed genius. Besides artistic ability of one kind or another, one of the qualifications for membership in this profligate association was the solemn promise of a man to kill his offspring at birth. One of our steersmen, a well built, slender fellow, handsome of face and winning of manner, certainly was the result of a slip-up in this cheerful custom by some talented

member of the ancient fraternity, for the scene aboard the *Snark* was much as the chronicles describe the milder phases of the Aeroi orgies.

Any one who wants to fit himself for unembarrassed public appearance, should come to Bora-Bora and sit under one of these *improvisateurs*. An you can take what he gives you without feeling silly and looking worse, your reputation will be made. I could not. The graceful creature (by the way he had *fée-fée!*) would approach, making up the most poetic sounding runes and things with endless and varied repetitions of my adoptive name, "Bihaura Vahine," the chorus meantime shouting enthusiastic responses, my brown sister bowing grave acquiescence to the honour paid me through her, and Tehei assuring me by expressive *maitais* aside that this man was a prince of poets—"Fine! Fine!" Oh, the genuflections, the spreading of arms, the waving of shapely hands, the sparkling eyes! And all the while, little individual hulas were palpitating around the ring of sitting singers. These love-dancing people do not have to stand on their feet to dance.

Wada, instead of worrying about so many to feed, thought it all very jolly and funny, and bustled about in his light-footed neat way, hoisting ship's biscuit on deck, opening coveted tins of salmon for the eager inrush, and boiling huge pots of rice.

After a while, Jack and I withdrew forward, the better to orient ourselves and observe this strange act in the *Snark's* drama, performed under a swinging ship's lantern while the boat rocked at anchor in the light of the moon. Even now, so soon afterward, it seems far away and unreal, and wholly sweet and wonderful and unspoiled.

Bora-Bora to Samoa,
Thursday, April 23, 1908.

One year ago to-day we beat our way out through the swirls of the Golden Gate. One minute it seems a very short year, when one thinks of the rush of events: and

the next minute, pausing on some of these events the twelve months lengthen into years crammed with novel experience. I know more about geography than I did a year ago, to say nothing of human nature.

And we're getting on, we're getting on, even if slowly. We could not keep up the six-mile gait struck the first and second days out from Bora-Bora, and since then have been lucky when we could exceed forty miles a day. Winds are light and variable, with a criss-cross sea that makes an all-night sleep a pleasant memory only. We expected to sight Manua by the ninth day, which will be to-morrow; but it now looks like a twelve-days' run from Bora-Bora.

Jack and I were both fairly seasick for a couple of days, then buckled down to work. We feel very luxurious with our unwonted deck room—the boats are on davits now—and a good-sized awning amidships. One of our cots is left on deck in the morning, and we work and read, play cards and nap, as comfortably as if we were in a house. The men follow the sun around with a flap of canvas, and we are in cool shadow all day. Squalls of rain curtain the horizon, but none comes nigh us. All three meals are served on deck on the 'midship skylight, and I do not even trouble to sit up, preferring to rest against big blue denim cushions filled with silk-cotton from Bihaura's enormous pillow. Tehei is quite satisfied with this disposition of his wife's gift. He is beginning to cheer up, although when Martin developed the pictures of the double-canoe, showing Tehei and Bihaura dancing, he leaned against the companionway and wept like a good fellow. Every night at sunset, he kneels reverently at the stern rail and prays towards the East. He is a good sailor—keen, willing, with sharp eye for disorder, and a good hand at the wheel. Little experience as he has known in white men's boats, he is a far better sailor than poor Ernest, whose three years before the mast have left him innocent of efficient seamanship. Along with his uselessness, he has a decided penchant for "bossing" everything and everybody whom he imagines

under him—Wada and Nakata for instance. And, last and worst, he has an unpleasant and dangerous disease, which Jack is doctoring and which, on so small a boat, is very undesirable for all of us. We look forward to dropping him at the first available port.

Our supply of fresh food is dwindling to the noble yam. I enjoy it three times a day, in the variant forms that suggest themselves to Wada's fantastic Japanese brain. Why, to-day we thought we had French-fried potatoes—and behold the hearty yam, done to a nicety in olive oil. Big ships whitewash their yams, which keep for months this way. We have not been able to dispose of all the bananas, and they are dropping overboard with reckless wastage. The hens have delivered only two eggs altogether, so chicken stew and fricassee are frequent.

Never did the *Snark* look so well, nor promise to look better. The men are working hard, painting and cleaning and polishing. Jack has them knock off at 4.30, and the watches are easy in this uneventful weather. In fact, Martin, taking the wheel from eight to ten, has all night in. The engine room is unbelievably clean, and the engine is painted dark green and light brown, with shining brass to top off.

Wada's department has spread to quite a farmyard, although the feathered stock is diminishing by two a day. Two fine young roosters committed suicide by flying overboard, but the rest contented themselves with merely trying out their wings and returning to the rail. The landlubber crowings at daylight are very confusing to the dream-dull mind. One's opening eye expects to see the "glimmering square" of a house-window. And the pig, the little, little *puaa*. He slipped his moorings under cover of darkness, and we have since speculated as to whether he met his untimely end at the business end of a shark, or cut his own throat with his cloven hoofs.

Jack and I have been boxing daily, as of old, and now, with our enlarged deck space, Martin has taken it up with Jack, who gets more exercise than when he "fights" solely with me. The boxing amuses Tehei inordinately.

Outside of the dawns and sunsets, and Jack's indignation over my impertinent suggestion from below that my ventilator was not a deck ash-tray, the only other special incident I can think of is the bleaching, or attempt at bleaching Nakata's hair. I brought a generous bottle of peroxide from San Francisco, at his request; but Nakata's enthusiasm to become a blond had not augmented during our absence. However, when we now explained that the black would grow out again soon, he fell into the plan with zest. He was only afraid he would meet Japanese in port somewhere who might laugh at him. But the bleaching of his wiry, purple-inky poll is not easy. We have used nearly all the bottle, the captain and I, and can only detect a dull auburn tone when Nakata stands between us and the sun. In passing, I must mention that we have discovered that Nakata's first name, Yoshimatsu, means "always happy," and Wada's, Tsunekichi, "always good."

Jack spotted a bonita to-day, but failed to supply Wada with fresh fish. Even Tehei's beautiful feather-lure, plucked from the dejected tail of a doomed rooster, did not look good to the bonita.

Two new articles have kept Jack occupied, one called "The High Seat of Abundance," relating our experiences with Tehei and Bihaura, and the other "The Stone-Fishing of Bora-Bora." In *Polynesian Researches*, he had found the following:

"On the arrival of strangers, every man endeavoured to obtain one as a friend and carry him off to his own habitation, where he is treated with the greatest kindness by the inhabitants of the district; they place him on a high seat and feed him with abundance of the finest food."

