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*Dr. Mitchell*

A NATURALIST  
AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS.







BOY, NATIVE OF AOLA, GUADALCANAR, ONE OF MY BEST HUNTERS,  
WITH DEAD HORNBILL.

A NATURALIST  
AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THREE VISITS  
TO THE SOLOMON ISLANDS IN THE YEARS  
1876, 1882, AND 1896.

CHARLES MORRIS WOODFORD,

WILLIAMS AND STONEY,  
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A NATURALIST  
AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS.

BEING

*AN ACCOUNT OF THREE VISITS  
TO THE SOLOMON ISLANDS IN THE YEARS  
1886, 1887, and 1888.*

BY

CHARLES MORRIS WOODFORD,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE  
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NEW SOUTH WALES.

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## PREFACE.



THAT the Solomon Islands will one day be of great importance to the Australian Colonies I have not the slightest doubt. Any information about them should therefore be welcome.

The object of my visits to the islands was neither political nor commercial, but the following pages, while giving some account of the islands, will enable the outside world to form an idea of the state of affairs now existing.

I am conscious of many omissions and imperfections, but as this is my first attempt at authorship, I must crave the pardon of an indulgent public.

Without being a connected narrative, the following pages will give a description of my mode of life during my three visits.

The illustrations are reproductions of photographs taken by myself, those two in which I figure having been taken by my native servant.

The maps are founded on the Admiralty Charts, with some additions and corrections by myself.

GRAVESEND,

*January 11, 1890.*

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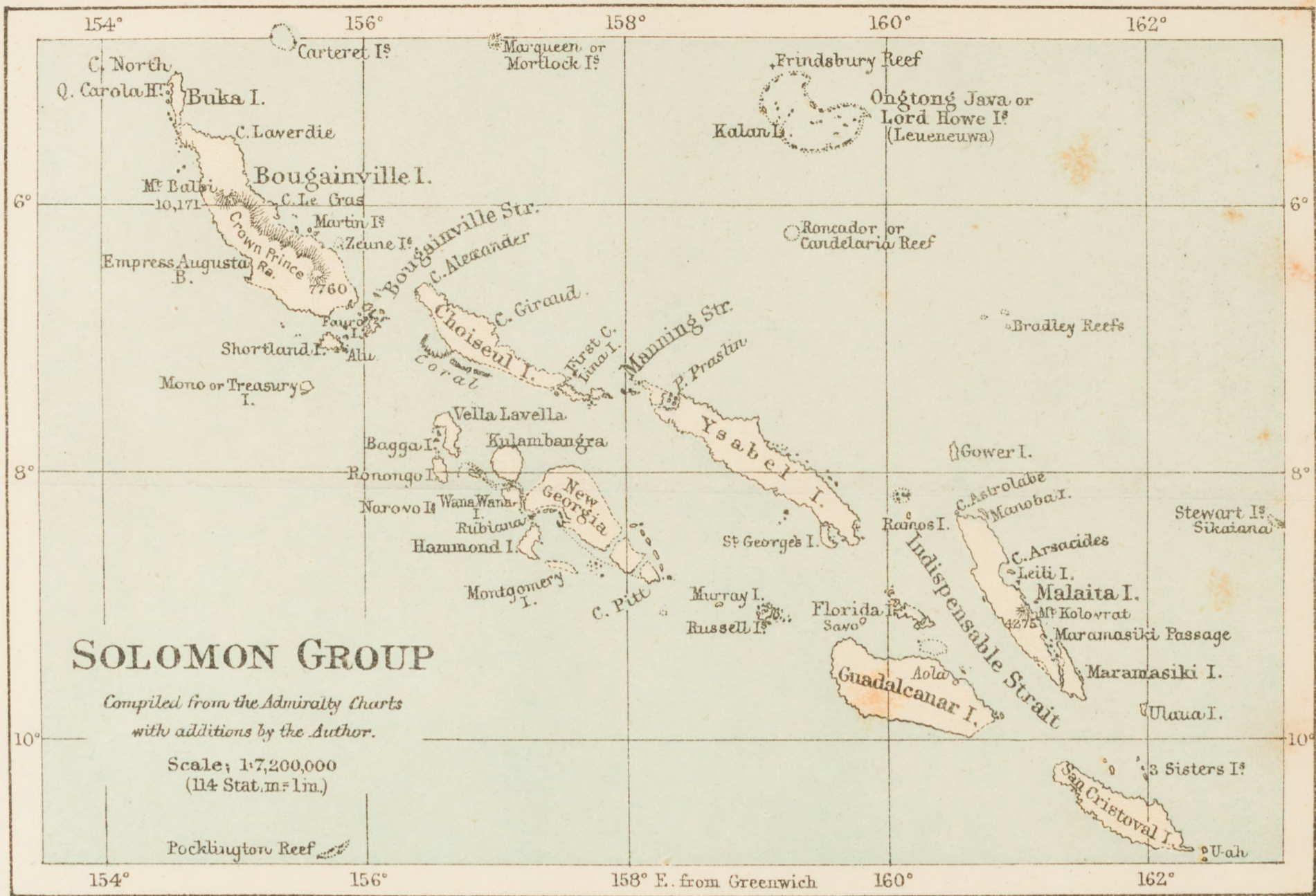


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G. Philip & Son.



# A NATURALIST AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

The Solomon Islands—First Discovery—The Spaniards in America—Expedition of Mendaña—Pedro Sarmiento—Treatment of the Natives by the Spaniards—Journals of Gallego and Catoira—Extent of the Group—My Departure from Fiji for the Solomons—The South Sea Island Labour-Trade—Its Origin—Fiji—Queensland—Arrival in the Solomons—Attack on the *Young Dick*—Organised Piracy—Reef Dwellings—Landed at Shortland Island—Remove to Fauro—Fever—Return to Sydney—Second Visit—Guadalcanar—Third Visit—Traders—Bishop Selwyn.

ABOUT 500 miles to the eastward of New Guinea is a large group of islands known as the Solomon Islands. They extend for 600 miles in a north-west and south-east direction, and are situated between the parallels of  $5^{\circ}$  and  $11^{\circ}$  S. lat. and the meridians of  $154^{\circ}$  and  $163^{\circ}$  E. long. They were first discovered by Mendaña, the Spaniard, in 1568, who gave them the name of the Islands of Solomon, in order that his countrymen, supposing them to be the islands whence King Solomon got his gold, might be induced to colonise them.

The expedition of Mendaña, consisting of two ships, the *Almiranta* and the *Cpaitana*, left Callao, the port

of Lima, on the 19th November 1567, discovered the Solomons on the 9th February 1568, remaining in the group until the 11th August, when they began their return voyage, arriving, after great hardships, at Callao on 11th September 1569, after an absence of very nearly two years.

It may not be here unprofitable to glance briefly at some of the events occurring in other parts of the world at this time.

Only seventy-five years before this, viz., in 1493, Columbus had discovered America.

The Spaniards did not allow the grass to grow under their feet, and in the short space of twenty years succeeding Columbus's memorable discovery, they had, with the enterprise for which their nation was at the time so justly famous, established their colonies on the eastern shores of South America and the Spanish Main. Mexico, discovered in 1517, had been conquered by Cortes in 1521. They had crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and the Spanish flag had sailed on the South Sea, but communication by water between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was sought for in vain, until, in 1520, Magellan was successful in entering the Pacific through the Straits that bear his name.

After getting clear of the Straits, Magellan sailed westward across the Pacific, and his ship, the *Victoria*, was the first to complete the circumnavigation of the world, returning to Seville in 1522. Magellan, however, had died on the voyage.

Shortly after this, Pizarro, with a mere handful of

men, had completed the conquest of Peru in 1533, and two years later the city of Lima was founded, while shortly afterwards the dominion of Spain was also extended to Chile.

But the energy and restless enterprise of the Spaniards were still unsatisfied. Notwithstanding all the difficulty and labour attached to the founding of their new colonies, they still found time, money, and willing hands to fit out and undertake expeditions for further discoveries.

In 1557 two ships were sent from Valdivia, in Chile, under the command of Ladrilleros, to explore and survey the Straits of Magellan. He carried as pilots the two brothers, Hernando and Pedro Gallego. The work was accomplished, and the name of Gallego still survives in the name of a river near the eastern entrance of the Straits. Disaster afterwards overtook the expedition, and the commander and Hernando Gallego were among the very few that returned. Pedro probably perished.

In 1567 the present expedition was fitted out in Callao, under orders from Lope Garcia de Castro, the Governor of Peru, to sail towards the westward for the purpose of discovering certain islands and a continent. The command was given to Alvaro de Mendaña. As chief pilot, or, I suppose, as we should call him, navigating officer, they carried Hernando Gallego, perhaps the most able navigator in the Pacific at the time, to whose seamanship and nautical knowledge the success of the expedition was probably

in a large measure due. He has left behind him a valuable journal descriptive of the events of the voyage. Unfortunately his charts are missing. As commander of soldiers, Pedro de Ortega Valencia. As chief purser and comptroller for His Majesty Don Philip II. of Spain, Gomez Catoira, who has left us a journal even more voluminous than that of Gallego.

But perhaps the most remarkable man who took part in the expedition was Pedro Sarmiento. He had already made a name for himself in Peru as a distinguished scholar and explorer. He seems to have been second in command of the soldiers. He was the first man selected by Mendaña to conduct an exploring party into the interior of Ysabel Island, and afterwards throughout the expedition appears to have been called upon for any duty demanding extra dash and determination. His report on the voyage has unfortunately been lost.

The expedition returned to Callao, as above mentioned, in 1569.

Eight years later the Spaniards found that they were not to have a monopoly of the Straits. Our countryman, Drake, sailing from Plymouth on 15th November 1577, entered the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan on 6th September 1578.

The events of this voyage are too well known to require description here. Suffice it to say that he successfully circumnavigated the world, and returned to Plymouth on the 26th September 1580, the first English circumnavigator.

In 1579 the Spaniards fitted out an expedition in Callao for the purpose of intercepting Drake in the Straits, should he, as was thought possible, attempt to return that way. The command of this expedition was entrusted to Pedro Sarmiento. He was occupied for some time in making surveys in the Straits, and entering the Atlantic in February 1580, arrived in Spain in August of the same year.

Sarmiento urged upon the King the importance of fortifying the Straits. His council was accepted, and in September 1581 a fleet of twenty-three ships left Seville, part of which was to establish a colony in the Straits. Disaster followed disaster, until, early in 1584, Sarmiento found himself once more in the Straits, with one ship, the *Maria*, and 400 men, thirty women, and provisions for eight months. A settlement was formed near the eastern entrance of the Straits, and Sarmiento sailed for Rio in the *Maria*, and from there sent a ship with supplies for the unfortunate colonists. He sailed from Rio for Spain in April 1585.

On the way home the *Maria* was attacked by three English vessels under Sir Walter Raleigh near the Azores. Sarmiento was taken prisoner and brought to England. He was hospitably entertained by his captor, and presented to Queen Elizabeth, who eventually gave him his liberty, and presented him with a sum of a thousand crowns. He returned to Spain, and is last heard of in the Philippines.\*

\* For much of the information about Sarmiento I am indebted to "A Life of John Davis, the Navigator," by Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S.

In commenting upon the treatment meted out by the Spaniards to the natives of the Solomons during the time that they were among the islands, almost every writer upon the subject has accused them of undue harshness and cruelty.

I think, however, that this has arisen from an absence of information upon the facts of the case.

Now, although I must admit that on one or two occasions too great an anxiety to begin hostilities appears to have been shown on the part of the Spaniards, still circumstances of which we can now know nothing may have rendered such severity necessary, and the general desire throughout the expedition seems to have been to avoid collisions with the natives when possible. Indeed, the instructions of Mendaña when despatching an expedition either into the interior or to explore the coast were very explicit upon this point. It is important, in considering this subject, to have in view the circumstances under which the Spaniards found themselves.

While the ships were in port, first at the "Port of the Star" on Ysabel, and afterwards at the "Port of the Cross" on Guadalcanar, an open boat containing thirty men, which they had built on the island of Ysabel, was sent away to make a more particular examination of the islands. It was necessary for them to communicate with the shore every two or three days to replenish their stores of food and water. This was not a matter of choice, but an absolute necessity, a question with them of life and

death. Naturally on nearly every occasion was their landing opposed, generally openly, but sometimes with treachery, and in most cases the Spaniards showed, in my opinion, the greatest forbearance. Indeed, the commander who could stand up in the boat and address the natives in conciliatory terms as "brothers," at the same time warding off with his shield the arrows that were being shot at him, showed, I think, forbearance of a very high order.\*

A translation of portions of Gallego's Journal, a copy of which is in the British Museum, describing many of the events that took place during the voyage of the Spaniards, is given in Dr. Guppy's book, "The Solomon Islands."

The original manuscript of Catoira, a much fuller account of the voyage than that of Gallego, is in the possession of Mr. W. Amherst Tyssen Amherst, M.P., and has never been printed. During my last visit to the Solomons I was furnished with a translation of this journal, which enabled me to identify the places visited by the Spaniards. I have taken photographs of some of the most interesting localities, and made copious notes upon the journal. It will, I hope, shortly be published.

The Solomon Islands, after their first discovery, remained unvisited by white men for over two hundred years, and their very existence came to be

\* It is some small satisfaction to me to find that upon the three occasions that the Spaniards visited the village of Aola, upon Guadalcanar, where I spent so many months, their relations with the natives were of the most friendly character.

doubted, till they were again rediscovered and identified with the long-lost islands of Mendaña about the end of the last century. Since their second discovery they have been occasionally visited by whalers, and more recently by ships engaged in the South Sea Island labour-trade, recruiting natives to work upon the plantations in Fiji and Queensland. During the last twenty years traders from Sydney have visited, and in four or five instances temporarily settled in, the group; while it is now annually visited by the missionaries of the Melanesian Mission.

Like all savages, the natives are suspicious of strangers and treacherous when they see their opportunity, and a long list of murders and massacres darkens the history of the intercourse of the white man with the islanders from their first discovery to the present time, the fault being sometimes with the native and sometimes with the white man.

There are seven principal islands and numerous smaller ones.

The total land area of the group I estimate at 15,000 square miles, or considerably more than twice as large as Wales.

There is one active and several quiescent and extinct volcanoes. During my first visit earthquakes were not infrequent.

On one island the mountains reach a height of 10,000 feet. Tin and copper have been found in small quantities, but no attempt has at present been made to prospect the group systematically for minerals.

The islands are for the most part clothed from coast to summit with the densest tropical forest, in which the immense *ficus* trees, of several species, are often conspicuous objects. In the neighbourhood of native villages the beach will be found fringed with coco-nut palms.

The natives of the coast villages are constantly at war with the villages of the interior, while even on the same island a walk of perhaps five miles along the sea-coast would bring one not only to a hostile village, but to a tribe speaking a distinct dialect from that of the village started from.

In October 1885 I left England with the object of paying a visit to this group for the purpose of making collections of the fauna, and, if possible, penetrating to the mountains in the interior of some of the larger islands, which had not yet been visited by white men.

A previous residence of nearly three years in Fiji, and a visit in a labour-ship to the Gilbert and Ellice groups, had familiarised me in a great measure to life among the islands, and I found that the superficial acquaintance with the Fijian language that I had acquired while living there enabled me to pick up, in a very short time, enough of the language of the places I visited to make easy ordinary communication between myself and the natives, all the languages of the Western Pacific being apparently similar in construction and grammar.

Various unavoidable delays detained me in Fiji until 15th April 1886, when, by the kindness of Sir

John Bates Thurston, the governor of the colony, I was allowed to embark as a passenger on board the *Christine*, a schooner of about ninety tons, that was proceeding to the Solomons *viâ* the New Hebrides, to return to their homes a hundred and twenty natives of that and other groups whose terms of service had expired, and with license to recruit forty-six fresh natives for service in the plantations of Fiji.

With the rights and wrongs of the "South Sea Island labour-trade," called by some people a legalised slave-trade, it does not fall within the scope of this little work to deal.

The history of the trade might well fill a volume by itself, and I have myself materials almost sufficient for such a work.

I cannot, however, resist giving here a few particulars relating to it.

Its first inception seems to have been with the descent of the Peruvian slavers from Callao upon Easter Island in 1863, for the purpose of procuring men to work upon the guano islands.

This and their raids upon the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, about the same time, were nothing but kidnapping of the natives to slavery, and were never intended to be anything else.

About the year 1865 some natives from the Gilbert and Ellice groups were brought to Fiji to work upon the cotton plantations, and a few men from Tanna and the New Hebrides had been brought there previously.

Among the first ships that visited the Solomons

in the labour-trade were the *Queen of the Isles*, the *Colleen Bawn*, the *Carl*, and the *Nukulau*, about the year 1870. The *Colleen Bawn*, after being spoken at Ugi in the Solomons, was never heard of again. The *Carl* made two voyages, and during the second of these sixty natives were shot down in cold blood in the hold of the vessel, on the excuse of mutiny. The fiend that prompted this massacre, a man named Murray, was allowed to turn Queen's evidence at the trial, that afterwards took place in Queensland, and so escaped the fate he so richly deserved.

The natives brought by the *Nukulau* to Fiji were landed at Levuka and transhipped into a small vessel called the *Peri* to be conveyed to the Rewa River. On the way the natives rose against and murdered the white men in charge, and attempted to take the vessel back to the Solomons. The *Peri* was afterwards fallen in with, drifting helplessly about off Rockingham Bay, on the Queensland coast, with most of the natives dead. Who can conceive of the horrors that must have taken place during that voyage of 2000 miles?

The first prosecution that took place was that of Hovell, master of the *Young Australia*, for shooting two natives of Paama through the bulkhead. He was tried in Sydney and sentenced to death, but after a term of imprisonment was released. This occurred about 1865.

About the same time the barque *Anna* sailed from Melbourne to recruit among the Gilberts.

A cargo of natives was obtained at the island of Tapetwea, and sold to a French barque from Tahiti. The natives rose against the crew, took charge of the deck, and drove the crew to take refuge below. The crew filled a butter-cask with powder, attached a fuze to it, and retired to the lower hold. The decks were blown up and the natives killed. The mate and steward brought the ship safe to Tahiti.

There is little doubt but that most of the natives brought to Fiji before it became a British colony were either bought as slaves or kidnapped.

They were distributed to planters, in the majority of cases men of straw, who could not, and often never intended to, pay the wages nominally fixed by the existing Government.

With the annexation of Fiji to England things improved somewhat. Rules and regulations were drawn up, and all ships engaged in the labour-trade were required to carry Government agents, who were to regulate the recruiting and attend to the health and comfort of the natives when on board.

The rules were well enough, but many abuses occurred; nor were the Government agents selected with sufficient care. There is too much reason to suppose that upon several occasions the promise of a handsome *douceur* from the charterers of the ship may have rendered the agents blind to things that ought not to have occurred. When, however, the native immigration department came under the direction of Mr. Anson there was an immediate change for the

better, both in the recruiting of the natives and their treatment upon the plantations. Rules and regulations were rigidly enforced, greater care exercised in the selection of Government agents, better accommodation and less crowding for the boys on board ship, and a liberal dietary scale. Mr. Anson has now resigned his post, but his efforts for the benefit of the natives are ably seconded by his successor.

The labour-trade as now carried on from Fiji is at all events conducted according to law, and stringent law too. If injustices occur sometimes, it is, I am afraid, because they are unavoidable. I can only suggest one improvement, and that is its total suppression.

Of the Queensland labour-trade I cannot speak so intimately. Of late years more ships from Queensland have visited the Solomons than from Fiji. Similar regulations prevail, and all ships carry Government agents. Of the fitness or otherwise of these men for their posts I have heard various accounts, but I believe that greater care might be exercised in the selection of them. The only one I ever met was on board a Queensland recruiting ship in the New Hebrides. This gentleman thought it necessary, before I had been five minutes on board, to take me apart and tell me that he was a cadet of a noble house in disguise. I can only say that the disguise was admirable.

During my second visit to the Solomons I had occasion to make a report to the official directing the recruiting department in Queensland, in reference to

the murder of a boy on the island of Savo, who had been killed in consequence of having been landed at a village only a few miles distant from his own, between which and his own village war was going on. My information was very positive and circumstantial, and there is no reasonable doubt but that the events occurred as I described. After some months I received an answer from the official in question throwing discredit upon my report, but saying that inquiries should be made.

The investigation of the matter was delegated to a Government agent who was visiting the islands in a recruiting vessel. I did not see this gentleman, but the following message was given to me from him by a trader whom he met:—"It is no use you people in the islands sending up stories of this sort, because we make a different report, and of course we are believed."

Comment is needless.

To return to myself and the *Christine*. After leaving Fiji, as above described, we called at half a dozen of the principal islands in the Hebrides group, landing at their respective homes twenty-four natives, and obtaining only one fresh recruit, and on May 6th we shaped a course for the Solomons.

On May 11th we reached Santa Anna, a small island at the south-eastern extremity of the Solomon group.

We visited in turn the islands of San Christoval, Ugi, Ulawa, and Malaita, landing boys at their own villages.

In returning boys to their homes the greatest care has to be taken that they are landed at the villages whence they were recruited, as in the event of their being put ashore at a place only a few miles distant from where they belong, they would run a serious risk of being instantly killed and eaten.

On May 20th, when at anchor at Uru Bay on the island of Malaita, we heard from the natives that they had attacked, with a view to capture, a Queensland labour-ship called the *Young Dick*, at a place called Mole, about six miles from our anchorage. We at once sent our recruiting boat to her assistance, but on arrival at the scene of the affray it was found she had left. No natives were seen, as they had retired to the bush. We afterwards heard from the natives that three of the ship's crew were killed, and that the natives lost twenty men, upon whose bodies they afterwards feasted on shore.

We were further told by them that Samu, chief of Iyoh, where we had been at anchor two days previously, who had been on board us in a friendly way, had gone to Mole, and had tried to induce the canoes from Mole and Sulavou to attack us, but that the attack on the *Young Dick* was already planned.

The natives of this part of Malaita bear an evil name from their frequent attacks upon ships. At this place the *Borealis* labour-ship was taken by them in October 1880, and the *Janet Stuart* more recently was attacked.

All the villages of the district will club together and make a pool of native money, shell-beads, arm-lets, necklaces of porpoise-teeth, and other ornaments, which goes to the village that distinguishes itself most in the attack upon the first vessel that comes along.

At the village of Manaqui, at the time I am writing of, might have been seen a receptacle raised on four posts and approached by a ladder. This was used as a bank for the pool-money so collected.

At the time I last left the group, viz., December 1888, I knew that there was money out in this part of Malaita for a ship, and I regret to hear that the pool has since been won by an attack on the small trading schooner *Savo*, in which three white men and twelve natives lost their lives.

At this part of Malaita Island a curious state of things is met with, which, it seems to me, bears a resemblance to the mode of life of the inhabitants of the ancient lake-dwellings of Europe. I refer to a singular system of small island or reef communities, the inhabitants of which occupy themselves solely in fishing and making the shell-bead money, which they exchange for vegetables and other produce with the natives inhabiting the mainland.

Such instances occur at Uru Bay, North-West Bay, and on the reef that fringes the coast of Malaita on its west side at Alit Bay.

Any small rock or island on the reef or patch of coral appears to have been taken advantage of, and

built up and added to with blocks of coral, until a small flat island has been formed about three or four feet above the water. Upon this the village is built.

About every alternate day a fair is held upon the mainland at a convenient spot, to which the islanders bring their fish in canoes, and the natives of the mainland bring yams and other vegetables.

I saw one of these fairs when we were at anchor at North-West Bay. It appears that natives from hostile villages can meet at these fairs on a friendly footing.

Leaving the north-west end of Malaita, we stood over to Guadalcanar, anchoring at the village of Aola, where on subsequent visits I spent several months.

Sailing round the south side of Guadalcanar, we anchored for one night at Wanderer Bay, where Mr. Boyd was unfortunately murdered by the natives some years ago, and proceeding westward, we reached Alu, Shortland Island, where I was to be landed, on 23rd June.

The reasons that prompted me to fix upon Alu as my first place of residence were, firstly, because H.M.S. *Lark* had been for some months engaged in surveying in the neighbourhood a year or two previously, and from Dr. Guppy, who was doctor on board, I had had a favourable account of the natives.

Secondly, because I had heard that in the chief, Gorei, I should find a native with sufficient power to protect me, if it was made worth his while; and thirdly, because I thought it would be a favourable place for collecting.

The natives of this and the neighbouring island of Treasury had formerly a very bad name, having attacked and killed the entire crews of more than one whaling-ship, but of late years the occasional visits of traders have familiarised them more with strangers.

On first landing I found the natives all armed and suspicious, nor would they for a long time direct me where Gorei, the chief, was to be found. After tedious waiting, however, their fears were somewhat calmed and Gorei enticed on board. I then explained to him the objects for which I had come, and pointed out to him that my residence among them would be to our mutual advantage. After some demur he accepted the responsibility of my protection, nor did I ever have cause to regret the confidence that I had placed in him.

That afternoon all my possessions were landed and stowed away in an empty house upon which was placed Gorei's special taboo, the consequences of the violation of which would have been, in the natives' eyes, fearful to contemplate.

The next morning the *Christine* sailed away and left me; nor will I conceal the fact that I had some slight feelings of regret as I saw the last link connecting me with civilisation disappear below the horizon, leaving me for the first time alone—one among hundreds of savages.

As I do not propose in the following pages to give a detailed account of my travels, which I may perhaps have time to do at some future date, but rather







NATIVE OF ALU, SHORTLAND ISLAND.



selections from the most interesting scenes in which I have taken part, it will be as well here to give a brief sketch of my movements after being left by the *Christine* at Alu, as above described, in June 1886.

I remained at Alu about two months, and in August removed to Fauro, an island in the Bougainville Straits, where was living Mr. John Macdonald, a trader. He placed an empty house at my disposal, and from him I received the greatest kindness and assistance during my stay. Unfortunately, at Fauro I was attacked with intermittent fever and ague, which interfered much with my collecting; and an opportunity occurring in September, I left Fauro in the small trading-steamer *Ripple*, owned and commanded by Mr. Thomas Woodhouse, and was brought to Rubiana. My intention was to spend a few months there if possible, but finding that I did not shake off the fever, I was glad of the opportunity of leaving in the schooner *Lizzie*, commanded by Mr. Robert Cable. Calling at various places in the group, we finally took our departure from Guadalcanar for Sydney on October 23rd, and arrived there safely on November 10th. This brought my first visit to the Solomons to a close.

After a stay of two months in Sydney, I again left for the islands in the *Lizzie* on January 24, 1887, arriving at Rubiana, after a rough passage, on February 27. For the second time I spent a fortnight there, and was then brought on by the *Lizzie*, and landed at Aola on Guadalcanar on March 30, and remained there with the natives till I was again taken away by

the *Lizzie* on September 25, arriving in Sydney on October 23, whence, after a fortnight's stay, I sailed for England, arriving on the 22nd December 1887. Thus ended my second trip to the islands.

On June 8, 1888, I again left England, and on my arrival in Sydney was fortunate enough to find a schooner, the *Marshal S.*, on the point of sailing for the Solomons, and after a quick run down of ten days I landed for the third time at Rubiana on the 10th August, only two months after my departure from England.

The *Marshal S.*, after spending a fortnight at Rubiana, landed me at Gayotu, a small island off the coast of Gela, or Florida Island, about the end of August.

Here was living Mr. Lars Nielsen, a trader, and I stayed with him for about three months, during which time I made collections on Gela and accompanied him on his trading voyages in his vessel, a small ketch of about five tons. I was also, during this time, engaged in identifying the places visited by the Spaniards on their first discovery of the group in 1567; and for this purpose, I visited and made a rough survey of about sixty miles of the north-east coast of Ysabel Island, besides paying numerous visits to the north-west end of Guadalcanar and to the Island of Savo.

In November I again came to Aola on Guadalcanar, and spent a month there at my old house while waiting for the *Lizzie* to take me to Sydney. But

this vessel having been dismasted in a hurricane, and afterwards condemned as unfit to make the voyage, I was fortunate enough to secure a passage in a schooner, the *Renard*, of ninety tons, in which I reached Sydney in January of 1889, thus bringing my third visit to a close.

Before closing this chapter I wish to place on record the deep debt of gratitude that I feel I owe to the white traders, both those resident in the group and those trading between the islands and Sydney. From them have I at all times met with the greatest kindness and assistance, and I always found them ready to supply my wants or to convey me from island to island; indeed I may say that but for their kind advice and assistance I could not have accomplished what I did. Where all were so kind, it is perhaps invidious to particularise, but I feel that to Mr. Lars Nielsen of Gavotu,\* and to Mr. Robert Cable,

<sup>1</sup> I regret to say that since these lines have been in print news has been received of the murder of Nielsen and three of his boys by the natives. Where this happened I am at present without information, but I can only suppose that it was at some place where Nielsen was not known, for a juster or quieter man in his dealings with the natives it would have been impossible to find. From his long residence among them (upwards of ten years) he had acquired deep insight into the native character and a fund of information which he was always ready to impart. About two years ago he bought a small island called Gavotu, upon the coast of Florida, and when I last saw him, he told me that he intended to plant it with coconuts and other useful trees and make a comfortable home there for his declining years, as he thought that, after living so long in the tropics, a colder climate might not suit him. He used to exhibit with pride a gold watch presented to him by the President of the United States in acknowledgment of the assistance rendered by him to the crew of an American ship wrecked upon Gaudalcanar a few years ago. His death adds one more to the long list of murders that have taken place in the Solomons.

late master of the *Lizzie*, I owe a debt of gratitude that no words of mine can adequately express.

To Bishop Selwyn also, and to those members of

During the last eighteen months no less than eight murders of white men have taken place in this group among a population, fixed and floating, that I estimate at considerably under thirty. These will continue so long as England ignores her obligation to extend by annexation that protection to her subjects in the Solomons that she was at length forced against her will to extend to British New Guinea (December 1889).

Once more, before I lay down my pen, I have to record another murder of a white man by the natives.

The *Morning Post* of 1st January 1890 reports that the mate and three seamen (these last probably natives) of the British schooner *Enterprise* were killed and eaten by the natives of Hammond Island, one of the Solomon group, on October 29, and that H.M.S. *Royalist* had since visited the place and shelled the villages. I only draw attention to this murder on account of the place where it occurred.

Hammond Island or Rendova is an island about ten miles long and five miles wide, situated only about six miles from Rubiana. I believe there are only two villages upon it, viz., Banietta and Lokorokongo, and the native inhabitants do not probably number more than five hundred. At this island, in 1885, Howie, master of the barque *Elibank Castle*, his mate, and three men were killed by the natives for the sake of their heads. H.M.S. *Diamond* afterwards visited the place and fired two shells, one of which exploded, the other did not, and is now doubtless used as a plaything by the children of the village, like one I saw and photographed upon Guadalcanar.

During 1837 or 1838 two more white men were killed at Banietta and their cutter burned.

A man-of-war shortly afterwards visited the place, but upon this occasion I do not know whether the farce of firing shells into the bush was indulged in. A Blue-book has been published containing an account of the proceedings, but I have not the particulars at hand. I only wish to point out that no adequate punishment has been awarded to the natives of Rendova for their numerous murders, and to the immunity they have enjoyed I consider the latest murder due.

So secure do they feel from punishment that the Rendova natives freely visit the white men's trading-stations in the Rubiana Lagoon, and during my visit to Rubiana in October 1886 one of them, who is said to have been the actual murderer of the mate of the *Elibank Castle*, allowed me to take his photograph. This occurred within six miles and within sight of the island where the murder was committed. I think it speaks well for the law-abiding spirit of the white traders in the lagoon that such a state

the Melanesian Mission to whom I paid a short visit at Gela during one of their annual visits to the group my thanks are due.

Twice during my stay at Aola the Bishop, when passing in the Mission schooner *Southern Cross*, paid me a visit. Both times it happened to be at night, and he was unable to leave the boat. I had to wade out into the sea to speak to him, so that, although we have conversed together, we should pass as strangers should we meet in the street. I felt much the Bishop's kindness in thus going out of his way to cheer me, if not with "the kindly human face," at any rate with "a kindly voice."

of affairs is possible. The murderers are to be caught, but shells thrown into the bush will not catch them. Even more do I deprecate a wholesale and indiscriminate punishment, but one or two examples made of the actual murderers would put an end in a very short time to such outrages. The motive for these murders has been simply and solely for the sake of heads and plunder. In these cases, and in the case of the poor old man Childs that occurred at the neighbouring island of Bagga in 1885, the names of the murderers are well known, and they could be taken. The regulations of the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific forbid, and rightly forbid, any retaliation upon the natives upon the part of the resident white men. The traders have, therefore, a right to expect that adequate protection should be afforded them in the pursuit of a lawful and peaceable calling. I know no place where firm and paternal government would sooner produce beneficial results than in the Solomons. The numerous small tribes into which the population is split up would render any organised resistance to properly constituted authority quite futile, while I believe that the natives themselves would not be slow to recognise the advantages of increased security to life and property. Here is an object worthy indeed the devotion of one's life.

## CHAPTER II.

The Natives—Rainmaking—Offerings of First-fruits—Daily Occupation—Food—Weapons—Ornaments—Tattooing—Raids—Land Tenure—Diseases—Syphilis—Various Modes of Burial—Songs and Dances—Existence of Castes—Native Character—Motive for Attacks upon White Men—Guadalcanar—Residence at Aola—Influence with the Natives.

THACKERAY has well said, in "The Paris Sketch Book," "Let a gentleman who has dwelt two, four, or ten years in Paris (and has not gone thither for the purpose of making a book, when three weeks are sufficient)—let an English gentleman say, at the end of any given period, how much he knows of French society, how many French houses he has entered, and how many French friends he has made. . . . Intimacy, there is none; we see but the outsides of the people."

These remarks are equally true of the Pacific. We have been flooded with volumes of literature from casual visitors professing to tell us all about the natives. The few really good books that have appeared upon the natives of the Pacific might almost be counted on the fingers. My own experience has been, that the longer I have lived among them, the more conscious I have become of possessing nothing but the most superficial knowledge of the natives and their customs.

Their religion I believe to be a species of ancestor-worship. They keep certain secret emblems, called *tindios* upon Guadalcanar, none of which I have ever seen, which are invested with mystery and regarded with the greatest veneration. It appears that it is only certain individuals among the old men who possess the powers of divination and prediction of future events, and they doubtless guard them jealously, as in a community where no respect whatever is shown by youth to age they are a powerful means for keeping the impetuous youth in its proper place. Initiates to the mysteries are doubtless only made after due observation as to the fitness of a man for guarding the secrets to be entrusted to him. By the muttering of spells it is believed that these old men can cause a tree to flourish or decay, crops to thrive, and by speaking certain mysterious words into the ear of a young pig or a baby they will ensure its future health and growth. They can, it is believed, produce rain and thunder at will, and any particularly heavy rainfall or thunderstorm is attributed to the powers of the rainmaker.

