

## CHAPTER XLVI.

THE bay and harbor of Anna Maria is scooped out of the Island in shape of a horse-shoe; hemmed in on three sides by steep mountains, whose sharp, well-defined acclivities spring boldly from the water—dense with foliage—where the brightest verdure closely clasps and kisses the perpendicular faces of the lofty barriers around.

At the head of the harbor, along a white, shelly beach, are multitudes of cocoanuts, hibiscus, and bread-fruit trees, screening within their leafy groves thatched huts and villages of the natives. To the right is a rocky projection, frowning with a heavy battery of cannon; while near by are the pretty villa and grounds of the Governor—barracks—store-houses—buildings and plantations pertaining to the French garrison.

I viewed this scene soon after daylight, as the first rays of morning came glancing in horizontal gleams over the eastern heights, tinging the opposite peaks with the rich, warm glow of sunlight, peering and prying into many a green-clad precipice and grassy dell, step by step, until it fairly illumined the dark alcove-like bay and shores below.

The anchors had hardly struck bottom before the frigate was surrounded by canoes, of a rough, clumsy structure, filled with natives of the most hideous and frightful descriptions. The men

were nearly naked. Many had large, frizzled wigs of human hair, thrown down the back of the neck, and confined to the throat by cords or wire—a style of peruke not intended to be used, but merely as a decoration. Others had fresh green leaves entwined around the brows, with concave flaps in front, like visors to caps—their ears perforated with misshapen holes, in which were thrust carved ivory horns, or small bunches of flowers. The hair, from constant bleaching in salt water, dews and tropical suns, had a brown, sandy hue, or the color of tow—brushed straight back, somewhat resembling the head costume of ladies of the court of Louis Quatorze! But what rendered them preëminently hideous, was the tattooing. It, indeed, bordered on the infernal! Not only were their bodies covered with these dark stains, of every pattern, figure and device, but large numbers had angular stripes, two inches broad, beginning at the temple, crossing the eyelid, part of the nose, traversing the mouth and lips, and then going out of sight around the face. I judged it to be a dim idea of the facial angle. Others had the entire upper or lower part of the visage stained like masques in domino. Isosceles triangles were common, leaving the noses clear, and from a distance they appeared the only feature of their faces. There was one demon who claimed a large share of our attention: not a square inch of him, excepting the tongue and eye-balls, was free from this hieroglyphical human “picture printing,” and he took immense delight in pointing out many high touches of art, that might from their position have eluded our observation, and dilated with, to us, unintelligible gibberish, upon certain other indescribable arabesques. We thought him intended as a pattern card; an ambulating advertisement, or sign board, sent abroad, as knowing tailors send dandies at home, to give an idea of the higher and more correct delineations

of the tattoo: but this individual was altogether so very interesting a specimen of goblin tapestry, that Champollion himself might have studied him with much benefit and gusto.

They all looked like consummate rascals, and not in the physiognomy of a single individual could we detect the slightest approach to benevolence, or any of the milder virtues. On the contrary, they are famed for cruelty, selfish apathy, and cunning, and are among the worst of the Polynesian tribes. There have been two or three praiseworthy attempts to reform them, by different missionary boards, but they signally failed. The Nukehevas were found too vicious to even suffer, without great privation and danger, their teachers to reside on the islands, and they now remain in the same shocking state of barbarism as before the discovery of the group, in sad contrast, so far as the humanizing influences of Christianity and civilization extend, to the benefits the pioneers of religion have shed upon the other islands of these Indian Archipelagoes.

During the few years the French, in their rage for colonization in the Pacific, have occupied Nukeheva, they have encountered great difficulties in keeping these unruly natives within the bounds of moderation. For a length of time they were continually on the *qui vive* to guard against treachery and attack; of late, the islanders had been quiet, understanding that the French, who held the harbor under what was termed a forcible proprietorship, were shortly to depart; and, indeed, as a preparatory step, some of the government buildings had already been taken down and sent to Tahiti. Still there seems no reason why the Marquesans should have evinced this bitter hostility, for it was conceded that they have been treated with great lenience and forbearance.