Aboard the *Snark*, at anchor off Tau,
Manua Group, American Samoa,
May 28, 1908.

I am sitting on a little camp-stool that sways threateningly at each offshore heave of the sea. Around me is a

gathering of Samoan gentlemen whose frank admiration of a woman who does not have to bleach her hair to make it brown, is quite overwhelming. You see, these Samoan dandies and their *fafinas* (which is the *vahine* of it here) do have to bleach theirs, and to that end use lime made from coral. Why, when the big whaleboat came out to us just now, rowed by these splendid kanakas, we were all agog over a magnificent savage in the bow, a man of herculean size, apparently white-headed. He was a veritable South Sea Colonies George Washington. But it was only lime, white, thick, plastered lime made from coral, although his truly grand lines and bulk and crawling muscles were no illusion. Those who have taken off this rigorous bleach are left with hair of various auburn hues that make Nakata's dull flush green by comparison. The reddish hair lends a red-brown to their great black eyes, and a warm tawny tone to their faces. The splendid bodies are clad only in loin-cloths, which partly conceal a fine tattooing that covers their glossy skins like tight knee breeches. The upper back part represents a canoe, the two ends reaching in points half around the waist. A Samoan is not a grown man until he is thus decorated. He indubitably must be a man then, by right of pain, if nothing else.

Another reason for admiration in the regard of the circle is my facility with this fountain pen, for I do not waste much time getting over the paper when I am trying to record happenings on the spot. When they first swarmed aboard from the whaleboat, all shook hands and said "Talofa," (reminiscent of the Hawaiian *Aloha*), we replying in kind; and then I made for parts below and fished up Turner's *Samoa*, in the back of which is a vocabulary of native words. I wanted to find out a few things from these new Americans, and began pointing at the words I needed. They were able to read the words, and pronounced them for me, one after another immediately translating into English—as, "Uru—English, breadfruit." The rogues—they all spoke considerable English, and had not let on!

Tau Island was sighted this morning, but with light wind it was well into afternoon before we sailed under the lee of the high land. The wind failing, Martin started the engine, which behaved well until we were close to our precarious anchorage outside the tremendous breakers; then, just as we most needed power, something went wrong. Two boatloads of natives came out, and towed us with a will to the place they said was the best holding ground. This is a volcanic island, rolling up from the shore twenty-five hundred feet, densely wooded from water's edge to clouds. It is quite different from any of the islands so far. There is no barrier reef, only the rock reef close in, and no safe anchorage, in a blow, anywhere on the fourteen miles of coast. We are in the best, but fearsomely near is the racing surf, a veritable *Grand Prix* of Neptune's finest horses. Our Carmel never flaunted more brilliant turquoise and emerald than do the glorious speeding breakers of Tau. We are so close that we fall into the hollows they leave behind as they pile up ceaselessly on the smoking reef. Catch us risking *our* boats in any of their indiscernible "boat-passages." Not we. When we go ashore to yon palm-smothered village, it will be in a big whaleboat manned by amphibious Samoans. One of them just now posted me upon local etiquette in the matter of compensation for services such as have been rendered us: "A little sea-biscuit for the boys? They pull boat hard. *Ai?*" So Wada is handing up a tin box of pilot bread from the forepeak, while the square white teeth of the expectant, smiling natives encircle us. "Some whiskey, please?" Oh, that is different. Whiskey is taboo. They know, and so do we. That is one point of perfect understanding.

Wednesday, April 29, 1908.

∪ We did not go ashore, as it was nearly supper time when we came to anchor. For convenience in running back and forth, we should like an airship. Our visitors departed well satisfied with their entertainment, and

pulled away singing. After dark several boatloads came out through the surf, and passed by in the starlight, singing, always singing; and in the night we awoke and heard them in the distance, fishing by torchlight under the Southern Cross, while on the beach fires burned redly.

The *Snark* rolled heavily all night in the ground swell, and we were driven below by a stiff squall; so there was scant repose. This morning Mr. Morrison, an American in charge of the one store, came out in company with a two-hundred-and-sixty-pound "high man" of the village, who teaches English in the school. His name is Viega, pronounced something like Vee-ahng-ah—this melodious *ahng* sound always preceding the *g* in Samoan. The two invited us ashore, so we swallowed our coffee and toast and made ready. It was very exciting going through the surf, and I found myself studying ways and means of winning ashore over the reef, should we upset. Many boats are broken up, even in the hands of the skilful surfmen. We were reminded of surf-riding in Hawaii, when at length a straight-going friendly roller sent us shooting in.

Borne on the mighty shoulders of the tattooed, red-headed Samoans, we were set high and dry on the broadest, palm-dotted beach we have seen. Viega led us to the house of Tuimanua, the King, who, greatly to our disappointment, for we had heard much of him, was absent superintending the copra-making on Olosenga, the westernmost of the Manuan group. Later in the day a flashy-looking habitué of the royal neighbourhood, elegantly tattooed and be-limed, broached the suggestion that he send a boat to Olosenga with news of our arrival. We were glad of this, for this pseudo-monarch is the last and most illustrious of the kings of Old Samoa, and we should regret missing him.

As soon as we were in the house, the high men began to drop in, and we sat in a circle and had translated to us by the gentle-voiced and courteous Viega the speeches of welcome made by the chief orator of the village—the

Talking Man. Not one of the speakers would have risked his eloquence to his own scant English. Viega, the teacher, was able to do their high-flown language into very good English, with admirable grace and dignity. The Samoans are ceremonious above all the Islanders. Viega's effect is quite overpowering, and I find it necessary to recall my stare occasionally when I am lost wondering how he carries his massive bulk so well. And he is athletic—looks fat, but can easily touch the floor with his knuckles without bending at the knees. It turns out that he practises this and other exercises daily—proving that he has brain as well as brawn. In feature he somewhat resembles Prince Cupid of Hawaii. The profile is good, mouth well shaped over even teeth, and wonderfully sweet when smiling; the forehead is low but broad, and the eyes, very large, are dusky black, with insolently level, heavy lids—the insolence being solely in the lines, for the gaze is kind and gracious. His eyelashes are half an inch long at least. It is the physical aristocracy again, the splendid result of generations of ample nourishment and care and selection. Viega wears a white *lava-lava* (all the same paréu, I can hear Wada comment), a shirt and a white coat.