While on the subject of rainmakers, a trader formerly resident on Savo, where it occurred, told me the following story as illustrating the singular faith the people have in the powers of these men. There had been a long drought (a most uncommon occurrence); the ferns were drying up and shrivelling on the tree-trunks, and the seed-yams, just planted, were burning away in the ground. In their ex-

tremity the people went to a noted rainmaker, who had never been known to fail, presented him with a handsome present, and implored his help. The rainmaker told them not to be afraid; he would soon bring them rain. Accordingly he shut himself up in a little hut, whence the only sign of life that appeared for three days was a dense smoke and a horrible smell. At the end of that time the rainmaker appeared, looking rather exhausted, and announced that his work was done. Still the sun shone on in a cloudless sky. There was an intelligent young native there, who had spent several years in Queensland among white men, and my friend the trader asked him if he really believed in the power of the old impostor to produce rain. His answer was—

“Oh yes; he has finished making it, but it has not fallen down yet.”

It was a full month afterwards before it did fall down.

Returning to Guadalcanar. I was the witness on two or three occasions of offerings of the first-fruits of crops being made to the *tindio* presiding over them, the natives refusing to eat of them until the ceremony has been performed.

One morning the whole village of Aola turned out to sacrifice to the *tindio* presiding over the Cannarium nut or Solomon Island almond. The almonds had been ripe a week, and I had expressed a desire to have some, but my boy Hogare had informed me that it was quite impossible until the offering to the *tindio*

had been made. As he expressively put it, "Devil he *kai-kai*\* first; all man he *kai-kai* behind."

The village split up into parties of ten or a dozen each, and adjourned to the sea-shore to perform the sacrifice. I and my boy attached ourselves to one party. I was asked had I any flesh. They had yam, taro, and banana, but they wanted flesh. The smallest piece would do. I happened to have a Cuscus half-skinned at my house, so we went there and cut a small strip of flesh from the leg.

Did they want anything else?

Well, had I got any *Megapodes'* eggs.

Yes, I had, but they were blown ones.

Capital. The very thing for a *tindio*. They would burn quicker, and the *tindio* would never know the difference.

We adjourned to the sea-shore. A space was swept clean beneath the spreading branches of a *Barringtonia*, and the men began constructing half a dozen little altars, about six inches square, made of dry sticks neatly laid one upon another in alternately transverse layers. Upon these were put the small offerings of food that we had brought. A few almonds were skinned and stuck upon pieces of stick round the altars. Fire was produced by rubbing two sticks together in the usual way, matches not being allowed on these occasions, although doubtless every man had a box in his bag. Now, the *Megapodes'* egg had been blown with only one hole in the side, over which I

\* *Kai-kai*, Sandalwood English for eat.

had carefully gummed a piece of white paper. The altars were burning brightly ; the offerings were rapidly being consumed ; an old man was muttering an invocation to the *tindio*. Suddenly there was a pop. The egg-shell flew in all directions, and almost extinguished the fire. The old man made a deprecatory motion, and then continued his invocation as though nothing had happened. By the time he had finished, the offerings were consumed and the fires out. Some women now produced large flat cakes baked in leaves, composed chiefly of a paste made from pounded almonds. This was shared out all round, a junk of about six pounds weight being awarded to me, and a similar piece to my boy. I ate a small piece of mine, and then handed it to the boy. As there appeared signs that it would be a long sitting, I politely took my leave. Hogare returned home late that evening looking very uncomfortable, and retired to rest at once.

Every morning about eight o'clock, after a light meal of baked yams, men and women start for the gardens, which are situated in the forest, sometimes as much as three or four miles from the village, a fresh piece of forest being cleared each season, and again allowed to relapse into forest when the crop is off. About three in the afternoon they may be seen returning, the women staggering under the weight of huge baskets of yams or sticks for firewood.

'Possums, flying-foxes, birds, prawns, or other game that may have been caught or killed during the day

are not brought home, but a fire is made at some convenient place, and the men proceed to cook and eat them on the spot, while the women continue homewards to prepare the evening meal.

I have invariably noticed this custom when traveling with natives in the bush, a halt being made shortly before reaching the village where we are to pass the night, and anything shot or caught during the day is cooked and eaten. On these occasions I have sometimes thought that it was for the sake of not having to share the food with the people of the village at which we were to arrive.

The evening meal, which is taken about six o'clock, consists of baked or boiled yams, taro or plantains served in wooden bowls or baskets, and a kind of paste made of scraped yam, coco-nut, or other vegetables, which is boiled in large deep wooden bowls by means of hot stones. This is eaten with spoons made from coco-nut shells.

It is only on grand occasions that pigs are killed. These are not bled to death as we kill them, but beaten with clubs and sticks, and finally stifled, so as to keep all the blood in them. They are then just warmed through on a bright fire, and then cut up and the joints distributed, when each man completes the cooking of his share to his own satisfaction.

Each man, no matter how short the distance he may be going, carries a shield made of wickerwork, and a tomahawk with a handle about three feet long. Some carry long spears in addition, but on Guadal-

canar, unlike some of the other islands, bows and arrows are not used for fighting, the small bows with arrows made from the midrib of the sago-palm leaf, used solely for shooting birds or fish, being quite useless for the former purpose. The great stiff bows six feet long, and the cruelly-barbed arrows tipped with bone, come for the most part from Bougainville Island.

The ornaments most highly prized are necklaces of dogs' teeth. A complete necklace must contain 500 teeth, and as two teeth only in a dog are available, it is evident that they take some time to collect. Shell armlets made from the large clam-shell are also highly valued.

The men frequently wear a mop-like wig whitened with lime, and each man and woman carries on his shoulder a little bag, the contents of which will be found on examination to consist of a stick or two of tobacco, a dirty clay pipe, perhaps a box of matches, two or three areca nuts for chewing, and a little package of betel-pepper leaves, a bamboo box ornamented with patterns for holding the lime used in chewing the betel, a pearl-shell scraper for scraping cocoa-nut; a cocoa-nut spoon for eating the paste or soup mentioned above, and a pair of cockle-shells used as tweezers for pulling out superfluous hair.

The men wear no clothing whatever with the exception of the usual T bandage round the waist, but the women wear a comparatively decent fringe of hemp-like fibre, being in this respect far more decent

than the natives of the neighbouring islands. Upon Malaita it is no uncommon thing to see both men and women absolutely naked.

The faces of both men and women are frequently ornamented all over with cicatrices either circular or chevron-shaped. The operation is a painful and costly one, as the professional tattooer has to be highly paid for his trouble, and not every child's friends can afford the fee demanded. The instrument used is the claw of the flying-fox. The unfortunate patient is not allowed to sleep for two or three nights before the operation is performed, and then, when he is ready to drop from weariness, the tattooer begins his work, and completes it at one sitting. I never saw the actual process, but a child was brought for my inspection whose face had just been finished off. It was in a painful state of nervous irritation, and the face swelled to an enormous size.

A hole was scraped for it at the edge of the sea, where it could lie on its stomach and from time to time dip its fevered face into the water. In a day or two it had quite recovered.

Tattooing is not infrequently seen upon the bodies of natives. The skin is so dark that colouring matter is rarely used, the pattern being produced only by the raised scars left by the cuts. The native in the illustration facing page 32 has tattooed upon each breast a rough representation of the Frigate-bird.

Occasionally during my residence at Aola I would miss half a dozen well-known faces for a week at a

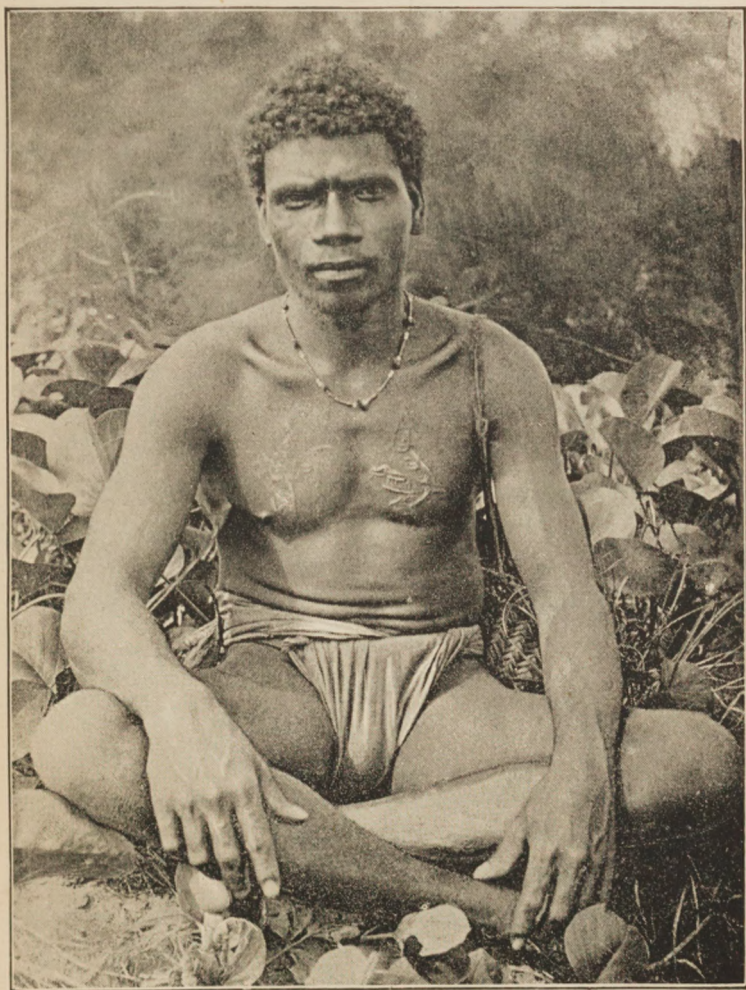
time. Upon inquiry I should be told that they had gone to the bush to hunt wild-pigs. Once or twice I suggested that I should like to accompany them on these mysterious expeditions, but insuperable objections were always raised; the ghastly trophies that I occasionally met with displayed in conspicuous places as the result of these "wild-pig" expeditions left no doubt as to their real character. Nor must it be supposed that the Aola people were in all cases the aggressors, for just before my first arrival an unfortunate boy belonging to Aola had been killed in the bush by the natives of Langali, a village about ten miles along the coast to the eastward, and during my residence among them twenty out of thirty inhabitants of the mountain village of Vale-Menga, with whom I had, after great trouble and patience, succeeded in establishing a communication, were massacred two days after I had paid them a visit. Just before the close of my first visit the Aola people were daily expecting a surprise, and several old men and women came nightly to sleep in my kitchen for protection.

The Aola people were no better and no worse than their immediate neighbours on Guadalcanar, but I must do the Guadalcanar natives the justice to say that I never heard of a case of cannibalism the whole time I lived with them, nor do I believe they practise it. In this they differ from the natives of San Christoval, Malaita, New Georgia, and other islands to the westward, where it is of constant occurrence.

As to the system of land tenure among them, I







NATIVE OF GUADALCANAR, WITH TATTOOING ON BREAST.



believe that to land, *per se*, they attach but little value. Any individual of the tribe appears to be able to select at will a piece of land from the forest, which he clears, fences in, and upon it rears his crop of yams or bananas. After the crops are taken off the land is allowed to relapse again to forest.

When, however, a native plants coco-nuts his property appears to be in the trees themselves, apart altogether from any idea of ownership in the land upon which they are planted. I do not think that any objection would be raised to another native utilising the ground upon which the coco-nuts were planted for other crops so long as the trees themselves were in no way damaged or interfered with. Property in coco-nuts appears to pass, upon a man's death, to his heirs.

The disease most prevalent among the natives is ringworm of a very virulent and repulsive type, that frequently covers the whole body with a scaly eruption. From observations that I have made from time to time when large numbers of natives have been collected together, I have estimated that fully two-thirds of the population are troubled with this disease in a greater or lesser degree.

Dr. Guppy, in his book, "The Solomon Islands," gives an elaborate scientific description of this disease and the theory of its diffusion throughout the Western Pacific.

Gorai, the chief of Alu, told me that it was of comparatively recent introduction to the Solomons,

having been brought in a canoe, containing three men and two women, that came adrift from the Laughlan Islands, near New Guinea, when he was a boy.

In Fiji I believe I am right in stating that it was unknown until a very few years ago, and its introduction is attributed to some natives of the Gilbert or Ellice groups brought to work upon the plantations.

Children are subject to a pustular eruption of a loathsome character, the most frequent situation for its occurrence being the corners of the mouth, the armpits, the surface of the stomach, or the groin. Mothers wish their children to have it, as they say it improves the subsequent health of the child. I am told it takes about a year to run its course. Natives who do not take this disease until they become adult have it in a very much aggravated form, and are truly pitiable objects while under its influence. It never recurs.

Cripples and deformities of long standing are seldom seen. They are doubtless suppressed in infancy. Crippled legs and feet caused by loathsome and destructive sores are not infrequent. These sores are at first occasioned by a slight wound, which from neglect and dirt assumes a malignant form, and by degrees spreads and involves muscle and bone, till, if the disease is not arrested, death may ensue. These sores yield readily to antiseptic treatment, but the natives are so indolent or prejudiced that, although I have taken several in hand, at the first sign of improvement they take themselves off and the disease resumes its course.

In cases of sprains, severe bruises, or contusions poultices of hot leaves and steam from a damp oven are used with beneficial effect.

Instances of amputated limbs are sometimes seen. I have among my collection a photograph that I took of a boy whose arm and leg had been bitten off by a shark. The stumps had quite healed.

Cases of fractured limbs are occasionally seen in which the limb has joined of itself, apparently without any attempt at setting, for the junctions seem to have taken place at all sorts of angles.

One other subject I must touch upon. Some previous writers upon the Solomon Islands have deplored the prevalence of certain diseases, and have laid the blame of their introduction in no measured terms upon the traders and labour-traders. I can only say that during my three visits to the group such cases very rarely came under my notice, and such as did were, I believe, of a non-constitutional type, aggravated by filthy neglect.

Such cases, of course, are more common upon those islands where the unbridled and promiscuous licentiousness of the native inhabitants renders it a matter for surprise that they are not more universal than they actually are.

Upon Guadalcanar, where the greatest propriety prevails in the intercourse of the sexes, such a case was never observed by me, and this during a residence extending in the total to a period of nine months.

I am glad to say that Dr. Guppy, who is almost

the first medical man who has paid any extended visit to the Solomons, holds the same opinion, and his opinion should be entitled to great weight. But I can adduce further medical authority in support of my view. In the Report of the Chief Medical Officer for the Colony of Fiji for 1884 upon Polynesian Immigration (that being the name by which the recruiting from the Solomon and other islands is wrongly called), he says: "It is probable that no Polynesian (*sic*) immigrant in Fiji has died of syphilis; and the cases so reported by planters are those of non-infective venereal sore, which by neglect or ignorance have assumed sufficient extent and duration to exhaust the sufferers' low vital capability."

Enough mud has been thrown from time to time, justly and unjustly, at white men in the Western Pacific, most of which has stuck, and stuck hard; but the above-cited medical evidence should dispose of those unsupported statements of casual and unprofessional visitors, who make them either for the purpose of enlisting sympathy for the native race or for the sake of something to say.

When people of consequence are ill and appear likely to die, it is sometimes supposed that the *tindio* of the place is offended, and will not allow them to get better in the house in which they are. A perfectly new house is built in the shade of the forest, and the unfortunate invalid is moved there. If he does not get better, a second, and sometimes a third, removal is tried.

The ways of disposal of the body after death vary much on different islands. The following have come under my notice.

At Santa Anna the bodies are buried in the ground, and after a certain time the skulls are exhumed, and put into large wooden models of sharks or sword-fish, which are arrayed in line in the canoe-house.

At Savo a mother is asked at the birth of her child whether it belongs to the sea or the land. In the latter case it is buried on land, and in the former it is thrown, with all the property accumulated during life, into the sea. The singular ferocity and boldness of the sharks round Savo are said to be due to this custom of throwing the bodies into the sea.

At Alu and other islands in the Bougainville Straits, people of consideration are burned, and a memorial, regarded with great veneration, erected to their memory, while common people are buried at sea.

In the Rubiana Lagoon the bodies of the dead are exposed upon a small island in the lagoon, and allowed to rot. My attention was once most unwillingly directed to the circumstance when passing in a boat too near to the island and to leeward.

One other variety of burial came under my notice during my last visit to the Solomons.

At a village in the Maravou Lagoon, that extends nearly the whole length of the north of New Georgia, lived an old scoundrel of a chief named Paravo. He had only one hand, having blown off the other with dynamite while shooting fish. He had never

killed a white man. He had intended to do so once or twice, but his courage had always failed him at the last moment. So for the time he remained on outward terms of friendship with the trader who lived in the lagoon, bringing him from time to time a little copra or a little turtle-shell, leaving his tomahawk in his canoe when he went up to the trader's house, but always on the look-out for the opportunity that he knew would come if he waited long enough, when he might step unsuspected behind the white man and with a turn of the wrist cleave his skull with the tomahawk. I always saw this old man on the three or four occasions that I passed through the lagoon, and as he could talk English, I never failed to try and get some information out of him.

About the beginning of 1888, Paravo and a large canoe-load of his fellow-scoundrels started on an expedition to the west end of Guadalcanar (a journey of about two hundred miles) to get heads. They arrived safely at their destination; but having come for wool, they went home shorn, for not only did they not get any heads, but they lost some men killed. So they started on their homeward voyage, and were driven by bad weather to Murray Island, an uninhabited island about half-way between Guadalcanar and New Georgia. Here they were detained some weeks, and having very little to eat, were in a bad way. Paravo fell sick, and after a short illness died. His faithful companions, being hard up for food, cooked and divided out their leader between them. A day or two after the weather

moderated, and they were able to resume their voyage and arrive safely home. Paravo's head they left behind at Murray Island. They have since asked Mr. Frank Wickham, the trader of the Rubiana Lagoon, to bring the head home for them.

At Aola, on Guadalcanar, as far as my observation went, the dead were decently buried in the bush.

Occasionally, when I was living at Aola, singing and dancing parties would make a tour of the district, stopping one night at a village, and passing on the next day. On one or two occasions they came from the neighbouring island of Gela, but generally the parties belonged to coast villages on Guadalcanar. A party of six or seven boys formed the orchestra and droned out a monotonous chant.

The dancers, perhaps a dozen or more in number, would bend their bodies, point their spears, flourish their shields, and shuffle and stamp their feet in time with the music. Altogether it was rather a melancholy performance.

The words of the chant almost invariably used were as follows :—

“ Te mani to mani to kai sambelagi mi,  
 Sambelagi tete mi,  
 Tete mbili-mbili mi,  
 Mbili-mbili loko mi,  
 Loko petepete mi,  
 Petepete uli mi,  
 Uli mani kande mi,  
 Kande ma kondo mi,  
 Saria bombotoni mi,  
 Eo mai-u-ai mi,

Eo eo kiki mi,  
Ki kiki rongo mi,  
Ro rongo kindia mi,  
Tindisotio."

A woman's dance was even more melancholy still. One I saw at Tasimboko consisted of about fifty women standing in a ring, stamping their feet and moaning feebly at intervals.

At Alu, Shortland Island, on one occasion, the women sat in a ring on the ground, and beginning about ten o'clock at night, emitted, at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, the most ear-piercing shrieks that it is possible to imagine; these lasted about two minutes, and then all was quiet again for another interval. The shrieking lasted until after daylight next morning, by which time most of the women had lost their voices. This performance took place just outside my house.

During my last residence on Guadalcanar, it came to my knowledge that an extensive and widespread system of "castes" or *totems*, for want of words to better express my meaning, exists upon this and some of the adjacent islands. The name for them on Guadalcanar and upon Gela or Florida is *Kema*, upon Savo *Ravu*. At Veisali, at the west end of Guadalcanar, the word used is *Kua*.

I could find out very little about them. Their influence is, however, powerful. The natives told me that a man might not marry a woman belonging to his own caste. They are not confined to tribes speaking

one language, but, as in some of the instances I cite below, natives belonging to tribes speaking a different language will be found to belong to the same caste. I can conceive it due to the protection afforded by these castes that certain natives can pass freely backwards and forwards between tribes at open war, as occurred to my own knowledge last year, when severe fighting was taking place between the island of Savo and the west end of Guadalcanar, or that natives are enabled to remain in a village when others have had to leave on account of anticipated attack by another village.

Of these castes the largest and most powerful is the Gambata. To this belong the chiefs Saki of Tetere, Lipa of Olevuga, Takua of Boli, Dikea of a village near Boli, all on the island of Gela; and Beta of Lango, Butelea of Tasimboko, and nearly all the natives of Susu, these three last on Guadalcanar.

To the Kiki caste belong Poma, a chief living at the east end of Gela, and most of the natives of Marau, Vunibau, Langali, Kobito, and Aola, all on Guadalcanar.

To the Lakoli caste the natives of Kouka, Ruavatu, and Dimbili of Tasimboko, also Sulakava\* of Vaturana, all on Guadalcanar.

To the Kakau caste, Buto, Gavona, Simbo, and Eruka, all chiefs of Savo.

To the Tanakindi caste, Turalala\* of Sisipi, on

\* See chapter on Savo.

Savo and Goï, Koparea and Eroto of Veisali, and some natives living in the bush near Veisali, on Guadalcanar.

There are probably more of these *Kemas* or *Ravus* than I have enumerated, but these are all I heard of.

I have given at length the name of the natives and villages that were mentioned to me in connection with these castes, in the hope that the information may serve as a clue to future inquirers.

If I were asked what was the prevailing characteristic of the natives, I should say cowardice, both in its sense of timidity and in the desire to take every advantage of a defenceless stranger or enemy.

From my somewhat wide and varied experience of them, I am of opinion that the first thought that animates a native upon the sight of a stranger is, "Will he kill *me*?" Having answered this to his own satisfaction, his next thought is, "Can I kill *him*?" the latter question being considerably influenced by the fear of future retribution to be apprehended from the friends of the stranger, in case he is a native; but in the case of white men this fear of retribution hardly enters as a factor. In their case, "Le jeu vaut la chandelle." Long experience has shown the native that he is comparatively free from any personal consequences, the utmost extent of the punishment to be apprehended being the possible loss of a few coco-nut trees.

I consider that the native character has been well

summed up by Captain Simpson, R.N., late of H.M.S. *Blanche*:—

“The main object of their lives is to take each other’s heads. They are not, however, what can be called a courageous people, such a thing as a stand-up fight between two tribes being unknown. They are like wild beasts, always prowling about for prey, but rarely attacking unless they feel that they have their victim in their power without risk to themselves.”

The motives that animate these attacks are not, I think, far to seek.

In cases of attacks upon white men at any rate there is, as I have pointed out above, an absence of the fear of future consequences, while the hope of plunder is doubtless in many cases sufficient incentive. I believe that revenge alone is rarely a reason. But the prime motive for attacks upon white men and natives alike lies in the fact, which so many people overlook, that these people are primarily and emphatically savages, with some good points certainly, but in their nature reigns unchecked the instinct of destruction.

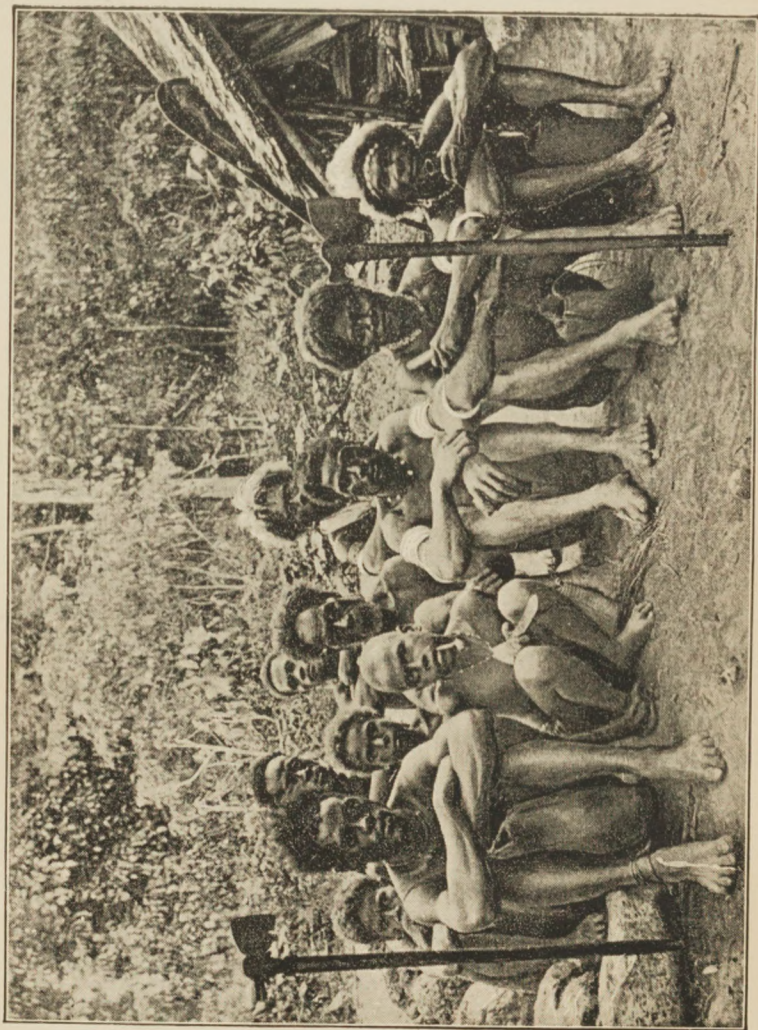
Theirs is the same motive that animated the native clergyman whom I once saw in Fiji take a live rat, deliberately chop off its four feet with his knife, and then allow it to struggle, maimed, away. ( I “sat under” him the next day, when, in all the glory of a clean white shirt and collar, he conducted the service with due gravity, and wound up with an eloquent extempore sermon.)

It is the same motive that animates schoolboys to torture frogs and to spin cockchafers on pins, and that gave point to the Frenchman's satire when he said that the Englishman's first inquiry upon sallying out after breakfast was, "What shall we kill to-day?"—the destructive instinct that, after centuries of civilisation, still lurks in our nature.

Guadalcanar, on which island, at the village of Aola. I have at different times spent altogether about nine months during my several visits to the Solomons, is perhaps the most fertile and beautiful island of the group, and extremely rich in bird and insect life, many of the species being apparently peculiar to it. The extreme length of the island is about eighty miles, and the breadth about thirty. Its mountains reach a height in one place of 8000 feet, and there are numerous peaks over 4000 feet. Along its southern and western coasts the water is deep almost up to the shore, and in some places the swell of the open ocean beats against the bases of steep cliffs. Anchorages on this side are consequently few and bad. On the northern shore the land slopes more gradually to the sea. The coast is protected from the ocean swell by other islands, and navigation for small vessels is safe and pleasant, there being numerous good anchorages.

In consequence of the great rainfall (over 100 inches per annum on the coast, much more, probably, in the mountains), there are numerous rivers, some of them of considerable size.





GROUP OF MEN AND BOYS. NATIVES OF AOLA, GUADALCANAR.





An alluvial flat composed of fertile soil deposited by the rivers in flood-time extends for five-and-twenty or thirty miles along the centre of the north coast of the island, with a varying width of from five to ten miles.

In places, especially near the town or village of Tasimboko, constant burnings off by the natives, continued at frequent intervals for many years, have somewhat exhausted the soil, and large, open, park-like expanses covered with a coarse kind of grass, which burns readily in dry weather, may be seen, a pleasant contrast to the interminable forest with which the remainder of the islands are clothed.

From the description that I have previously given of the natives and their behaviour to strangers, it will be readily understood how difficult a visitor would find it, even after he has established a friendly footing with a coast tribe, to induce the natives to accompany him, or even to smooth the way for a visit to unfriendly or openly hostile villages in the bush, but by the exercise of the greatest patience and good temper, and after being again and again disappointed, I have been in the end partially successful.

My first visit to Aola was in 1886, when I anchored there in the *Christine*, on my way to be put ashore on Shortland Island. I was at the time much struck with the appearance of the place as a favourable locality for making collections, and also with the demeanour of the natives. I determined to make it my headquarters should future opportunity occur.

On my return, therefore, from Sydney, where I had

gone to try and shake off the fever caught at Fauro the previous year, I was landed here in April 1887 ; nor did I find the natives belie the good opinion that I had previously formed of them.

Without laying myself out specially to do so, I found that before my departure I had acquired considerable influence among them, and I have had more than one earnest request to come and permanently take up my residence among them.

From purely selfish motives I was useful to the natives in numberless ways. My house soon became a general meeting-place, where they were pretty sure to be able to beg or borrow (never to steal) a piece of the coveted tobacco, while as a purchaser of firewood when the supply exceeded the demand, or as a consumer of rotten yams at about three times the fair market price of the best samples, I was what is known in trade circles as a "good mark." I shall not forget the naïve remark of old Ululu, the chief of Aola, who, holding my hand on the eve of my first departure, said with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my friend Woorefallo, who will give me pipes and tobacco when you are gone?"

Still, I should be sorry to think that my influence with the natives arose from sordid motives alone, for I believe that, especially during my second visit, a feeling of real confidence and friendship existed between us.\*

\* Since the above remarks were written I have again received a message from the natives of Aola, asking me to come and live permanently with them.

### CHAPTER III.

Zoology—Marsupials—The Solomons always separated from adjacent Islands—Bats—Rats—Domestic Animals—Pigs—Dogs—Fowls—Birds—Parrots—Pigeons—Crow—Eagles—Hawks—Owl—Kingfishers—Flycatchers—Hérons—Reptiles and Batrachians—Crocodiles—Lizards—Snakes—Frogs—Land-shells—Butterflies—*Ornithoptera Urvilleana* and *O. Victoriæ*—First Meeting with Ornithoptera—Papilionidæ—Danaidæ—Interesting Instances of Mimicry in genus *Euploea*—Nymphalidæ—Satyridæ—Lycænidæ—Hesperidæ—Moths—Beetles—Spiders—List of Papers.

FROM their geographical position, the Solomons could not fail to prove most interesting from the point of view of the zoologist. They are included by Wallace in his Austro-Malayan sub-division of the Australian Region. The nearest land is the group of large islands comprising New Britain, New Ireland, and Duke of York, from which they are separated by a deep strait over a hundred miles in width, and between the Solomons and New Guinea the sounding-lead has reached a depth of over 2000 fathoms.

Dr. Guppy has pointed out\* that, although it is probable that this archipelago together with New Britain and New Ireland are included within the same 1000 fathom line, this cannot be urged as evidence of a former land connection, seeing that the whole region

\* "The Solomon Islands and their Natives," Introduction, page ix.

presents evidence of enormous elevation in recent and probably sub-recent times.

I think an examination of the fauna of the Solomons points to the conclusion that a land connection has never existed.

Of Marsupials (those remarkable pouched animals of which Australia and the adjacent Malayan Islands present so many examples), the only representative in the Solomon Islands is a species of Cuscus, which has been declared by Mr. Oldfield Thomas \* to be a distinct sub-species of the Papuan Grey Cuscus (*Phalanger Orientalis*), and has been distinguished by him as *P. Orientalis breviceps*.

It is an animal that, from its habits, would be extremely likely to find its way either on floating timber or in native canoes from Duke of York or New Ireland, and the fact that the same sub-species there exists points indubitably to this conclusion.

In size it is about as large as a cat, and it is exclusively arboreal in its habits. It is furnished with strong claws, the hind feet being furnished with an opposable thumb. The tail is prehensile, naked at the tip, enabling it to climb about the branches of trees, upon the leaves of which it feeds. It has a soft silky fur, but is very variable in colour. The colours most frequently met with are grey rat-colour and dark brown. I at first supposed these two colours to be distinctive of separate species, but I have since

\* "Proceedings Zoological Society, Dec. 4, 1888."

seen them of shades of colour ranging from almost black to silvery grey.

The fact that the marsupial flying squirrel, *Petaurus breviceps*, which is common in Duke of York and the adjacent islands, is not found in the Solomons also points to the conclusion that the Cuscus has been introduced by accidental means or human agency.

As no other marsupials occur in the Solomons, or in the Pacific Islands to the eastward and southward, this group must be considered as the extreme eastern limit of their range.

Bats are well represented, the results of my collecting having added two new genera and five new species to the list of known Bats, and raised the number of species recorded from the Solomons from five to seventeen.

Of these seventeen species of Bats, six are, so far as is at present known, peculiar to the Solomons; and of the remainder, ten are found on the neighbouring Duke of York group. Bats seem to be pretty equally distributed among the different islands, and I have met with the same species at Shortland Island, at the west end of the group, as I have done on Guadalcanar, four hundred miles to the eastward; but on the latter island only have I found the singular and rare *Pteralopex atrata*.

About this extraordinary animal Mr. Thomas, in the paper before alluded to, writes:—

“This remarkable genus is decidedly the most interesting of Mr. Woodford’s Mammalian discoveries,

both on account of its very striking dental characters, and especially for the fact that it seems to form an important link in the phylogeny of the Chiroptera. At first sight, it might appear to be merely a highly specialised offshoot of Pteropus, but a careful comparison of the other members of the family has convinced me that this is not the case, and that it is more probably an isolated survivor from the time when the ancestors of the modern Pteropodidæ still possessed cuspidate teeth,—such teeth which are still characteristic of nearly all the Microchiroptera, having been inherited from the Insectivora by the Palæochiroptera, or common ancestors of all the living Bats."

Rats, which find their way to the remotest islands of the Pacific, are, of course, well represented in the Solomons. They swarm about the stations of the white traders, introduced on board trading-vessels, both *Mus Decumanus* and *M. Rattus* occurring.

In addition to these, four species of native rats have been met with. One of these, *M. Prætor*, has also occurred at Duke of York.

*M. Salamonis*, described from Florida Island, I did not meet with, but on Guadalcanar I met with two enormous species of rats, which Mr. Thomas has described respectively as *M. Imperator* and *M. Rex*. The former exceeds in size any known rat. One specimen now in the Natural History Museum measured from the nose to tip of tail 608 millimetres or nearly two feet in length. The two species are

closely allied, but distinguishable not only by the difference in size, but by the proportionately longer tail in *M. Rex* the smaller species.

Comparative measurements of two individuals of each species may be interesting, taken from Mr. Thomas's paper:—

## MEASUREMENTS IN MILLIMETRES.

MUS IMPERATOR.		MUS REX.	
Head and Body.	Tail.	Head and Body.	Tail.
350	258	290	296
340	250	280	300

The natives inform me that *M. Imperator* is entirely terrestrial in its habits, but that *M. Rex* frequents the branches of trees, and an examination of the tail of the latter will show that it has been modified to accommodate it to that mode of life, the tip being recurved and resembling somewhat the tail of Cuscus.

Mr. Thomas says, in speaking of these two species:—

“It is, however, in their relation to each other that their chief interest lies, for they seem to be clearly the slightly modified descendants of one single species that, once introduced, has been isolated in Guadalcanar for some considerable time, while it has apparently died out elsewhere. Of this original

species, some individuals would have adopted a terrestrial and others an arboreal life, and their respective descendants would have been modified accordingly. In this way I would explain the fact that at the present time we have in Guadalcanar two genuine species, agreeing with each other in their essential structure, and yet separated by a considerable number of characters, all having a more or less direct relation to a climbing or non-climbing habit of life. Of these, of course, by far the most striking are the broad foot-pads and the long, rasp-like, probably semi-prehensile tail of *Mus Rex*, as compared with the smaller pads and short, smooth tail of *Mus Imperator*."

I may remark that the natives inform me that *M. Rex* does use its tail to clasp the branches.

Of Marine Mammalia, the surrounding seas abound with several species of whales, Sperms being occasionally seen. Porpoises are plentiful, and are eagerly sought after by the natives for the sake of their teeth, which are highly prized for making necklaces.