As a harbor of refuge, in time of war, Anna Maria is perfectly

safe—accessible and defensible; but from the natural indolence of the natives, it is destitute of supplies in sufficient quantities to feed even the few whale-ships touching here during the year.

The garrison was composed of two hundred and fifty *Infanterie de la Marine*, maintained, no doubt, at considerable expense, and for what present or perspective benefit it would be difficult to surmise. The Governor was M. Fournier, the commander, also, of a fine corvette, the *Galathée*, moored near the shore battery. He was all prepared to give us a warm reception, in case our ship had worn the cross of St. George at her peak, instead of a Yankee gridiron, for they were hourly anticipating a rupture with England, consequent upon the French revolution.

Going on shore, I made the acquaintance of a number of polite officers belonging to the garrison, and had also the pleasure of meeting an old friend, a handsome young Enseigne de Vaisseau. "Ah!" said he, "would you believe, I've been here amid these beasts of savages eighteen months. *Mon Dieu!* Such a *monotone diablement horrible!* And do you remember all France was talking of Du Petit Thours and this Paradise of Polynesia, and I, like a fool, was dazzled, too! *Sacré! Voila!*"—pointing to a group of copper-tinted and tattooed imps reclining under a banana tree devouring raw fish, and sucking *poeé* with their filthy fingers—"and regard me in a flannel jacket, smoking pipes, and reading, for the hundredth time, old *Revue des deux Mondes!* perpetually sighing for those ravishing scenes we passed together—those dinners in the Bois de Bologne—the races in the alleys by moonlight—evenings at Ranelagh, when I used to dance the *cancon* with poor *Reine Pomarée*, and, behold, I've a lock of her hair," running to an *eserutoire*; "and is it not droll we should meet again five thousand leagues away, and so near the veritable

dominions of the great Pomarée herself!" My young friend had cause truly to be disgusted.

We took a long stroll around the beaches and valleys at the head of the harbor, made a number of visits, then bathed in a shallow, discolored stream of mineral water. The district is not populous, and, during our sojourn, the king and many of the natives had gone to a high heathenish festival in an adjacent valley, on the opposite side of the island. Since the occupation by the French, perfect amity had existed between the different clans of Nukeheva, where each petty chief and people are independent sovereigns in their romantic and secluded valleys: not so much for mutual friendship existing between them, as in hatred to their white visitors. The French seldom wandered to any great distance from their quarters, fearing, possibly, the "anthropopagan tastes of their cannibalistic brethren."

The women were tall and well shaped, with very much brighter complexions than the Hawaiians, and, with exceptions of young girls, were all more or less disfigured by the indigo hues of tattoo; the faces escaping with a few delicate blue lines, or dots, on lips or cheeks. They all seemed complimented, and gave us every assistance in deciphering different designs engraved upon their persons, and one buxom dame, who had a large painting similar to the tail of a peacock spread upon her shoulders, insisted upon doffing her drapery and preceding us, that we might study its beauties with every facility possible!

Many were decorated with bracelets and necklaces of leaves or flowers, and some with anklets of human hair, toe nails, and other valuable relics. All were perfumed with coconut oil, and smeared with another equally odoriferous ointment, which dyed arms and faces a deep saffron—neither cosmetic was I able to

acquire a taste for, after repeated trials; and, indeed, I may admit, that I have never conquered a disgust, perhaps engendered by too nice a sense of perfume.

From a number of unmistakable signs and expressions, I presumed the *Francees* were not entirely beloved, even by the women, although the men deigned ludicrous attempts in mode of beard, moustache, shrug of shoulders, and other little grimace, to copy French dress and manner.

After bathing, we reclined on the thwarts of an immense war-canoe that was hauled upon the beach, capable of holding, at least, fifty paddles, and amused ourselves watching a score of young girls swimming in the bay: they swam like fishes, but, as there were no surf or rocks, I had no means of determining what novel or extraordinary feats they were able to perform: they were quite skilful little fisherwomen, and procured for us a cocoanut-shell full of delicious oysters—no bigger than shilling pieces—which served to pass the time until we adjourned to the king's house.