A room was made ready for us *papalangi* (white folk) in this European and breezy stone house, and oh, yes—I must not forget the 'ava. *Kava*, the Americans say at home, but 'ava is the correct native usage, while the real botanical inwardness is *macropiper methysticum*. There was no postponement in our liking for it, and there is now a note filed away to remind us to send for "pepper-bush" when we are home once more. They made it in a large fourteen-legged calabash called *tanoa*, wrought from one piece of hard wood. The knobby yellowish root is coarsely grated, placed in the bowl, and water added. The mess is squeezed by pretty maidens whose hands are first punctiliously washed—at least, that is what happened while we were looking on. As the yellow root begins to tinge the water, the grosser gratings are strained in a bunch of cocoanut fibre. When the water

retains the proper amount of the flavour and colour of the root, the 'ava makers all stand and clap their hands. This signifies to the household that the flowing bowl is prepared, and is also a signal that the house is taboo to intrusion until the drinking is accomplished. Originally the meaning of this clapping included the warning against evil spirits.

A cocoanut calabash is now dipped into the bowl and brought by one of the pretty maidens to the guest of honour. On this occasion it was passed first to me, and then refilled for Jack; Mr. Morrison came next, and was followed by Viega, and thence on around the ring of "nobles," undoubtedly in the precedence of their rank. The same drinking-calabash is used by all, going back to be replenished after each drinker, even if he has but touched his lips to it. But the best observance is to drain it. The person presenting the cup raises it high, then sweeps low, finally bringing it to the level of the drinker's hand. It is a beautiful and stately ceremonial.

'Ava drinking is said to have been the most strict and ceremonious function of Samoa 'Umi in the past, and the pages of her history are redly punctuated with squabbles, feuds, and wars, that arose over the question of precedence in drinking. There is no doubt in our minds as to who will first press lip to cup when Mr. Tuimanua comes to town.

Originally, the 'ava was fermented, but the people were not given to drinking to excess, only taking a draught before meals, like a cocktail; and old men drank it in the morning, believing that it prolonged life. 'Ava is taboo in Hawaii now, on account of the intoxication it produced among the natives. But this 'ava in Manua is newly made for each quaffing, and is the freshest, most mouth-cleansing of drinks, leaving an effect on the tongue like a gargle of listerine—a "delectable toothwash that cleanses all the way down," according to Jack. When my cupful started down, I thought I should not care much for 'ava; but before the cocoanut-shell was emptied, I changed my mind. One cannot name the flavour—

that is as difficult as describing the taste of breadfruit; it is just *rooty*, and somebody said it reminded him of hops. Perhaps it might be likened to a sublimated, unfermented, celestial beer. One writer has said that 'ava tasted like soapy dishwater as much as anything else; but we failed to notice the similarity—perhaps we don't know the taste of dishwater.

Mr. Morrison tells us that 'ava is mildly stimulating, and that some persons find their knees wobbly after drinking a quantity. But Jack and I have noted no effect whatever, except that of refreshment. We are just as well satisfied, too, that our 'ava is not made as of old, when the root was chewed by the Samoan girls. No matter how charming they be, one cannot help preferring to do his own chewing, and, anyway, microbes are microbes.—Oh, surely, we'd have had a try at it, just the same. We could not have let our beloved Robert Louis go us better on a little thing like that.

Although one consequence of 'ava drinking is to check the appetite for food, it is customary to offer food with the drink; but the ceremonial does not impose acceptance of the taro, or breadfruit, or whatever happens to be set forth.

The household of the King is unique. Here, besides Tuimanua and his wife, live Mr. Morrison, and a sister of the King, whose name, Lepepa, means Good Tidings, such as announcements of marriages or betrothals. She certainly looks all of it, and more, for topping her spare presence is a head of short black hair, red-ended, standing out frizzily in all directions like a Fijian's, giving her a look of pained surprise which is irresistibly funny. Lepepa's main occupation, besides being good to us, is keeping this aureole in order, which she does by rolling it up tight in a point on top of her head, pinning it with two or three insufficient wire hairpins. I spared her one of my large bone ones, and she promptly came with a beautiful *tapa* (*siapo*, here) of her own manufacture. It is done in dark brown designs on dull white, and decorated with big bars and disks painted with a varnish-like

vegetable juice. This square siapo is for wearing apparel, held in place by a broad white siapo girdle, picked out in brown leaf-forms.

There are several young girls, related to the royal family, who sleep elsewhere but spend the day in the "palace," ostensibly helping around. Two beauties stood fanning us at table to-day. One, vouched for as full-blooded Manuan, is a variation in her race. Her hair is brown, half its length burned by the sun to a splendid lustreless gold. Her skin is tawny, and her black eyes, long and level, heavy-lidded and indolent, borrow a tawny tone from hair and skin. She has a square-cut neck on her short tunic of bright blue-flowered stuff, and her neck and shoulders and back are matchless in line and texture. Indeed, she is so lovely a thing that she seems fairly to breathe out beauty. Only thirteen she is, with an exquisite budding body; and she lays her dull gold hair on the nape of her neck, dressing it over the ears with crimson blossoms of hibiscus, and looks upon us with a calm sphinx-like gaze that tells nothing except that she is unconsciously a perfect thing fashioned from the dreams and colours that pictures are made of. I wonder if Cleopatra looked so, when she was thirteen. This beauty's name is Liuga, with the tender *n* before the soft *g*. And Liuga means The End, The Aim. Isn't that beautiful?—What does she here in unappreciative Samoa-land where her fairness is but subject for mirth among her kind? She would be The End, The Aim, of many a white heart if she went to a white man's country, and possessed the mind to inform her loveliness.

There is a fashion magazine in Tau. I saw it lying on the Queen's sewing machine. And if I had not seen it, I should have known it was in the village. The strange garments that have been evolved would make a book in themselves. There is great preference for semi-décolleté and berthas; and as this pinafore sort of apparel seldom goes as far as the knees, a lava-lava of some unrelated material covers from the hips down. Liuga finished off the square neck of her blue-flowered upper garment with

wide purple lace laid flat, while her lava-lava is brilliant rose-colour. She is like an Egyptian scarf, a rainbow. There—I am back to her again, when I want to tell about Viega's wife, Sialafua, which means The Road, The Way. She helped in the hospitality this afternoon; a magnificent woman, well up to her husband's weight. I should like to see her in a box at the opera, in full panoply of silk and jewels and bare shoulders. She would create a sensation, would Viega's wife. As it is, she makes a marked impression in a lavender and white *ofu* (Samoan for holoku, ahu, etc.), her black hair done high, and plump taper hands folded in a lap that "ample" doesn't express. She is the daughter of an old chief of Upolu, and looks born to the purple.