That singular creature, the Dugong, is not uncommon. The tusks used to be valued, but have now gone out of fashion. I on one occasion partook of the flesh.

Of domestic animals, the Solomon Islanders keep dogs and pigs, and did so before the time that the islands were first visited by Europeans, the Spanish discoverers having found both these animals domesticated among them. The pig of the Solomon Islanders is a small species rarely exceeding three feet in length,

flat-sided, round-backed, and with a long snout tapering from the forehead.

The colours most frequently noticed are black, red with black spots, and badger-grey. The young are striped. The boars have formidable tusks. I brought home no skulls of this animal for the purpose of identifying the species, but I suspect it to be identical with *Sus Papuensis*, the wild pig of New Guinea. Further than this, I believe that the pigs of the Fijians, Tongans, Tahitians, and other Pacific Islanders are to be referred to the same source. That the Pacific Islanders had pigs before their intercourse with white men is undoubted. Captain Cook introduced the pig to New Zealand, but they were pigs that he had bought from the natives at Tahiti, and not that he brought with him from England, as most people suppose.

That the Maories had no pigs I can account for on two suppositions. First, that at the time they migrated to New Zealand from Hawaiki the pig may not then have been introduced among the Polynesian natives of the Pacific, but chiefly, I think, on account of the long canoe voyage such as the Moaries must have had, wherever Hawaiki may have been. Bound all four legs together in the bottom of a wet canoe, as they would assuredly have been, no pig could survive for very long, a pig being a most tender animal under such conditions. Besides, if they started with any, they would have been doubtless eaten before they got to the end of such a long voyage.

The Solomon Island dog, now, of course, rapidly becoming absorbed and crossed with the mangy curs brought down for the sake of their teeth from Sydney by every trading-vessel, is assuredly a descendant of the dingo. I have seen individuals that in colour, shape of ears, general expression, and other characteristics were hardly, except in size, to be distinguished from that animal. I have noticed a similar but smaller breed in Fiji among the natives, and I think that probably the dingo is the progenitor of the domestic dog of all the Pacific Islanders.

While on this subject I may also notice that on their first visit the Spaniards found fowls domesticated among the natives. Dr. Guppy, in his translation of Gallego's Journal, supposes the "Cocks of Castile" therein described to have been the Megapode, but the much more circumstantial account of Catoira, soon, I hope, to be published, leaves no doubt but that fowls were really intended.

When we consider that the Malay Archipelago is the native habitat of the progenitors of some of our domestic fowls, the fact of their being found among the Solomon Islanders does not seem strange. I think it highly probable that they were also known to the natives of other Pacific Islands.

To show how little to be depended on is native tradition, the natives have repeatedly assured me that there were no fowls in the Solomons till the white men came. But the account in Catoira's diary leaves no room for doubt.

The list of birds from the Solomons is probably, as yet, far from complete, in spite of the fact that several collections previously to my own had been sent from the group.

My first collection, made entirely at Alu and Fauro, contained two new species; my second and most important, made on Guadalcanar, contained no less than eleven species new to science; while of a few skins that I sent home during my last short visit, two were found to be of species undescribed. I think it certain that when Bougainville, Choiseul, Ysabel, and Malaita have been properly worked, many hitherto unknown species will be added to our lists. The mountains of Bougainville, over 10,000 feet high, never yet ascended by white man or native, present a field from which we may expect all sorts of prizes, not only in birds, but in other orders.

As might be expected, the avi-fauna of the Solomons contains many species identical or closely allied to those occurring on New Guinea and the neighbouring islands. Some families, however, are altogether wanting, or are represented by species that from long isolation have become distinct.

The Paradise Birds, those gorgeous inhabitants of New Guinea and the islands immediately adjacent, have no representative in the Solomons, nor do they even reach New Britain and Duke of York. Casuaries, although found in New Britain and Duke of York, do not extend to the Solomons, and I consider their absence another proof that land connection

has never existed between the Solomons and New Britain.

Of Parrots, many are identical with New Guinea forms, but some are peculiar to the group, a notable instance being the pretty Cardinal lory (*Lorius Cardinalis*). The lovely little pigmy parrots of the genus *Nasiterna*, also found in New Guinea occur in this group, one that I got on Guadalcanar (*Nasiterna Aola*) being perhaps the smallest parrot known. As they appear to be extremely local, I think that we may certainly expect to find new species when some of the less-known islands are better explored. Cockatoos are represented by but one species (*Cacatua Ducorpsii*), peculiar to this group, but, curiously enough, not extending to the island of San Christoval. The same remark applies to the Hornbill (*Rhithidoceros Plicatus*).

Perhaps the birds that most attract the notice of the visitor are the Pigeons. Although the large-crested Goura Pigeons of New Guinea are unrepresented here, every island swarms with large fruit-pigeons (*Carpophaga*, gn.), my own collections containing several species; and I know that, when travelling with the natives, I have missed others that have either been too much injured for skinning or have gone into the pot because I was unable to preserve them. I remember one species, something like *Carpophaga Rufigula*, but smaller, the red knob being replaced by a black one. On Guadalcanar I twice met with that curious crested, long-tailed pigeon, *Turacæna Crasirostris*, but I believe it to be very rare. In addition,

several species of the little green doves (*Ptilopus*, gn.) occur, and ground doves are not uncommon. The Solomon Island crow (*Macrocorax Woodfordi*) is a local species confined, so far as I know, to parts of Guadalcanar and Ysabel, but it is very plentiful in certain localities.

I have referred at length elsewhere to the singular bird, *Megapodius Brenchleyi*.

Eagles are represented by the wide-ranging species, *Haliæetus Leucogaster*. Its chief food is the Cuscus, but it may also be seen at low water on the reefs in company with the Osprey (*Pandion leucocephalus*). It is not averse to carrion.

One of the most beautiful Hawks is the handsome *Baza Gurneyi*. I kept one for some time in captivity, feeding it on grasshoppers and lizards, but during a temporary absence from home it was neglected by my boy and died. From its singular note the natives of Aola have given it the name "Kiso."

Several species of smaller Hawks of the genus *Astur* are met with. I have noticed a curious fact when skinning these birds, viz., that the eye-sockets in nearly every instance were infested with small white thread-worms. These did not seem to interfere in any way with the bird's powers of vision, as the specimens were all well nourished and in good plumage.

Among the Kingfishers I frequently met with small intestinal thread-worms, and the large fruit-pigeons were almost invariably infested with tapeworm.

I met with a little Owl at Guadalcanar, a new species (*Ninox Granti*), and another has been recorded.

Kingfishers are, of course, common, my own collections containing seven different species. The racquet-tailed Kingfishers of New Guinea are unrepresented.

Fly-catchers are plentiful, and the species being very local, many are probably still unknown. I may instance the very distinct *Monarcha Erythrosticta* from Alu and Fauro, and the Guadalcanar species, *M. Castanieventris*.

Ysabel, Choiseul, and Malaita have certainly treasures in store for us in this genus.

On Guadalcanar I met with the pretty little Finch, *Erythrura Thrichroa*. It appears to be very erratic in its habits, being one day met with in numbers in a particular spot, and the next day sought for in vain. It is also recorded from several localities in the Malay Archipelago, and from the Carolines.

Several kinds of Herons frequent the shore and rivers, the most common being, of course, the wide-ranging *Demiégretta Sacra*. The white variety is frequently seen.

My collection includes two new species, *Ardieralla Woodfordi*, and a Night-heron (*Nycticorax Mandibularis*). Both these species are more frequently met with on the rivers than on the sea-shore.

Upon the rivers the wild Duck of Australia and the Pacific, *Anas Superciliosa*, is common, but differs from the Australian form in being slightly smaller.

The sea-birds are similar to those met with throughout the other Pacific Islands.

An exhaustive paper on the reptiles and Batrachians of the Solomon group by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, F.Z.S., appeared in the "Transactions" of the Society, XII., pp. 35-62, 1886, based on the collection sent home by Dr. Guppy; a second paper by the same gentleman, based on my own collection, in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society, March 1887;" and a third paper in the "Proceedings" of the same Society in February 1888.

Crocodiles (*Crocodylus Porosus*) are common, frequenting both salt and fresh water. They are shy and wary, and although I have heard of natives having been taken by them, I believe such instances are rare. Occasionally during my residence at Aola they would come into the village at night and seize a pig. On one such occasion the village was roused by the screams of the pig, and they intercepted and killed the marauder before he could get safely into the sea with his prey.

The large Monitor Lizard (*Varanus indicus*) is extremely plentiful, frequenting the forest, and the mangrove swamps of the sea-coast.

It is extremely fond of crabs and birds' eggs, and is a sad enemy to the Megapodes laying-yards. I took a rat from the stomach of one large individual. It takes readily to the water and swims and dives with ease. I have met with them up to five feet in length.

A very singular Lizard (*Corucia Zebrata*) is fairly common throughout the group. It reaches a length of two feet. It frequents the branches of trees, and appears to be rather sluggish in its habits. By the aid of its strong prehensile tail it can not only steady itself while crawling along the branches, but I have seen it hang suspended. It appears to be gregarious, four or five being frequently found together.

The bush on all the islands simply swarms with small lizards. They may be seen running over the branches of the fallen timber or leaping from leaf to leaf in search of flies. The species vary on different islands, and some appear to be very local. I expect many are as yet unknown.

The roofs of the houses abound with Geckos, that run nimbly about the thatch in search of food. On several occasions they have fallen upon me when asleep or at work at my table.

Of seventeen species of lizards at present recorded from the Solomons, seven are peculiar to the group, while the remainder have been also met with on the adjacent islands.

Snakes are extremely plentiful, but although some species are poisonous, I never heard of any one being bitten.

With the exception of the Dendrophidæ, or tree-snakes, I found them almost invariably lazy and sluggish.

I once trod upon a snake with my naked foot, but it is an open question with me whether I or the

snake displayed greater alacrity in avoiding a closer acquaintance. Having handled upwards of five hundred, on one occasion only did a snake even attempt to bite.

The list given in Mr. Boulenger's third paper, published in February 1888, makes the number of species of snakes known from the Solomons to be ten. Of these, four species are peculiar to the group. My last visit has produced another new species, making the number of species eleven, of which five are not found elsewhere.

Frogs make their presence apparent at night by the incessant chorus that they keep up.

The most remarkable species is the immense *Rana Guppyi*, some that I met with weighing over two pounds and a half. They frequent the neighbourhood of small streams and rivers. I remember once, when ascending part of the Aola River in a boat, we disturbed several of these immense frogs that were taking their ease on the top of the high river-bank. I shall not forget the commotion occasioned as, one after the other, they took headers from the bank into the river. From their stomachs I have taken crabs. These seem to be their usual food, but I once found that one had made a meal upon some young rats.

The singular horned frogs (*Cornufer*, gn.) are very common. They seem to vary in colour in sympathy with their surroundings. Tree-frogs (*Hylidæ*) may be successfully sought after in nearly every locality.

Of thirteen species of frogs at present recorded, no less than eleven are peculiar to the Solomons.

An interesting paper on the Land Shells of the Solomons by Mr. Edgar Smith, based on the collection made by Dr. Guppy, appeared in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London" for June 1885.

The Solomon Island Lepidoptera are distinctly Malayan in type, most of the species found being closely allied to those from the Eastern Archipelago, while in some cases they are only island varieties, modified by long isolation, but hardly entitled to specific rank. Here, however, the wealth and beauty of the most conspicuous Malayan forms, that have been well maintained to New Guinea, to New Britain, and to New Ireland, and through these islands to the Solomons, seem to terminate.

In the New Hebrides, although Lepidoptera are by no means scarce, the species, both in number and beauty, are considerably curtailed; while as we advance through Fiji and Tonga to Samoa, and thence to Tahiti and the Marquesas, the number of the species still further diminishes, while one or two only have succeeded in establishing a footing upon the remote coral Atols that dot the Western Pacific.

Among the butterflies of the Solomon Islands, the most conspicuous, both from their great size and brilliant colouring, are the Ornithoptera. Of this genus, two (perhaps three) species are met with, viz., *O. Uvilleana* and *O. Victoria*.

The former is the more common, and has a wider

range, being also recorded from New Britain. It is found throughout the western islands of the Solomon group, and I have taken it on Ysabel, Savo, Gela or Florida, and Guadalcanar. I never met with it on Malaita, but from having once seen it on Ulawa, I should suppose that it may also be found on Malaita. It does not, so far as I can ascertain, extend to San Christoval. The wings of the male, with their deep purplish blue upper and greenish under side, contrast vividly with its bright yellow body. It is a most beautiful object at rest or flying. The female, although not so bright in colour, being only a sombre greyish-brown with lighter markings, exceeds the male in size. I have met with individuals measuring close upon nine inches across the open wings. The sight of half a dozen of these insects hovering over the sweet white flowers of the *Cerbera Odollam* is one to be remembered. While living at Alu I reared several of these insects from the larva. When full-grown, the larva is about four inches long, and as thick as the little finger. The colour is rich brown, the spines tipped with lake. A curious saddle-like, cream-coloured patch across the middle readily distinguishes it from the larva of *O. Victorix*, which it otherwise much resembles. Above the head is a curious bifurcated, retractile, urticating process, pink in colour, which the larva protrudes when disturbed. The pupa is suspended head downwards, beneath a growing leaf, with a silken band round the middle of the body. The leaf, of course, shields the

pupa from sun and rain, but lest the leaf should be accidentally blown away, the larva, before entering upon the pupa-stage, spins a stout silken web along the lower side of the leaf-stalk, and securely fastens it to the stem from which it grows. The perfect insect emerges in from a fortnight to three weeks. In this species the sexes occur in about equal numbers.

*Ornithoptera Victorix* is a rarer and, if possible, more beautiful insect than the former. The history of the discovery of this species is somewhat curious. The female has been known since 1854, and was described from a single specimen obtained by Mr. John Macgillivray, the naturalist, who sailed on board H.M.S. *Herald*, at Wanderer Bay, Guadalcanar, when visiting that place for the purpose of inquiring into the murder by the natives of the late Mr. Boyd. Until my first visit to the Solomons in 1886, the female had not again been taken and the male was quite unknown.

I had the good fortune, when visiting the north-west end of Malaita Island in May 1886, to capture two insects which were described as the male of this species by Mr. Salvin, in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," in March 1887. A comparison of these two specimens with others afterwards caught on the island of Guadalcanar, whence the female type had come more than thirty years before, led Mr. Salvin to the conclusion that the Malaita form might be a different species, and he has accordingly named it *O. Regina*.

These two species or island-forms are figured, the former in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," February 1888, and the latter in Part I. of "Rhopalocera Exotica," by Mr. Henley Grose Smith.

In colour the male is a most beautiful object, both upper and under sides being combinations of velvety black and the brightest metallic green. The females are black, with conspicuous yellow spots and markings. As in *O. Urvilleana*, they exceed the males in size, and are caught almost up to nine inches in expanse of wing.

The larva resembles that of *O. Urvilleana*, but the urticating process is straw-colour, and the saddle-like patch is wanting.

The females numerically exceed the males on Guadalcanar by about twenty-five to one, but on Malaita, out of eleven specimens taken in the three days that I spent there, two were males. The range of this beautiful insect is much more restricted than that of the last species, and it appears to be confined to the centre of the Solomon group. I never met with it westward of New Georgia, and upon that island I have only seen it once. I did not see it on Ysabel. I have taken it on Gela or Florida, Guadalcanar, and the northern end of Malaita. It is unknown on San Christoval.

Hence it will be seen that the genus Ornithoptera, whose headquarters are the Malay Archipelago, and which contains not only the largest, but some of the most beautiful butterflies known, extends its range to

a part only of the Solomon group. Neither of the above-mentioned species has been recorded from San Christoval. I have above drawn attention to the fact that both cockatoos and hornbills are also absent from this and its small adjacent islands.

I cannot here resist giving an account of my first capture of these gigantic butterflies.

My first sight of an Ornithoptera occurred at Uru Bay, Malaita, in May 1886, when I was at anchor there in the *Christine*, soon after my arrival in the group, as previously described. It was the day after we had received the news of the attack by the natives on the labour-ship, *Young Dick*.

Some of the crew had gone ashore to cut firewood, and I had accompanied them. We posted two sentries, armed with loaded rifles, to keep watch. I had wandered about a hundred yards along the beach, but beyond a few common *Euplæa* I had seen nothing worth catching, and had turned to rejoin my companions, when I saw what I at first mistook, as the sun was in my eyes, for a pigeon coming towards me. It passed out of reach about ten feet over my head, nor did I see it again; but as it passed over me I saw that it was an immense butterfly, which I was able afterwards to identify as a female of *Ornithoptera Victorice*.

Three or four days afterwards we arrived at North-West Bay, at the end of Malaita, and at this place, for the same reason, we had to use great caution in going ashore. We were anchored off a small beach of

white pebbles about a quarter of a mile in length, fringed by a dense growth of forest trees. At one end of the beach a stream entered the sea, but the action of the waves had washed up a bar of pebbles across its mouth, making a deep pool, admirable as a bathing-place, just inside the bar.

The schooner was anchored less than a hundred yards from the shore, and I had been ashore all the morning on the beach, keeping a man constantly on the look-out on board in case of attack by natives. I had taken several good insects, which made me anxious to spend every available minute that it was possible to do ashore. In the afternoon it was proposed to take all the boys on shore—we had at the time nearly a hundred—to bathe in the fresh water. Posting our sentries, the whole ship's company were soon engaged splashing and diving in the pool, myself among the rest. All at once I saw one of the same huge butterflies that I had seen at Uru a day or two before flying slowly along the beach over my head. I scrambled out of the water, seized my net, and, *puris naturalibus*, started in pursuit. I tread upon a sharp stone and fall head over heels, but picking myself up again, continue the chase along the beach, till at last, just as my quarry is rising among the trees, I come up with it, and by a well-directed stroke enclose it in the net. I leave it to any ardent entomologist to imagine my feelings on this occasion. The same afternoon I got a male in very good condition, and the boys brought me another that they

knocked down with a bush, and, of course, badly damaged. I saw several more, but as they kept high up among the trees I thought I would try to shoot them with dust-shot. I was carrying a 16-bore gun, into one barrel of which a Morris tube .360 bore was fitted, and by its aid I shot two more females. The following extract is from my diary:—"At one time there were no less than three males and two females flying about the flowers of one tree, but they were too high even to shoot at. A most beautiful but tantalising sight." Upon returning on board and comparing my captures with a rough tracing of the female in the Natural History Museum which had been supplied me, I found that I had rediscovered the long-lost *Ornithoptera Victoriae*.

Next to the *Ornithoptera* in size and beauty come the *Papilios*. This family is certainly well represented in the Solomons, most of the Malayan forms having their representatives. From the conspicuous appearance and abundance of some of the larger and more attractive species, they are certain to come under the notice of the visitor during a walk in the forest. The species vary upon different islands, but comparatively very few extend to the Hebrides or islands eastward. The group of which the common Australian species *Sarpedon* may be considered the type is represented here by *Isander*, an allied but distinct species, and by that rare and beautiful insect *Mendana*. Those handsome and strong-flying species *Solon* and *Pisidice* have their nearest ally in the

Malayan *Codrus*. One of the handsomest insects of this region is the beautiful blue and black *Orsippus*, closely allied to the Australian and Malayan *Ulysses*. The Papilios most observed, both from their large size and the frequency of their occurrence, are the large black and cream-coloured ones belonging to the group of which the Malayan *Gambrisius* and *Ægeus* may be considered the types. This group is represented in the Solomons by many species. Each island seems to possess its own, and our list is probably far from complete. Those hitherto recorded are *Bridgei* from Treasury Island, *Woodfordi* from Shortland Island, *Laarchus* and *Prospero* from Rubiana, *Ariel* from Ysabel, *Ptolychus* and *Hecatæus* from Guadalcanar, and *Erskinei* and *Tryoni* from Ugi.

The tailed Papilios, allied to *Capaneus*, are represented in the Solomons by *Zenophilus*, and doubtless have representatives in the Hebrides. Fiji has one species, *Schmeltzii*, and one, *Godefroyi*, inhabits remote Samoa. I once took a solitary example of the latter species upon one of the eastern islands of the Fiji group, but I believe such a capture has never been recorded before or since.

Pieridæ are very scarce in the Solomons, and the species few. Their range extends to Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa. Danaidæ of several species are frequent. The common and almost world-ranging species, *D. Mysippus*, has within the last two years made good its footing in the Solomons. During my first two visits I only saw it once, but during my last

visit it was quite common on Guadalcanar, where previously I had never seen it at all. In Fiji it is perhaps the commonest butterfly, and, I am told, was introduced on board ship from New Caledonia. Its presence in the latter island is due to the well-known naturalist, Père Montrouzier, who introduced it from Australia.

The commonest butterflies, both in the forest and among the foliage fringing the sea-shore, are the Euplœas. Almost every island in the Solomons has its own species, and the genus extends to Fiji and Samoa. I have observed some very singular instances of protective mimicry between this and the genus *Diadema*.

Upon Santa Anna the two white-bordered Euplœas, *E. Brenchleyi* and *E. Imitata*, are closely copied by *D. Fuliginescens*. Upon Malaita, *E. Gerion* is undistinguishable when on the wing from *D. Scopas*; while, upon Guadalcanar, the same remark applies to *E. Unibrunnea* and *D. Unicolor*.\*

Coming to the *Nymphalidæ*, one of the most conspicuous insects of the Solomons is the handsome

\* Another interesting case of mimicry that at the moment occurs to me was one that I observed in Queensland, when undergoing five weeks' quarantine for cholera on Peel Island, in Moreton Bay, at the end of 1885. There was a shrub with bright yellow flowers to which resorted numerous bees of the genus *Bombus*. In these flowers lurked spiders assimilating so closely in colour to the colour of the flowers, that it was not until I had seen an unfortunate bee seized, when unsuspectingly settling upon a blossom that contained one of the spiders, that I became aware of their presence.

Singularly enough, close by were growing some shrubs with white flowers which also seemed attractive to the bees, and in these lurked spiders

*Cynthia Sapor*, allied to *C. Arsinoë* from New Guinea. From the extreme east of the group come *C. Catenes* from Santa Anna and *C. Clodia* from Ulawa, that approach more nearly to *Arsinoë* than does *Sapor*, although farther removed geographically. *Sapor* itself varies slightly upon different islands.

Four or five species of *Messarasa* are met with, the distinct and local *M. Woodfordi* being perhaps the most noticeable.

The almost ubiquitous *Junonia Villida* is common. I have met with this insect among the coral Atols of the Gilbert group, the larva feeding in swarms upon the foliage of that common reef-shrub, *Scaevola Kœnigii*.

*Cyrestis nitida* is common throughout the Solomons. On Guadalcanar I occasionally took another *Cyrestis*, not yet described. It appears to most nearly resemble *C. Irmæ* from Sumatra. It frequents the dry pebble-banks in the beds of streams.

The genus *Diadema* is well represented in the Solomons, and extends its range all over the Pacific.

I found *D. Rarick* sharing with *Junonia Villida* the honour of representing the butterflies in the Gilbert group. The extraordinary variation assumed by this genus in Fiji is well known. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it would be possible to make

apparently otherwise identical in every way with the yellow ones, but agreeing so closely in colour with the white flowers that it was only on a close examination that I was able to discover them.

At the same place I noticed a spider that, by spinning a few white threads on the upper surface of a leaf in the centre of which it sat, exactly imitated the excreta of a bird. A similar case is noticed by Mr. A. O. Forbes in his work on the Malay Archipelago.

a hundred consecutive captures of females of *Diadema*, and not find two precisely alike.

In the Hebrides I met with *D. Formosa*, and I had previously taken two specimens, and two only, at the island of Mango in Fiji. Although I know Fiji well, I never met with it but on this one occasion. It has occurred to me as possible that this insect might have been accidentally introduced from the Hebrides on board a labour-ship.

Those handsome Malayan insects, *Apaturina Erminea* and *Mynetra Thesaurus*, the latter perhaps slightly modified, occur in the Solomons, but I believe not beyond.

The Solomons have yielded me two representatives of the genus *Charaxes*, viz., *Epigenes* and *Attila*, both from Guadalcanar, the latter near *Jupiter* from New Guinea. I do not know what *Charaxes* is known from the Hebrides, but the genus extends to Fiji, where I used to take *C. Caphontis* not uncommonly. Satyridæ occur but sparingly, and call for little comment, if I except the genus *Argyronympha*. This pretty and distinct genus has been recorded from half a dozen or more of islands, upon each one of which the species vary. More, probably, remain undiscovered. Mr. Gervase Matthieu has described two species, one from Ugi and one from Treasury Island. The latter I used also to take at Shortland and Fauro. My own discoveries are *Pulchra* from Guadalcanar, *Ulauva* from Ulawa, and *Rubianensis* from Rubiana, and a species from Gela at present without a name.

Distant Fiji possesses a distinct genus in this family all to itself, the genus *Zois*, best known from the common species, *Z. Sesara*. I obtained a second closely allied but quite distinct species on the island of Taviuni, but it has not yet been described, although specimens have been over four years in England.

Lycænidæ occur plentifully, but some islands seem to excel others in the beauty and number of the species. I found Gela or Florida to be particularly rich in this family.

My last collection contains a *Theckla*, *T. Alcestis*, a new species, and, I believe, the first of this genus recorded from the Solomons.

The handsome blue butterflies of the genus *Amblypodia*, of three or four species, are not uncommon; while the smaller and less attractive Lycænidæ swarm in almost every situation, my last collection containing many species at present undescribed.

The Hesperidæ are poorly represented, only about half a dozen species occurring.

Of the moths collected by me in the Solomons, a very large proportion of the species sent home have been described as new, one paper by Mr. Druce and several by Mr. A. G. Butler having appeared.

Moths may be met with in all situations. During the day, in the depth of the forest, big *Bombyces* flit away like owls when disturbed, or pale-coloured *Geometræ* jerk nervously for a few yards, and then disappear under the shelter of some convenient leaf.

On the sea-shore, in the full glare of the sunlight, swiftly-flying *Plusias* or frail-looking *Pyrallites* may be beaten up from among the creeping leaves of *Ipomea Pes-Capræ*, while at night I had numerous visitors as I sat at work by the light of my lamp before the open door.

Not infrequently old acquaintances from the other side of the world are met with. *Sphinx Convolvuli* is common upon sandy sea-beaches where the creeping convolvulus spreads its tendrils.

Here, as in Fiji, the larva of *Chærocampa Celerio* is a dreadful pest among the taro plantations; while *Deiopeia Pulchella*, such a prize in England, may almost always be beaten from the leaves of *Tournefortia Argentifolia*.

My collections of beetles, from which the Natural History Museum made the first selection, are at present almost entirely undescribed, one short paper upon a single family being all that has so far appeared. Mr. Janson, who has the remains of the collection after a second selection has been made from it, tells me that it still contains many undescribed species, and he is engaged upon a paper upon it.

My collections of Orthoptera and spiders (many of the latter very beautiful) are at present unopened, simply because I cannot hear of any one that will undertake the task of describing them.

The collections made by me during my various visits amount to considerably over 20,000 specimens. Of these, the most interesting of the mammals, birds,

and reptiles are in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; of the butterflies, moths, beetles, &c., some are in the national collection, but the majority are in the hands of private collectors.

A list is appended of the papers that have, up to this time, appeared upon my collections.

From the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society"—

1. On the Bats collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Solomon Islands. By Oldfield Thomas (Plates xxv. and xxvi.). 1887, p. 320.
2. A List of the Birds collected by Mr. Charles Morris Woodford in the Solomon Archipelago. By W. R. Ogilvie-Grant (Plate xxvii.). 1887, p. 328.
3. Second Contribution to the Herpetology of the Solomon Islands. By G. A. Boulenger, F.Z.S. (Plate xxviii.). 1887, p. 333.
4. Third Contribution to the Herpetology of the Solomon Islands (Collection C. M. Woodford). Read February 7th, 1888. By G. A. Boulenger.
5. Fourth Contribution to the Herpetology of the Solomon Islands. By G. A. Boulenger, F.Z.S. January 1890.
6. On some New Species of Birds from the Island of Guadalcanar (Mr. C. M. Woodford's Collection). By R. B. Sharpe. Read 6th March 1888.
7. Second List of the Birds collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Solomon Archipelago. By W. R. Ogilvie-Grant. Read 6th March 1888.
8. Note on *Ornithoptera Victoriae*. By Osbert Salvin (Collection C. M. Woodford). Read 7th February 1888.
9. The Mammals of the Solomon Islands. By Oldfield Thomas (Plates xx., xxi., and xxii.). 1888, p. 470.
10. General Remarks on the Zoology of the Solomon Islands

- and Notes on Brenchley's Megapode. By C. M. Woodford. May 1888, p. 248.
11. List of the *Lepidoptera Heterocera* collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford at Suva, Viti Levu, Fiji Islands, with the Descriptions of some New Species. By Herbert Druce. April 1888, p. 219.
  12. List of the *Lepidoptera Heterocera* collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford at Aola, Guadalcanar, Solomon Islands. By Herbert Druce. Dec. 1888, p. 570.

From the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History"—

1. A Collection of Butterflies from the Fiji Islands. By Arthur G. Butler. May 1884, p. 343.
2. On the Lepidoptera collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Ellice and Gilbert Islands. By Arthur G. Butler. March 1885, p. 239.
3. Remarks upon Lepidoptera collected in the Ellice and Gilbert Islands. By C. M. Woodford. May 1885, p. 414.
4. New Species of Butterflies collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Solomon Islands. By F. D. Godman and O. Salvin. Feb. 1888.
5. Do. Do. March 1888.
6. Descriptions of New species of *Bombycid Lepidoptera* from the Solomon Islands. By Arthur G. Butler. March 1887.
7. Descriptions of New Species of Moths (Noctuides) from the Solomon Islands. By Arthur G. Butler. June 1887.
8. Descriptions of New Species of *Heterocerous Lepidoptera* (Pyrallites) from the Solomon Islands. By Arthur G. Butler. August 1887.
9. Descriptions of Two New Species of Hyponomeutidæ from the Solomon Islands. By Arthur G. Butler. December 1887.
10. Diagnoses of Six New Mammals from the Solomon Islands. By Oldfield Thomas. Feb. 1888.

11. Description of a New Genus and of some new Species of *Longicoru Coleoptera*, of the family *Lamiidæ*, obtained by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Solomon Islands. By Charles J. Gahan, M.A., Assistant in the Zoological Department, British Museum.

From the "Entomologist's Monthly Magazine"—

Descriptions of New Species of Butterflies captured by Mr. C. M. Woodford in the Solomon Islands. By Henley Grose Smith. June 1889.

## CHAPTER IV.

My House at Aola—Dawn of Day—The Sea-shore at Daylight—Voracious Crabs—Hornbills—Cockatoos and Osprey—Wasps—Breakfast—Start for the Bush—Honesty of the Natives—Forest Tracks—Butterflies—Silence when Collecting Essential—A Tame Cockatoo—Female Occupation—A Frightened Child—The Village—Heads—The Sea-shore—A Climbing Fish—Bird-winged Butterflies—A Native Plantation—The Forest—Sago-Palms—A Valuable Bird—The Kavica-Tree—A Swarm of Butterflies—Making a Virtue of Necessity—Native Women—Pigmy Parrot—An Easy Costume—Ants—A Bath—A Distant View of the Interior—The Coral-Tree—Nicobar Pigeons—Setting my House in Order—Daily Visitors—Snakes—My Best Collector—Native Gossip—Sunset—Dinner—Evening Occupation—Retire to Rest.

“ The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning-flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world.

. . . . .  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave.”

THE time is early morning, half an hour before sunrise; the scene a rough hut standing a few paces from the sea-shore. In size it is about sixteen feet square. The sloping roof is thatched with leaves of the sago-palm heaped thickly upon it. The sides are



G. Philip & Son.

THE PART OF THE  
SOLOMON GROUP  
ON AN ENLARGED SCALE  
COMPILED FROM THE ADMIRALTY CHARTS  
WITH ADDITIONS BY THE AUTHOR  
SCALE; 1:3,500,000  
(55 STAT. M. = 1 IN.)

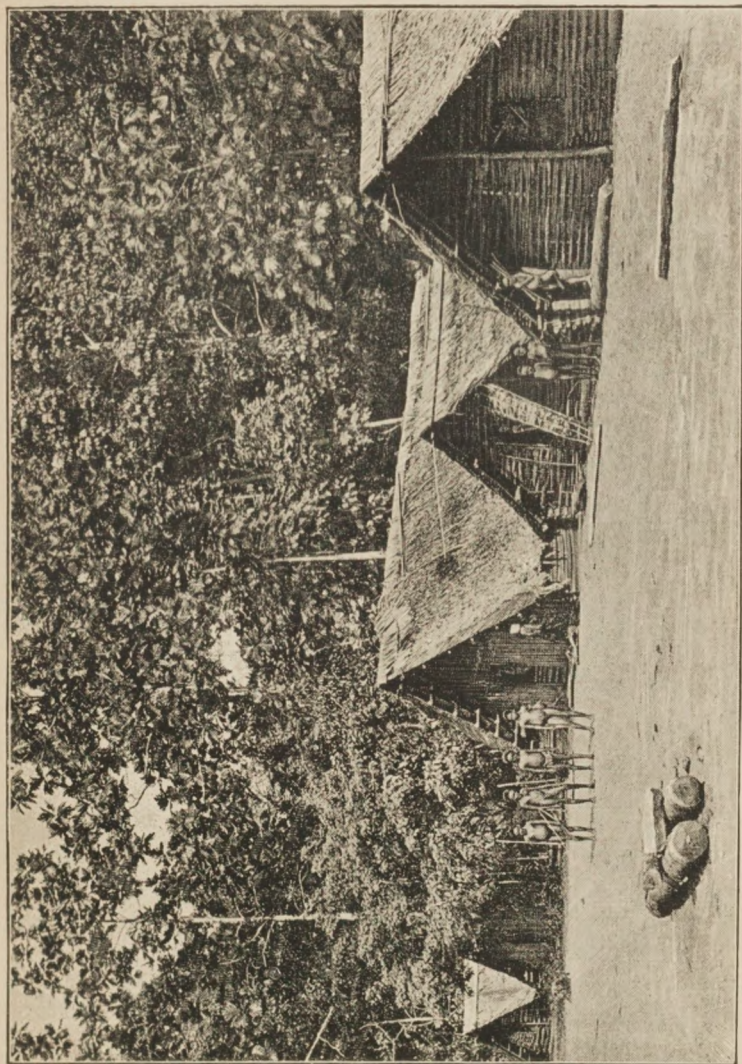


composed partly of the same, and partly of split strips from the stem of a species of areca palm. Inside three posts support the ridge-pole. Between two of them my hammock is slung. The entrance, more like a window than a door, is about three feet high and two feet wide, and being two feet from the ground, offers an obstacle to the entrance of pigs or other unwelcome visitors. It is closed at night by a piece of board, which is slid into its place and fastened with string. The floor is the bare earth, over which we have strewn some broken-up coral from the beach. This is cleaner and drier than the bare ground, and although at first rough to the naked feet, they soon become accustomed to it. Plenty of light enters during the day through the door and sides of the house, through which it seems that a vigorous push could effect an exit or entrance, but which is, however, stronger than it appears. The roof is thoroughly watertight, as the sago-leaves are laid on thickly. Round the inside of the house are arranged various boxes containing my stores—some tins of ship-biscuit and a few tinned provisions, a box of trade tobacco, a large case of wax-matches in tin boxes (Bryant & May's), also for trading, several boxes of clay-pipes, a case of American axes, butchers' knives, &c., and a bale of cotton print. A cask of spirit for preserving specimens occupies one corner. Facing the door a large box serves as a working-table, over which is a hanging-lamp suspended from the ridge-pole. Above a place where a fire is made is a large

hanging-shelf, upon which are drying several birdskins and boxes of insects arranged in order. The smoke from the fire finds its own way out, as there is no chimney ; it is annoying to the eyes, but a necessity if I want to preserve my specimens from going mouldy, which they would otherwise do in this damp climate. Close to my hammock, and within reach of my hand, is my loaded gun, and a revolver and belt hang close by. Besides myself, the other living denizens of the dwelling at present are my boy Barakossa (a youth of about twelve years of age, who combines in himself the offices of cook, keeper of the animals, collector of orchids, and general adviser on native matters), a couple of cockatoos, a parrot, a lory, an owl, a cage of 'possums, and a young crocodile.