It was rather a modern structure—of roughly-laid stones and boards—built by the French, though falling to decay. There was but a single apartment of tolerable size—floor and walls were strewn with mats, stools, a couple of bedsteads, spyglasses, fowling-pieces covered with rust, spears, nets, calabashes, rolls of *tappa*, war conches, whales' teeth, circular crowns of cocks' feathers, besides an infinite variety of serviceable and useless trumpery, scattered indiscriminately around.

Coiled up on a low, beastly collection of mats and *tappa*, was a repulsive object, half dead with some loathsome disease, and drunk with *arva*—he was the chief's brother, and was expected

to die shortly, or be killed on the return of his sovereign—a custom strictly observed with invalids and old, decrepid persons.

Within a stone's throw of this habitation, was another nearly completed, in native design. The foundation was raised two feet by a platform of large, round, smooth stones. The building itself was in shape of an irregular inverted acute angle, or trapezoid, at the ends, with the legs slightly inclined outwardly, and resting on the foundation. Large upright shafts of polished red wood supported roof and sides, which were nicely formed of frames of white poles, lashed securely and neatly together by braids of parti-colored sennit, and thatched evenly and tastefully over by the spear-shaped leaves of the pandanus, leaving the front of the dwelling open for light and air. It presented a deal of ingenuity and nice mechanism in the design and construction.

The French allow the king sixty dollars a-month, and I should say, from the careless appearance of his household, that he made a bad use of it—besides, he was addicted to *arva*, which my friend assured me was a shade worse for the stomach than prussic acid. I returned to the frigate in the evening, with a party planned to visit the Happar valley, whose beauties we had heard much extolled, on the following day.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

EARLY the next morning I went on shore, but duties of the garrison prevented the officers from leaving until the morning was somewhat advanced—too late to cross the dividing ridges to the adjacent glens, and we accordingly changed the destination, for an excursion up the valley at the head of the harbor.

A pair of native boys preceded us, with baskets. Walking briskly through paths lined with thick, wild undergrowth of tobacco, arrow-root, ginger and guavas, we mounted a number of acclivities, and then striking the bed of a water-course, in two hours reached a comparatively level space, which, my friend informed me, was *la cour de l'ancienne Noblesse*, and the spot where high festivals of the Nukehevans were held. The court was a parallelogram, paved with smooth, round stones, and on three sides surrounded by native-built houses, unoccupied, but very large and commodious, all in good repair, and ready for a perspective feast. At the lower ends of the square coursed a little stream, and the place was dark with shade of lofty cocoanuts, bread-fruit, iron-wood, maple and gigantic hibiscus. All was silent, gloomy and deserted, the imperative decrees of Taboo preserved it sacred from native footsteps, during the intervals between their sacrifices and feasts—even our *cumulees*—boys, made a wide circuit, with bowed heads and averted faces.

Closely scrutinizing this field of heathenish revels, we continued on up the ravine, and in a few minutes familiarly paid our respects to the King's father, by unceremoniously bobbing through his doorway, and slapping him smartly on the back.

The hut was large, in accordance with the position, rank and wealth of the owner. A trickling rivulet in front filled a scooped-out bowl in the rocks, some yards in diameter, and then flowed over a little natural channel, worn at the side, like the gutter to a fountain. Around and above, the cocoanuts were rustling in the sea-breeze.

We were cordially greeted by the host, who was seated on his hams and heels, with no other apparel than a *maro* wound around the loins, and a necklace of straggling, snow-white hairs hanging on his meagre breast; it was the honored beard of his ancestors, which was, I suppose, retained merely to swear by, as it did not appear either valuable or ornamental. He was a remarkable and venerable Goblin, and he informed us that his existence comprised nine hundred moons. This would have made him somewhere verging on eighty years; but he appeared as aged as Saturn.