When Mr. Morrison had enticed Jack out to the store, the women and girls lost no time surrounding me, and asking, in unmistakable and highly ludicrous ways, if I had any "pickaninnies," which familiar word they have adopted. When I made it clear that I was so unfortunate as to have no family, the good souls left me in no doubt as to their pity for my childlessness. But after some one pantomimed the size of the *Snark*, and the perils that would beset pickaninnies on that overcrowded *vaa* (boat), they sagely nodded that it was best so, and wished me well for the time when my little ship should come home.

Thursday, April 30, 1908.

At last we have seen tapa-cloth in the making. I had begun to look upon it as a lost art, until Jack and I, taking a walk, stumbled upon a *falè* (house) where a pretty woman sat cross-legged before a tilted board, pounding and scraping the wet lengths of stripped white *tutuga* bark—a kind of mulberry—*Bronssonetia sapyrifera*, if you really want to know. After the pulpy substance thus made is pounded into "cloth," it is laid over a board carved in one of the patterns peculiar to siapos. A piece of rag is then dipped into native dye made from tree-bark, and well rubbed over the cloth. The colour

remains on the high places pressed up by the carving, and the thing is done. The woman discoursed volubly to us about the process, and we, nothing daunted, replied at length in our own, to her, unintelligible jargon.

The village strays picturesquely along the beach, each *falé* set up wherever its owner chooses, and his shell-garnished canoe drawn up not far off. There are two roads in Tau running parallel until they converge at the ends of the village. Trees and flowers crowd to the edges, and we saw passing through the air from bough to bough several of those strange furry paradoxes, flying foxes. The houses are beautiful—far superior to those of Tahiti and Tahaa, especially inside. The roofs are domed much higher, and are more often round than oblong, while the workmanship in beams and thatch and sennit is exquisite. Samoan thatch is almost always made from sugar cane, and the eaves of the steep roofs clipped short. The floors are the ground, raised several inches by layers of pounded white coral, with stones set around the edge to keep the coral in place. One stoops low to enter, passing in between the upright pillars. The interiors are lofty and roomy and cool, with a restful gloom; and when rain or draught is to be shut out, mats rolled up under the eaves are let down, a section at a time, or all around, as the need may be. The only furnishings are handsome calabashes lacquered bluish white by the *'ava*, rolls of sleeping mats, and short bamboos raised a few inches, which are used as pillows, Japanese fashion.

Upon going into a house, with "*Talofa*" all round, mats are instantly unrolled, upon which one is invited to sit—cross-legged of course. And the most approved posture, especially when in presence of royalty, is with the right foot resting upon the left leg, well above the knee. Try it. Jack says he cannot succeed because of his stiff knees—stiff from many accidents; so I am doing it for the family, although I must admit it is a strain.

These Manuans are universally good-looking, except for the prevalent disfiguring blindness. No one seems to be sure of the cause. But judging by the myriads of small,

clinging, sticky flies that infest the faces of the children, one cannot help wondering if they haven't something to do with it. Some of the prettiest faces are grievously marred by an eye gone white or whitish blue. Hunchbacks of both sexes are a common sight, but they are as jolly as the rest. We noticed a number of men without hands—dynamiting fish being responsible. There is *fee-fee*, but no leprosy. It is a pity there is not more fresh water in Manua. Rainwater is the source of supply, and the natives have no chance to bathe in rivers as all the islanders love to do; and there can be little sea-bathing, on account of sharks. They are not voluntarily uncleanly; they do the best they can, but lack the fresh and shining appearance of people who may revel in abundance of water.

We cannot stir out of the house but a large following of all ages and conditions attaches to our rear. To-day one lusty young fellow took it upon himself to be guide. He speaks English, and says he was once a marine on the *Adams*. He led us into various houses, where we bought siapos and fans, shells and baskets. When some avaricious *fafiné* wanted a price that our guide considered exorbitant, he assumed a lofty, detached expression and remarked: "Let uss go." And go we would, on to another *falé* where perhaps a couple of voluptuous damsels volunteered to *siva-siva*, first placing a dish before us, into which Jack was expected to drop small change. These Manuans, despite the fact that this is not a steamer port, are not so primitive by far as our adorable Bora-Borans.

The children have learned that certain purplish-red cat-eyes, although common as pebbles here, are for some reason esteemed by me; and they come in droves, hands full. Jack pays them a cent for ten desirable specimens, and they scuttle for the store to spend their gains in "lollies." When we reject bad stones that they try to foist upon us, there is a great uproar of laughter, in which the detected one joins with good will. I am minded to plan a girdle out of the cat-eyes. One green one has come to light, but such are rare.

We were gone possibly an hour and a half on our

quest through the village, and when we returned, ten of our coppers had already found their way back to the store, where Mr. Morrison was dispensing lollies at eight for a cent. It seems good to be handling American coinage. It provokes the old query: "Do you know where you are?" Frankly, half the time I do not. Down on the broad glistening beach I sit with chin on knees and watch the bit *Snark* tossing just beyond the tremendous barrier of surf, and feel very much lost indeed.

The King's front veranda was the scene of quite an extensive bazaar to-day, when the natives, rounded up by Mr. Morrison at our request, brought siapos and fans and mats for us to buy. All were good-natured—congratulating one another when a sale was made, and gaily jeering when an article was not up to the mark. Mr. Morrison, who is the butt of much friendly abuse because he will not take a wife from among them, engineered proceedings, and kept prices down to normal; and we became the possessors of enough mats, fine and coarse, to furnish our floors in summer at home, and to sleep on for aye if we choose. A large mat of fine, soft weave can be bought for \$2.00 to the entire content of the seller. Lovely sleeping-mats, child-length, come two for a quarter, while an ordinary-sized siapo that would take three women a week to make, brings half a dollar or less. 'Ava bowls are held very high, because few are made in this day.

When I lay down to rest after dinner, in to me came Soa, one-time *taupou*, or Maid of the Village, now a sober young matron of a few months. She sat beside me on the bed and began to massage—*lomi-lomi*, the same as in Hawaii. Then Lepepa dropped in, with half her unruly hair sticking straight out on one side, and added her kneading. After a time another girl strayed along and joined, while outside on the porch Liuga, head nodding with red flowers, looked through the window and wound up a musical clock for our amusement.

I must tell about the Maids of the Villages. I do not know who is *taupou* of this one, now Soa is wedded;

but it is the custom for the chief of a village to appoint a child to the high office, which child is brought up carefully with this goal in view. She must be a virgin of high degree, and she is the standard, the representative, the paragon, of all pure excellence in the community. If she fail in virtue, the chief who appointed her must indeed be powerful to save her from punishment if he would. Her function it is to entertain high guests—to make the 'ava, to be gracious, and to look all her loveliness, dressed for the part.