The east is growing lighter towards the dawn ; I stir uneasily in my hammock once or twice, and then gradually awakening, call to Barakossa, who is sleeping on the top of a box. He yawns lazily, gets up, and proceeds to take down the piece of wood that bars the doorway. He goes to the little hut that serves as a kitchen, and presently is heard breaking up dry pieces of wood to light the fire. A dog, probably returning from a night's 'possum hunting on his own account, is howling dismally a quarter of a mile away near the native village. A cock crows, and is answered by a jealous rival farther off. As it is now nearly broad daylight, I roll out of my hammock and go to the door. A heavy dew is over everything.

The smoke is rising from the kitchen, finding its



VIEW IN VILLAGE OF AOLA. (BREADFRUIT TREES IN BACKGROUND.)







COCO-NUT PALMS. VIEW ON THE SEA-SHORE.

way out through the sago-leaf thatch and sides of the hut. There has been no preceptible land-breeze during the night, but the smoke drifts slowly towards the sea, showing that there is the slightest possible drain of air in that direction.

I walk down to the sea, about twenty paces distant from the house-door, and look eastward and westward to see if there is any vessel in sight. None is to be seen. The waves are lapping the sand beach, which, fringed with coco-nut palms and large Barringtonias, extends for a hundred yards each side of my house. At every step I take I disturb a dozen or so of little hermit-crabs, which scuttle away from their useful and constant work of general consumers of everything eatable at or near to the water's edge. Fifty yards away, in deep water, just clear of the coral, a large turtle is floating on the surface. A pair of curlews run along the sand for a few paces, and then take to flight with their well-known cry. A bittern sits contemplatively on a small coral rock, keeping a motionless, watchful eye the while for any unwary fry that may come within reach. A large white-bodied kingfisher (*Halcyon Saurophaga*), with azure head and wings, flies up from among the rocks with a fish in his beak, and settles among the branches of the Barringtonia above my head. Along the edge of the trees fringing the sand beach, the small swifts (*Callocalia*) are already hawking up and down for insects. A pair of black and white fly-catchers are flitting about, jerking and

twisting their long tails, so tame that they sometimes come and peep into my house-door. Their nest, with its mottled eggs, is close by, on that dead branch, but so closely assimilating in form and colour to a knot of dead wood, that it needs a practised eye to notice it.

What is this? On the white sand at the foot of the great "dilo" tree not ten yards from my door is the print of the body of a large crocodile. He has been lying there during the night, probably on the look-out for a pig.

Barakossa calls out to me that cocoa is ready; I turn towards the house. From the branches of the *Barringtonia* just above my head are hanging the long drooping blossoms of an orchid (*Aërites* sp.). Among the higher branches a vigorously growing *dendrobium* lifts its spikes of bright yellow flowers to the morning sun, while small *bulbophyllums* with insignificant flowers and waxy-flowered *Hoyas* creep and twine over every branch.

My tin wash-hand basin stands upon the stump of a tree in the shade. I proceed with my ablutions. Confound it! The natives, with a praiseworthy regard for the virtue that is next to godliness, which I am loth to discourage, have collared my soap.

No! I am accusing them unjustly. Here it is. The hermit-crabs are the culprits. They have eaten most of it during the night, and I find the remainder dragged some yards away.

Pears', we all know, is "unrivalled for the hands

and complexion," but this is the first time I ever knew it used as an article of food.

I drink my cocoa and eat a biscuit, and tell Barakossa to clean the birds and animals' cages.

I begin work for the day by putting away some bird-skins which I have left unfinished from the night before. I am sitting at my work-table facing the open door.

Outside, a dozen cockatoos (*Cacatua Ducorpsii*) are holding noisy converse in a tree overshadowing the house, to which my two captives interject an occasional remark, early morning being the time of day especially devoted by these birds to the exercise of their vocal organs. The great fruit-pigeons (*Carpophaga rufigula*) are cooing and barking from the nut-trees, a crow (*Macrocorax Woodfordi*) is cawing from the forest close by, its note reminding me of that of the Cornish chough. Now and then a pair of hornbills (*Rhytydoceros Plicatus*) fly over on their way to the great fig-tree, where the fruit is just ripe, their wings making a most singular rushing sound, which gives ample notice of their approach, and has on some occasions given me time, when I have been sitting at work at my improvised table, to seize my gun, run out of the house, and shoot one as it flew over, to figure afterwards as the basis of the soup for the evening meal.

Hornbills are very plentiful at Aola. I once counted no less than thirty-seven feeding in the same tree. They are conspicuous objects when on the wing, as,

in addition to the singular noise made by their flight, the jet black colour of the wings and body contrasts strongly with the great fan-shaped white tail. In the male the head and neck is of a golden straw-colour, so that they can be readily distinguished from the female, in which the head and neck is black, like the body. But the most remarkable thing about the bird is its immense beak, like a veritable horn. In very old birds it becomes chipped and serrated like a saw from continual use. Although of great strength and apparently of greater weight than the bird can conveniently carry, it is in reality, from its beautiful interior cellular formation, much lighter than it appears. (The dead bird at the feet of the boy in the illustration will give a good idea of the shape and size of this singular bird.)

During the breeding season the females are rarely seen, as their family duties keep them confined to the holes in the trees in which they make their nests. All this time the male birds keep the females and young plentifully supplied with food; nor is the female permitted to leave the nest during the period of incubation or until the young bird is several days old. By this time the devoted husband is worn to a skeleton. The females continue to feed the young for many months. I have seen them feeding birds that were to all appearance full-grown, and only to be known as young by the beak, which had not yet the rugosities on the top that it eventually assumes in old birds.

The natives once brought me a young one alive, which I kept for over three months. Its appetite was most voracious. The amount of boiled yam it could eat was almost incredible. It would sit on its perch with its huge beak wide open while I tossed lumps of yam down its throat until it was positively filled up. Unfortunately it was drowned during bad weather on the voyage to Sydney.

Suddenly a cockatoo on another tree gives a screech of exultation, as much as to say, "Come here; I have made a discovery." In a moment the others leave the tree above the house and join him. They are mobbing an osprey that has been passing the night in the tree, and perhaps not having quite digested his last evening's supper, is somewhat late in turning out for the day. He seems to take very unconcernedly the abuse that is heaped upon his head in the choicest cockatoo billingsgate; but at length he can stand it no longer, so quietly takes to flight and soars out over the sea. He sails, as it were, slowly along for a short distance parallel with the shore, until he spies a fish, when, closing his wings, he drops like a stone from aloft, and rises immediately with the unlucky fish in his talons. Giving himself a shake to free himself of the water sticking to his feathers, just as a dog shakes himself on coming out of the water, he flies off to a neighbouring tree to discuss in peace his fresh-caught breakfast. The cockatoos, after a few more parting remarks, disperse to their various avocations.

I am still hard at work upon my bird-skins oppo-

site the open door. The butterflies flit past in the sunshine, and on the small patch of bare sandy ground before the house the large black sand-wasps are buzzing and excavating their holes.

Just over my head a piece of string hangs from the roof, and at the end of it a mud-wasp has constructed three or four of its curious cylindrical mud cells. Already this morning it has brought home several small caterpillars. These are not killed, but paralysed by the sting of the wasp, and are then packed neatly away in the little mud cells; each cell containing perhaps a dozen caterpillars, and an egg that in a day or two will hatch into a larva one day to become a wasp. Having supplied its progeny with a comfortable house and well-stocked larder, the mother-wasp seals over the aperture of the cell with mud, and leaves matters to take their course.

Close to the house-wall, in the dry sand, under shelter of the eaves, may be seen the little pitfalls made by that singular insect the myrmelion or antlion. Barakossa is now amusing himself by angling for them with a six-inch twig and a foot of spider's web. For the sake of giving him something to do, I sent him off to the stream for a bucket of water. On his return it is breakfast-time. The kettle is boiling in the kitchen, and I inquire what there is for breakfast.

Barakossa replies, "Tea."

I ask him whether he has cooked any yams. No answer. Silence evidently a negative.

As Barakossa has been munching nuts ever since he turned out, he is probably not very hungry. I have to content myself with biscuits.

Breakfast despatched, I give a general glance round the house to see that everything is in order. I then furnish my insect-collecting box with a fresh supply of pins, strap on my cartridge-belt and revolver, put a needle full of stout thread through the broad brim of my Panama hat, and when Barakossa returns from washing my mug and teapot in the sea, I hand him my gun, and taking the insect-net myself, we are ready to start for the bush for the day's collecting.

Creeping through the door, I barricade it from the outside with some cocoa-nut palm leaves. Barakossa puts up a piece of stick with a wisp of dry leaf on it, as a special taboo mark to protect his property (said property consisting of half a dozen sticks of tobacco, a Jew's harp, two or three dog's teeth, and a fathom of calico), the violation of which would entail the most fearful consequences upon the violator both here and hereafter.

I may here remark that the whole time I lived at Aola my house was never invaded by the natives except at my invitation, nor did I ever lose so much as a stick of tobacco, although nothing was secured, and I have at times been away from home for as much as a week at a time.

Starting from the house, the tropical forest surrounds us, but round the house is a clearing of perhaps a quarter of an acre. In this clearing the large trees

were cut down some years ago, but a second growth has taken place, which is now about twenty feet high. Near the house are a few coco-nut palms, upon which the fruit may be seen in all stages of maturity—the ripe nut just ready to fall, the green unripe nut, the juice of which is so delicious for drinking, the small recently formed nuts hardly larger than walnuts, and lastly the flowers. For each of these different states of maturity the natives have a different name, and can tell by a tap of the finger upon the green nut whether it is in a proper state for drinking.

We take a path that starts from the house in a westerly direction parallel with the sea-shore. In a few steps we are in the virgin forest. The track is narrow, and there is only room for one to walk. I go first with the insect-net, and Barakossa follows closely behind me with the gun. The natives always follow one another in single file, and as they turn their toes in instead of outward, in time a kind of rut is formed in the centre of the track, which in uneven ground and in wet weather soon becomes a water-channel, the scour of which tends still further to deepen it, and render it more uncomfortable for walking in.

Dragon-flies with bright crimson wings are flitting about and settling at times on the foliage, and the air is full of the hum of insects. Little bright blue butterflies (*Lycænidæ*) are lighting for a moment or two on the leaves, and after vibrating their wings with that peculiar kind of grating motion so common among

the Lycænidæ, fly off to some fresh resting-place. Now and then a great black and yellow *Papilio* comes flitting down the path, now twenty feet in the air, and again down within reach of the net. If we stand perfectly still he will most likely flap right down within striking distance; but let there be the slightest movement on my part, he will turn off among the trees to the right or left, and I may then watch him disappear between the trees, each glimpse I got of him being a more distant one, until he vanishes into the depths of the forest.

A rustling among the dead leaves on the ground, and a large monitor lizard (*Varanus Indicus*) scuttles off from close to my feet, makes for the nearest tree, and begins to climb up it. We hear his claws rattling on the bark, but he has taken the precaution of placing the trunk of the tree between himself and us. Walking round to the other side of the tree, we can see him clasping the trunk with his claws, having climbed about forty feet from the ground. He measures nearly four feet from nose to tail. In spite of Barakossa's earnest entreaty, I will not shoot him, because I do not want him, and I am opposed to killing for mere killing's sake, and also because the report of my gun may alarm some bird that I might otherwise get a shot at.

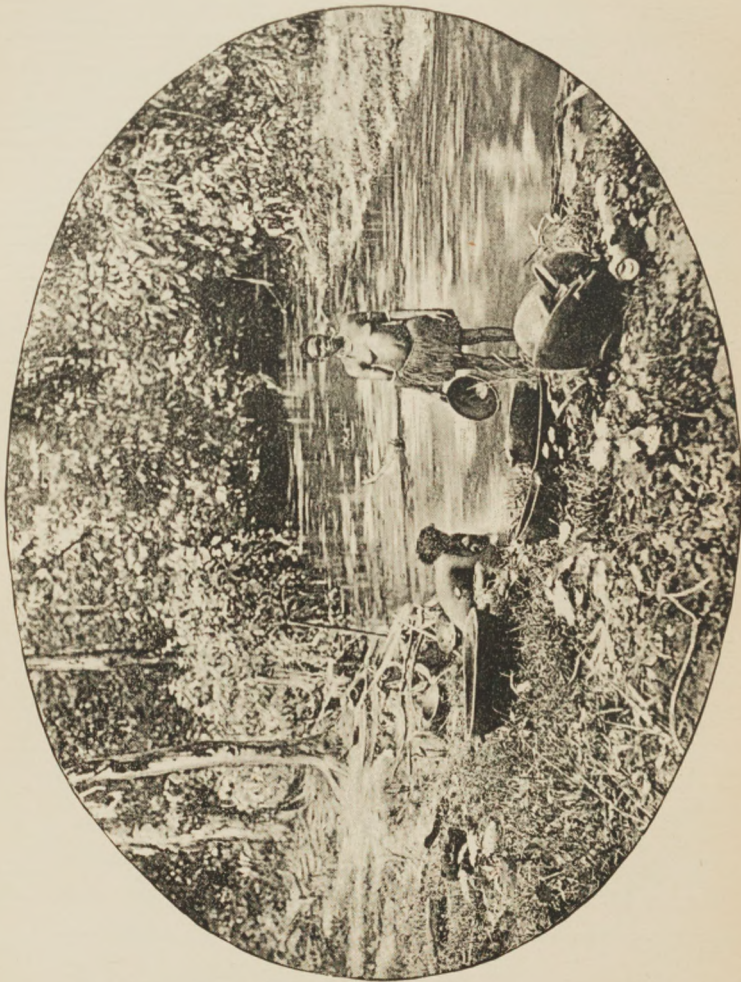
When collecting in the bush I always enjoin strict silence; all my directions to Barakossa are communicated by signs. Nothing except the report of a gun alarms birds so much as the human voice. It

is a great treat to me to watch the movements of birds, being myself unobserved by them, and by keeping quiet and moving cautiously this is very easy in the bush. I have often stationed myself in the neighbourhood of a tree which I have known to be frequented by small birds, and standing quite motionless, have begun to call with a chirping noise. Presently my call is answered, and a pair or more of fly-catchers will come jerking and twisting their pretty fan-tails until they at last almost perch upon me; while the silver-eyes (*Cinnyris* sp.) and honey-eaters (*Myzomela* sp.) may be watched busy at work among the branches just overhead; but a movement and they are all off in alarm, and it is useless to try and get them together again, at any rate until after a considerable time.

We continue our walk, and a few yards farther on come to a small clearing opening down to the sea-shore. A native house built of sago thatch stands in the centre of it. As we emerge from the shade of the forest, a couple of pigs that are basking in the sun near the house disappear in trepidation, squeaking and grunting in alarm, to the cover afforded by the undergrowth. The house-door is carefully barricaded, and neither man nor woman is to be seen, they doubtless having left for their day's work in the yam plantations.

Stretched between two coco-nut trees is a long rattan cane, upon which sits a cockatoo, fastened to it by the leg by a ring made of turtle-shell, which allows him to walk up and down along the cane.





WOMEN OF AOLA, GUADALCANAR, WASHING WOODEN BOWLS USED FOR COOKING.





Over the centre of the perch is erected a small shelter of sago thatch, under cover of which the bird can retire in wet weather or if the sun be too hot. At either end of the perch are several coco-nut shells, with large holes in them, strung on the cane, so that they revolve when touched. These are to prevent the monitor lizards from climbing along the rattan and making a meal off the bird. I exchange a familiar remark or two with him, then passing on, a walk of fifty yards or so brings us to a stream, through which we have to wade. The bottom is composed of sharp coral rocks, making it rather painful when walking with bare feet.

It is low tide, and the salt water from the sea flows in and out with every advancing wave.

A few yards to the left, farther away from the sea, where the water is fresh, a native woman with two children, in the scantiest of clothing, is busily engaged washing some wooden bowls in which will be cooked the evening meal. So soon as the elder child, about twelve years old, catches sight of me it runs for cover and hides among the undergrowth. The other, being too small to run, opens its mouth and emits a dismal howl. The mother reassures them, telling them that it is only "Woorefallo," and after some coaxing the small fugitive returns, but stands eyeing me suspiciously, while the younger child clings closely to its mother. I exchange a few words with the woman, ended on her part by an appeal for tobacco, and having complied with it, I pass on.

A short distance from the stream I come suddenly upon the native village. At my appearance a few pigs run grunting away, and a cat disappears into one of the houses.

The village consists of ten or a dozen houses built of sago thatch, each about thirty feet long by fifteen wide. The sloping roofs come right down to the ground on each side. They are built side by side in a straight line, and in front of them, lengthways, near the sea, is a larger house, in which is kept the big canoe and several smaller ones.

Most of the houses are at present barricaded and tenantless, the people being absent at the gardens. One is, however, open, and in it I find a native who is confined to the house by a severe wound on the leg. He has been ill a long time, and does not seem to get any better. I used to give him ointment and bandages, but he would not use them, so I have been constrained to leave him to himself. He nevertheless expects me to call and exchange a few words with him before passing on, and looks for the customary stick of tobacco.

The open sandy space in front of the houses is carefully weeded and swept daily. Myriads of wasps are burrowing and buzzing in the sand, so hot that it is almost painful to the naked feet.

At the end of the village, where the pathway continues on to the shore, and where the big canoe is carried down when it has to be launched, a post is set up, upon which a pair of human skulls are fixed.









The flesh has long since dropped from the bones, but portions of the scalp with the woolly hair adhering show them to be skulls of natives. The cause of death is in each case evident. On one a tiny hole in the forehead and a larger one at the back show where the bullet made its entrance and exit; on the other a fearful gash over the left ear from a tomahawk biting deeply into the brain cavity; death in each case being evidently instantaneous.

We pass on to the water's edge. Before us stretches a sandy bay, the western end of which is about two miles away. The shore, composed of grey sand, is flat, and the water is shallow for some distance from land. Upon it the waves are lazily rolling one after another. Coco-nut palms fringe the bay, their feathery heads bending out seawards towards the light and air, and at high tide dropping the ripened nuts into the water, which washes up to their very roots.

As I walk along the wet sand frightened crabs (*Neptunus* sp.) run off on tiptoe into the sea, holding their claws high in the air, or *Gelasimus* sp. brandish their hugely disproportioned yellow claws defiantly from small holes in the sand. They are in thousands, probably twenty to a square foot. The claws protruding from the holes give quite a yellow tinge to the sand before and behind me, but on my near approach all the claws are withdrawn underground, to be again protruded when I have got a few yards away.

Observe the butterflies, sombre black fellows (*Euplœa*), flying in a crowd round a shrub with thick silvery-looking leaves. It is the *Tournefortia Argentifolia*, a tree that I see on almost every sea-shore that I have visited throughout the Pacific, from Fiji to the coral Atols of the Gilbert group. It is one of the first species to grow upon coral reefs or sand cays, when they are sufficiently elevated to support vegetation. A branch is broken, and the leaves are hanging dry and wilted. The butterflies settle on the dead leaves in swarms, almost pushing and jostling one another to get a good place. Notice that it is the withered leaves and flowers that they prefer, and seem to become half-stupid in their eagerness to extract the peculiar sweetness, or whatever it is, that the leaves contain. I could catch a dozen at one stroke of my net, but I do not want them. One, however, appears to vary in some small particular from the common type, and I soon have him in the net, and transfer him to the collecting-box.

In the tops of the coco-nut trees the pretty little red long-tailed parrots (*Lorius Cardinalis*) are flying and screeching in companies of five or six together, and a large hawk (*Haliaster girrenera*) with white body and brown wings sails slowly along on the lookout for prey. He will not even turn aside for me, but holds on the even tenor of his way a few yards over my head.

Perhaps you did not know that butterflies were fond of salt water. Yet look at that large black one

with the swallow-tails sitting on the wet sand only just clear of the water, and greedily imbibing the moisture through its long tongue. I pop the net carefully but quickly over him while he is still intent upon his draught. Black, did I say? Well, he looked black with his wings folded over his back, but the instant the net closed round him he showed his beautiful upper side of bright blue, with deep velvety black border. It is *Papilio Orsippus*, one of the most beautiful insects of the Malayo-Australian region. This addiction to salt water is not confined to this species only, as I frequently catch other butterflies, chiefly *Papilios*, in the same position. Indeed, such strong and swift-flying things as *Papilio Isander* and *P. Solon* are more easily caught when thus intent upon a draught.

I pass the mouth of a small stream that runs strongly during wet weather, but which is now shut up by a bar of sand thrown up by the sea. On the bar are the footprints of a large crocodile who has visited the stream during the night. If we had been here at daylight we should have seen him take leisurely to the sea and swim off, looking in the water like a floating log, towards the mouth of the large river a mile away.

One side of the stream is fringed by mangroves, their roots growing like a network out of the water; upon them numbers of that curious little fish (*Periophthalmus* sp.) are hopping and climbing, holding to the branches by their two pectoral fins. At my approach

they jump off into the water with a splash. Strange as the idea sounds of a fish climbing trees, this little creature is one of the commonest objects in mangrove swamps throughout the Pacific. I have found them in wells removed by a long distance from other water, in situations which they would have had to make a considerable overland journey to reach.

Close to the small stream I have crossed is a tree (*Cerbera Odollam*) with glossy green leaves and fragrant clusters of white star-shaped flowers. Round the topmost branches a pair of the immense *Ornithoptera Urvilleana* butterflies are circling and visiting in turn the flower-clusters, settling lightly while they insert for a few seconds their long tongues into the flowers, supporting their somewhat heavy bodies the while with quivering wings. They may well be called "bird-winged" butterflies, as their name implies, for the female, the larger of the two, measures nearly nine inches across the wings. Her somewhat sombre colours of brown with paler spots and washings contrast perhaps unfavourably with the gorgeous velvety purple-blue wings and yellow body of the smaller but much more conspicuous male. I wait a few minutes in the hope that one or other of them may descend from their pride of place, but as I have a long walk before me, I have to leave them at last to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their honeyed feast.

My path now takes me from the sea-shore and enters the forest.

In a short distance I come to a rectangular clearing

about an acre in extent, where the trees that have been cut down are lying about. Over their branches the yam vines creep and twine, while here and there the banana plants unfold their long rolls of tender green leaves, soon to be torn to ribbons by the trade-wind.

A palisade of soft wood fastened to bamboo uprights with rattan binders surrounds the clearing, and keeps it secure from the incursions of pigs, which would otherwise make havoc among the yams. Along the fence a line of areca-palms is planted for the sake of the nuts, which the natives are so fond of chewing with betel pepper and lime.

The sun shines brightly in the clearing—a contrast to the deep shade of the forest. In its warmth dozens of little lizards are running and basking on the fallen branches on the look-out for insect food.

A flock of starlings (*Callornis metallica*), with feathers like dark green satin, are rapidly stripping the berries from a neighbouring tree. Some take to flight with a whirring noise at my approach, but others are too intent upon their feast to notice my presence. I stand quietly under the tree, only a few feet below them, and admire the brilliant metallic sheen of the feathers and their bright ruby eyes. They are gregarious birds, and build in colonies. A hundred or more of their ragged, untidy nests may be seen among the topmost branches of a tall tree close by, quite eighty feet from the ground.

Just past the clearing the track again enters the

forest. Close to the path is a large stone. The ground round it is thickly strewn with shells of the Cannarium nut. The kernel resembles an almond. They grow with an outer purple, fleshy husk, resembling in size and shape a green walnut. Inside is the nut with an intensely hard shell. The natives are very fond of them. They crack them dexterously upon this stone, using a smaller one as a hammer. I used to do so, but I found it tedious work, while at the same time my fingers and temper suffered severely. I found it much less trouble to let the natives do it for me, so I arranged for a daily supply. They consequently bring me more than I can eat. However, they do not object to help me eat them, after having been paid for them *bien entendu*.

The tall trees upon which the nuts grow are close by. As we pass under them an occasional dropping nut tells us that the pigeons are hard at work among them. They are very fond of the outer husk of these nuts, and at first sight it appears almost incredible that they could swallow whole a fruit of such a size. Nevertheless they do so, and I have taken as many as six nuts from the crops of pigeons that I have shot. The outer husk is soon digested by the birds, and the hard shelled nut afterwards disgorged.

The foliage is very dense, and some difficulty is experienced in making out the birds, but Barakossa's sharp eyes soon discover them. As we want something for dinner, I get a couple in line, and knock them both down with one shot.

At the sound of the gun there is a great rustling of wings in the tree-tops, and a perfect shower of nuts, while a whole flock of pigeons unseen before take to precipitate flight.

Those I have shot are of the handsome species *Carpophaga Rufigula*.\* Well might the old Spanish voyager of more than three hundred years ago compare the feathers of the back and wings to the feathers of the peacock.

As it is useless to carry them with us, we hang them up in the shade to await our return.

My path now leads through some swampy ground, in which the sago palms are growing to a great size. A native is busy cutting and collecting the leaves, making them into bundles to be afterwards carried home and used for house-building. The stems of some of them must be quite two feet in diameter, while the great branching leaves are frequently over thirty feet long.

Sometimes a tree is found from the centre of the crown of which shoots up the great branching fruit-stalk loaded with nuts.

The sago-palm bears fruit but once. Its load of nuts is its final effort; it has fulfilled its allotted task in the great round of nature, and there remains nothing for it but to die. The nuts become ripe, and are strewn in thousands around the tree, until the fruit-stalk stands up by itself empty and bare.

\* One of these handsome birds was brought home alive by me, and is now in the Zoological Gardens.—C. M. W., October 1889.

The great branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on, until what at one time was a mass of white sago pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibres.

One day the trade-wind blows perhaps stronger than usual, and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in its fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before.

The natives of this part of the group make no use of the sago, and are ignorant of the means of preparing it, but at the western end of the group, where I lived during my first visit, it formed an important item of food. From its portability it was always taken by me when accompanying the natives on canoe journeys, and on more than one occasion I have gone for days upon this food alone.

There is a slight rustling among the leaves close by. I look cautiously; a dark-coloured bird, in size and shape not unlike a moor-hen, is scratching for insects, flinging the earth and leaves away with vigorous backward strokes of its large feet. It sees us, and runs quickly away among the undergrowth. It is that very singular bird, the *Megapodius Brenchleyi*. The natives highly prize its eggs as an article of food. They are considerably larger than a duck's egg, and out of all proportion to the size of the bird. The birds lay in open sandy clearings, generally near the sea, which are kept clear of shrubs and undergrowth





· UNDERGROWTH IN THE FOREST, MY BOY BARAKOSSA.





by the natives, and by the sand being constantly turned over by the birds. The eggs are buried sometimes as deeply as two feet from the surface, and are hatched by the natural heat of the hot sand. Many thousands of birds congregate at the same place, the laying-yards being often some acres in extent. At the island of Savo, where these birds especially abound, they become so tame that I have seen a native digging out eggs and birds digging fresh holes to lay in within a few yards of one another. Dogs do great damage by destroying the eggs and birds. The natives consequently spear all the dogs caught trespassing in the laying-yards. Another enemy to the eggs is the large monitor lizard, mentioned above; in any of the yards the marks left by their tails, like that made by a stick drawn along the sand, may always be noticed.

We pass on, still keeping to the narrow path. The forest becomes denser; the trees are larger, higher, and more overgrown with rattans and creepers. The sunlight glances at intervals through their tops high above our heads, where the upper branches are now waving in the trade-wind, which by this time of day is blowing briskly, although where we are we can scarcely feel it. Under the shade of the forest giants is an undergrowth of smaller trees and dwarf bamboos, interspersed among which are several kinds of palms in all stages of growth, from the tiny seedling to the mature tree twenty feet high, with stems as thick as a man's arm. Others again of larger growth, with stems a foot in diameter, rise like

straight grey columns, their "drooping crowns of plumes," struggling for light and air with the tallest of the forest trees, which they frequently overtop.

Round the crimson blossoms of that tree, many-hued beautiful butterflies are flying in dozens. It is the *Kavica* of the Pacific Islanders (*Eugenia* sp. of the botanist), known by the same name among the Fijian natives as by the natives of this group, and probably also throughout the Malay Archipelago. Its fruit, something like an apple when ripe, is not to be despised when one is tired and thirsty. It is worth our while to stand for an hour under this tree, for the sake of the butterflies that will come to visit the crimson flowers.

At the present moment there are four or five *Papilio Hecateus*, a *Papilio ptoleachus*, two or three *Papilio Solon*, and one that looks suspiciously like that rare insect *Papilio Mendaña*; but the two last keep provokingly to the top of the tree, and when they do condescend to visit a flower, only hover over it for a second, and then soar away into the upper air, sometimes to such a height that the eye grows tired of following them. These two species are such bold and swift flyers that it is small wonder that it is very difficult to capture them in good condition, their wings being generally torn and broken.

Besides the *Papilios*, which are in a minority, though conspicuous from their large size, are dozens of *Euplœa*, *Hypolimnas*, and several of the handsome *Cynthia sapor*, while the little blue *Lycænidae* are

not going to miss their share of the sweet banquet. By-and-by, some distance away, between the trees, I catch sight for an instant of a blue flash in the sunlight. I lose it behind a tree, but soon catch another glimpse of it. It is one of the beautiful blue *Papilio Orsippus*, my friend of the sea-shore, coming by a devious route to the tree. He will not come straight, but must explore every tree and bush on the way, now up high in the air, and now flopping right down near to the ground. I know the Kavika-tree is his point, and he has probably visited it already half a dozen times this morning. Here he comes, but high over the top of the tree. Down he pounces among the topmost flowers, hovers for a second or two at a cluster, and then is off again to take a tour of inspection round the tree. Ah, my friend! that time you came an inch too low. The net was waiting for you, and you have paid your last visit to the Kavika-tree.

I am evidently in luck to-day. Two Orsippus in one morning is a capture I do not often achieve.

Leaving the Kavika-tree, I resume my walk.

What is that noise that sounds as though some one was sawing timber? It sounds close by, and seems to come from the branches of a neighbouring tree. Now it ceases, and is followed by a series of croaks or grunts, to which I find myself quite unable to give any comparison. I watch intently for some time, but can see nothing. Presently I see a slight movement among the leaves, and catch a

glimpse of a black-looking bird as big as a large crow, with a long, dirty, yellowish-white tail. It is *Centropus milo*, a bird allied to the cuckoos. I take the gun from Barakossa, as I want the bird for a specimen. Another rustle of the leaves, and I catch sight of him for a second running up a branch, but never resting for a moment to give me time to get a shot, and reappearing in a direction quite opposite to where I last saw him. He is near the top of the tree now, and apparently must fly; so he does, but not from near where he appeared last. He has run down another branch and disappears from the opposite side of the tree, with an impudent whisk of his dirty tail. I make a virtue of necessity and say, "Let him go. I am glad not to have the trouble of skinning the dirty brute." There is nothing like being a little philosophical at times.

Three native women now come along the track from the forest, carrying on their heads immense bundles of dry sticks for firewood. They walk in single file, one behind the other, their scanty fringes of fibre worn round the waists flying out from their thighs almost at right angles at every step they take. I am standing still, and they have not yet seen me. The foremost one walks almost up to me, when she suddenly catches sight of me, and with a scream of "*Mani vaka!*"—"A white man!" (literally, a man belonging to a ship), she throws down her bundle of wood and rushes for shelter into the thick forest. The other two follow her example.

Barakossa is positively shrieking with laughter.

As soon as the women have recognised me from their temporary place of concealment and recovered from their fright, I hear them saying to one another, "Eh, it's only Woorefallo."

Then to me, "Woorefallo, give us a piece of tobacco."

I reply by telling them to come and fetch it. A rapid consultation takes place between them, and I am told to put it in the path. I refuse, and tell them that they must come and get it. Another consultation, and at last the oldest and ugliest is sent by the others for the much-prized weed, which she comes shyly forward to take from me with outstretched arms.

A little farther I come upon a small clearing only a few yards in extent. The sun's rays, not being intercepted here by the tall trees, glance brightly upon the leaves of the undergrowth of small palms and low bushes, contrasting with the sombre shade of the rest of the forest. It is a spot where I always linger for a few minutes, as it is a favourite haunt for two or three species of white butterflies (*Pieridæ*), ordinary-looking fellows enough, but not to be lightly passed over by the collector.

There are three or four in sight at the moment. They rarely seem to settle; but are at one moment fluttering close to the ground, when suddenly a whim seems to take possession of them, and away they go up and up, examining the foliage all the way, but still

ascending until they are away over the tops of the tall trees surrounding the clearing.

Here too may be noticed three or four species of Hesperidæ settling for a while with half-closed wings, and darting off again for a mad flight should another butterfly come near their resting-place.

Observe that tall tree near one side of the clearing. The trunk, three feet in diameter, rises straight without branch or fork for seventy feet. Upon it, and nowhere else, have I seen the pretty little *Nasiterna Aolæ*, the smallest parrot known (one of my new species).

I am in hope of seeing one to-day, so I take the gun from Barakossa, slip in a specially prepared cartridge loaded with dust-shot, and approach cautiously.

There is a little bird clinging to the bark and running over it exactly like a tree-creeper.

Surely it cannot be a parrot, it is so small.

I bring it down, and picking it up carefully from the ground, I admire for a minute or two the shape and plumage of this exquisite little bird, a perfect parrot in miniature. Notice that the feathers of the tail are pointed like those of the woodpecker and tree-creeper, thus enabling it to use the tail as a support when running over the bark of the tree-trunks, like them and birds of similar habits.

Carefully passing a needle and thread through the nostrils to form a loop by which to carry it so as not to ruffle the plumage, I give it to Barakossa, with strict injunctions to be careful not to injure it in any way.

A short rest will not be unwelcome, as it is very hot (nearly  $90^{\circ}$  in the shade). It must be near noon, as the sun throws barely any shadow. How still everything seems! It is the noontide calm, so beautifully described by Tennyson:—

“ For now the noonday quiet holds the hill,  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;  
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
Rests like a shadow.”

In a tree close by Barakossa points out a cockatoo solemnly sitting ruminating upon the events of the morning. He probably formed one of the noisy party that serenaded me at daybreak, but having breakfasted plentifully, and the day being very hot, he has nothing particular on hand till late in the afternoon, when he knows where to meet some of his friends in the big fig-tree for dinner, and a talk before retiring for the night.