He was tattooed all over the body and limbs, face alone exempted. It must have occupied as much time to delineate him as it did Rafael to fresco the galleries of the Vatican! But his hide was so ancient and worm-eaten, that many fine touches were almost illegible. Around his knees were playing two little dusky imps, scarcely a year old! God knows where they came from—may have been a present, as it is all the fashion among the Marquesans. Nevertheless, he regarded them with the most affectionate interest, and watched their every movement, even to sucking his mouldering toes and pulling his grizzly top-knot, with the tenderest solicitude. Presently they crawled in front of the

dwelling, and actually toddled into the pool. I instantly started up to fish them out, but the old Goblin only chuckled, and the little elfs kept bobbing about the surface of the water with the buoyancy of corks—like junk bottles in a lea-way—crowing and smiling bravely. I never was more amazed, and taking a dip myself afterwards, found the basin up to my neck.

Native attendants soon produced clusters of cocoanuts, with the crowns of their heads knocked off, ready for consumption. We made cocoanut-milk punch—every man his own punch-bowl; with a sprinkle of lime-juice, and syrup of powdered sugar-cane—gently agitated within the milky shells—which made as delicious a beverage as ever a regent brewed: it is worth a trip to Polynesia alone to enjoy it. Then exploring the resources of the baskets, we discovered a case of sardines, bread, bananas, and oranges; made luncheon, and fed the children on the crumbs.

Pipes were filled, and a native boy quickly brought forth two sticks, and cutting the hardest to a point, and holding the other firmly fixed against a stone, began to wear a groove with the pointed stick in the softest by a measured movement along the surface. Presently a fine dust was deposited at the lower end; the white wood turned dark; quicker and quicker, stronger and stronger traversed the pointed stick; the dust began to smoke, some dry fibres and leaves were laid across, and in an instant burst into a blaze. The operation lasted three or four minutes, and was skilfully performed. I had plenty of lucifers in my pocket, but not having witnessed the native process of striking fire, and thinking a little wholesome exertion would not injure the young *Cumulee*, I did not produce them.

Throwing ourselves at full length on the mats, we devoted the time to conversation and tobacco. The old Goblin fascinated me,

I could not remove my gaze from his lineaments, but by and by I opined that there was a singular odor pervading the habitation; and upon reflection, I experienced something unpleasant upon first entering; but then there are so many villanous compounds surrounding native dwellings, and being moreover deeply engaged brewing punch, eating luncheon, smoking, and surveying the Goblin, I forgot other matters for the time being, until a pause in the conversation induced me to enquire the cause of the annoyance. Ah! said a Frenchman, giving a few agonizing sniffs, and looking around: *Ah! le voici!* Casting my eyes upward, I beheld a long object, enveloped in native cloth and tappa, hanging slantingly across a beam, like a *fantoccino*, just before throwing a sunmer set on the slack-wire! It was a near relative, lately deceased, who from an elevated and unchristian notion of respect, had been suspended under the paternal roof, until dry enough to be deposited in a raised native tomb of stones and thatch. Dropping the pipe, I gained my feet, and bidding our antique host a hasty farewell, rushed into the open air; where, after swallowing a modicum of eau de vie neat, I swore a mental vow never more to visit Nukehevan nobility!

Returning towards the harbor, we tarried to exchange a kind word with the Catholic priest attached to the garrison. It is needless to add that he had made no proselytes among the natives, and when, from idle curiosity or merriment, they attended mass, and were under no apprehensions from *Franee* bayonets, they delighted themselves by mimicking every word and gesture of the good father.

During the jaunt we encountered two or three American or English vagabonds, residing permanently on the island, subsist-

ing on *poee poee* and raw fish, lost to all the tastes and habits of civilized society, making a livelihood by trading with ships touching at the group, or idolized by the islanders for their skill in the distillation of deleterious intoxicating drinks from the dragon-tree, kava, or sugar-cane. They are a class of persons, who, if not naturally unprincipled, are driven by harsh usage to desert from the whalers, and the contrast of the indolent voluptuous life of the islands, with the hardships and disease of shipboard, is more than sufficient to reconcile them to the change.