Now, also in each village is the *manaia*, the beau, the flash-man in whom is embodied all the foppery and manly style of his people. Part of the business of this masculine butterfly is the conquest of taupous of other villages than his own—his guerdon being the number of maids he may win. Courting-parties besiege each village in this game of hearts, and each group must look to it that its taupou be shielded from the charms of the intruder. Her end is to marry a chief who will be chosen for her, and there must be no tripping aside. There are all sorts of intricate ins and outs in the taupou system, and one would have to reside in Samoa a long time to unravel the inwardness of the charming custom.

After supper, still tired, I stretched out on a mat on the veranda, where young girls gathered around, who, I have no doubt, commented upon the cut of my *ofu*. I said "Lomi-lomi," and was promptly surrounded, three on a side, twelve small hands hunting out the tired places in my nerves. Even the indolent Liuga took a hand, two hands, as well as the other belle who fans us at table.

Boys from Viega's school drifted over to sing for us, and sat in a row on the grass under a big *fau* tree. Their himines are less varied in harmony than those of Bora-Bora, but very musical nevertheless.

Friday, May 1, 1908.

He came, Tuimanua, in a pouring rain. Early in the morning the word was passed along that he had landed;

but it was some little time before we saw him, for he beached at a distance in order to dress suitably. When he finally appeared, he walked under an umbrella, bare-foot in the rain, clad in neat brass-buttoned khaki coat, over a white lava-lava. His wife followed, with Sialafua, and we were introduced by Viega. Then ensued a ceremonial period, during which we sat around in the main hall and exchanged compliments and courtesies. As for Tuimanua's Queen, Vaitupu, she is just the dearest of solid, lovable, wholesome women, with dignity and fine manners. So has her husband dignity and grace, but something more. We had been with him but a few minutes when we said to each other: "He is every inch the part." He is tall, well shaped, with sharp and restless black eyes, fairly light skin, noble profile and head, firm mouth, slender sensitive hands, and the first fine feet we have seen in Polynesia—long, slim, classic, even to the long second toe. His carriage is kingly, aloof, lonely.

We had understood at Tahiti that Tuimanua spoke a little English; but no word did he utter to us except in Samoan, which Viega interpreted. Once or thrice, a quick lift of the Tui's eyebrows or a flash of his keen eyes, made me wonder how much he really did understand.

Jack and I were getting quite at home in our surroundings, when Tuimanua made some request to Viega. That engaging creature rose to do his bidding, but passed out of the room backward and bent double—and he a kinsman, a nephew of the august Tui. We kept our eyes alert, and when clapping announced the 'ava, we saw Liuga approach deeply bent. I do not think the fair maiden likes genuflecting, or else she has been growing careless in the absence of her sovereign, for later in the day she failed somewhere and earned a reprimand from him that sent her backing out of the room as fast as she could progress in that fashion.

We had been curious as to how this round of 'ava would be served. Tuimanua indicated Jack to the hesitating cup-bearer, and Jack was obliged to drink first,

although he tried to offer the calabash to the Queen. But Tuimanua's imperious drawing together of his black brows suggested that the best way was to comply with his wish. I came next to the head of my family, then Mr. Morrison, the King, his wife, and so on.

The formal audience shortly broke up, and Mr. Morrison took us to see Mr. Young and his daughter, who had just arrived in their schooner from Tutuila. The girl we found very sweet and modest, and her father exceedingly interesting, full of travel and experience. By marriage he is connected with the Manuan chief blood, and a few years ago during some lull in succession of rulers on Tau, he set his elder daughter on the high seat. She subsequently died, and her tomb, a modern one, is just outside the house. Tuimanua was next on the throne, and there is no love lost between him and the Youngs. However, neither mentioned the other to us; and when, upon our return to dinner, Mr. Morrison casually mentioned that he had taken us to call upon Rosa Young and her father, the intelligence was received by a well-bred inclination of the royal heads.

There is a vast difference in the way things are conducted since the Tui and Vaitupu returned. Law and order prevail in right regal fashion, and the women stand around promptly. Tuimanua's quick, roving eye detects the slightest remissness in table service—which he has learned in the navy circle at Tutuila—and he makes his corrections with a quiet unobtrusiveness that would bear emulation in many a paler menage.

After the noon meal, Vaitupu took us by the hands and led us into her and her husband's room, where we found a transformation had been wrought. The dismantled black and gilt four-poster was made up snowily, fresh mats laid on the floor, a reading-stand ready by the bed, bearing a good lamp, and upon the floor a heap of Samoan treasures, all for us—siapos, mats and fans; while from her own finger the Queen took three turtle-shell rings, inlaid with silver, and placed them on my fingers. Around my neck she hung a long thick necklace

of beautiful diminutive land-shells. But the cream of the pile at our feet was a loose low-necked shirt, made for the use of the taupou on state occasions, plaited of sennit so fine that the woof is like soft cloth, or doeskin. This is a valuable souvenir, being an old specimen, finer than any of the work done in this day. It is trimmed about the neck with a sort of fringe of white bark-fibre, fine and smooth as silk ribbon, and interspersed with small fluffy red feathers of a rare bird. I could not express my delight, and Jack looked positively bashful. It really is embarrassing to have heaped upon one such redundant piles of presents. Perhaps we shall get used to the marvel of Samoan commonplace—although customs may be different beyond Samoa, and the novelty remain untarnished after all.

An elaborate siva-siva, combined singing and sitting-dancing, was rendered outside after supper, and later, as we sat fanning in the twilight, Jack and Mr. Morrison swapping yarns, and Vaitupu caressing my hands in her large, affectionate way, Tuimanua arose and went in. In a few moments a girl came with a message to Mr. Morrison, which was translated as a request that we step inside for evening devotions. We found the King seated at a large table, his head on his hand. There was something pathetic about him, for Tuimanua has a bad illness of the stomach, for which he has been to the hospital at Tutuila. We are told that he thinks he has an *aitu* pursuing him—a malign spirit bent upon his undoing; and from the way he looks about him at times, it is probable that the devil will get him, if fear will kill. This evil presence, like the *kahuna* of old Hawaii, is a dogger of men's footsteps in Samoa, and even Tuimanua, who is more intelligent and enlightened than any of the remaining chiefs, does not escape the stunting, damning superstition, despite his strict devotion to the Christian faith. It is even said he hesitated a year or two before he would accept the chieftdom of Manua, waiting for the people to give up certain barbarous customs. But it is no use. His *aitu* is stronger than his faith.