Now and then the coo of the pigeons reaches me from the nut-trees. I sit down at the foot of a large tree upon a couple of palm-leaves that Barakossa has cut at my bidding, and for a few minutes my thoughts wander back to home and civilisation. If my friends could see me now, what would they think of me? A flannel-shirt, none too clean, rolled up over the elbows and open at the throat; round my waist a piece of blue calico reaching to the knees and fastened by an old leather strap; legs and feet bare; on my head a dilapidated Panama hat that I bought some years ago

from the king of Apamama (an island in the Gilbert group) for half a pound of gunpowder.

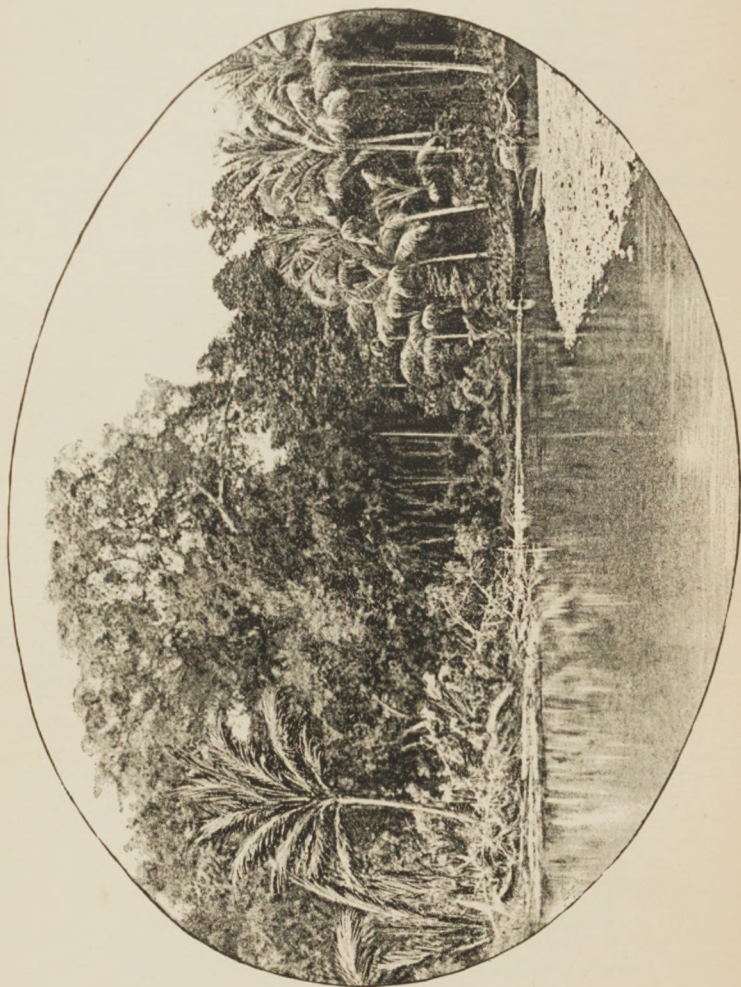
I look at Barakossa ; his thoughts are also far away. He is lying on his back sucking vigorously at a dirty clay pipe, and I cannot suppress a feeling of admiration that the stomach of one of such tender years is proof against the fumes of the very strong tobacco that curls in blue wreaths from his lips.

My meditations are brought to a sudden check ; I have unwittingly disturbed a colony of minute black ants that inhabit the bark of the tree where I am sitting. They have swarmed in hundreds first on to my shirt, and now they are making their presence disagreeably felt all over my body. My somewhat scanty costume makes me a particularly favourable subject for their attacks. There is nothing for it but precipitate flight.

Rousing Barakossa much against his will, I hurry on along the path in the direction of the river, which is close by. On approaching it, in spite of the ants, which are biting me viciously all over, I take the gun from Barakossa and advance cautiously, as I expect to get a shot at ducks.

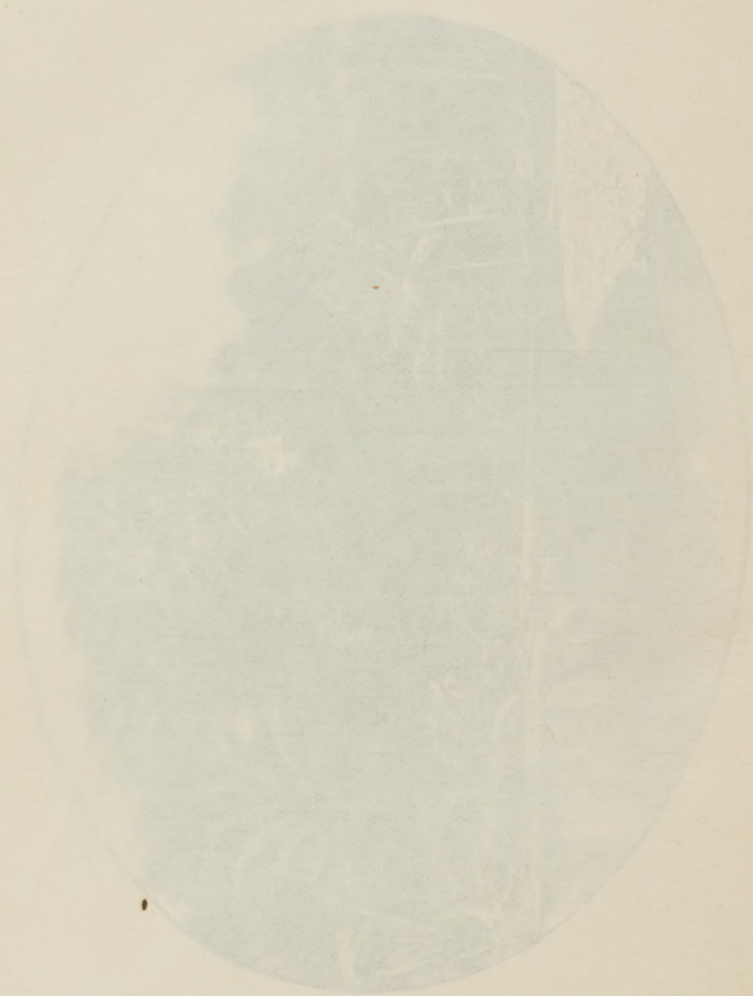
I am not disappointed, for as I emerge from the forest on to the river-bank a pair of them rise from the head of a small rapid and fly off up-stream. One drops dead on the pebbles to my first barrel, and the other, with a broken wing from my second shot, falls into the water and is carried flapping and splashing down the stream. Barakossa runs into the





HAUNT OF THE CROCODILE. VIEW ON THE AOLA RIVER, GUADALCANAR.





middle of the rapid to intercept it, but somehow misses it, and it is then a race between Barakossa and the duck to the deep water at the bottom. They arrive at the same time; Barakossa makes a grab at the duck as they both disappear together into the pool, and emerges at once with the duck in his hands.

Laying aside my collecting-box, belt, and gun, I plunge, clothes and all, into the cool water, and after a delicious bath that effectually frees me from the tormenting ants, I spread my clothes on the stones to dry in the sun. In a few minutes they are sufficiently dry to put on again, and we start on our way homeward, retracing our steps by the way we came.

The lizards scuttle away from the footpath at my approach, and now and then a stout spider's web, industriously repaired since I passed this morning, catches me across the face, the sticky yellow threads offering considerable resistance before they give way, to be again repaired by the industrious owner, and again swept away by the next passer-by.

The spiders hang dangling from the ruins of their webs—great black fellows with yellow spots, or queer-shaped spiny ones of a bright red colour. Others again green, similar to the colours on the feathers of the peacock.

I make a detour from the track and climb a ridge about three hundred feet high, at the top of which I have cleared an open space from trees and undergrowth.

I love to loiter at this place, for from it I get a

lovely and extensive view away over the tree-tops to the interior of the island.

At my feet winds the Aola river in alternate phases of clear pool and brawling rapid, but it soon becomes lost among the trees, and I try in vain to trace its upper course among the forest-clad valleys.

Ridge after ridge of hill and valley rise one behind another, the foreground vivid green, gradually fading in the distance into a hazy blue.

Immediately to the south, about ten miles off, rises the rounded hump of Vatupusau (4360 feet). The atmosphere is so clear that at that distance I can see every tree upon its summit outlined against the background of the blue sky. Now and again a white cap of rain-laden cloud, driven before the trade-wind, rests for a few minutes upon its top, temporarily blotting out the picture.

Away to the south-west, range after range of forest-clad hill and mountain rise one behind another, and overtopping the rest the ridge of Mount Lammas (8000 feet). It is but thirty miles in a direct line, and I stand and look, and wonder whether it will ever be my good fortune to climb its steeply-sloping sides.

I have looked on the picture so often that I know by heart the bearing of every peak, but it is a picture that I am never tired of looking at again and again.

About three miles away, a singular contrast to the uniform green of the rest of the forest, a bright vermilion spot is conspicuous. It is a coral-tree (*Erythrina* sp.) in full bloom. Doubtless at this moment

it is thronged with scores of lories, that come to sip the honey from its blossoms.

The natives, when they find one of these trees in flower, spread fine nets among the branches, to intercept the little parrots that arrive in flocks of five or six together. They become entangled, and in their struggles break their necks. I have had as many as fifty so caught brought to me in one day. Most of them were *Lorius Chlorocircus*, but *Thricoglossus Massenæ* and *Lorius Cardinalis* were also occasionally among the victims.

I used to skin as many as I was able, and the remainder went into the soup.

I resume my homeward walk. As we pass the clearing the cockatoo is still sitting in solemn meditation. The sight is too much for Barakossa, who by a well-directed stone quickly compels him to quit. He leaves with a scream of remonstrance.

From near the path three or four large birds fly up from the ground, where they have been feeding, and settle among the branches. Their bronze-green feathers make them difficult to distinguish among the leaves. Before I have made them out they are off again. They are Nicobar pigeons (*Calenas Nicobarica*), a very handsome bird with a wide geographical range, being found in all the islands of the Malay Archipelago and the Malay Peninsula. This species makes long flights from island to island. On one occasion, when approaching the Solomon group from Sydney, one of these birds flew on board of us,

and rested for a few minutes. We were at the time more than forty miles from land, the nearest islands being Rennell and Bellona, outliers of the Solomon group.

Round the Kavika-tree the butterflies are still hovering and settling. I loiter here for half an hour, but I must get home, as I am not yet half through my day's work.

We do not forget to take the pigeons I shot in the morning.

Emerging from the forest upon the sea-shore, I meet the full force of the S.E. trade-wind, at this time of the day blowing at its height.

We press hurriedly home.

The village is still deserted, the natives having not yet returned from the gardens.

No one seems to have been near the house during our absence.

A half-wild pig is sniffing suspiciously round the kitchen. Barakossa creeps round a corner, and coming unexpectedly upon him, salutes him with a lump of coral, which hits him full in the ribs with a resounding thud and sends him grunting off.

I unbar the door, while Barakossa makes a fire to boil the kettle. I always like a cup of tea and a biscuit on returning from the bush.

Until the tea is ready, I glance over the bird-skins that are drying on the shelves, and then at the orchids arranged outside the house under shelter of the eaves, moving some of them that I think will be better out

of the full glare of the sun. By this time the water boils and tea is ready—very acceptable after the hot walk through the forest.

I now settle myself down to put away my morning's captures, setting Barakossa to pluck the ducks and pigeons and put them into the saucepan to boil for soup. The butterflies, beetles, and other insects first occupy my attention, after which I set to work and skin the little parrot I shot this morning, and am fortunate enough to have finished and cleared up everything before any of the natives appear with their day's captures.

The influx begins soon after four, on the return of the natives from the day's work in the gardens, and continues till dusk.

I make it a rule to buy everything they bring, whether I want it or not. By this means I am certain to miss nothing, as the natives will bring me everything they find on the chance of its being a prize.

The first arrivals are some women with loads of firewood for my kitchen. Next a couple of old men with a few stale and rusty yams. They will not eat them themselves, but they are quite good enough to be offered to me and the pigs. On Barakossa's recommendation I decline them, but give the old men what they really came for, viz., a stick of tobacco each. Now a boy appears with a dozen common butterflies, much battered and fingered, in an empty sardine-tin. They are useless, but I give him a piece of tobacco

for his trouble, with which he is quite satisfied. Another produces a neat parcel made of the large, smooth, glossy leaves of the *Barringtonia*, pinned together with a piece of the midrib of a palm-leaf. He is one of my best hunters, but has not been fortunate to-day. Only a few common insects, but carefully caught and all in good condition. He asks me for a needle and thread to mend his butterfly-net. I ask him what he wants for his butterflies. He says I am to put them to his credit. He wants a large knife. When he has brought me what I consider the equivalent of twelve sticks of tobacco he will get it.

Several other boys then produce butterflies in varying condition, and then two or three appear with packages of fresh-water prawns wrapped in leaves. They are strung by tens on pieces of grass. I am always glad to get them, as, boiled with plenty of salt, they form a very welcome addition to the evening meal.

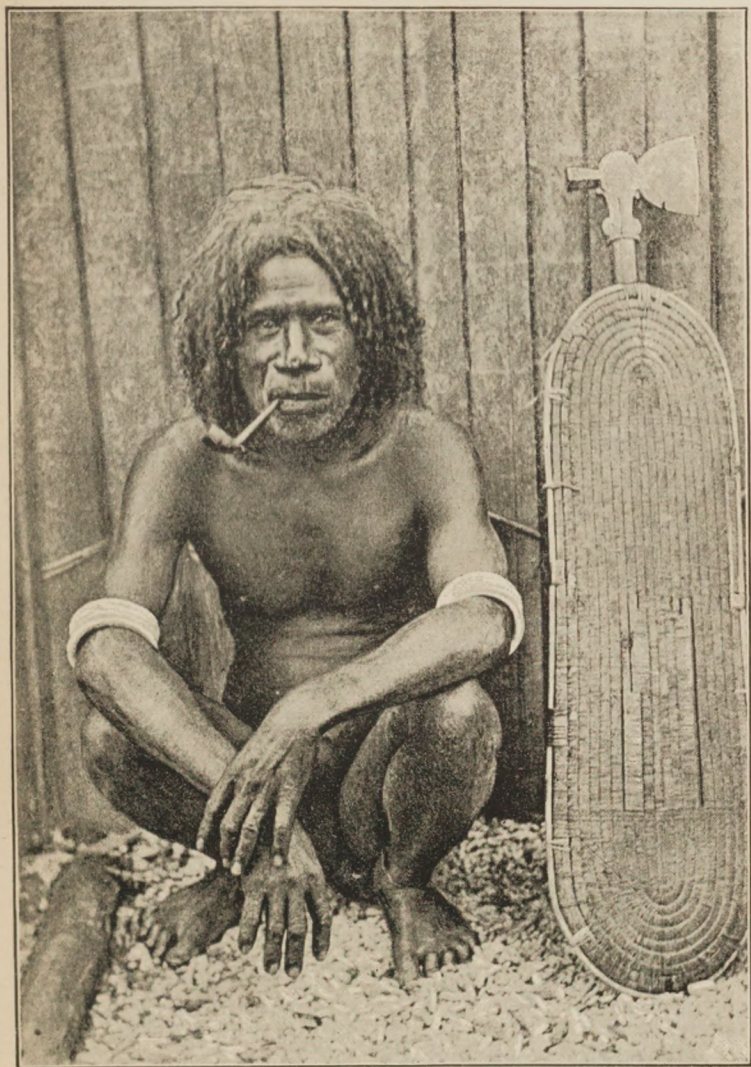
Now a boy appears with a dead snake tied tightly to a stick by the neck and tail.

Another presents a carefully wrapped-up parcel of leaves, securely bound with strips of green bark. I inquire what it may contain, and am told "*Nomata*," a snake.

I ask, "*Mate?*"—dead? or "*Mouri?*"—alive? No information, except that the women caught it in the gardens, and the man who brought it does not know whether it is alive or dead, or of what kind it is.







NATIVE OF AOLA, GUADALCANAR, ONE OF MY HUNTERS.

getting something, whether their captures are good or otherwise.

Pengoa, my best collector, who has been shooting birds for me to-day, generally appears last of all. He comes up smiling, with perhaps a common parrot in his hand. When I have signified my acceptance of this, he will retire for a few seconds behind the house and produce something else, always keeping what he considers the best until the last.

On the present occasion he has got a fine specimen of the pretty crested hawk (*Baza guadalcanarensis*), called by the natives Kiso, a green dove (*Ptilopus*), and an owl (*Ninox Granti*). His captures are invariably brought home in good condition, and carefully suspended by a thread through the nostrils.

The natives seem to look upon my house as a rendezvous for a chat after the day's work, and nearly all the men and boys of the village, whether they have anything for me or not, come for half an hour or so to squat outside under the coco-nut trees and discuss the news, or to beg pieces of tobacco of me or the more fortunate possessors of it among their friends.

I also have an opportunity of hearing what is going on. How, for instance, the village of Kobua is going to give a feast in four days' time, to which most of the Aola men are going, and that I can go if I like. How Turapara went to Tintogomo (a mountain village) six days ago, and returned to-day with a spear in his back, having narrowly escaped being caught by the natives of Reko. How a dancing party is coming







MY HOUSE AND KITCHEN, AOLA, GUADALCÁZAR, DAILY RECEPTION OF NATIVES.



from Ruavatu next month. How *my friend* (accentuated) Ululu is very sick, and wishes to know if I would send him a little tobacco, &c., &c.

It is now getting late. I tell my visitors that my dinner is ready, and that I desire to be left alone.

One by one the natives take their departure. I walk down to the beach for a last look to seaward. There is nothing in sight.

The sun has sunk behind the coco-nut trees to the westward of the bay.

A belated parrot flies screaming across the clearing round my house.

The small swifts are still hawking busily for flies.

The sun sinks lower. A perfect swarm of dragon-flies joins them in pursuit of the minute insects that are on the wing at sunset.

A few minutes more and the first bat makes its appearance. This seems to be the signal for the retirement of the swifts.

The sun has set some minutes, and darkness quickly falls around. The bats are now flying about in numbers, and the dragon-flies still keep up the chase until it is almost too dark to see them.

I call to Barakossa that I am ready for dinner, and returning to the house, light my lamps and make a hearty meal on pigeon soup, prawns, with baked sweet potatoes and tea.

Dinner finished, I go outside for a few minutes while Barakossa is clearing away the remains of my sumptuous repast.

How still everything seems! The trade-wind died quite away about five o'clock, and as yet the land-breeze has not sprung up.

Among the tree-trunks luminous beetles are flitting in and out, their lights appearing and vanishing like sparks of fire.

In places among the damp decaying wood a branch may be seen outlined with the pale, sickly phosphorescent glow emitted by a luminous fungus.

The tree-frogs are chirping in all directions, and now and again I can hear the loud croak of the great bull-frog (*Rana Guppyi*).

I re-enter my house, and settle myself to my bird-skinning. Sitting at work at my table opposite the open door, I am occasionally interrupted by a moth or beetle flying in, attracted by the light of my hanging-lamp. These are quickly transferred to the killing-bottle.

Sometimes there is a rustling of wings and leaves as the great flying-foxes visit the wild mango-tree just outside the door.

By the time I have finished and put away all my birds (a good evening's work being from ten to a dozen skins) it is nearly twelve o'clock.

Barakossa has been long since curled up on his box.

The 'possums, whose habits are nocturnal, are climbing about the cage and munching their sweet potatoes.

All over the floor little hermit crabs are crawling,

eating up the fragments of food that have fallen from the birds' or 'possums' cages, and sometimes even nibbling at my toes as I sit at work.

I drink a cup of cold tea which has been standing since dinner, take a final look outside the house, bar the door, put my gun and revolver where they will be within reach of my hand, put out the lamps, and then turn into my hammock to seek that sleep that such a day's work deserves and the rest my body needs.

In the foregoing pages I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have not singled out any particular day, but have given, as it were, a type of the days that formed my life on those far-distant but beautiful islands.

## CHAPTER V.

Strange Visitors—An Invitation—A Return Visit—My Lodging—A Native Interior—Trip up the Bokokimbo River—The Village of Reko—An Uncomfortable Lodging—Native Curiosity—A Housebuilder's Claim—Narrow Escape—Taking French Leave—Negotiations for a Trip to the Mountains—Disappearance of a Messenger—Turapara—His Heart Fails Him—Fears Overcome—We Start—The Kobua River—Foot-prints on the Sand—A Devil who had never seen a White Man—A Mountain Village—I Decline a Native Remedy and Risk the Devil's Displeasure—Simple Hospitality—The Natives Alarmed—Trophies of War—A Curious Resting-place—Death of a Native—A Native Bridge—Turapara gets a Ducking—Another Trip to the Mountains—A Massacre—Final Journey to the Interior.

ONE afternoon, during my first residence at Aola, before I had been there many days, I was engaged in the house skinning birds, when I heard the measured sound of paddles.

Going to the door, I saw one large and two small canoes approaching from the westward, holding together between fifty and sixty men.

There were two or three Aola natives near the house at the time, and they told me that they did not know who the strangers were, and that I must look out for myself. I strapped on my revolver and seated myself on a camp-stool at the doorway, to await events. The canoes came direct towards my house, and just before they reached the shore the Aola natives recognised them as belonging to

a village named Ruavatu, about ten miles away along the coast to the westward.

On reaching the shore the canoes were carefully carried up out of reach of the waves, and the natives soon swarmed round my house, some of them even evincing a desire to enter, but I sat blocking the doorway on my seat, so that there was no way in but by overturning me. By this time several more of the Aola natives had arrived upon the scene, and on inquiring what the strangers had come for, I was told that it was to make arrangements for a feast that was shortly to come off. On being informed of my occupation, the strangers expressed at first incredulity and afterwards amusement, the fact that I bought snakes seeming especially to astonish them. What did I do with them? Did I eat them?

Among them I found a very intelligent man, who had worked three years on a plantation in Queensland, and who could talk English fairly well, and before they left for home they made me promise that I would pay them a visit. This I agreed to do in twelve days' time, and to stay with them some days.

An unfortunate attack of acute rheumatism in the right leg, caused by sleeping on damp ground, confined me to my hut for some time, and, much to my annoyance, prevented me keeping my engagement on the appointed day, and it was not till nearly three weeks later that I was able again to sit in a boat.

At last I, one morning, loaded my dinghey, which

I always kept pulled up on the beach under a tree close to my house, with my gun, photographic camera, tea-billy, apparatus for collecting and preserving specimens, and some tobacco, matches, axes, knives, and calico for exchange, all of which I covered over with a waterproof cover, and leaving the house under the care of my boy, I started along the coast for Ruavatu. Fortunately the sea was calm, but on reaching my destination, after a stiff pull of four or five hours, I found a biggish surf breaking on the beach, and no natives about to give me a hand to haul up the boat, as they had not yet returned from their day's work in the gardens. I waited a short time to see whether any one would appear, and then disposing my cargo so that it would be least likely to get wet, I backed in through the waves, and as soon as the boat touched the sand I jumped out and hauled her far enough up to be out of danger.

A few yards from where I landed, a cutter belonging to a trader had gone ashore a few months before, and almost as soon as she had struck, the natives boarded her, ripped off the hatches, and rifled her of everything she had on board, even cutting the canvas of the sails out of the bolt-ropes to save themselves the trouble of unbending them. The two white men who were on board, although stripped of everything but their clothes, were not otherwise molested.

After I had waited half an hour an old man appeared, with whose help I dragged the boat a little farther up the beach. He had some green drinking

coco-nuts, which I bought, and he then directed me where to find some water, as I was very thirsty, the day having been scorchingly hot.

When the natives returned from the gardens, I inquired for the English-speaking boy whom I had seen at Aola. I was told that, in consequence of my not having arrived at the time appointed, he had gone away, but was expected back in two days' time, so I decided to occupy the time till his arrival in making collections in the bush surrounding the village of Ruavatu.

The corner of a large house close to the landing-place was assigned to me during my stay, which I was to share with about a dozen men and boys, my corner being partitioned off by a piece of string; and though, whenever I was at home, an inquisitive mob of natives were constantly watching me and remarking to one another upon my every movement, no one ventured to intrude beyond the string or to touch any of my property.

In this corner I arranged my appliances for bird-skinning, and as I had brought some candles with me I was able to work at night, for the natives use no kind of lamp to light their houses after dark.

My food consisted of cooked yams, and fish was brought to me morning and evening.

My bed was a dirty pandanus-leaf mat spread upon some logs laid side by side upon the bare ground, and each of the other occupants of the house was similarly provided, the beds or bunks being ranged in

a line down each side of the house, the feet of the sleepers almost meeting in the middle.

By the side of each sleeper was a small fire of wood (although the nights in the Solomons are very warm, and I never registered a lower night temperature at sea-level than  $74^{\circ}$  Fahr.). The smoke from these smouldering fires makes it extremely disagreeable to pass the night in native houses. But, from long experience, I have at length become somewhat accustomed to it.

The bunks are sometimes so horribly dirty that I have, on more than one occasion, when travelling with the natives in the bush, preferred to lie down among the white ashes of an old fire rather than upon the uncomfortable logs.

The house which I am describing was about fifteen feet wide by forty feet long. Simply a sloping roof of sago thatch.

At night the narrow window-like doorway was barricaded from the inside, and no one left the house till daylight. Sharp-pointed stakes are stuck obliquely in the ground outside to offer an obstacle to the approach of enemies in the dark.

As I sat in my corner I could see, by the light of my candle, the natives lolling in all sorts of easy and uneasy attitudes on their respective bunks.

Above each man's head, the handle stuck into the thatch, where it would be in a moment within reach of his hand in case of necessity, was his tomahawk, while his wicker-shield was close by. In racks above

my head were dozens of spears, some of them only sharpened sticks, others elaborately decorated and carved and cruelly barbed with bones from the wing of the flying-fox.

There is another kind of spear that is highly valued by the natives of Guadalcanar. The head is made of a human thigh-bone, and so ingeniously carved and barbed in opposite directions that I should imagine a wound from one would almost certainly be fatal. The brittle heads of this kind of spear are kept carefully covered with a case of bamboo to preserve them from injury.

From end to end of the house, along the rafters, was a string of pigs' jawbones and a few turtles' heads, signs of former feasts partaken of in the house. I counted up to two hundred pigs' jaws, but I looked in vain for human bones, which may be frequently seen strung with the pigs' jaws on some of the other islands.

I spent two days pleasantly and profitably at Ruavatu, adding to my collection some birds that were not to be obtained at Aola.

On the evening of the second day my English-speaking friend arrived, and it was arranged that I was to start at daylight the next morning with him and another native for a trip up the Bokokimbo River as far as we could get the boat.

Making an early start, we threaded a circuitous and winding stream, which brought us into the main river in about two miles.

The Bokokimbo carries a larger volume of water than any other river on Guadalcanar, but although its lower course for about six miles from the sea is wide and deep, it afterwards becomes impeded by rapids. These are frequently caused by fallen timber, washed down by floods, becoming stuck fast and collecting other floating *débris*, obstructing and altering the direction of the current. Below these obstructions the inevitable gravel-bank soon forms.

The banks were overgrown with a dense growth of reeds, wild canes, and small timber, the whole smothered with a growth of gigantic convolvulus. I could not help thinking what a splendid situation for sugar-growing this will one day be. We passed a few native plantations, but saw no natives. Soon we came to a prettily situated settlement, that my guides told me was called Komalevu.

Shortly after this the rapids became more frequent, and we were most of the time pushing or hauling the boat, rowing or paddling being quite out of the question.

I suggested leaving the boat hidden, but my boys would not hear of it, saying that the natives would be certain to find it, and that the river improved as we went farther on. This I found to be the case. We saw few natives, and these were very shy, running away and hiding in the bush when they caught sight of me. They would then shout to my wo b oys to know who the white man was, and what he wanted. My guides shouted back that I was the

white man from Aola, that I was buying birds, butterflies, snakes, and stone-axes, and measuring the water.

We passed several more prettily situated villages, and about five o'clock reached the village of Reko, where we were to pass the night. There was a long, straight reach of the river here, at the upper end of which, on both sides of the river, the village was situated. A single tall coco-nut tree towering high above the surrounding forest was a striking object in the landscape.

A hovel—I cannot call it a hut—was assigned to us, filthily dirty and swarming with centipedes. It had to suffice; there was no other.

I had a delightful bathe in the river, and returned to find our hovel beset with an inquisitive crowd, through whom I could hardly push my way.

At dusk a few cooked yams were handed in to us, and the whole village watched me eat them.

The hovel was about eight feet square. I and my two companions occupied a raised platform at the end farthest from the door. A dozen natives crowded the floor. The doorway was blocked with faces; outside, every chink in the flimsy wall was occupied by an observant eye. The more fortunate ones passed the word to those not lucky enough to get a view. I was besieged with questions and demands for tobacco. My guides said that I was paying a good price for stone-axes. They were showered upon me in dozens. I must have bought sixty or seventy before I closed for the night; the price a piece of tobacco.

At length I wanted to be alone and get some rest. Suddenly I blew out my candle; the abominable chatter ceased like magic, and by degrees my visitors dropped away and left me to enjoy a good night's rest.

Early next morning I prepared to start on my homeward journey. I inquired of my boys whom I was to pay for my night's lodging and entertainment. The owner of the house was pointed out to me, and I made him a handsome present. I inquired if there was any one else to be paid. An old man was thrust forward. I asked what claim he had upon me. "Oh, he built the house." I satisfied his claim, and left before the man who cut the posts or the man who prepared the thatch had time to come forward.

We had the day before us and the current in our favour. I secured a good photograph of Reko before leaving, and a few miles lower down, near the village of Kuthumbutoi, I landed to take a photograph. I was surrounded with natives, but they were noisy and boisterous, constantly passing backwards and forwards in front of the camera and shaking it with their hands. I was reluctantly obliged to return to the boat.

We started away down-stream again. Half a dozen natives followed us along the sand-banks. Three hundred yards away I came to a beautiful group of sago-palms that I determined to photograph in spite of the natives. I landed, and fixed up my camera. The half-dozen natives who had followed me down made no sign. My photograph was taken. I







GROUP OF SAGO PALMS, BANKS OF BOKOKIMBO RIVER.



then turned to take one of Kuthumbutoi, for the village was beautifully situated, but forty or fifty natives brandishing their tomahawks were running towards me from the village. The half-dozen natives were closing round and trying to get behind me in a manner I did not like the look of. Any sign of fear or flurry on my part would have precipitated matters. I carelessly took up the camera and retired backwards to the boat. In an instant we were off, and in a few seconds plunging down the next rapid.

During my last visit to the Solomons the natives of Tasimboko told me unsolicited that the intention was really to kill me on this occasion. Why? I was a stranger; they did not know me.

We reached Ruavatu without further adventure. I found my corner of the house had not been violated; not a thing, apparently, had been touched. The slender piece of string had been sufficient protection from itching fingers and prying eyes.

I was anxious to make a very early start homewards in the morning, and to try and get away, if possible, before any one was stirring. I dreaded the inevitable scene that I knew would take place on the beach if I waited till after the sun was up. Every one would be clamouring for presents, and there might be some excitement, which it would be impossible to quell.

I took the two boys who had been up the river with me into my confidence, made them each a hand-

some present, and then inquired who else had to be paid. A long list of those who had rendered me some real or fancied service was mentioned, until at last they could think of no one else.

Before turning in for the night I had everything packed, and half an hour before sunrise I woke my two boys. Noiselessly we unbarred the door, my things were handed out, the boat was loaded. We dragged her down to the sea. I got in and sat facing the bows. The two boys stood on each side of the boat. We waited our opportunity and allowed one or two waves to pass. Presently a chance came, and with a good shove off I kept the boat straight to meet the advancing wave. I got a good drenching as the wave broke over us, but I rowed hard and met the next roller before it curled over. I pulled a little distance from the shore, and then proceeded leisurely to bail out the water. Just then the sun appeared above the horizon, and the beach was soon alive with natives. But I was away without any fuss.

It was not until I had been over three months at Aola that I was at last able to induce the natives to accompany me on an expedition to the interior of the island. During all this time our relations were of the most friendly character.

I never lost an opportunity of urging upon them my desire to penetrate to the mountains, and they, on their part, as sedulously assured me of the utter impossibility of any such undertaking.

At last Ululu, the old chief of Aola, promised to

send a messenger to the chief of a mountain town to try and arrange for a visit.

The messenger was sent, and from that day to this, so far as I know, nothing has been heard of him. The natives, of course, declared that the bushmen had killed him.

The disappearance of this man, of course, put an end, for the time, to all chance of making a start.

There happened to be living at Aola, under the protection of the chief, a bushman named Turapara, who came from a mountain district about twelve miles away in a S.W. direction. I took every pains to ingratiate myself with this man to win his confidence and to encourage his frequent visits to my house. One day I proposed to him that we should pay a visit together to his native district. The idea was scouted as being too dangerous. I took Turapara inside my house, and made a heap of calico, knives, pipes, tobacco, matches, and a bright new axe, and told him that they should all be his if he would only screw up his courage and go.

After some hesitation he consented, and it was arranged that we were to start soon after daylight in two days' time.

I was prepared and ready to start at the time appointed, but on going to Turapara's house he was not to be found. His heart had failed him at the last minute, and he had run away and hidden himself in the bush. At last, nearly a fortnight later, I again prevailed upon Turapara to consent to go. On this

occasion I took the precaution of making him sleep at my house the night before, and of fastening him in, so that he was on hand in the morning.

Soon after daylight seven other natives appeared and announced their intention of going too. I was nothing loth, so I told them that I would pay them all well on our return, and I hurried on my preparations for departure.

Nearly the whole population came to see me off; they were anxious on their own account that nothing should befall me, lest they should be punished for it by a man-of-war. I promised to leave a notice behind me to the effect that if anything happened the Aola people were to be held blameless. I left my house and property in charge of my boy.

Being apprehensive lest at the last moment their hearts should fail them, I was anxious to get them away from the village and well on the road; so, distributing a good supply of tobacco and a few knives and axes among them as presents for the bushmen, we started and were well clear of the village by seven o'clock.

Of course, I carried my gun and revolver, and all the rest of the party had their tomahawks, shields, and spears; but Turapara had borrowed from some one an old musket, for which he had neither powder nor shot, but the moral effect of which was supposed to be tremendous.

Our course lay for about half a mile along the seashore, and then turning into the bush by the track

that I generally followed during my everyday excursions, we followed up the Aola river for about three miles. Here we called a brief halt for breakfast. I ate a biscuit, and the natives some cooked yams that they had brought with them.

Crossing the river, we found a narrow track leading along a gradually ascending ridge in a S.W. direction, through dense forest of the usual type. After going about two and a half miles we came to an old clearing of about an acre in extent. It had formerly been a garden, but was quickly reverting to forest. I was told it was the farthest planting place of the Aola natives. It was over five miles away from Aola. They told me that they had now given up planting so far away from home, as the last owners of this garden had been attacked and killed while at work there. A steep climb down a precipitous track brought us somewhat unexpectedly out upon the banks of the Kobua River. This river takes its name from the large village of Kobua, which is situated upon it about three miles from the sea.

Like all the rivers on this coast of Guadalcanar, it gives evidence of being subject to occasional violent floods.

At the point where we struck it, it spread out into a sandy flat perhaps half a mile wide, and the same length. This flat was for the most part covered with a growth of coarse reeds and wild sugar-cane, and was evidently entirely covered in flood-times. From this point, and as high as we ascended the

river, its bed was composed of a flat stretch of grey gravel about a hundred yards wide, winding in a southerly direction among the bases of wooded sandstone hills. These were at first about 300 feet high, but the farther we went they increased in size and height.