The whaling interests of the United States have now attained so vast a magnitude, that it is high time our government should take measures exclusively for their protection in these seas. The enterprise of our hardy fishermen has driven the ships of all other nations almost entirely off the ground of competition. In the Pacific, and its continental seas alone, we have a mighty fleet of more than five hundred whale ships, manned in the aggregate by twenty thousand seamen. The larger portion of these vessels are fitted for the right whale, and seek their prey on the northern coasts of America or Asia, in high southern latitudes, and latterly, with extraordinary success, on the shores of Japan and sea of Okokts. The sperm fishermen cruise near the equator, and not only are frequently surrounded by dangerous navigation, amidst islands or reefs little known, but have also to guard against surprise, and the treachery of savages of the uncounted groups of Polynesia; unavailingly at times, for, in addition to the long catalogue of crimes committed in this ocean, was that of the capture of the ship Triton, in December of '47, by the natives of Sydenham Island—one of the King's Mill cluster—a number of whose crew were inhumanly massacred.

It does not necessarily follow that the natives are always to

blame—gross outrages sometimes demand prompt vengeance ;— but yet a small squadron of double-decked corvettes, of light draught, and ample stowage, constantly cruising, and touching among these groups, would tend in a great degree to shield our whalers from harm, and the natives themselves from the imposition and injustice so commonly practised upon them.

Again, if there were stringent laws for the internal government of this branch of our marine—were masters not allowed under any circumstances to keep the sea beyond the usual period comprised in a fishing season, before visiting port, and the scurvy considered a capital offense, we should meet with fewer instances of desertions or mutiny, and fewer diseased, vicious vagabonds drifting about these islands at the mercy of the natives.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

ON the 28th of September, the well-used chains and anchors were raised from their beds, and with a light wind we drifted slowly from the lonely bay of Anna Maria. The sun arose the next morning, and a dim blue haze alone pointed to the spot on the ocean where lie the Marquesas.

The fifth day after sailing from Nukeheva, we approached the north-western clusters of the Society group, and passed a number of low coralline islands, appearing like a raft of upright spars adrift upon the sea. One was Kruzenstein's—named by Kotzbue, in compliment to his old commander.

At sunrise of the following day, we were before Tahiti. The land rises, grand and imposing, to the elevation of seven thousand feet. One core-like ridge runs along the summit, branching off into numberless steep valleys and acclivities, down to the water's edge. The peaks pierce the sky bold and strikingly—thrown up into the most fantastic and grotesque shapes—while more singular than all, cradled between a great gap of the heights, is the Diadem of Faatoar, having a dozen pointed elevations circling around a crown, like the serrated teeth of a saw. Nearer towards the bases of these ridges are low points jutting into the ocean, crowded with cocoanut trees—then a narrow belt of lagoon, and

the whole girdled by a snow-white wreath of foam, embroidered on the coral reefs.

The morning was cloudless. To the southward, rising clearly and bright, tinged by the glorious sun, undraped by a single atom of mist or vapor, was the Island of Aimeo, equally varied and novel in its strange formations; and when at a later day we sailed around it, while the different phases were brought in clear relief against the heavens—we discovered battlements, embrasures, pyramids—ruined towers with terraces and buttresses—a cathedral with domes and spire—all so fantastically blended in one beautifully verdant picture, as to leave the imagination in doubt as to its reality!

We hove to in sight of the harbor of Papeete. The French ships of war, with chequered rows of ports, were lying with drooping flags and not a breath of air, whilst with us the loud trade-wind was tearing crests from the waves, and the frigate trembling under her top-sails.

A gun, and jack at the fore, and shortly there came dancing over the waves, in a whale-boat, an officer, Monsieur le Pilot! Two hours we remained outside, awaiting the breeze to fill the Port—and then wearing round, the ship leaped, replete with life and vigor—every seam of the stout canvas straining—towards an entrance through a coral gateway. The sea was light green on either side of the aperture, barely wide enough to admit us, when, at the turning point, the helm was put down, and the strong wind bore the huge hull through the blue channel into the smooth water within. Sails were brailed up, and at the proper moment down fell the ponderous anchor—splash—with its unfettered cable rumbling to the coral beds of Papeete! What if there chanced to be a group of mermaids, parting their wet locks,

in the emerald villas below? Nothing! Crashing through the snowy groves and shelly mansions, goes the ruthless anchor, alike indifferent to all!