Viega offered up a long prayer in his musical voice and language, at the end of which all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer in the native tongue. It was a picture to remember—the stricken quasi king bowed upon his hands, the nephew of mighty sinew praying like a trusting child, the sumptuous women filling their inadequate chairs in overflowing lines of ease, and, off in a corner, sitting on our now new 'ava calabashes, a cluster of young beauties, gorgeous in colours of cloth and flowers—and a bit inclined to giggle and whisper.

A hymn ensued, and then the Tui indicated to Mr. Morrison that he would be pleased if Jack would tell him the latest news from America—say concerning the elections, and any other matters to do with the Government. In speaking, the King addresses the person to whom he wishes his speech interpreted, quite as naturally as if he expected to be understood. Jack glanced up at a portrait of Teddy Roosevelt adorning the key-beam of an arch, and racked his brains for items to interest the royal interlocutor. When he had finished, Tuimanua went on to state some of his pet plans for Manua, one hope being that the Government might some day send a man to the school who would know *law*, so that the youth of Samoa would be able to learn the newly imposed American laws, and clearly explain those laws to their elders.

And so ended our second May Day since the voyage of the *Snark* began.

Aboard the *Snark*,
Manua to Tutuila,
Saturday, May 2, 1908.

There they go, the grave King, the motherly Queen, Viega and his gorgeous wife, all singing, they and the brown oarsmen :

“ I nev-ver will for-ge-ett you ! ”

—the “ Farewell to Admiral Kimberly ” that has become farewell to every one in Samoa. Three times they have

circled us in the long whaleboat, singing and waving, and now they grow smaller and dimmer as the boat surges with sweeping strokes toward the familiar beach. A few little out-rigger canoes, shell-decorated, float idly about, and Young's schooner dips her flag as we get under way and pass slowly in the light air toward a fair breeze that we see wrinkling the ocean out from under the land.

We did not want to go so soon, but time and the season are pressing. The only reason for pressure of time is that there are hurricane seasons farther on which cautious Jack wishes to avoid. You see, the voyage of the *Snark* is not so foolhardy as it might look. So it's anchor up and away, our light barque freighted with bales of curious merchandise. Which pleasant burthen goes free into the United States, from our own harbour in Tutuila.

Such a busy morning! There was nothing on the yacht fitting for gifts to those who had served us so sweetly; but the store came in handy, and Mr. Morrison, knowing the taste of every woman in the place, helped us select. The younger maids were gladdened by wool and silk shawls of dainty shades; Lepepa had a new ofu of a coveted print, and some excellent German umbrellas came to light that were just what Vaitupu and Sialafua wanted. Soa had a present too; and I was obliged to send a special messenger for Liuga, who was still under the ban of Tuimanua's displeasure.

. . . And then it was "Tofa—tofa soi fua!" all round—words that bear all the lovable significance of the Hawaiian "Aloha nui!"—with handclasps and cheek-pressures. Tuimanua and Vaitupu, with Viega and his wife and Mr. Morrison, accompanied us out to the yacht, where the two ladies promptly fell seasick while inspecting my tiny quarters. Only one at a time could squeeze in, for my cabin door was blocked by the aforesaid bales of merchandise, and our guests had to compress themselves to the dimensions of the narrow mirrored door between Jack's room and mine. I did not think Sialafua could do it; but she did, although piecemeal—literally lifting herself through in sections, the while shaking with

mirth. It was Viega who failed. His mighty chest stuck fast midway, and he surveyed my inadequate dormitory from that breathless vantage.

. . . Tau village is now all a blur of palms brushing the feet of the massive mountains cowed in cloud, and Olosenga looms near, little-big Olosenga that lifts its minarets 1500 feet from but a mile-long base washed with a spouting onslaught of breakers. Beyond is Ofu Island (Petticoat Island?), misty-green with distance, and trembling in the westering sunlight. There is nothing like it in all the world—the ever fresh delight of flushing green isles in the deep sea.

We have caught fair wind, and the *Snark* is sailing well. To-morrow will see her resting in another strange port. It is bewildering, this flitting from place to place. I am already confusing the memories of Raiatea and Tahaa, Moorea and Bora-Bora and Manua; and if that be true, what will it be like when Tutuila, Upolu, Savaii, and the Fijis are left behind? But it is a joyous jumble of sensations, and already we are thinking still farther overseas, glimpsing fearsome night-sailings past the shores of the head-hunting Solomons; perilous navigating in the reef-netted currents of Torres Straits, visiting Thursday Island by the way to see the pearling, and, who knows? to fulfil Jack's promise of a lapful! And there are Summatra's pearls also; to say nothing of her tigers and tapirs, crocodiles, and great elephants, with vegetation in proportion, flowers of three-foot diameter, and leaves to match. And oh, Java—Java with its unimagined lures—its peacocks and flying foxes, five-foot bats; and terrible tigers, black tigers from out of nightmare forests of indestructible teak. And who whispered dragons—real dragons—or are they only flying lizards? Java has her flora, too, blossoms weighing eighteen pounds, they say; and bazaars—think of the India stuffs, and silks, and goldsmiths who will make curious settings for one's pearls and cat-eyes and opals caught along the way!

. . . I can see there is to be no sleep on deck to-night in this big swell, with threatening showers, so I am

going below and turn in under the friendly funnel of my ventilator.

Pago Pago Harbour, Tutuila, American Samoa,
Sunday, May 3, 1908.

We are not quite so happy this morning as we should be in so lovely a haven. Jack sits on a camp-stool over against the side of the teak companionway, with a shadowed countenance, and he is not even reading—which phenomenon indicates that he is much preoccupied. Captain Warren, with all hands and the cook, is sweating exhaustedly for'ard, taking in anchor chain for the third time within two hours. And it was all unnecessary. We are a grinning spectacle to the nautical shore, from the Governor in his high mansion down to the least bluejacket on the beach; and it had to happen in our own naval station, of all places.