At the time of my visit the actual water-channel was not more than thirty feet wide and about knee-deep, running with a very swift current. The rise in the river-bed was so gradual, and the pebble banks so firm and hard, that I believe a waggon might have been driven along it with ease.

Wherever the river swept round one of these wooded hills, it had worn out a deep pool at the base of a low sandstone cliff, covered with a dense growth of delicate ferns and creepers, and overshadowed by the heavier growth of timber that clothed the whole, wherever the ground was sufficiently level to afford holding for the roots.

As we walk over the pebbly banks we occasionally disturb a snake that is basking in the sun upon the hot stones, or one of the men makes a dash at the boughs of an overhanging tree, and pulls out by the tail a 'possum or cuscus that was feeding too near the ground, all unconscious until too late of the enemies that had invaded his solitude.

Round a bend of the river we come unexpectedly upon half a dozen ducks, some paddling in the shallow water, while others are preening their feathers on the gravel. I cock my gun and walk straight towards

them, and it is not till I am close to them that they take to flight. I knock one down with the first barrel, but miss disgracefully with the second.

As we pass a clump of dry reeds growing in the sandy soil, a dark-coloured bird flies up almost at my feet, and dodges among the timber before almost I can raise my gun. It is a goatsucker (*Caprimulgus nobilis*), and I have nearly trodden on its two pretty eggs, pure white with black spots, that are lying without a nest upon the warm sand.

Farther on, a flock of the pretty little finches, *Erythrura Trichroa*, are feeding upon the seeds of a kind of wild rice. They disperse like a bevy of quails at my approach, and seek the shelter of the heavier cover on the river's bank.

Once or twice, when entering upon a long straight reach of the river, we get a glimpse of the peak of Vatupusau, which is sufficient to tell me almost my exact position by the aid of my prismatic compass. But the low hills through which the river winds are so densely clothed with timber that they impede a distant view.

All at once the whole party come to a sudden halt, and are attentively engaged in examining some fresh footprints on the sand.

The consternation experienced by Robinson Crusoe upon finding footprints upon his island cannot have been greater than that occasioned by the discovery of these marks in the river-bed. For a short distance we advanced in silence, each new reach of

the river being entered upon with the greatest caution, and with spears ready poised. One of the natives gave us an exhibition of how he would throw his spear if he saw anything to throw it at.

At last they all squatted down upon the pebbles and held an animated discussion upon the advisability of turning back. I could do nothing but wait till they had finished talking. When a lull at last occurred in the conversation I was told that it was decided to refer the question to me. If I counselled an advance they would go on, but they strongly recommended a return. I replied that they were only wasting time, and that I was anxious to get on. Accordingly Turapara and another native, who in a most mysterious manner produced an old horse-pistol from his bag, were sent on as scouts, and they shortly disappeared round the next bend of the river. We sat for about ten minutes, till I was tired of waiting any longer, and then said we would go on at once. After going about another mile we saw the smoke of burning reeds, and advancing cautiously, found Turapara and the other man engaged in conversation with a man and a boy, the former of whom Turapara declared to be his brother. Theirs were the footprints that had caused the consternation to my party. They were natives of Natalava, the village to which we were bound, and had come down to the river to catch prawns.

The track to Natalava here left the main river, and followed the bed of a small winding mountain stream for about two miles and a half.

The stream had worn for itself a deep channel in the soft soapy sandstone, and the banks, covered with overhanging timber that met overhead, were from fifteen to twenty feet high. In the damp steamy atmosphere delicate little ferns (*Hymenophyllum* sp.) covered every stone with their moss-like growth, and seemed to delight in frequent showers of spray from the tiny cataracts. Begonias expanded their pale pink flowers, and at times a large clump of bright crimson blossoms of a plant resembling a balsam covered the whole side of the steep bank.

After going about two miles we came to a small plantation of taro (*Calladium Esculentum*), growing on a steeply sloping bank above the stream, the size of the roots and vigour of the plants showing that the soil and moist situation were eminently suited for the growth of it.

The taro is a plant somewhat resembling in appearance the arum lily. The roots, which are about the size of a large coco-nut, are, either baked or boiled, most wholesome and satisfying food; while the young green leaves, when their acrid property has been thoroughly expelled by boiling, make an excellent vegetable resembling spinach. It is well known throughout all the Pacific Islands. In Fiji it is frequently grown in water, the whole side of a hill being terraced, and a stream of water admitted at the top and conducted down from level to level with considerable ingenuity.

We shortly afterwards made a short halt to bathe

in the fresh, cool stream. I was particularly cautioned against putting my clothes upon a particular rock, as I was told it was the habitation of a "devil" or *tindio*, and as he had, of course, never seen a white man before, it might be bad for me.

Resuming our journey, I was told that we had almost reached our destination. The pathway, which had before been rough and difficult enough, now became much worse, and was, in fact, nothing but a few footholds cut in the face of the sandstone rocks. Long rattans were tied to trees to serve as handholds while passing these slippery and dangerous spots. By the removal of the rattans, in case an attack was anticipated, the defence of the approach to the village would be easy.

Gaining a piece of open level ground, we sat down, made a fire, and cooked the 'possum and a pigeon and some prawns that we had got during the day, while Turapara and his brother went on to the village to announce my arrival. In about half an hour they returned, saying that I might proceed.

A few yards brought us to the settlement—village I cannot call it. It consisted of three miserable hovels, apparently of a very temporary character, built in a freshly-made clearing in the forest. The inhabitants consisted of five or six men, six women, and the same number of children. The men were nothing to look at, but the women were considerably cleaner-looking than the coast natives, while upon

neither men, women, nor children did I see any of the skin disease that is so prevalent among the coast natives. (At Alu three-fourths of the population had this disease in a greater or lesser degree.) The women had all put on new leaf-skirts, probably in honour of my visit.

Turapara's father was a very old man, and blind. The chief was an old man named Pelunangu. He, too, had lost one eye. He told me that he was brother to Ululu, the chief of Aola, but whether he meant actually a brother or a friend I cannot say positively. He told me that they had only lived in their present situation two months, having been driven out of a village called Tintogomo by the natives of Reko (a village on the Bokokimbo River that I had already visited). He said that if they were unmolested they should remain where they were, but if they were again attacked they should migrate in a body to Aola.

The women were engaged stripping the midribs from the green tobacco-leaves, of which they grew sufficient for their own consumption, as they cannot get tobacco from the traders like the coast natives. I dealt out a few pipes, tobacco, and matches, all of which were eagerly accepted, even two or three matches being highly prized.

There were three or four pigs about, but the poor people seemed to have hardly any other property.

I was asked to give a man a pipe to pay him for protecting me from the possible effects of having been

seen by the *tindio* or devil mentioned above. He put some little dabs of lime upon my forehead and cheeks, and was proceeding to spit some chewed betel-nut into my ears, when I strenuously objected, and said I preferred to run the risk of the devil's displeasure. After some conversation between the man and my companions, they decided that perhaps the lime would be sufficient protection. A charm or invocation was then muttered over me, and I was told that I had nothing to fear; I might eat my yams without danger.

The smallest of the three huts was assigned to my party. It was about fifteen feet by ten, and as there were seven of us we were at pretty close quarters.

The following morning, after a breakfast of yams, we prepared to depart. I distributed an axe and some knives and tobacco among the natives. Pelunangu, the head-man, gave me a string of native shell-beads, and apologised for the way in which we had been entertained, saying that he would have liked to kill a pig for me, but I could see how poor they were. I gave him a further small present, with which he seemed much pleased.

It had been our intention to return *viâ* Tintogomo, but the natives told us that the place was deserted, and that it was being watched. I was still in favour of returning that way, but Turapara, our guide, doggedly refused to go, so we were forced to return the same way we came.

The country round Natalava is a collection of

round, densely timbered hills, about 600 to 800 feet high. Down the valleys, between the hills, beautifully clear streams pour down to the main river. The feeble attempts at cultivation that came under my notice convince me that the land is eminently suited for many kinds of tropical agriculture.

We returned the way we came, but as I was not occupied in taking compass bearings of each reach of the river, we, of course, made much quicker progress.

On arriving at the place where we struck the Kobua River on the previous day, I announced my intention, instead of returning through the forest to Aola, of following the Kobua River down to the sea. After some conversation my companions agreed. The character of the river remains the same, but the hills diminish in size as the lower course of the river is entered upon.

After going about two miles farther, I got a long shot at a duck, which fell with a broken wing, and was captured by my boys after a chase. Shortly afterwards about twenty natives appeared running up the river towards us in an apparently very excited state. Upon seeing us they halted and poised their spears, but upon recognising me they advanced towards us.

They proved to be natives of Kobua, who were at work in their plantations, and having heard my shot, had fancied that an attack was being made by bushmen. I had previously paid Kobua two visits from Aola, so that I was already well known by them.

On one of my visits I had witnessed the return of perhaps thirty of them from an attack upon a mountain town. They approached shouting and bellowing a kind of triumphal chorus. Their spears were twined with yam-vines, and from one of them dangled a freshly severed human hand and about a cubic inch of what looked like beef-steak. The proud owner of the trophies went through, for my benefit, a realistic performance, descriptive of the way he had caught and killed his unfortunate victim. A prisoner whom they took at the same time, I was glad to hear, afterwards escaped.

Another two miles brought my party to the village of Kobua, and as by this time it was four o'clock, and we had been walking nearly all day, I determined to spend the night there.

The Kobua natives appeared very surprised when they heard where I had been, and said that I should certainly be killed some day. We were assigned a miserable hovel, even smaller than the one we had at Natalava, and here we all lay down almost on the top of one another. The cleanest place that I could find was the ashes of an old fire.

Next morning it was raining in torrents, and I was in no hurry to set out, but about ten o'clock the rain ceased.

I saw at Kobua the body of a young man who had died the day of my arrival. He was laid out on a new mat in one of the houses. The arms were covered with armlets, a necklace of dogs' teeth was

round the neck, and on the head a white tow wig. The house was crowded with women, who were howling or "tange"-ing. A woman sat on either side of the body, and with a fan made of plaited coco-nut leaf brushed away the flies that from time to time settled upon the face, which, with the rest of the body, was uncovered. The body was to be buried as soon as the deceased's brother and sister arrived from Aola, a messenger having been sent for them the day before.

I bought at Kobua a young cuscus of a colour that I had never seen before, and it was committed to the care of Turapara, who put it in his bag. Shortly after the rain ceased we started, and I followed the Kobua River down to the sea.

There is a village called Korombusu at the mouth of the river, which is inhabited by some of the Aola people, but for some reason best known to themselves they ran away at the sight of us, nor could I get any communication with them.

From this point it was a walk of only about four miles along the sea-shore to Aola. At one place, however, we had to cross a tidal creek about fifteen yards wide, pretty deep and with dirty blue mud-banks, altogether an unsavoury and gloomy place, surrounded with mangrove swamps. There was no proper bridge, but a tree had been cut down and partly spanned the channel. Turapara was sent first to test the security of the frail bridge. He got safely more than half across, but the tree was wet and slippery

with blue mud, and he suddenly fell head over heels into the dark water. Being a bushman, he could not swim, and he disappeared entirely under water, but presently appeared clutching his precious musket and the bag containing my unfortunate little cuscus. The other boys frightened him by telling him that the place was full of crocodiles, and after a lot of struggling he managed to crawl out on the right side. My turn came next, but being perfectly certain that, where a sure-footed native could not get safely across bare-footed, I should have very little chance in boots, I determined to "sit my way" over. I eventually reached the other side in safety, and the other boys crossed without accident.

The cuscus was, of course, half-drowned, so I put the unhappy little thing inside my shirt, to try by the warmth of my body to restore it to life. It struggled with death for three days afterwards, but finally succumbed.

A little farther on we had to cross the mouth of the Aola River. We had to carry everything on our heads, as the water was up to our breasts, and to keep close together on account of sharks. From this point it was only about a mile and a half home, and I arrived to find everything in perfect order, nothing of importance having occurred during my absence.

Once again during this visit to Aola did I induce the natives to accompany me to the mountains, the place visited on this occasion being the small stockaded village of Vale Menga, situated upon the slopes of







SELF AND PARTY OF NATIVES ON OUR RETURN FROM TRIP  
TO NATALAVA.



Vatupusau, a mountain 4600 feet high, about ten miles due south from Aola.

We slept there on a Friday night, and left the next morning.

On the following Tuesday nine natives—the sole survivors of the thirty inhabitants of Vale Menga—arrived at Aola. The village had been attacked at daylight on Monday by the natives of Niuwa, a town on the Rere River, and upwards of twenty killed.

During my last visit I made yet another expedition to the interior, when I penetrated farther inland than I had done before.

In company with poor Nielsen and some natives, we started inland from Tasimboko, and on the second day reached the village of Koliassi, on the Balesuna River. We had been within three miles of the Lion's Head (5500 feet), the native name for which is Popo-manisao. At Koliassi our guides refused to go any farther, and I found out afterwards that they never intended to, but had used us as an escort to protect them during the transaction of some native trading in a district to which they would have been afraid to venture alone.

I got a capital idea of the general formation of the country and courses of the rivers. I find that the Balesuna River rises from the eastern slopes of Mount Lammas. Were I to make another attempt to reach Mount Lammas, I think it would be impossible to do better than to follow as nearly as might be the course of this river.

## CHAPTER VI.

New Georgia—A Lovely Spot—A Centre of Trade—Native Industry—Indifference of the Natives—A Sacred Image—A Woman Tortured, Sold, and Eaten—A Canoe-house—Human Heads—Head-Hunting—Slaves—A Child Sacrificed—Head-Hunting Canoes—Canoe-Building—Native Ornaments—Pierced Ears—In the Bush—A New Bird—A Large Orchid—Native Method of Producing Fire—A Deception Detected—Native Fishermen—Coral—A Crocodile—Robber Crabs—Suspicious Natives—A Tree Beautiful in Death.

A HUNDRED miles to the north-westward of Guadalcanar lies a group of islands, the largest of which, in the absence of any known native name for the whole island, is called on the chart New Georgia. It is an island about sixty miles long and thirty miles wide, lying in a north-west and south-easterly direction. Its mountains rise to a height of three or four thousand feet, and the whole island is covered with dense forest. At its north-western end the land slopes very gradually from the centre towards the coast, and an extensive coral reef parallel with the shore, and distant from two to three miles from it, encloses a beautiful lagoon of water dotted with islands, upon some of which, and upon the mainland, nestle the villages of the natives. The lagoon may be perhaps twenty miles long, and the whole coast and the islands of the lagoon are fringed with a thick belt of coco-nut palms.

I have just returned from Sydney, where I have

been to try and shake off the fever. The small trading-schooner on board which I am a passenger arrived off the reef soon after sunset, but it was too dark to attempt the passage until daylight.

The reef extends almost without interruption for miles, but at one place there is a gap perhaps three hundred yards across, upon which there is, at its deepest part, two fathoms of water. We feel our way carefully in with the lead, and then, with a man at the masthead to look out for coral patches, with which the lagoon is studded, we run down about three miles, and anchor half a mile from the mainland, off the village of Sisieta.

What a lovely spot! Along the coast in both directions stretches the thick fringe of coco-nut palms; behind them the deep green of the virgin forest; on the shore, among the palm-trees, the villages of the natives, among which the large canoe-houses are conspicuous for their size among the smaller huts. At each village a neatly built jetty of coral stone, planted on the top with grass, projects for some distance into the sea. Around us is the pale blue water of the lagoon, where we are anchored in fifteen fathoms. To seaward, numerous small islands, each with its centre of tall forest-trees and fringe of coco-nut palms. On one of them a little larger than the rest is the village whence the lagoon takes its name. Farther to seaward a white line of foam, whence at times the dull sound of

“The league-long roller thundering on the reef”

falls upon the listening ear; and beyond, the deep sapphire blue of the open ocean.

Rubiana is an important place with the white traders, from the number of coco-nuts that grow there, and from its being a convenient centre for trade with the islands immediately adjacent. Upon three of the small islands of the lagoon traders are living, each with his house for storing copra.

Our schooner has come to take away the copra, turtle-shell, &c., collected by one of them during the last five months, and to leave him a fresh supply of tobacco, axes, knives, and other "trade."

The captain launches a boat for me, and I pull off to the village. I land close to the little coral jetty and make my boat fast to a stake. At the end of the jetty some canoe-planks are fixed into frames, the corresponding pieces for the opposite side of the future canoe being tightly clamped together, so that the sun shall give them exactly the same curve. In the water other canoe-planks are seasoning. A tame white crane runs up and down the jetty and looks suspiciously at me as a stranger.

Several natives are sitting about in the shade. One old man is laboriously grinding down a solid slab of clam-shell with the aid of water and sharp sand. He is making a bangle to be worn on his arm. Another is making a fish-hook for catching bonito out of a piece of pearl-shell with the aid of a file. The others, men and boys, are all engaged in the laborious task of chewing betel-nut.

No one apparently takes the slightest notice of me.

Among them I see Ingava, an old acquaintance and chief of the village. I go and sit down beside him, and in answer to his inquiry, tell him the name of the ship and the captain, that we have come to take Frank's (the trader's) copra, that we shall be here probably for a week or more, and that I am going on to live, if possible, some months on Ysabel Island.

At the last piece of information he says something to one of the others; they laugh, and I ask him what they are amused at. He says "Nothing," but that he thinks I shall lose my head. I tell him that during our stay here I want to go about in the bush shooting birds and collecting butterflies; that I do not want a mob of boys dogging my footsteps at every turn, but that if they like to bring me anything in the way of birds, insects, snakes, orchids, or anything else, I will give them a good price for it.

A bargain is struck to our mutual satisfaction, and as an earnest of future benefits I present him with a dozen sticks of tobacco.

On the shore, close to the jetty, is a peculiar-looking object, and upon my first visit here I wished to approach it to make a more minute examination, but the natives opposed me so strenuously that I desisted. It is apparently a sort of shrine; a small roof is built over it, and some sacred emblems are placed round it. On the ground is a heap of dry skulls. It is regarded with the greatest veneration. No woman

may come anywhere near it. I, however, took a photograph of it from the end of the jetty unknown to the natives. Every village in the lagoon has a corresponding erection, but they do not all take the same form.

At the village of Oneavesi the sacred object is a rude image. A picture of it appears on the opposite page. When I visited this village I was fortunate enough to find no one at home but the old man in the picture, whom I bounced into the position he occupies, and had him photographed before he knew what was taking place.

It is pleasant and cool under the trees, and I sit with the natives and look out over the sea, at the schooner at anchor and upon the islets of the lagoon. Close by, just behind us, is the great village canoe-house, seventy feet long, where they keep the head-hunting canoes. We will pay it a visit later on.

Everything looks so quiet and peaceable, and the natives seem such lazy, indolent, good-natured fellows, that it is hard to believe them anything else, but at this very spot where I am sitting, if I had been here a few days ago, a very different scene was taking place.

Ingava, the chief, was sick, or more likely sulky, and Wange, the wise-man, told him that he had been bewitched. Some one had hidden or buried something, of which he had eaten, and unless the hidden article was produced he would gradually waste away and die. An unfortunate woman is fixed upon as the







SACRED IMAGE AT THE VILLAGE OF ONEAVESI, RUBIANA LAGOON.



guilty party ; protestations of innocence are useless, the wise-man has declared that she is the culprit ; she is hurried, amid the screams and blows of the women, late her companions and fellow-workers—

“ Happy the foot that can give her a kick,  
Happy the fingers that hold a stick”—

to the large tree in the centre of the village.

A line is made fast round one wrist, and she is hauled into the air suspended by one arm. She hangs there all the morning, and is then lowered down, but only to be suspended again for the rest of the day by the other arm.

At last she is let down, and again told to produce the hidden article. She staggers to a little hut, and with trembling and all but useless hands—for her wrists are nearly dislocated—she produces from among the thatch two sticks of tobacco, probably her own secret store ; but it is enough.

Some one runs with the news into the house where Ingava is lying apparently sick to death. He is cured on the spot, and gets up and walks out as though he had never been ill. Much credit, of course, is given to the wise-man who discovered the cause and made the wonderful cure.

But the poor woman's sufferings are not yet over. The next morning she is again hung up, and then, as she is useless any longer as a woman, viz., as a working machine, she is sold to the natives of a neighbouring island, whence a large canoe has just come with

a cargo of almonds for sale. The price paid is three *bakehas* or shell-ornaments for the neck, made out of the large clam shell (*Tridacna gigas*).

The purchasers take her away with them, and on their way home land on a small island and *eat* her.

I walk towards the canoe-house. It is about seventy feet long by thirty wide. It is covered entirely with sago-thatch, the ridge of the steeply sloping roof being perhaps thirty feet from the ground. The ends are closed with screens made of sago-leaves, and in the seaward-facing end two singular-looking slits are left to allow the high-pointed ends of the *tomakos* or large head-hunting canoes, to be carried in and out. The house contains two large canoes and several smaller ones. In racks above my head are stowed away all sorts of gear; fishing-nets with stone-sinkers and floats cut out of light wood to imitate ducks are suspended by wooden hooks from the roof.

Bones of fish, pigs' jawbones, and turtles' heads are hung along the rafters of one side, and from the other a row of eight human heads look down upon me with expressionless features.

Some have evidently been there some time, and the flesh, partially dried in the smoke, is shrinking away from the grinning teeth and sunken eye-sockets. Each head has its history. The two most recent additions to the grizzly collection have, I see with some surprise, straight hair, while the heads are differently shaped to the others. I recognise them







NATIVE OF RUBIANA LAGOON. EARS PIERCED AND DISTENDED.



at once as the heads of Polynesians. One of them is a woman, and the straight raven-black hair hangs on each side of the face, to a length of eighteen inches.

On inquiry I learn that a year or two ago a canoe containing sixteen natives was blown away from Ongtong Java, or Lord Howe's group, a solitary group of small islands two hundred miles to the north-east of the Solomons. They landed on Ysabel Island. The nearest part of Ysabel is more than a hundred miles from Rubiana, but it is the island to which the head-hunting canoes from this part of the group pay frequent visits in quest of turtle-shell and human heads. Of the sixteen, the majority had been caught and killed by the head-hunters, one or two had been taken back to their own home by a trader, and one was at the time of which I write still wandering unaccounted for in the bush on Ysabel.

Head-hunting to a greater or less extent is carried on by most of the inhabitants of the Solomon group, but it is from New Georgia and the adjacent islands that it is most extensively indulged in.

During a former visit of a fortnight to the Rubiana lagoon no less than thirty-one heads were brought home to different villages round the lagoon and islands near.

With these natives it appears to be a perfect passion; it is a frequent sight to see the great canoes carrying thirty or forty men apiece, their spears and rifles piled amidships between the two rows of paddlers, start on these expeditions.

If asked where they are going, they will say that they are going for turtle-shell, and they certainly do bring a certain quantity back with them, but the real motive is head-hunting.

They delight to surprise a village at daylight, and stationing men at the narrow doors of each house, tomahawk the inmates as they try to escape. At other times they will spend a day or two in a friendly manner with the natives of another village, trading and buying slaves, and at an arranged signal turn upon their entertainers.

When visiting the north coast of Ysabel, towards the end of 1888, I found village after village along the coast deserted, the former inhabitants having been killed by head-hunting canoes from this part of the group.

The inauguration of a new canoe or canoe-house, or, indeed, the completion of any important work, demands the sacrifice of a head, which is put up in the village canoe-house in the manner described.

On their expeditions it is not heads alone that they bring back, but slaves as well. These are either bought or captured alive, and it is from among these slaves that the victims are selected in case a head is required. They appear to be well treated in other ways, and to have as much liberty as they please; in fact, seem to be on a perfect footing of equality and familiarity with their captors. But any day a head may be wanted to celebrate the completion of a new canoe or other work, and one of the luckless slaves is unexpectedly

called upon to furnish it. Mercifully for the victim, the blow falls from behind and unexpectedly.

These slaves are often employed as guides to lead a party of head-hunters unexpectedly upon the mountain villages on Ysabel, whence they originally came.

The following story was told me by a trader who afterwards met with a terrible death in the islands. He assured me that he witnessed the occurrence, and his account was so minutely circumstantial that I entirely believe it. It occurred in May or June 1883, at the village of Rubiana, upon the completion of a large house for keeping a head-hunting canoe. The chief of the village was a man named Nono. The sacrifice in this instance was a male child and a female pig. It is necessary for the victims to be of opposite sexes. The child, a boy of about nine years old, had been brought with four other slaves, one of them his mother, from a village called Kokota, on the north side of Ysabel. (I found this village deserted in 1888.)

The house was, of course near the sea, and the men of the village sat in a circle round the front of it, while the women and children stood in the background, among the latter being the child and its mother, the latter aware of what was to come, but the child all unconscious. It was, however, crying, as it had been kept for two days without food.

My informant was invited to go inside the house, which was rather dark, as all canoe-houses are; but

upon his eyes becoming accustomed to the dim light, he saw three old men sitting against the posts of the house, and behind each was a cooked body tied upright to the post; the heads had been removed. Two of them were women, and had been disembowelled; the third was a man. My informant came out of the house again, and suddenly an old man appeared standing near the end of the house that was nearest the sea. He had apparently worked himself into a frenzy, and stood glaring upon the surrounding people. Nono, the chief, went up to the mother and seized the child by the hand. The woman made some slight resistance, but it was but feeble, and the child was dragged reluctantly to the old man, who seized it by the legs and threw it over his head, holding it by the legs in his two hands so that the child was sitting on his neck in the position that we call "pick-a-back." With a loud yell the old man began running round the house; this he did three times, and then ran into the sea. When he had got above his waist he threw himself backwards, and repeated this operation two or three times, of course ducking the child, and then ran out of the water again, the child meanwhile somewhat exhausted and clutching his shoulders with its hands. Again he ran round the house, and then again into the sea, where he again ducked the child. This time, on coming out of the water, the child, now thoroughly exhausted, was hanging head downwards on his back. He went up to the front of the house. Nono, the chief, now took a twelve-inch trade-knife,

and with one gash across the child's throat, and then a chop, the head was off and the blood streaming from the neck.

The man, still carrying the child on his back, then ran round and round the house as before, scattering the blood on the house and ground till the body ceased to bleed. It was then thrown down in front of the house. The pig, a small one, which was close by, with its four legs tied together, was brought and killed by being thumped and jumped on, and finally stifled in the usual way, and the two were then cooked together. They were afterwards eaten with the other bodies, and the child's head stuck up in the canoe-house.

The large *tomakos*, or canoes, in which the head-hunting parties travel are of an exceedingly graceful appearance upon the water. They are fifty or sixty feet in length, from four to five feet beam, and three feet in depth. The bow and stern are gracefully curved, and prolonged upwards to a height of twelve or thirteen feet, giving the canoe the shape of an elongated crescent. They are not hollowed out of a trunk, like the canoes of many savage races, but in building them, a V-shaped keel is first carefully laid perfectly straight and true, with two grooves upon its upper side. Upon this keel the planks forming the sides are built up one on the other, carefully fitted to one another. Small holes are drilled in the planks along the seams, and fastenings of rattan are passed through them and tightly fastened

so that the sides of the canoe are, so to speak, tied or sewn together. The planks are not sawn, but laboriously adzed down from the solid tree. It appears almost incredible that the natives could have accomplished this with the stone or shell implements which only a few years ago were in general use among them.

At the present time plane-irons bought from the traders, mounted on a handle and used as an adze, make the work considerably easier, and they certainly use them with great dexterity. The canoes are strengthened inside by ribs to which the planks are tied.

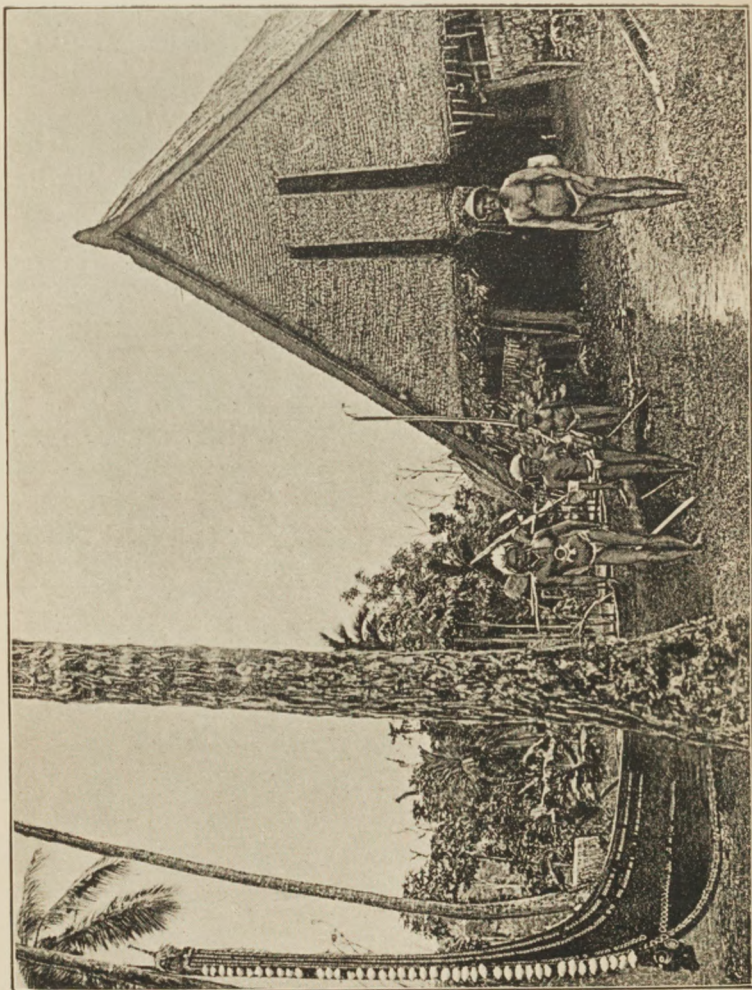
The seams between the planks are plentifully caulked with a kind of vegetable putty, made from the scraped kernel of the nut of a tree (*Parinarium Laurinum*) that grows plentifully in the forest throughout the islands. This putty hardens in a few hours, and is quite impervious to water.

A plentiful supply of these nuts is always kept in the canoe-houses for stopping leaks and cracks. The canoes are ornamented on the outside by inlaying in artistic patterns with small pieces of pearl and nautilus-shell.

Outside the high bow and stern is fixed a line of the handsome white egg cowry-shell (*Ovulum ovum*), and inside, a line of small flat triangular pieces of the large clam.

Outside the bow, just above the water-line, is fixed a small figure-head representing a grotesque human head and body.





HEAD-HUNTING CANOE AND CANOE-HOUSE. VILLAGE OF SISIETA, RUBIANA LAGOON.





These canoes are propelled solely by paddles, and in consequence of their lightness and the fineness of their lines, they attain a considerable degree of speed.

After some persuasion and the promise of tobacco all round, I at length inspire Ingava and his companions with sufficient energy to carry the best canoe out of the house for me to photograph.

In the illustration, the native standing on the right is Ingava, the chief. The man on the left with his hand on the canoe is his son Gemu, and, I am informed, his executioner. The ornament he is wearing round his neck is a *bakeha* similar to those mentioned above, (page 152). It is a ring made out of the shell of the large clam. Good specimens must have a peculiar yellow mark upon them, and are, I am told, made from fossil shells found on shore in regions of coral upheaval. It is suspended round the neck, and otherwise ornamented by a plaiting made of grass-fibre stained a brilliant and durable red by the natives. His ears are pierced and enlarged to a diameter of three or four inches. A piece of pandanus-leaf folded into a hoop is inserted, round which the lobe of the ear is stretched, till it looks like little more than an elastic band. (The boy in the illustration facing page 152 has his ears pierced and stretched in the manner described.) On his head he wears a white mop-like wig and an eye-shade made of plaited coco-nut leaf to shade his eyes from the sun.

The boy next him is similarly dressed (or un-

dressed), but wears on each arm half a dozen white shell armlets.

The man in the rear is Wange, mentioned above (page 150).

It will be noticed that the two old chiefs wear no decoration or ornaments, being, I suppose, above such frivolities, which they leave to the younger men.

Packing up my camera and placing it in the boat, I get a boy to carry my gun, and taking the insect-net myself, start for a short walk through the yam gardens and forest immediately at the back of the village. Half a dozen imps of boys attempt to accompany me, but I tell them I do not want them, as their continual chatter would prevent me getting within sight of any bird. Some seem reluctant to leave me, but at last, after some disparaging remarks hurled as a Parthian shot at the head of the boy who is carrying the gun, they drop away.

I have a delightful ramble along the forest tracks for a couple of hours, during which I fill my collecting-box, and as I know what to discard, most of the insects caught are of rare or local species. I also shoot three or four specimens of a fly-catcher with chestnut body, grey wings, and white head, which appears strange to me, and afterwards proves to be a new species, which has been named by Mr. Sharp *Pomarea Florentiæ*, after my wife.

I notice a large orchid growing high out of reach upon a dead tree. It is apparently a *Grammatophyllum*, a stranger hitherto to me, but afterwards

found to be not uncommon upon other islands. It has finished flowering, but the sight of the great seed-pods, as large as ducks' eggs, hanging from the flower-spike, make me long to see it in bloom. My attendant sprite expresses himself unable or unwilling to climb the tree, although I hint at untold wealth of tobacco as recompense.

I am engaged in the attempt to compass somehow or other the attainment of the orchid in question, when a sudden tropical shower forces me to seek shelter somewhere. I hurry back in the direction of the village, and on the way come upon a little hut used for storing yams. Inside I find three or four of my would-be followers, who, like myself, have been driven to seek shelter. They are amusing themselves by racing one another in the production of fire for their pipes by rubbing one stick upon another, the method being as follows; a similar one is used throughout the Western Pacific:—

A stake of dry soft wood is selected, a convenient size being about as thick as the wrist. For convenience a few chips are sliced off in one place to make a flat surface to rub upon. The stake is then placed upon the ground in front of the operator, who sits on one end of it and holds it steady between his toes. Then with a pencil-shaped piece of harder wood, held firmly in both hands, he begins rubbing up and down upon the flat surface. A groove is formed and a dark-coloured dust soon produced, which is pushed to the farther end of the groove. The dust before long begins

to smoke. The pace is increased, and it begins to smoulder. A piece of dry touchwood is then applied to it and quickly blown into a glow. With perfectly dry wood a native will almost certainly produce fire in less than a minute. I may add that I have rubbed till my elbows and shoulders have ached, but have never been able to produce more than smoke.

The rain having ceased as suddenly as it began, I return towards the village. The foliage is dripping with moisture, and a fresh smell rises from the newly refreshed earth. At the landing-place I find the natives still sitting in the shade near the canoe-house. One of them offers for sale a flying-fox (*Pteropus*), the body neatly wrapped round with a leaf. I signify my willingness to become a purchaser, and it is handed to me, but before paying for it I take off the leaf, and find that the wings have been cut off, for the sake of the wing-bones, which are used for making needles for sewing mats. Of course, as a specimen it is useless, and the transaction evidently a "try-on." I return it to the owner, who receives it back with a look of injured innocence, amid the laughter of the others, in which I join.

Baling the rain out of my boat with a coco-nut shell, I return on board. I find the crew engaged boating off copra from the trader's island with the aid of his boys, and stowing it below. It is just twelve o'clock, and consequently dinner-time.