We were locked in by the reef—no ungainly ledge of black, jagged rocks—no frightful barrier to make tempest-tost mariners shudder—but a smooth parapet of coral, just beneath the surface, with the outer face like a bulwark of adamant, where the swelling billows vainly expend their rage, and then bubble rippling over in a liquid fringe of creamy foam.

Skirting along the semi-circular shores of the harbor, is the town of Papeete. Lines of houses and cottages half smothered in glossy green foliage—pretty, square-built, veranda'd, straw-colored dwellings and barracks of the French—and midway between reef and shore, a little bouquet of an islet, teeming with cocoanut, banian, bread-fruit and the iron-wood tree, with its filmy, feathery, delicate tissue of leaves and branches—all drooping over a few cane-thatched sheds and a *demi-lune* battery of open-mouthed cannon.

Night came, and the breeze was done. Not a sigh disturbed the tranquil water—the towering ships were mirrored and reflected by the moonlight—red fires were shedding twinkling glooms from fishing canoes, through the moon's silver flame, athwart the sparkling phosphorescent surf—the sharp peaks of Tahiti were hanging high above, with Aimeo dimly visible in the distance! Presently bugles from the ships of war rang out clear and shrill in the calm night—drums rattled—tap—tap—tap—flash—flash—the nine o'clock guns, and as the reverberating echoes from the reports went dying away from valley to valley, there came the clash of cymbals from the shore, and then the full crash of a brass band,



pouring forth the most delightful melody from Norma ; whilst the low "shaling" roar on the reef beat time in a deep musical base.

We thought Papeete by far the loveliest spot that we had seen, not excepting charming little Hilo !

Pomàree's flag and the French tricolor floated side by side. The queen was handsomely pensioned, as were also the chiefs, the French having kindly taken possession of their heritage, under a forcible protectorate. People may prate an ocean of nonsense about the injustice of the thing, but the fact is, France wished colonies in the Pacific—Tahiti was one selected, and the English themselves afforded an excellent pretext to make the acquisition. Suppose, for example—Catholics had been first in the field, and, by their instigation, Protestant or Puseyite missionaries had been kicked into the sea, would John Bull in his lion's mantle have calmly beheld his subjects maltreated for heresy, in striving to preach the Gospel among the heathen? No! not without baring his claws, and making them felt in the tawny hides of every savage in Polynesia! Ay! and, if need be, in white skins, also, though they had been French!

Then what sickly sympathy it is to talk of the wrongs and aggressions, or the rights and laws of European nations as having a bearing upon a handful of barbarians, subjected to the savage sway of tyrannical native masters, when contrasted with the benefits conferred upon the world at large, by their being under the enlightened rule of a civilized government!

The French experienced hard fighting and much difficulty in subduing Tahiti; and, even after all the trouble, loss of blood and money, it seems highly probable that they are dissatisfied with their conquest, and may shortly resign it: at any rate, the expenditure attending the occupation must be very great, and

it appears a mistaken policy in retaining so large a garrison. There were thirteen hundred troops, exclusive of ships of war always in port, posted in Tahiti—far more than needed to overawe the natives, and too few to withstand a land attack from a foreign foe. Trade is a mere bagatelle—the French have no commerce—and whale-ships have deserted Papeete, since most of the produce is consumed by the garrison. The population, as in all Polynesia, are constitutionally opposed to labor—they cannot bend their energies to any steady employment, and, when compelled to work, they pine away like unhappy monkeys—thus the soil, though rich and tillable, is only made to produce a small quantity of arrow root, sugar, and cocoanut oil.

Fortifications were progressing rapidly, and the harbor is very susceptible of defence. Two heavy batteries, *en cavalier*, which, when completed, were to mount sixteen traversing guns, mostly eighty-pounder shells, will rake the entrance through the reef, at point-blank range; twelve more cannon on Pomàree's little islet of Motuuata, cross the fire from the shore battery, and sweep in every direction over the reef-seaward. There are besides, four small block houses, perched on the salient spurs of the mountains in rear of the town, with each a long gun which can be brought to bear on the harbor. All the world bear witness with what skill the French use artillery on land, and it must be an intrepid commander who attempts a demonstration on the island by the harbor of Papeete.