. . . After keeping off until daylight, we entered Pago Pago Harbour under sail, right in the middle of the channel, and around the bend of the splendid landlocked port. Indeed, so safe and sheltered is it that we needs must round the bend before ever we could see the tall masts of the familiar *Annapolis*, lying at the wharf. We were surely a fair vision, sweeping in with all sail set, and were abreast of the gunboat, when we heard her boatswain's whistle and the order given to "lower the whaleboat." On the instant, Captain Warren let go anchor. He seemed to lose his vain head over the fact that some one was coming out to us from a cruiser. Jack had already suggested where he thought we ought to lie, close in to a buoy, astern of the big ship; but Captain Warren, as I say, lost his head. It did not improve his temper when the port doctor came alongside, instead of the elegant uniformed officers whom he had met in Papeete; and so crusty was he, that the Doctor grew excusably cool to the *Snark* crowd generally, and remarked drily as he re-entered his boat, that we could not have selected a worse anchorage. A few minutes

later, Jack noticed that we were dragging rapidly down upon an old hulk of a schooner anchored in the middle of the bay, and Martin was ordered to the engine, while the rest of the men laboriously hauled up our skating anchor. When the hook was out, we moved over toward the buoy Jack had indicated, and which, by the way, the Doctor had volunteered was the best place for us. On the way, the anchor chain, carelessly left with a single turn on the bits, got away and we were fast again. The boys went at it once more, straining and panting in the heat, for it is arduous work to haul in fathom upon fathom of heavy chain-cable twice in an hour. And all the time the Sabbath-lazy bluejackets lounged ashore listening to a big phonograph and amusedly watching the elephantine manœuvres of a small mismanaged American yacht trying to pick up her moorings.

At last, with great expenditure of gasoline, the captain decided he was where he wanted to be (although Jack warned him we were too close to a coral-rock jetty that ran out from the reef), and down went the anchor. Shortly after, two officers walked out on a wooden pier near by and called to us that the Governor had sent word that we were too close in for safety, and we might carry a line to the Government buoy. So the weary crew set to again at pulling up the chain, and before we had gained the desired position, the anchor got away from them again. And here we are, disgusted and keenly disappointed with our messy arrival in Pago Pago, after our bright beginnings. Jack said gloomily: "I really think, when all's said and done, I've got more sailor-pride than all the rest of them put together—even if I don't talk about it; and just look at the spectacle we've made of ourselves this morning!" I feel so sorry for him; he spares nothing in order to have things as they should be, and seldom gets what he pays for. And the one and only thing in the world in which he fights for style, is his boat.

. . . These young Tutuilans are a nuisance. They are clambering up our sides in swarms, and we have to order

them off, for we haven't room to turn around; and they are too sophisticated to be especially interesting. They are perky and impudent—but when Jack pretended that he was going to throw one small urchin overboard, the boy began to blubber. I was much amused a few moments ago when a canoe paddled out, and a pair of exceedingly pretty half-caste girls climbed over the stern rail. When they saw a white woman aboard, their coquettish quest was abandoned with comical alacrity, and they faded away over the stern, returning my smile and wave rather dubiously. A big Samoan came off to us and asked for laundry, presenting a letter from some American officer recommending him to the effect that he had done several washings for him, and that he probably did them as well as any other laundryman. We managed to keep our faces straight, appeared duly impressed, and referred him to the crew. —

This harbour is a prize for the American Navy, quite hurricane proof—shut in as it is by mountains. The highest, Matafaa, rises 2357 feet. On the starboard side, entering, a mighty bluff called Tower Rock juts up into the sky. It bears the picturesque local name of The Rainmaker, for whenever clouds are seen about its summit, rain is sure to be brewing. To all appearances we are in a mountain-girt lake.

The red-roofed dwellings of the officers are very pretty, and the Governor's House, set high on a little ridge that projects into the bay, carries out the same colour scheme.

The *Annapolis*, we learn, is leaving on Tuesday for Fiji, to bring back Governor Parker, to replace Governor Moore who is bound home.

Monday, May 4, 1908.

My! but it is good to be in a white man's house again—to have two big breezy rooms, bathe in a real bathroom in hot running water and cold shower, and to sleep in a bed the rolling and pitching of which exists only in the mind. Even my typewriter sits tight, showing no inclination to fall into my lap nor tilt backward;

nor does it exchange capitals for lower-case in the mad style it affects at sea.

We climbed the breathless hillock yesterday to call on Governor Moore, and that gentleman repeated his invitation given in Papeete, to make ourselves at home in the house as long as we please, whether he is here or not. We at once moved into the delightful suite allotted, Nakata playing valet with marked success. The young officers and their wives dropped in during the evening, and we renewed our Papeete acquaintance; while the Governor regaled us with witty stories. His most interesting anecdotes, to us, are those connected with his administration in Tutuila, where he has made himself respected and admired as well as loved by the people of our corner of Samoa, barring a few rebellious souls. The latter seem to be of the sort that kicks against the pricks of government, and they are not to be found among the pure native element. One man with whom there has been serious disagreement, is, as the Governor puts it, "So crooked he can't hide behind a corkscrew"—which must be pretty crooked.

In general the inhabitants of American Samoa are fairly content. As in the case of Tuimanua, who is practically Governor of Manus 'Uma, or "All Manua," other chiefs have been made governors of the various districts on Tutuila. Thus, a chief named Mauga is governor of the Eastern District, and the Governor of the Western District is a half-white, Fauvae—both, of course, answerable to Governor Moore. Even Tuimanua has a little colony of Manuans over across the bay. The *fita-fita*, or policemen, are all native, usually of high rank, and appointed by the chiefs. They must be big and physically fit in every way. Governor Moore's stunning steam-launch crew that we saw in Tahiti, is a good sample of the *fita-fitas* we see here.

. . . This forenoon I accounted for some of my lost hours by bringing Jack's typing up to date, namely a new Klondike story, just finished—"Lost Face." Then came an invitation from Mr. Groves, a socialist who came

aboard the *Snark* yesterday, to attend a birthday feast across the water. We accepted, and went aboard the yacht at four, to see about packing our Manuan curios for shipment. Mr. Groves sent a Samoan to the *Snark*, who rowed us in a chubby little bobbed-off boat across the sunset flood and over the reef that hugs the shore. On landing we were met by Mr. Groves' pretty half-caste wife and a little son who looked as if he had stepped right out of a Sir Joshua Reynolds canvas.

We ascended a short rocky trail to a cottage perched on the hillside, and found great preparation going on for the feast, even Mrs. Groves' ancient sire taking part with zest. Mrs. Groves' attitude concerning him in relation to us was beautifully tactful. There was no embarrassment in her regard of the withered old savage, tattooed and naked but for a scant cloth; but she was half-apologetic for his appearance, with the explanatory but prideful manner in which she might have accounted for some custom of her country strange to us. I must say few of us can lay claim to a finer-looking parent than hers; and the daughter has the same clear-cut features.