In the afternoon I again take the boat and row out across the lagoon to one of the small islands

near the reef. As I pass a point of the mainland, I notice a native standing motionless and patient at the edge of the still water under the coco-nut trees. He is fishing. Beside him is a long pole projecting over the sea, at the end of which four stout pieces of cane are fixed, which serve to spread open a net about eight feet square, which now rests flat on the bottom. Just beyond him a dark-looking mass in the water may be noticed, covering several square yards. This is the shoal of fish that he is waiting for. They resemble sardines in shape and size, and swim in a compact mass. It is hard at first to believe that they are fish, but every now and then a gleam of silver comes from some part of the mass when one of them turns for an instant on its side. Outside the shoal a dozen large fish somewhat resembling mackerel, but flatter and without the brilliant colour, may be seen swimming backwards and forwards, "rounding up" the sardines as a sheep-dog does a flock of sheep, the whole shoal edging off in a solid mass a few feet one way or the other to avoid their dreaded enemy. At length the large fish rush straight into the centre of the shoal, scattering them, panic-stricken, in all directions, and even driving some of them ashore. Now is the patient fisherman's time. Many of the shoal are driven, in their blind panic, immediately over the net. Seizing the pole, he lifts the net clear of the water, carrying in it hundreds of the fish, and then emptying them into a basket, replaces his net for a fresh haul.

A little farther along some boys may be seen angling for the same kind of fish with a springy bamboo twig, a few yards of fine line, and a tiny hook of pearl-shell. No bait is used. Drawing the bright hook along the surface like a fly, the fish take it, and are jerked into the air, and caught as they fall in a funnel-shaped basket which the boy carries in his left hand.

Rowing out across the lagoon, I pause to look down through the clear blue water upon the patches of growing coral at the bottom—great masses of brain coral, and some branching like stag's antlers, each branch during life delicately tipped with mauve. Farther out, near the barrier-reef, may be found great masses of the red organ-pipe coral (*Tubipora musica*). Among the coral masses many-hued fish are passing in and out. Some are of the brightest blue, others of a bright canary yellow, others spotted and striped, and of such singular shapes that it requires a discerning eye to recognise them as fish at all. Bright blue starfish with finger-like arms lie on the bottom, and echini or sea-urchins, with blunt red spines or long slender black ones, lurk in nooks and corners of the coral.

A crocodile swimming towards the mainland from one of the islands on the reef disappears silently under water at my approach, and as I pass over the place where he disappeared I see where the sand of the bottom has been disturbed by his passage.

I reach the island and pull up my boat. I have

brought my gun, as I want to try and get a particular kind of fly-catcher that I once before got at the same place. As I walk along the shore under the coconut trees I notice unmistakable marks on the broken nut-shells of the presence of the great coconut robber-crab (*Birgus latro*), and see under stones and logs of fallen timber the holes that it has made. Another day I will bring some boys and a crowbar and try to get some, as they are excellent eating.

At the end of the island I find a temporary hut of palm-leaves put up. Two canoes are drawn up on the white sand. Half a dozen natives are squatting round a fire. They eye me somewhat suspiciously as a stranger. One of the canoes has been outside the reef with three men bonito-fishing. For this purpose a small fish-shaped bait made of pearl-shell, to which is fastened a hook made of turtle-shell, is used with a bamboo rod and strong line. The canoe is paddled rapidly through the water with the bait trailing astern, and when a bite comes the fish is swung into the canoe by the man holding the rod. The other canoe has been collecting shell-fish on the reef at low tide. They are baking some of their fish and shells at the fire. Although they have only been fishing, all have their wicker-shields and tomahawks.

I leave them and strike into the thick bush that covers the centre of the island, walking in a direct line to where I left my boat. A mass of creepers and rattans, some with vicious thorns, impede my passage and render my progress but slow.

Once or twice I catch sight of the bird I came for through the thick foliage, but they are very shy, and I am not able to get a shot. Near the boat the bush gets a little clearer, and the trees are overgrown with climbing ferns and creeping Hoyas.

I pause to admire a dead *Casuarina*-trunk, beautiful in death. It is clothed from the ground to its summit, forty feet high, with a dense mass of white *Dendrobium* in full flower, the topmost blossoms, now touched with gold, reflected from the setting sun.

I push off my boat and return to the ship, where I find work over for the day. After tea I am occupied for a couple of hours before turning in skinning my birds and putting away my morning's captures.

## CHAPTER VII.

The Island of Savo—Sesarga of the Spaniards—Hot Spring—Objections of the Natives to Visit the Crater—Objections Overcome—Description of the Crater—Megapodes Laying-Yards—Political Economy, a Native View—The Natives Born Traders—Fashions in Pipes—Conversation upon Native Topics—My Curiosity Unsatisfied—Account of the Fighting on Savo—Language of Savo—State of the Population—The Population of the Solomons Decreasing—Extinction Inevitable.

WHEN the Spaniards first visited the Solomons in 1568, they relate that they passed an island midway between Florida and Guadalcanar in the centre of which was a volcano emitting a great smoke. To this island Gallego, the pilot of the expedition, gave the name of Sesarga, because in outline it resembled an island of that name situated off the coast of his native Galicia. To Dr. Guppy is due the credit of identifying the Sesarga of the Spaniards with the native Savo.

The volcano is now quiescent, the last eruption having taken place about forty years ago.

About eleven years since the natives predicted an eruption that was to occur in a period of thirty moons, but it did not come off.

One morning during my last visit to the islands, when I was staying with Nielsen, the trader, we left Gavotu, his little island station off the coast of

Florida, to pay a visit to Savo. We sailed in Nielsen's vessel, the *Amelia*, a ketch of about five tons burden, and anchored at daylight the following morning off the village of Sisipi, on the south-west coast of Savo.

Nielsen had, of course, come to trade, and I had taken advantage of the opportunity to pay a visit to the hot mineral spring situated close to Sisipi, and, if possible, to induce the natives to show me the way to the crater.

Some natives soon came off to us in their canoes, and to them I explained that I was desirous of ascending to the crater to see the fire, or, as they call it, the *biku*. Several at once expressed their readiness to go, so, landing with my boy Barakossa, we started off. I was followed by a motley crowd consisting of nearly half the village.

The path lay up the bed of a small stream; at least it would have been a stream if there had been any water, but near the village it had all soaked away through the dry, porous, sandy soil. After going a short distance a feeble trickle appeared, which grew stronger as we ascended, until, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the sea, we came to the hot spring. This was situated in the bed of the stream. The fresh, cool water from above trickled down into a muddy pool full of vegetable refuse, in the middle of which the hot spring bubbled up in a boiling condition, emitting a cloud of steam. The mud was in places covered with a dirty, greenish incrustation that when applied to the tongue had a taste of alum.

The whole place, from the rotting vegetation about, was highly unsavoury.

The natives were in the habit of boiling their yams in the pool, a stick plunged deeply into the mud being apparently all that was necessary to produce an ebullition of steam and water in any spot desired.

After inspecting the spring, I told my guides that I had seen enough, and that I was now ready to go to the crater.

Objections were immediately raised. This was the *biku* they had arranged to bring me to. Natives never went to the big one at the top of the island. Besides, as they were at war with the natives on the other side of the island, it would not be safe. I immediately said that if it was a place that the natives habitually avoided, we should not be likely to meet any of the enemy. The natives then informed me that two large devils lived in the fire, and would kill any one that attempted to approach it. I replied that I would chance the devils, and if they refused to show me the way I would try and find it out for myself, but that, as they had not fulfilled their contract, they need not expect me to pay them.

At last four boys said that they would go, but I must give them time to go back to the village to get their spears. I showed them that I carried my revolver, just for ornament, but that if they really wanted their spears I would walk on while they returned to fetch them. I started, still followed by a pack of naked urchins, and in a short time the four boys, with

their spears and shields, caught us up. They told me that I was on the wrong track, and pointed out a path at the other side of a yam plantation, that we were passing, as the right one. I immediately struck off between the rows of yams across the patch, and quickly reached the right track; but on looking back I was surprised to find that all the natives, except Barakossa, who, I suppose, preferred to stick close to me, had made a long detour so as not to cross the yam-patch. On their rejoining me I inquired whether I had done wrong, as I was always most particular not to do any damage knowingly. They replied, "No," but that if a native walked across a patch of growing yams, a devil, I suppose a kind of "genius loci," would assuredly make him sick. However, perhaps for a white man it did not matter. Any way, if I did not mind it was no concern of theirs.

Shortly after this my large following dwindled away by degrees, until I was left with only the four natives who had agreed to accompany me to the crater. The path was very steep, and I was glad at intervals to stop and admire the view, which became more extensive as we ascended. Looking back over the sea, the coast of Florida from Vati Lau to the Mboli passage appeared on the left, while on the right, the peaks of Guadalcanar, Mount Lammas towering above them all, loomed indistinctly through the haze. At my feet our tiny vessel riding at anchor upon a calm sea of intense blue. Around us a dense jungle of reeds, and the small second-growth

timber that springs up after the original forest has been cleared for planting, among which were dotted the yam-patches.

Savo is a small island, nearly circular, and about four miles in diameter. For its size it is very thickly populated, and as the natives do not plant upon the same ground two years in succession, there is comparatively little virgin forest left. Only upon the extreme summits and sides of some of the numerous conical peaks of the island, where the ground is too steep even for a Savo native to plant, a thick covering of forest trees contrasts with the less dense second growth.

At a height of a thousand feet we came to the top of a ridge sloping steeply down on either side. This we followed along in a southerly direction for about half a mile, but could get no idea of the formation of the surrounding country on account of the dense thickets of wild ginger, eight or nine feet high, through which it was easy enough for the boys to slice a path with their long knives, but which precluded all chance of an extended view.

At length, arriving at a spot where a small landslide had occurred, where there was consequently an opening in the dense vegetation, I found that we were on the edge of a circular depression nearly a mile in diameter. On the north side a blunt cone, the highest peak on the island, rose several hundred feet higher than my point of observation. Opposite me, near the western side of the crater, was a circular

lump about 200 feet high. The floor of the crater, with this exception, was flat, and overgrown with a scrubby growth of stunted trees, shrubs, and reeds. We descended by the bed of a steep watercourse—then dry—for 200 feet into the floor of the crater, and followed a winding track through the thick vegetation to the western side, where the natives pointed out to me two spots situated at the base of the crater wall, whence a little stream was issuing from the fissures of the stones. The surrounding soil was covered with a white incrustation, and close by, apparently revelling in the warm, moist atmosphere, were growing some lovely creeping ferns (*Lygodium* sp.).

I then made my way, accompanied by two of the boys and Barakossa—as the others refused to go any farther—to the foot of the circular lump that I had seen from the crater's edge. I found this to consist of an immense heap of stones 200 feet high, and about 500 feet in diameter at the base. I can compare it to nothing better than to a gigantic load of stones shot out of a cart for mending the road. A peculiarity about it was, however, that whereas at the bottom of the heap the fragments of stone were only about a foot in diameter, they gradually increased in size towards the top, till they were great blocks eight or ten feet in length, weighing several tons. At one place at the base of the heap was a fumerole, whence considerably more steam was issuing than from the others that the natives had pointed out to

me. This one of the remaining two boys resolutely refused to approach, while Barakossa only followed me with fear and trepidation.

When I announced my intention of climbing to the top of the stone heap, the boys tried hard to dissuade me ; but finding me determined, they took up a favourable position whence they could view my progress, and settled themselves to await the event. I firmly believe they never expected to see me again.

After a stiff climb over the huge boulders, overgrown with scrubby bushes and stiff ferns, through which I had to force my way, I at length reached the summit, and found—nothing. I had expected to find a small crater at the top, but the great blocks of stone covered everything, and I saw not the slightest sign of an issue of steam either present or past. I found a pretty little orchid in flower on the extreme top, a yellow dendrobium, which I brought away with me.

A struggle back, through ferns and bushes, at the imminent risk of breaking an arm or leg by falling into unseen cavities between the blocks of stone, brings me once again to my companions. In response to inquiries as to what I had seen, I affected a certain amount of reticence and mystery.

From the somewhat cursory examination I made of the whole crater, I have come to the conclusion that the eruptions have been due more to the explosions of imprisoned steam than to the agency of fire.

Although I searched for signs of lava-streams, I was unable to find them, but these I may have overlooked in consequence of the overgrown state of the floor of the crater.

I think the fact that the Spaniards mention only smoke and not fire somewhat bears out my suggestion. They were whole months in sight of the island, and if there had been fire they could not have failed to notice its reflection at night.

We returned the way we came, halting a few minutes at the boiling spring to fill a bottle for future analysis.

The women of the village crowded round us to ask questions as to what I had seen at the *biku*.

I told them of two enormous devils, one white, the other black, with claws like flying-foxes. The women were anxious to know what they said to me. I told them that, as they spoke in the Savo language, of which I knew nothing, I could not tell them. The belief in the existence of devils in the crater is now confirmed, for a white man has seen them.

The old men anxiously inquired whether I thought, after my inspection, there was any chance of an eruption in the near future. On this point I took it upon myself to calm their fears.

That evening we moved round to the north side of the island, and anchored off the village of Longèla.

It is at this place that some of the best of the Megapodes laying-yards, elsewhere described, are to be found, but at the time of our visit the village was

deserted, the inhabitants being afraid to sleep there for fear of a nocturnal attack.

At daylight next morning we went ashore. The Megapodes were there in hundreds scratching out their holes in the warm sand, and scarcely stopping at our approach.

Evidences of neglect, however, were not far to seek. In the space of a few yards we counted the bodies of no less than thirteen freshly killed Megapodes, victims to prowling dogs that at ordinary times would not dare to show their noses in the yard for fear of getting a spear through their flat sides. About ten o'clock half a dozen natives appeared, with a very defiant, swaggering air, very different from what one would expect from people who had deserted their village from sheer funk. Each man carries a Snider carbine and a belt stuffed full of cartridges round his waist, but nothing else to speak of in the way of clothes.

They are living about two miles away, at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, where they say they cannot be surprised from the rear.

“Do they intend to return to Longèla?”

“Well, yes; some day. They will return at once if Nielsen will come and live with them.”

Nielsen reminds them how they treated him when he lived on Savo before.

“Ah, it would be different now.”

“Why do they not build a stockade into which they could retire at night?”

“Yes; that would be the right thing to do, but some of them have run away to Vati Lau, and if they built a stockade the fugitives would return and share a benefit to which they contributed nothing.”

They have some copra collected for Nielsen, so while the trading is going on I stroll away into the bush. On my return I find them all on board; they are being furnished with a fresh advance of trade, for which Nielsen will collect the copra, or as much of it as he can get, at his next visit.

“Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind.”

So wrote Pope, but then Pope had never been in the Solomon Islands. If he had, I do not think he would ever have written it. My own experience of the natives has been, that, in all that appertains to driving a bargain, what they do not know is not worth knowing. They put me in mind of the coal merchant's carman, who, when he was to be dismissed for stupidity, told his master that he had at least learnt one thing while in his service, viz., that sixteen hundredweight made a ton. Of course, he was immediately reinstated.

In like manner, the native knows how many coco-nuts make ten. As a general rule it is seven and a half, but I have known it to be as little as six. The kernels of the coco-nuts are cut in half and strung upon strings, in bunches of ten strings, nominally supposed to consist of twenty half-nuts to each string, so that a bunch ought to consist of a hundred nuts.

The price paid is a stick of tobacco for one string. These kernels have been dried by the aid of smoke, as the climate of the Solomons is too damp to allow of their being dried in the sun, and constitute what is known commercially as copra.\*

It is amusing to see a mere child paddle alongside in a crazy trough of a canoe, only just capable of supporting its weight. The water splashes into the canoe at every stroke of the paddle, and at intervals the small child kicks it overboard with its foot—a novel kind of baler. Three or four mouldy-looking yams, ostentatiously displayed, are rolling about in the water at the bottom of the canoe. The unsuspecting stranger takes pity on the tender years and apparent anxiety of the small native to trade, and gives him probably four times the proper price for his rusty yams. The child eagerly seizes the coveted stick of tobacco, and immediately stows it for safety through a hole in his ear, where at least it will be in no danger of getting wet. He next whisks aside a dirty-looking piece of matting that has apparently got

\* This copra is shipped to Europe. The oil contained in it is expressed for soap and candle making and other purposes, and the residue is made into oil-cake for feeding cattle.

To show that the natives get a fair price for their nuts, it may be roughly estimated that it requires one thousand strings containing nominally ten nuts each to make a ton of copra. The tobacco costs the traders nearly one shilling and sixpence a pound. Twenty-six sticks are supposed to go to a pound, but one may fairly be taken off for breakage and waste. So that it will require just forty pounds of tobacco to purchase a ton of copra. This will make the first cost to the trader £3 a ton. He has to pay £2, 10s. a ton freight to Sydney, and commission and expenses amount to something more. When I last left Sydney copra was selling at £7 a ton. If a trader collects two hundred tons in a year, he has done very well. They rarely get so much.

accidentally jammed in one end of the canoe, and displays some more yams, of a slightly better quality than the last. For the sake of consistency you cannot well offer him less than you did before, and another stick of tobacco changes hands, and is transferred to the other ear.

You think now that he must have finished, as there is no place in the canoe to hide anything else, but with a dexterous jerk that nearly upsets the canoe, he produces a single yam that he has been sitting upon. How it managed to escape notice before is a puzzle. For this he demands a pipe, but is not satisfied with the first or second that is shown him. No; he must have a *piala tinoni* or have his yam back. The *piala tinoni* is a pipe with a man's face upon the bowl. But again the young trader is particular; it must also have a knob at the bottom or he will have none of it.

The fashion in pipes, and indeed all other kinds of trade, changes at different times and varies in different localities. Sometimes nothing but perfectly plain pipes are demanded; at other times they must have the representation of a ship in full sail or an anchor impressed upon them. At one time they must have a knob, at another knobs are out of fashion; now white pipes are in request, and again nothing will suit but red ones.

It is the same with knives—at one time white bone handles, at another wood, and at another metal handles are in demand.

In matches, none but Bryant & May's wax-vestas, in small cylindrical tin boxes, are any good. The Italian imitations in cardboard boxes will not stand the damp climate.

In calico, at one time turkey-red is in fashion, at another navy blue, and at another common grey unbleached.

It is quite useless for a trader to visit an island with the idea of buying produce unless he has the exact kind of trade the natives want. I have known a canoe paddle off from shore, quite two miles, with about a couple of hundred coco-nuts, and take them back again because the trader had only white pipes and the natives wanted red ones.

Leaving Savo, we crossed over to Veisali, at the west end of Guadalcanar, and from there coasted along as far as Aola, anchoring generally during the day off one of the villages on the coast, because the south-east trade-wind that blew daily, reaching its height about noon, was dead ahead, and knocked up a lumpy sea against which our little vessel punched in vain. Towards evening the trade-wind died away, and was succeeded, soon after sunset, by a breeze off the land, by the aid of which we crept a few miles farther along the coast. Daylight generally found us anchored off some fresh village, and while the trading was going on I would go ashore and spend the whole day in the bush, as I was well known to all the natives along this coast.

Upon this voyage we had with us Legasy, the

old chief of Halavo, on Gela, who had come as a passenger for the sake of the trip. I used to like to get the old man in the humour to talk to me upon native affairs. At times he was very reticent, and no amount of questioning would elicit anything; but at others he seemed to delight in giving information. I expect the actual words we used, if set down in writing, would be unintelligible from either a native or English point of view; still, with what I knew of the Aola language, Legasy's few words of English, with an occasional reference when we were in a difficulty to one of the boys who understood English, we managed to understand one another.

We were coasting along Guadalcanar, as I said, and were passing the place marked on the charts as Port le Cruz, where the Spanish ships anchored in 1568, under the lee of a small island.

I inquire, "Legasy, what is the name of the small island that we are passing?"

"We call it Kokomo."

"Has it no other name?" (Kokomo means in the language of Guadalcanar "an island.")

"Well, we used to call it Tandai when I was a boy, but now we just call it Kokomo."

"How is it that there are no natives living on the coast there now? I have a book that tells me that a long time ago there were many natives living there on the beach."

"Well, when I was a young man (about forty years ago) there were many natives there living on the

beach close to the Nanago River. Once, I went there with some natives from Koila, on Savo, and some from Russell Island, to buy slaves. We camped on the beach near Lango. In the night the Nanago tribe attacked us and killed ten of us. In revenge for this, Beta, chief of Lango, killed Rava, the chief of Nanago, and dispersed the tribe. Those that were left live now in the bush."

"Have the Gela people a name for the whole island of Guadalcanar?"

"They call it Launa or Laundari. The Savo people call it Kulengela."

"What did the small boy who came on board at Lango want to remain on board for?"

"His master sent him to find out why a *bakeha* \* that had been entrusted to a man at Sisipi, on Savo, had not been returned."

"Why, it will be a month before Nielson comes this way again."

"Yes; it will not matter."

"Can you tell me about a village called Kokaibuko that I saw last month when I was on the coast of Ysabel? It was deserted, and our boys told me that the natives had nearly all been killed."

"Long ago Bera, the chief of Bogotu, told the Longela men from Savo to go and get heads from Kokaibuko. Two large canoes went, but they were defeated, and hardly enough left to bring back the canoes. Bera was very angry. In revenge the

\* Native shell ornament.

Bogotu and Gau natives joined together three years ago and killed nearly all of them. A few escaped, and are living in the bush."

"What did they want to kill them for?"

"They were no good; they ate rats and snakes; they were bushmen."

"I want to know something about the *tindalos*." \*

"All the chiefs on Gela and Guádalcanar have them."

"Where does Ululu of Aola keep his?"

"I do not know."

"What became of Kalekona's *tindalos* at his death?"

"They disappeared. He got them from Guadalcanar, from a village named Rowlonga, in the bush near Aola."

"Will you show me yours?"

"Look, my pipe is out. Give me a match."

"Legasy, what had you in the large canoe that night when you and a number of other natives landed at Gavotu, on your return from that trip to Savo?"

"We had a pig, and you saw it. We brought it ashore and cooked it."

"Yes; but I saw something else in the canoe covered over."

"It was not my canoe; it came from Baranago."

I have gone too far; the old man has drawn in his horns like a snail, and I shall get no more information to-day.

\* Sacred emblems. *Tindalo* is the Gela word. They are called *tindio* on Guadalcanar, and *mandoli* on Savo.

I propose to give here, as nearly as I can, an account of the war that took place on Savo about the middle of 1888. From this account the reader will be able to form an opinion upon the character of the natives and the manner in which their quarrels are conducted. For the cause of this war I will not attempt to go back more than about twenty or thirty years, to the time of a powerful chief named Bera, chief of Bogotu, on Ysabel. Doubtless his predecessors lived and fought with the same persistency, but, like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, their doings have been unrecorded.

Bera, for some doubtless, to him, sufficient reason, made war upon the natives of Vati Lau or Buena Vista, the most westerly island of the Florida group. He swept the island clean, and the natives that escaped fled, some of them to Olevuka, another island in the Florida group, but most of them to Savo, where they took up their quarters at Longèla and other villages adjacent. The inhabitants of the village of Sisipi, on the south-east side, were friends of Bera, and a feud was maintained between the villages of Longèla and Sisipi. During the time that Nielsen, the trader, was living on Savo, he tried to effect a reconciliation between the hostile villages, and a payment of native money was actually made to square matters; but upon the return from Fiji, about seven years ago, of a native of Longèla, named Peraviko, the feud again blazed forth.

Matters continued unsettled until early last year,

when Peraviko put out a reward for the head of Turalala, the Sisipi chief. With the hope of gaining the reward, a native named Vaibea walked close up to Turalala and fired a gun at him. Turalala fell down, and was at first thought to be dead, but it was afterwards found that he had not been touched. Foiled in their attempt upon the life of Turalala, the Longèla and Quoila men determined to have blood. They accordingly organised an expedition, such as they had often made before to Guadalcanar against some natives who lived in the bush at the west end of the island, near a place called Vaturana, who were friends of the Sisipi men. This expedition came off about April or May 1888, and resulted in the bringing home of about thirty heads.

In another expedition that they made shortly afterwards they were even more successful, and forty heads, besides some prisoners, were said to have been brought home. During one of these raids Kouna, the chief of Vaturana, was killed.

Exasperated by a long series of similar attacks, the Guadalcanar bushmen determined to retaliate. Negotiations were opened with the Sisipi men, which resulted in fifteen canoes being sent to Vaturana to bring the Guadalcanar men to Sisipi about the end of July or beginning of August. They crossed the island from Sisipi to Longèla during the night, and at daylight fell upon the village under the leadership Sulakava, who had assumed command after the death of Kouna. In the fight that ensued the invaders

killed seven in all, including some women and children.

A month later they made a second attack, having on this occasion borrowed canoes from the natives of Tearo, a village near Vaturana.

It is a curious fact that they were able to communicate to the Sisipi men, two nights before, by means of fire-signals the number of canoes that were coming. In this second attack the invaders lost five and Longèla only four. Among the killed on the side of the invaders was the son of Sulakava.

I was at Savo a fortnight after this attack, and the natives told me that Sulakava had a devil, for although, they told me, they fired forty revolver-shots and sixty rifle-shots at him quite close they could not touch him. At first they did not recognise him in the fight, as his face was disguised. They said that he was right in the midst of them throwing his spears, and when he had exhausted these he threw stones. Peraviko was wounded in the foot by a spear.

Sulakava was much grieved at the death of his son, and declared that he would either kill Paraviko or Peraviko should kill him.

These two attacks utterly cowed the natives of Longèla and Quoila. It has, I hope, taught them a lesson that the unfortunate Guadalcanar bushmen, although they have no firearms, can fight well when provoked. I am afraid, however, that it will not put a stop to expeditions after heads. Such a thorough

funk was established that many of them left Savo and went to live on Vati Lau and Olevuka.

At the end of October 1888 I heard the latest phase of the Savo question. The Longèla and Quoila natives were desirous of squaring matters with the natives of Sisipi by a payment of native money, and then proposed that they should join their forces and make an expedition to Guadalcanar after Sulakava, who, since his return home with the loss of his son, and with only partial success, was said to be wandering alone in the bush deserted by his tribe. Truly a sad end for a brave man.

The language of Savo is so different from the languages spoken on the islands immediately adjacent, and indeed from any other Melanesian language, that it becomes a question for speculation whence the original inhabitants can have come.

At the time of the Spanish discovery the island was known to the natives by the name of Guali, and this still survives in the name Koila or Quoila, by which the district on the western side of the island is still known.

According to some old natives that I have questioned, tradition asserts that the first inhabitants came from Guadalcanar. But to native tradition I attach the slightest importance.

The present residents are a very mixed lot, and immigrations have taken place from all the surrounding islands. For instance, many of the former inhabitants of Vati Lau, when driven out by Bera,

settled at the villages of Vutukamata and Longèla, natives from Veisali, on Guadalcanar, have settled at Sisipi, and natives from Russell Island and Ysabel have settled in the district of Quoila.

The foreign immigrants by this time probably outnumber the original population; and who can say that this immigration is only of recent date?

The languages of these neighbouring islands are to-day quite as much spoken on Savo as the Savo language itself, and a real Savo native would speak one or all of them with as great fluency as his own language.

According to information that I have elicited from the natives, the principal chiefs of pure Savo blood at present living are Peraviko of Talavalea, near Longèla, Kokonava of the same place, Beko of Peto-peto, Beiramu (or, as he is known to white men, Big Tommy) of Longèla, and Turalala of Sisipi.

Comparing the state of the islands as we see them to-day with the descriptions given us by the Spanish explorers, and even of the French and English voyagers at the end of the last century, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion but that a large falling off has taken place in the population. I have myself in the preceding and following pages been able to place on record the complete effacement of more than one tribe from their former haunts which at the time of the Spanish visit were thickly peopled. A very few years hence such information would probably be sought in vain.

In view of the insatiable taste for fighting and head-hunting, combined with the widespread practice of fœticide and infanticide (to which I have not referred because I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subjects), it is only to be expected that any population would decrease. The chief matter for surprise to me is, supposing these causes to have existed for years, how the islands can ever have carried the large population that it is said they did. The Spanish accounts are so circumstantial that we are enabled to discriminate between exaggeration, where it occurs, and probable fact.

I can only suggest that the introduction of improved weapons may have had something to do with it. It is manifestly an easier task to take a given number of heads (say fifty) with the aid of steel tomahawks and Snider rifles than it is with spears and wooden clubs. One result is certain, in spite of the regrets of the sentimentalist, viz., the eventual extinction of the existing native race.

Let us hope that their successors, whoever they may be, will turn to better use the unlimited resources of these beautiful islands.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A Canoe Voyage—Passing the Reef—An Offering to the Sea-God—A Brief Rest—Pigeons as Disseminators of Seeds—Camping in the Forest—A Wet Night—Native Cookery—Flying-Foxes—Sights and Sounds of a Night in the Forest—Luminous Fungi—Sago-Making—A Voyage of Discovery—Island of Ysabel—Plentiful Supply of Native Food—Description of the Coast—An Old Acquaintance—The Maringé Lagoon—The Tables Turned on the Natives—A Deserted Coast—The “Port of the Star”—Oysters Growing on Trees—An Inhospitable Coast—Feeling our Way—A Narrow Escape—Identification of the Landing-place of the Spaniards—The Maringé Lagoon again—Would-be Emigrants—A Succession of Calms—A Hurricane and its Effects—Conclusion.

WHILE living at Alu, my only means of passing from island to island was in company with the natives in their canoes, as at that time I had no boat of my own.

The Shortland group, of which Alu forms a part, is surrounded by an extensive barrier of coral reefs, inside which the merest cockle-shell of a canoe can be navigated with the greatest safety; but when a voyage is made to other islands, a larger and stronger canoe is necessary to ride in safety over the long ocean-swell and breaking seas that may be encountered.

I remember starting early one morning for an island about thirty miles from Alu, in a canoe with thirteen natives. It was a dirty-looking morning, with occasional heavy rain-squalls.

The women of the village carried the canoe down

to the water and stored it with a good supply of sago-cakes baked in leaves. This is most convenient food to take on a canoe voyage, as it is ready cooked and is not damaged by getting wet.

Each of us took a paddle. We sat two and two, there being, of course, six pairs of us and a single native, each with a long steering-paddle in the bow and stern. A good supply of spears was stowed amidships between the double line of paddlers, and as nearly every man at Alu is the owner of a Snider rifle, these were also taken and stowed away with the spears where they would be least likely to get wet. Of course, I took my gun and revolver.

We started off with a very rapid stroke, the paddles being made to enter the water with a peculiar splash, and flinging the spray behind us in a cloud. This, of course, was only to give the ladies a treat, and was too good to last. Before long we slowed down into a good regular stroke that drove the long narrow canoe through the water at a considerable pace.

We soon reached the passage through the coral reef into the open ocean. On the outside of the reef the long ocean-swells were rolling in, each one as it approached the reef gradually rearing its top higher and higher, till its crest curled over and fell in an avalanche of white foam with a thunderous roar upon the coral. A salt mist hangs in the air, through which, at times, in the light of the morning sun—

“The foam-bow brightens  
When the wind blows the foam.”

Here and there among the frothing mass a sharp point of coral rock sticks up like a fang.

A few yards of troubled white water and then the smooth blue surface of the lagoon inside the reef.

At low tide the reef is perhaps a foot above water, but at high tide, as I am now describing, the reef is covered with a seething mass of foam.

Our steersmen seem to delight in taking us as close as possible to the breakers, each swell, as it rolls in, heaving us up high on its summit, and then rolling from under us, we sink into the trough, while the top of the swell over which we have just ridden in safety has overbalanced itself, and is now rushing in white foam down the inner side of the swell, only a few yards away from us, towards the reef.

Should our canoe be caught broadside on in one of these huge breakers, it would be rolled over and over and crumpled up like paper, but our steersmen know exactly how close they may go with safety, and we are soon clear of the passage and out in the open sea, while the roar of the breakers on the reef dies away behind us.

The sea is lumpy, but although we ship considerable quantities of water, which keeps two men constantly baling, we continue to make good progress.

At one time the canoe begins to roll in a rather alarming manner, and I think that it really must capsize. One of the steersmen declares that this is caused by the *nitu* or spirit who presides over this part of the sea.

A small quantity of tobacco, a pipe, and some sago is prepared and thrown overboard as an offering to the *nitu*, after which the rolling somehow ceases.

I notice that a broken pipe is considered good enough for this purpose. I suppose spirits are not particular.

After three or four hours' paddling we run under the lee of a small island into smooth water, and crossing some shallow water, I can look down among the forest of branching coral that is plainly visible at the bottom.

Another hour's paddling and we reach a small circular island of three or four acres in extent, surrounded with a shelving beach of white sand. Here we land, and carry the canoe up clear of the water for a brief rest.

Two men start off to make a circuit of the island, carefully examining the sand all the way to see whether any turtles have visited the place within the last few days to deposit their eggs. The remainder are engaged, some in making a fire, and others in gathering shellfish, which are soon to be roasted among the hot embers.

While this is going on I examine the island for entomological or other spoil. It is clothed with a dense growth of the laurel-like shrub (*Scavola Konigii*), and on one side a patch of Casuarina-trees is growing among the white sand. A solitary coconut palm, probably the produce of a nut left by some former voyager, is unsuccessfully examined for fruit.

From among the leaves of the scævola I disturb one or two common Lycænidæ and a Euplœa, while from a low-growing tree with silvery leaves (*Tournefortia Argentifolia*) I beat out a solitary specimen of the pretty moth (*Deiopeia Pulchella*).

The vegetation is of the usual type to be met with upon these low reef islands throughout the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and it will be found that the seeds of nearly all the trees and shrubs growing upon them, will not only float in salt water, but will stand a long period of immersion without losing their vitality.

Returning to my companions, I find that the seekers after turtle eggs have been unsuccessful, but a plentiful supply of shellfish is hissing upon the fire. I content myself with a piece of sago-cake, and retire to eat it under the shelter of the Casuarina-trees.

A handsome large kingfisher (*Halcyon Saurophaga*) looks sulkily at me from a neighbouring branch, for we have invaded his special hunting ground.

A pair of little sandpipers (*Tringa* sp.) run boldly along the edge of the sea, taking flight for a few feet before a wave which, coming a few inches farther than usual up the sloping sand, nearly carries them off their feet.

A couple or so of fruit-pigeons are cooing from the trees at the centre of the island.

These small islands on the reefs are much frequented by pigeons. They resort to them during the day, but mostly towards sunset, when, at some islands

that I know of, the pigeons may be seen arriving by twos and threes, or in flocks of up to ten and a dozen each, to roost on the islands, until each tree is crowded with birds.

The only reason that I can assign for this habit is, that on these small islands the pigeons are freer from the attacks of the large monitor lizards that abound on all the large islands. I do not consider this an at all satisfactory reason, but it is the only one that I am able to suggest. Certain it is that this habit of the pigeons plays an important part in the distribution of seeds from island to island. On any of these small islands the large seeds of the *Cannarium* nut-tree may be found, after being disgorged by the pigeons, while young trees in different stages of growth may often be seen.

Our light repast finished, we resume our voyage, which now lies in smooth water among an archipelago of small islands. Many of them have small patches of coco-nut trees, a sure sign of frequent native attention, as, from repeated observation, I am convinced that coco-nut palms will rarely grow, and certainly will not bear fruit, unless attended to and kept clear of overgrowing trees.