The Governorship was placed in the hands of M. Lavaud, to whom, with the officers of the garrison, and officers afloat of the fine frigate, *Syrène*, and steamer, *Gassendi*, we were indebted for many acts of courtesy. They were all extremely Republican, under their reversed tricolor

Since the occupation of the Society and Marquesas groups, Tahiti has been made the See of a bishop. But although the Catholics have prosecuted their labors with laudable and philanthropic zeal, yet, strange as it may be, they have not met with the same success as their fellow missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands. Nor have the Tahitians, together with the inhabitants of many of these southern groups, forgotten the early truths taught them by their kind Protestant teachers, and they still lament the untimely fate of John Williams: a man of the noblest piety, possessed of the undaunted resolution and industry of the Apostles of old, who fell a martyr to his faith and labors, among the very savages he went to reform.

There were two excellent gentlemen, stationed at Papeete from the London Board of Protestant Missions—Messrs. Howe and Thompson—who, if sound sense, unbiassed by narrow-minded sectarian prejudice, combined with great practical information and knowledge of the native character, can be of service in their mission, they have indeed the true elements of success. From the opportunities we had of judging in Papeete and the vicinity, there certainly was exhibited a more modest and correct deportment among the natives than we observed elsewhere; and although morality, strictly speaking, is unknown, there was still less outward licentiousness visible than was a matter of hourly occurrence in the other groups.

*Note.*—In all the lighter sketches upon Polynesia, I cannot resist paying the faint tribute of my own individual admiration to Mr. Melville. Apart from the innate beauty and charming tone of his narratives, the delineations of Island life and scenery, from my own personal observation, are most correctly and faithfully drawn.

At Nukeheva and Tahiti I made inquiry about his former associates, and without in the least designing to sully the enchanting romance of his fair Typee love, I may mention having seen a "nut-brown" damsel, named Fayaway, from that valley, who apparently was maid of all work to a French Commissary of the garrison. She was attired in a gaudy yellow robe de chambre, ironing the Crapeau's trowsers! *Credat*

*Judeus!* There was also a diminutive young *oui oui* tumbling about the mats, so it is presumable she had become childish of late; yet the proof is not strong, for it is quite as much in vogue among these southern groups to change names and give away infants, as the fashion in the Sandwich Islands of knocking out a couple of front teeth to evince grief at the decease of near friends or relatives, and the nymph alluded to may not be the original Fayaway after all.

Mr. Melville's friend, Dr. Johnstone, whom he has immortalized in Omoo, was excessive wroth, and refused to be pacified, resolving shortly to prosecute the English publishers for libel. He politely permitted me to transcribe some items from his dose book, declaring, however, that the "embrocation" so relished by the Long Ghost, was a villanous preparation, having the least taste of gin in the world, and made up from laudanum, turpentine, and soap linament! Here is the memorandum:—

"Ship, Lucy Ann, Captain Vinton.

October 15th, 1842. Melvil Herman. Stocks.

Embrocation . . . . .	75
19th. Do. . . . .	75
	<u>\$1 50</u> "

I felt no inclination to task it, since I found the Doctor's other prescriptions unexceptionable. The Ghost must have been seriously indisposed; he had a large quantity: was supposed at the period of our visit to be in Sydney, or after gold in California, but, with his ubiquitous propensities, may have been in both places. Captain Bob, of the Calaboosa, was "muckee-moi," so was Father Murphy, all under the sod. Charming Mrs. Bell had taken to hard drink, before Mr. Melville's rencontre, and may have been slightly elevated on that occasion. H. M. *ci-devant* Consul, Mr. Wilson, was in the like vinous state, and occupied his leisure in the pursuit of shells at the Navigator Islands. Shorty was still devoting his talents to the culture of potatoes at Aimeo, and strongly suspected of shooting his neighbor's cattle.