A bright-faced girl came out on the little porch and made 'ava in a fascinating fourteen-legged bowl, and it was the best we have tasted—a trifle stronger than the Manuan brew. By this time, Dr. Rossiter (in a much more genial mood than the official one in which he boarded the disgraceful *Snark* yesterday) arrived with his wife, and we were all bedecked with wreaths of flowers and vines before climbing farther up the steep to the feast. It was spread on a terraced level strip of hill, and some fifty guests squatted around. I was called upon to cut the birthday cake, a towering achievement of white frosting and pink decorations that taxed my imagination and skill to the uttermost; but I did manage to separate it into over fifty pieces, much to the delight of hostess and feasters. Mrs. Rossiter was appointed to struggle with a cake into which were baked numberless American nickels, while the rest of us offered suggestions and criticisms and generally superintended her.

Aside from the cakes and ice-cream, it was the usual native spread, with fish baked in *ti* leaves, as in Hawaii. The cocoanuts here are nearly as fine as the Marquesan.

The board was deserted early by most of the guests, who were anxious to avail themselves of the privilege of carrying home what they could not eat. Even the native houseboys of the Americans were smuggling away the lion's share of their portions.

Hanging on the almost perpendicular mountainside, a green precipice frowning above us, we had a wondrous view of the twilight lake below—for lake it looked to be, the opposite shore glowing softly with home-lights, and a bugle from the *Annapolis* floating liquidly on the purple air. After the feast we were entertained with a siva-siva in a large native house, where three young maidens, girdled in skirts of leaves and feathers and tapa strips, gave pantomimic dances, somewhat on the principle of the Geisha. Children joined in, moving their little feet and hands in dainty and graceful rhythm. No civilised dancing of small folk is so unaffectedly simple and beautiful as the siva-siva of Samoa. These babes imbibe grace with their mothers' milk, and are practically untaught, strictly speaking. They learn dancing along with walking and talking.

It was "Tofa sui fua" at an early hour, and we rowed back across the ripples of the bay to the eternal singing of the boatmen. I believe these dark boys cannot row without singing. It is said that the canoe-songs of the Samoans are old as the race, but while some of the quaint chants survive, most of these we hear are of modern conception, tinged with the hymn element. The "Farewell to Admiral Kimberly" cropped up again this evening as a matter of course, albeit the occasion was not one of parting. There seems less attempt at part-singing than with the Society Islanders. The Samoans mostly sing in unison, only occasionally dropping into harmonious intervals.

All about us rose the straight black walls of the mountains, as we skimmed over the water, and overhead a

tinsel moon and electric stars wheeled among dense pillowy white clouds. It was as spectacular as the doldrum skies, which transcend all rational, sober naturalness.

Upon landing, we went in for a few minutes to see the tiny quarters of the Rossiters, and learned anew what an American girl can do with some yards of flowered chintz and muslin, a few cushions, a picture or so, scraps of cardboard and coloured paper in the matter of lampshades, and an oil stove and chafing dish. The Rossiters arrived in Pago Pago after all the quarters had been assigned, but it did not take the bright "Yankee" girl long to create out of nothing a small and select paradise for two.

Tuesday, May 5, 1908.

Governor Moore bade us good-bye this morning, on his way to Fiji to meet his successor, leaving us in the care of Paymaster Hilton and Pay Clerk Shute. The latter comes from Searsport, and knows my people. It does seem to me that persons from Maine, or connected with Maine, can find more things to talk about than those from any other State in the Union. This is likely to be widely contradicted, I know!

The Rainmaker was busy all morning, and this high house shook with broadsides of wind. So loudly did rain and wind vociferate that we, at work, listening for the whistle of the departing *Annapolis*, heard nothing of it, and she passed out of ken before we knew.

Mrs. Frazier, the Navy Chaplain's wife, sent word for us to go around the bay with her in the afternoon, Jack on horseback, and I in the donkey cart with her. It seemed odd to be talking over a telephone in such surroundings meanwhile looking out over the beautiful green-bound bay. Why, last night, playing Seeling's *Lorelei* for Governor Moore (his wife had written him to ask for it when we should come to Tutuila), I saw through the window the rippling Rhine, while a jutting promontory

personified the German Lorelei to a nicety. Such pictures may a casement frame!

But to come down to earth—I had a virulent attack of prickly heat to-day, and in desperation tried the first thing that came into my head, which happened to be a thorough lathering of Castile soap, allowed to remain on half an hour. Then a brisk cold shower, and the cure was complete.

Mrs. Frazier drove through the naval settlement and beyond along a road so narrow that only this one vehicle, made to order for the purpose, can travel at all. One other person in Pago Pago has a cart, but forgot to measure the highway before sending for it. It languishes unused in a shed of sugar-cane thatch.

The shore and the feet of the steep hills are dotted with little hamlets of Samoan falés. They are not quite so fine as the Manuan houses, but then, Manua was not so long ago the centre of Samoa 'Uma, whence issued the governmental edicts for the entire group. As we jogged through the quiet little villages, resting so peacefully under Uncle Sam's jurisdiction, I recalled something I had read about alert and bloody years when the Fijians came over and conquered the Samoans, driving them from their sea coast homes back into the rugged interior, where they perforce became mountaineers. To this day can be seen the remains of great roads that the transplanted beach-lovers constructed in the troublous past.

In Mauga's village his wife, Faapia, stepped out of her well-ordered falé and was introduced to me—a pretty woman, fair for her race, although of pure breed. The aristocracy once more. On our return in the dusk, she spied us and came out again, hands full of tasteful nose-gays, which she pinned on our bosoms and set over our left ears, and in our hair.

I saw the handsomest islander—I might almost say the handsomest man I have ever seen. The graceful Adonis of Hooumi pales before this Apollo of Polynesia. Covered only with a red loin-cloth, he paced majestically along, as if happy in princely superiority of manhood, his severe

straight-featured countenance breaking into the most genial of smiles in eyes and mouth when he answered Mrs. Frazier's pleasant "Talofa." His hair, in sharp-cut contours, was plastered white, and he walked head and shoulders above his fellows.

Mrs. Frazier is very popular along the waterside, and I am sure we said "Talofa—tofa, soi fua," a million times more or less, and heard the words as many times again. We talked of Tuimānuā, whom Mrs. Frazier has entertained in her home many an afternoon. And she says he comprehends English very well, although he refuses to speak it. Evidently we did not irk His Majesty, for he sent a letter by us to the Governor in which he said we had been "Very good" and that he had been pleased with us. We are indeed pleased, for we lack words to describe our admiration for so great a man among his kind. Our hope is that the kingly Manuan may die before he ever fully realises how little of a sovereign he is in actuality. It is no pleasure to break a heart and spirit like his—which is a wholly gratuitous and ridiculous observation, because spirits like Tuimānuā's cannot be broken.

For the further adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Jack London in the "Snark," see "A Woman among the Head Hunters." Mills & Boon, Ltd. 2s. net.

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