About three o'clock we pass a village on a larger island, and several natives run out into the water, some with spears, but most with firearms, to see who we are. They appear considerably surprised to find a white man in the canoe, but having given a satisfactory account of ourselves we pass on, and it

is not until after another two hours' hard paddling that we reach the place where we are to land.

On several occasions, when travelling with the natives, I have had to pass the night in the bush. Just before darkness sets in a place is selected where we are to pass the night.

A sloping piece of ground is preferred under the shelter, if possible, of tall trees where there are plenty of young palm-trees growing. Two of these, standing about ten or twelve feet apart, are selected, and from them the remainder of the undergrowth and other palms are cut down and cleared away. A third palm with a stem of the requisite length is then selected, cut down, and lashed horizontally across from stem to stem of the two left standing, at a height of about four feet from the ground. From this cross piece sloping rafters of palm-stems are laid to the higher ground, and covered thickly with palm and wild banana leaves, making a sloping roof impervious to the heaviest rain. The whole affair can be completely finished in ten minutes. A good supply of dry leaves cut from the nearest palm-tree makes a fairly comfortable bed.

I remember, on one occasion, it was raining in torrents. We had nothing to eat, and I wondered how the boys would be able to light a fire, which, if not necessary for warmth or cooking, always looks cheerful. Close by was growing one of the immense parasitical banyan or ficus trees, which, originating from a seed accidentally dropped by some bird or other means

upon the branch of another tree, gradually growing upwards with spreading branches, and downwards with a perfect network of interlacing roots, in time encase and clasp so tightly the tree that originally gave the seed a resting-place, that it is choked and dies.

In the particular instance in question the host had long been dead, and its rotting stem reduced to a mass of brown touchwood. From this source the boys got a plentiful supply to start a fire, and by selection of the driest sticks and careful nursing of the smouldering wood, as only natives can, we soon had a cheerful blaze.

But in the same tree the boys not only found material for a fire, but were lucky enough to catch two cuscus or 'possums. The unfortunate things were brought to the shelter, and thrown on the ground with all four feet tightly bound together to await their fate.

When the fire was ready, one was, in spite of my remonstrances, thrown alive upon it; the other I killed with a blow on the head, before it had time to share the same fate. My own dinner on that occasion consisted of a fish about five inches long, which we had caught during the day in a mountain stream, and which I was keeping to preserve in spirits as a specimen on my arrival at home, but the sight of the way in which the luckless 'possums were cooked effectually "put me off" any desire to partake of them.

Our breakfast the following morning consisted of the memory of our last night's dinner, and it was not till late in the afternoon when we reached the sea-shore. I was then fortunate enough to shoot a mullet of about a pound weight, that was swimming on the surface of the sea, and the boys knew of a tree close by that was used during the day-time as a roosting-place by the great flying-foxes (*Pteropus grandis*). Creeping cautiously near to the tree, we found it tenanted by hundreds of these large bats, hanging head downwards, and looking like great black bunches of fruit. With the aid of my gun and the sticks of the boys we knocked down five of them, and then returning to the sea-shore, made a fire.

I baked my fish, wrapping it up in a parcel of large green leaves in the usual native way, and the boys made a hearty meal off the roasted bats, carefully preserving the wing-bones for making needles and for barbing spears.

The sights and sounds of a night in the bush are not the least interesting ones that the forest offers.

As soon as darkness has fallen around, the bush is alive with myriads of little luminous beetles, their tiny sparks, with all the softness of the electric light, rising and falling, and passing in and out among the tree-trunks.

The tree-frogs keep up an incessant chirping, and now and then the loud croak, something between a grunt and a scream, of the great bull-frog, falls upon

the ear. At times is heard the hoot of an owl or other night-bird.

In damp places, and when the forest is dripping with moisture from continuous rain, a beautiful sight is sometimes seen. The rotting sticks and even entire stems of small growing saplings may be seen, covered with a phosphorescent light. Upon examination this is found to proceed from a smooth white lichen-like fungus, which covers them in large patches. I remember particularly, upon one occasion, every small tree-trunk, for yards round our shelter, was covered with this weird-looking light.

But in addition to the sights and sounds that may be readily accounted for, the occasional occurrence of a series of ear-piercing shrieks is likely to startle one for the first time passing a night in the forest.

These are occasioned when a tree or branch partially blown down lodges in the forked branch of another tree; and the grating together of the wood as the trees are swayed by the wind will produce the sounds described.

It is small wonder that native superstition has peopled every place, and almost every tree, with spirits, or that they are reluctant to pass a night alone in the bush unless obliged to do so.

For my own part, I must confess that I much prefer a more substantial shelter to the one I have described above, while sleeping on the damp ground in any climate is certainly conducive to rheumatism; but upon those occasions when necessity has com-

pelled me to pass the night under the leafy canopy, the fatigues of the previous day have always speedily brought sleep to my wearied limbs, nor has consciousness returned until the dawn of returning daylight has begun to make itself visible through the tree-tops.

I have above referred to sago as an article of food among the natives. Some account of the method of preparation may not here be out of place.

One day, during my residence at Alu, Shortland Island, I heard a terrific crash in the forest close to my house, and going to see what was the matter, I found that the natives had just cut down an immense sago-palm, and were going to make a supply of sago. The trunk was about two feet in diameter and forty feet in length, and the natives were even then cutting off the great crown from which branched the huge fronds thirty feet long.

At length the trunk, with the crown cut off, lay upon the ground like a fallen column.

Meanwhile other natives have been seeking for a particular kind of tree, tall and straight, with a smooth white bark. It is found, cut down, an axe splits the bark in a straight line from top to bottom, and it is then stripped off entire in one piece. The natives carry it to the sago-palm, and spreading out the piece of bark flat upon the ground alongside the trunk, cover it with the large fresh green leaves of the wild plantain.

In the meantime the bark has been split off the sago-palm, in three or four long strips, reaching from

end to end of the trunk, exposing the white pith the whole length of the tree for a space about eighteen inches wide. All is now ready to begin.

Fifteen or twenty women take their seats in front of the tree, each armed with an adze-shaped weapon made of bamboo, and proceed to chip out the pith, which falls in white flakes upon the clean plantain-leaves.

The cutting part of the adze is curious, and worthy of notice. It is made of the joint of the bamboo, and forms a circular cutting edge like a poll-axe.

Other women have hastily prepared large baskets made of plaited coco-nut leaves to carry away the chipped-out pith. They carry it on their backs to the place where the sago is to be washed, and shoot it into a large bin about six feet square, built of logs and lined with clean plantain-leaves.

This is near the edge of the sea. A staging of poles has been rigged up in the water, and four troughs for the sago are fixed up upon it. These troughs are made of the leaf-stalks of the sago-palm itself. They form a receptacle about a foot in diameter, and perhaps eight inches deep at the largest part, but rapidly taper down to nothing. They are placed in a sloping position upon the staging, the larger end uppermost.

Where the troughs begin to narrow, a strainer, made of that delicate cloth-like substance that envelops the unexpanded fronds of the coco-nut palm, is fixed in position by pins or pegs made from the

mid-rib of the sago-leaf. Some of the sago-pith is now put into the trough and washed with salt water, and kneaded with the hands, while the water runs away in a milky stream, the woody fibre and other solid particles being arrested by the strainer. The water runs out of the bottom of the trough, and is caught in a deep receptacle, where the heavy sago quickly sinks to the bottom in a form resembling white clay, while the water runs away over the top of the vessel. So heavy is the sago and so compactly does it settle, that when the water is poured off from it there is but the very faintest flavour of salt perceptible.

These natives do not appear to have the knowledge of drying it into flour or granulating it, but they bake it into cakes wrapped in leaves, sometimes mixed with almond paste. So prepared it will keep for a considerable time, and is a most excellent and nutritious food.

In the eastern part of the Solomons the art of preparing the sago is unknown, but in times of scarcity large pieces of the solid pith, just as it is taken from the tree, are occasionally baked and eaten.

During my last stay in the Solomons, while living with Nielsen, the trader, at his small island station of Gavotu, on the coast of Gela, I paid a visit to the island of Ysabel in his small trading-vessel, above described, for the purpose of exploring and surveying the coast and identifying the places described by the Spanish explorers on their first visit.

The crew consisted of Nielsen, another white man, named Fred, in Nielsen's service, five natives of Gela, also working for Nielsen, and myself.

Leaving Gavotu about ten o'clock in the morning of 4th November, we stood all day to the westward with a light breeze, which freshened towards midnight; the next morning, soon after daylight, we anchored off the village of Bogotu, near the east end of Ysabel. As soon as we anchored we were surrounded by natives in canoes, as white men are not so often seen here as on the coast of Guadalcanar.

Nielsen was well known to the natives, and while he was engaged in laying in a stock of native food for the boys, to last a fortnight, I got a couple of natives to put me ashore in a canoe, and spent the morning in the bush hunting for insects.

I was at first followed by half a dozen curious natives, but I managed by a stratagem to give them the slip, and afterwards had a profitable morning's collecting.

I returned on board to find the vessel still crowded with natives selling taro and bananas, while the native crew were all busily engaged in trying how quickly they could put the food out of sight. A huge pot of taro boiling on the stove showed that they were still good for another meal as soon as the present one was finished. I believe that for the whole fortnight this cruise lasted the fire was never without its pot of boiling taro in process of cooking, either day or night.

It was close to this place that the French expedition under Admiral Dumont D'Urville anchored in the year 1838, giving to their anchorage the name of one of their ships, the *Astrolable*, and to the bay or gulf in which Bogotu is situated the name of "Baie des Mille Vaisseaux" on account of its large size.

Formerly the head-hunting canoes from New Georgia used to pay frequent visits to Bogotu for heads and slaves, and no longer than two years ago they took six heads from here.

A rocky fastness was pointed out to me to which the inhabitants used to retire when head-hunting canoes were sighted off the coast. I think, however, of late years the head-hunters have fought rather shy of Bogotu. They are, of course, arrant cowards, and would be averse to attacking a place where the natives were perhaps as well supplied with firearms as themselves.

We engaged two boys from Bogotu as interpreters.

Next morning about ten o'clock we weighed anchor with a light westerly breeze, and soon afterwards rounded Vitora Island. Off the south and east sides of it there was a strong tide-rip with a breaking sea, which a mile or two away might be easily mistaken for a breaking reef. Through this our little vessel pitched and dived, much to the detriment of the boy's cooking operations. A couple of miles farther on we rounded Cape Prieto, the most easterly point of Ysabel, passing between it and Mahigi Island, although

the existing chart showed no passage; but we found a clear channel with plenty of water.

Between the west end of Mahigi Island and the mainland are some curious rocky islets, one of which has an opening like an archway through it. Passing these, we enter a deep bay, the western end of which is distant from us about ten miles. In the bight of the bay are situated several small islands. On a point of the mainland a few coco-nuts may be seen. Upon inquiry I am told it is the site of the former village of Boko, the whole of the inhabitants of which were killed a few years ago by head-hunters from New Georgia.

The western point of the bay is called Flokora by the natives, and from this point the coast trends nearly north-west for some miles. The water is deep close up to the shore; a reef fringes it in most places upon which the sea breaks heavily.

It was off this coast, at night, that the Spanish boat, as described in Gallego's Journal, sprung her mast, and guided by the phosphorescence of the breakers on the reef, safely rounded the point into the bay I have just described, doubtless much to the relief of her crew.

Late in the afternoon we arrived off the village of Gau, and several canoes came off to us. From one of them we got a boy who could speak a little English, named Buliusu, to go with us as interpreter.

The Gau language is similar, but differs in some respects from the language spoken at Bogotu. The

natives told us that there was an anchorage at Gau where ships had anchored, but as it was getting dark we did not care to attempt to find it, what little wind there was being in the direction of the shore; so we stood to the north-westward till nine o'clock, and then back again till one; then north-westward again for two hours, and then back again. This brought us again off Gau at daylight the next morning, so that we missed none of the coast.

From Gau the coast continues in a north-westerly direction for some miles, and then some low islands are seen gradually appearing above the horizon right ahead. These are the islands enclosing the Maringè Lagoon. Between Gau and this lagoon there is a small village on the coast called Maga, but our Gau boy told us that west of Maga there are now no natives living anywhere on the coast, they having all been forced to take refuge in the bush from the head-hunters. The natives visit the coast occasionally for fishing and to get salt water, and at one or two places keep a canoe concealed.

From the clearings and smoke that we saw upon the mountain slopes, that rise here to a height of between three and four thousand feet, there must be a fairly large population living inland near this spot. The head-hunting expeditions from New Georgia have even, on some occasions, ventured to attack the natives in their mountain homes.

For this purpose they employ, as guides to lead them upon the mountain villages, captives that they

have taken and kept as slaves from this island some years before, who seem to take pride in treacherously leading their enemies upon their former friends and relatives.

Off Maga a canoe came off to us, but would not come alongside until the natives in it recognised our Gau boy, and even then they were very shy and wary. They brought a few coco-nuts, bananas, and sugar-cane for sale, and a small green parrot alive (*Geoffroyus Heteroclitus*), which I bought.

A little farther on three more canoes came off, and I was surprised to hear myself addressed in Fijian by one of the natives who claimed my acquaintance. He said that he had worked three years in Fiji, and had seen me on Taviuni years ago. He told me that his tribe lived in the bush, being afraid to live on the shore on account of the head-hunters. They had seen us coming slowly along the coast during the morning, and had come off to see who we were. He said that there were many boys ashore who wanted to go away to work in Fiji or Queensland, but no labour-ships had visited them for some time.\*

In the afternoon we reached the Maringè Lagoon. A semicircular coral reef stretches about four miles off the shore, upon the outer side of which, even upon a perfectly calm day, as it was, the surf was breaking heavily.

\* Since the nominal annexation of Ysabel Island by Germany, it has been closed as a recruiting ground to ships from Queensland and Fiji.

There is a good passage nearly a mile wide between the reef and the mainland.

Inside the reef is a chain of islands parallel with it. Passing between two of these islands, named respectively Juakau and Komigola, we found ourselves in an extensive and well-sheltered lagoon.

On our entrance we caught sight of a canoe containing six natives close to the mainland, who were watching our movements intently and trying to hide themselves among the mangroves that fringe the shore. We ran down towards them, and anchored within a few yards of the mangroves, in fifteen fathoms, on a bottom of pale blue mud.

A waterfall tumbles from a height of about fifty feet close by, almost directly into the sea, from the face of a sandstone cliff. A boat might approach right up to the fall. It is a most convenient place for watering a ship.

The canoe still kept shyly at a distance. We told the Gau boy to hail them, and after a time they came timidly forward, but would not come alongside. They reconnoitred us, and made several inquiries of our Gau interpreter.

They wanted to know how many white men we were, and whether there were any more below besides those they could see on deck, and various other particulars.

After some coaxing we enticed four of them on board. I fixed upon one who appeared the most inclined to talk, and having "mellowed all his heart"

with a few sticks of tobacco, I elicited some valuable information from him through the medium of our interpreter. Among other things I got out of him four or five words that agree with those given in Catoira's Spanish Diary, and which proves conclusively that the same language is still spoken in this district as the Spaniards found more than three hundred years ago.

Our Gau boy, although his district is only a few miles away, used entirely different words ; but the two dialects are sufficiently near one another to permit of his acting as interpreter between us.

We now find that these natives had only been sent on board to reconnoitre for the main body, who, to the number of between forty and fifty, were lining the mangroves close by. That they all had their spears and tomahawks it is, of course, unnecessary to mention. They had seen us working slowly along the coast all day, and had come down to meet us. What their real object was, should opportunity have offered, we had little doubt. However, they got nothing out of us but a few sticks of tobacco, while I got information from them that I would have willingly given a hundred times the quantity of tobacco for. We thought it prudent, on the whole, to move a little farther away from the shore for the night. Our "friends" the natives made a large fire at the edge of the mangroves, but had all taken their departure by the morning light.

Next morning we weighed anchor at daylight, and

passed out of the lagoon through a good passage on the north side between two islands called by our Gau boy Fara and Sulè.

There was very little wind, and after getting clear of the reefs that encircle the islands and the lagoon, we did very little in a westerly direction for the remainder of the day, most of our progress being made by the aid of our sweeps.

Towards evening we got an insecure anchorage under the lee of a small island called Keaba, situated about two miles from the mainland. We landed on the island for an hour before dusk. The boys found some Megapodes' eggs. Nielsen shot some pigeons, and I took a round of angles and then hunted for orchids.

From this island a barrier-reef begins, which runs parallel with the shore, about four miles distant from it, in which there appear to be several good openings.

Next morning our Gau boy assured us that it was impossible for us to proceed any farther inside the reefs, and that if we wanted to go on we must go outside the barrier. He declared that he had been that way before and knew the reefs, having been once on a visit to a village called Kokaibuko, before the inhabitants of it were killed. It turned out, as is so frequently the case with native pilots, that he was quite wrong.

Both Nielsen and I had a good look ahead from the crosstrees, and decided to make an attempt to get on inside the reefs, as the water appeared pretty clear, and if we found ourselves in a *cul de sac*,

we could easily return. We had no wind till eleven o'clock, and then only a very light air from the south-east, by the help of which we crawled along the coast a few miles. Not a sign of natives was to be seen, either on the coast or in the bush, no bush-clearings, no smokes, and no coco-nuts.

Coco-nuts are an infallible sign of present or recent habitation. When coco-nuts are left to themselves the young trees become speedily choked by the bush that grows up round them, and can consequently bear no fruit; so that, as the old trees die, there are no young ones to replace them.

In the afternoon we got a little more wind, and passed the site of a former village called Kokaibuko, now deserted. Most of the natives were killed by head-hunters a few years ago.\*

Our Gau boy told us that the chief of Kokaibuko was a man named Manoga, and that he is now living in the bush near Kokota with a few men and women, but more of the latter than of the former.

Late in the afternoon we got good anchorage in a small narrow nook forming an inlet in a bay that I have now identified with certainty as the "Port of the Star" where the Spaniards anchored when they first reached the Solomons.

I was at first doubtful about it, and we decided to proceed farther westward next morning to see whether we could find any place more nearly answering the description given by the Spaniards.

\* See chapter on Savo, page 181.

We were anchored in a very sheltered position within a few yards of the mangroves. The boys, as soon as the anchor was down and the sails stowed, all swam ashore, and in a very short time collected a large supply of oysters that they found growing on the roots of the mangroves. Others disappeared into the bush, and soon returned with several dozen of large swamp crabs that had their holes in the black mud of the mangrove swamps. They made a large fire on shore and roasted their crabs and oysters, some of which they brought off to us. The claws of the crabs we found excellent eating.

At four o'clock next morning we got our anchor and resumed our voyage to the westward, and found that we could still proceed inside the reefs. Numerous small islands were dotted about near the mainland, and some coral-patches almost awash, but easily avoided by keeping a good look-out. The mainland rose, towards the centre of the island, into ranges covered with forest, perhaps two thousand feet high; but near the coast a flat of coral limestone, elevated only a few feet above the sea, and covered with dense mangrove and other scrub, rendered it unfit for coast settlement.

We saw no natives all day, and only one coco-nut tree.

At a point about ten miles beyond the "Port of the Star" the barrier-reef ends, and there is a deep bay or gulf, forming a good harbour, with reefs each side of the entrance, upon which the surf breaks

heavily, and right in the centre of the entrance a patch, which, as the sea was very calm, only broke occasionally.

We proceeded farther west until half-past three, and, as far as we could see from the masthead, the coast appeared low, without sign of habitation, trending in a north-westerly direction. A fringing reef, breaking heavily, extended along the coast as far as we could see. There were a few shoal-patches off the shore, and as the sun was in our eyes, we unwittingly sailed over one or two. One, on which there cannot have been more than two fathoms, broke heavily just after we had crossed it. I watched for several minutes before it broke again.

As we were thoroughly satisfied, from what we had seen, that there was nothing at all answering to the description of the "Port of the Star" farther westward, we determined to return at about four o'clock. By the time it was dark we had arrived nearly opposite the deep, narrow bay or gulf mentioned above. We were in rather an awkward situation. To the westward the sea was studded with unknown patches, upon one of which we might be unexpectedly brought up if we attempted to remain at sea all night; while to the eastward was the barrier-reef, the neighbourhood of which we equally wished to avoid.

There was a very light breeze off the land, and Nielsen decided to try and beat into the gulf. We had taken the bearings in the morning, and knew within a little the direction of the passage, the wind

blowing nearly straight out. The moon was not six days old, and as the weather was hazy and cloudy, it was very little aid to us. We made the boys get out the sweeps to help the vessel round in stays.

The passage between the reefs was perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. We stood over towards the reef, on the port side of the entrance, the noise of which sounded louder and louder every moment, keeping a good look-out ahead.

Presently an indistinct white line appeared upon the water for a few moments through the darkness, and again disappeared.

Instantly the ship was put about, and we stood over towards the starboard reef. Again we stood on, until a white line of breakers was seen ahead, and then instantly went about again.

The second time that we approached the breakers on the port side of the passage, we were so close to them before seeing them that I felt the little vessel heave up on the swell as it raced in towards the reef, but the sweeps helped us round smartly, and we were away again on the other tack towards the starboard side.

After three or four more tacks we were well within the passage, and the only danger to be feared was from the patch that we had noticed in the morning nearly in the middle of the channel, but over which, as the water was smoother than it was outside, several swells would pass in succession before one

would break. This, of course, made it all the more difficult to pick up at night.

Nielsen was at the helm, and I had the lead. We listened intently for the sound of a break, but the roar of the reefs to leeward that we had just passed drowned all other sounds.

I was getting about fifteen fathoms at every cast of the lead, when, without any warning, the lead seemed to touch the bottom, almost before the line left my hand. I do not believe there was a fathom and a half of water. Nielsen jammed the helm hard up, and in a few seconds we were again in deep water, while just astern of us a great mass of water heaved up, curled over, a dim line of white foam appeared for a few seconds, and faded out of sight into the darkness. The danger was now over; we had found out exactly where the patch was.

A few more short tacks and we dropped anchor in eight fathoms, close to a little, round, sandy island that we had noticed in the morning.

Early next day we were all ashore on the island. The boys got a good supply of *Megapodes'* eggs for breakfast, and I got some new orchids. What they were I cannot say, as they had all done flowering, but from the size of the flower-spikes they must have been striking objects when in blossom. (Unfortunately they all succumbed to frost during the journey to England.)

After breakfast we threaded our way back among

the islands and patches between the barrier-reef and the shore, and explored the coast-line more closely than we had done when going westward. At night we regained our old anchorage of two nights previous in the "Port of the Star," our boys for the second time making a gorgeous repast upon oysters and land-crabs.

The following morning was calm, and we thoroughly explored every inlet of the bay. I took a series of photographic views from the sandy beach at the head of the bay. I found the place agree in every way with the description given by the Spaniards. At the entrance of the bay was the rock "as large or larger than a ship," and away on the barrier-reef, three miles distant, was the small island to which the natives retired to discuss the remainder of the body of the boy after a quarter of it had been indignantly refused by Mendaña, and buried by him on the sand-beach.

We saw no natives, and the only sign of humanity that came under our notice were the footprints of one man who had apparently been walking along the coast. The tracks were only just discernible on the sandy shore, and may have been over a month old, as no rain had fallen for more than that time.

I caught one butterfly, a large *Papilio*, which turned out to be a new species, and has been described as *P. Ariel*.

About noon we returned on board, but there was not a breath of wind. We got out the sweeps, and

by dusk we had made about five miles on our homeward voyage.

We got an indifferent and rather exposed anchorage near the site of the former village of Kokaibuko, but as the weather appeared clear to seaward, we preferred to anchor rather than be under way at night.

We had a severe storm of thunder and lightning with deluges of rain, off the land, the first for three months, which lasted till nearly daylight; and as our awning was far from being water-tight, we spent a rather uncomfortable night.

Next morning it was again calm, but about midday we got a light air from the north-west, and by the evening we had regained a comfortable anchorage in the Maringé Lagoon.

This time there was not a native to be seen. This lagoon is really a most beautiful place. On the mainland side the hills rise boldly from the water to a height of two thousand feet, covered to their summits with the densest green forest growth. A chain of about half a dozen low wooded islands, lying in a semicircle, enclose a space about four miles long by two miles wide. There is an excellent passage on the north side between the two largest islands, and there appears to be another passage at the western side, near the mainland. The eastern entrance through the outer reef is also wide and safe, but the passage between the islands leading into the lagoon must be made with care and a good look-out kept.

Next morning we had a light breeze from the south-east, but with a current in our favour we were able to make a few miles at each tack along the coast.

In the afternoon we anchored a mile or two west of Gau, an indifferent anchorage sheltered from the south-east and east behind a rocky islet. We sent our interpreter, Buliusu, ashore rejoicing, with a store of tobacco and calico as a reward for his services.

Here again several natives expressed a wish to go to Fiji or Queensland, and appeared disappointed when we told them that they would have no more opportunities of visiting those places.

Five boys of about fourteen years of age, having divested themselves of everything in the shape of ornaments, as the custom is when they enter upon a labour engagement, came and seated themselves upon a rock that was nearest to the ship, and shouted to us until it was dark to send a boat and take them away, it mattered not to them where.

We waited till next morning, in the hope of being able to buy a little turtle-shell, but the natives only produced the shell from one small turtle, and the owner, having got what he asked for it, apparently thought he ought to have had more, and asked to have it back again. Nielsen gave it back, but naturally refused to deal when the owner asked rather more for it than it would have been worth in London. We bought seven or eight models of native canoes, but, of course, had to buy all the rubbish first, before they would produce two that were really well made.

The two boys we shipped at Bogotu expressed a wish to engage with Nielsen for three months, so we were saved the necessity of returning to Bogotu to land them, which, in the existing state of the weather, might have delayed us a couple of days.

From Gau we had calms day after day, and were drifting two days between Ysabel and Gela. We eventually reached Gavotu in the middle of the night of the fourth day after leaving Gau.

The succession of calms that we had had, although adding to the time occupied over our trip, was exactly suitable for the kind of work we had been engaged in. In Nielsen's little vessel, drawing under six feet of water, we could, with the aid of the sweeps, poke into all sorts of holes and corners which a larger vessel could not have approached.

By so doing I was enabled to make a pretty accurate compass survey of about sixty miles of the coast of Ysabel, which was formerly most roughly laid down in the chart. My work is now incorporated in the latest Admiralty chart of the Solomon group. Had the weather been anything but calm, it would have been highly dangerous to have approached a coast beset with unknown reefs, like the coast of Ysabel, at all.

I can well imagine the fearful sea that must break upon these reefs in bad weather. Well might the Spaniards be anxious when they saw the place for the first time.

Our Gau interpreter told me that head-hunting

canoes are frequently delayed on this coast for months at a time, when caught there during the north-west monsoon. What they do for food under such circumstances I cannot think, unless they do as described on page 38.

We were the more fortunate, as it was getting well on towards the end of November, and the north-west weather might be expected to set in any day. In fact, five hours after we were safely anchored at Gavotu, on Monday morning, November 19, a violent north-westerly squall came suddenly down upon us, which afterwards steadied into a strong north-west wind that lasted for four days. Forty miles east of us this wind assumed cyclonic form, and culminated in a hurricane.

On the morning of the 19th the schooner *Savo* was caught on a lee-shore, on the coast of San Christoval, with the wind from the north-east, and narrowly escaped going ashore. At Marau, on Guadalcanar, the wind on the same day set in violently from the south-east, and went round afterwards to north-west, and the hand of the aneroid was observed to quiver and tremble in that peculiar way that is so familiar during hurricanes. At Santa Anna, at the east end of San Christoval, I heard from the natives a few weeks later that their plantations had been severely damaged, and that it was many years since they had had such a wind. On Tuesday the 20th, the day following the beginning of the storm with us, the schooner *Lizzie*, on a voyage from Sydney to the

Solomons, met the storm in  $15^{\circ}$  south latitude, the wind setting in from north-east and veering through east to south. She was thrown on her beam-ends, and had to cut away the mainmast to save her.

On comparing dates afterwards with Lieutenant-Commander Field, of H.M.S. *Dart*, who was surveying in the Louisiades, off the south-east end of New Guinea, I found that on the same days he had a strong breeze from the south-east.

I have mentioned the above facts because I believe it is unusual for a cyclone to originate so near the equator as the Solomons, but in this instance I think there can be no doubt that the circular motion originated near the west end of San Christoval. This storm apparently inaugurated the hurricane season of 1887-1888 in the Pacific, a season that will ever be memorable from its closing catastrophe, when the *Calliope* alone steamed safely to sea from the harbour at Apia, leaving the American and German vessels wrecked upon the reefs.

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In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to give, as simply and intelligibly as possible, some slight account of my life and occupation during my three visits to the Solomon Islands. I am conscious of having passed over many matters of interest, and of having given prominence to others which will fail to entertain the general reader. I must crave pardon

for any defects of style or expression on the score of literary inexperience.

If, by having drawn attention to the state of affairs existing in the islands, measures may be taken to check the horrible practice of head-hunting, I shall feel that my efforts have not been altogether in vain.



## APPENDICES.

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### I.

#### *VOCABULARIES OF FIVE LANGUAGES, AND REMARKS UPON THE SAME.*

FOR information on the languages spoken by the natives of the Solomons I cannot do better than refer the inquirer to the Rev. Dr. Codrington's "Melanesian Languages." In it will be found vocabularies of several Solomon Island dialects.

Not only do the dialects differ upon different islands, but upon the large islands a language is confined but to a limited district.

Thus, along the north-east coast of Guadalcanar four distinct languages are met with in a distance of a little over sixty miles, while about ten miles inland from Aola I found the bushmen speaking yet another language, each one of these languages or dialects being almost unintelligible to a native from a neighbouring district hearing it for the first time.

I was able during my last visit to ascertain an interesting fact, viz., that during a space of over three hundred years the natives have not migrated, but that the same tribes now occupy the districts occupied by their ancestors at the time of the Spanish visit in 1567.

At the time of their first landing the Spaniards spent

some months upon the coast of Ysabel, and had considerable intercourse with the natives. Among other things they noted down a small vocabulary of native words.

I was able to identify the landing-place, and from some natives that I interrogated living near it, I found that some of the words were still in use. Ten miles farther along the coast I found another language, and I failed to identify a single word.

Copies of the vocabularies here given were supplied by me in June 1888 to Dr. Codrington, from Naples, but as he appears not to have received them, I publish them here, so that their value, if they have any, may be placed on record. They are seventy words selected from the list given by Wallace for comparison in his vocabularies of the Malay Archipelago, and are the same words that have been selected by Dr. Codrington in his book, so that the present list will afford some additional comparative information upon the Solomon Island dialects.

I have, of course, more extensive vocabularies of these languages in my possession, but for the purposes of comparison these seventy words are convenient, and so far as this book goes, sufficient.

	Village of Lebona, Bougainville Island.	Treasury Island, Fauro Island, and Shortland Island.	Rubiama Lagoon, New Georgia.	Aola and Tasim- boko, Guadalcanar.	Bush district, Natalava, and Tintogomo, interior of Guadalcanar.	Lewenewa, known as Ongtong Java, or Lord Howe's Island.
1. Ashes . . . . .	kumahoan	oafu	motete	ravu	tora	efaio
2. Bad . . . . .	e-or-mina	peitena	te-a	thigata	...	...
3. Banana . . . . .	puso	toi-toi	hakua	vudi	...	...
4. Belly . . . . .	tore	tia	fia	tomba	tombanda	manava
5. Bird . . . . .	kala	maraka	kuru kuru	manu	manu	manu
6. Black . . . . .	avoa	sibi sibi	muho	...	...	ëuri
7. Blood . . . . .	rehetsing	masini	ehara	gambu	...	...
8. Boat . . . . .	meirik	...	vaka	vaka	...	...
9. Body . . . . .	...	...	tini	kakasa	...	sevah-ha
10. Bone . . . . .	sil'o	shúmana	susuri	thuli	...	...
11. Bow . . . . .	avulu	lili	bokala	bagi	...	...
12. Butterfly . . . . .	bebe	bebe	pepele	bebe	bagi	...
13. Child . . . . .	kokoi	natuna	komburu	gari	bebe	...
14. Cocoa-nut . . . . .	wali	niu	nohara	niu	...	...
15. Cold . . . . .	marurim	lulugoolu	imbu	maresu	mangére	...
16. Door . . . . .	matana	e-a-matana	tuku-tuku	mata-ni-vai	...	...
17. Ear . . . . .	dalinga	tana	dalinga	koli	...	...
18. Egg . . . . .	unata	erun	vovoto	tolua	kulinda	karinga
19. Face . . . . .	ovaku	...	isumata	gora	...	...
20. Father . . . . .	tamana	apa	tama	tama	...	kana
21. Finger . . . . .	kali	...	kakarutu	ririki	...	...
22. Fire . . . . .	unguto	feli	nika	laki	kembi	...

	Village of Lehona, Bougainville Island.	Treasury Island, Fauro Island, and Shortland Island.	Rubiana Lagoon, New Georgia.	Aola and Tasim- boko, Guadalcanar.	Bush district, Natalava, and Tintogomo, interior of Guadalcanar.	Lewencawa, known as Ongtong Java, or Lord Howe's Island.
23. Fish . . . . .	eina	iana	igana	ika	iga	ni-ia
24. Flesh . . . . .	ovénu	...	namumu	masimbe	...	...
25. Fly . . . . .	kussi	lou-ou	dondoa	ango	...	...
26. Fowl . . . . .	kekeleo	kokole	kokorako	kokoroko	...	moa
27. Fruit . . . . .	hoa	...	vuana	...	...	...
28. Good . . . . .	kosi kosi	dekona	leana	doko	...	erowi
29. Hair . . . . .	holu	to-a-o	kalu	vunga	...	lauolu
30. Hand . . . . .	limam	lima	lima	lima	...	makalima
31. Hard . . . . .	erotona	...	ngingira	laka	...	...
32. Head . . . . .	vaku	alapatu	batu	ulu	...	panolu
33. Hot . . . . .	sinanga	posella	mangini	papara	...	vale
34. House . . . . .	luma	numa	vetu	vai	...	loloa
35. Large . . . . .	kapan	kana kana	nomana	suli	...	...
36. Leaf . . . . .	kalana	lói-lói	ngalu or elelo	talú	...	boboko
37. Little . . . . .	kekereke	kaidakina	hitakina	kiki	...	...
38. Louse . . . . .	a-u-tu	...	manunu	gutu	...	...
39. Man . . . . .	tamata	ti-ung	tinoni	tinoni	...	kanaka
40. Mat . . . . .	polta	sararang	poru	koupe	...	...
41. Moon . . . . .	tseho	ilel	sindara	vula	...	malama
42. Mosquito . . . . .	kohelu	noano	niku niku	namu	...	...
43. Mother . . . . .	tinana	unka	tina	tike	...	kina
44. Mouth . . . . .	urunu	uruguru	ngusu	ngisu	...	poo-ua

45. Night . . . . .	tuhil . . . . .	lalli . . . . .	bongi . . . . .	bongi-mbari . . . . .	isu . . . . .
46. Nose . . . . .	wesu . . . . .	layo . . . . .	isu . . . . .	isunda . . . . .	...
47. Pig . . . . .	pum . . . . .	boa . . . . .	boako . . . . .	boalo . . . . .	...
48. Rain . . . . .	urata . . . . .	leite . . . . .	ruku . . . . .	kimi . . . . .	...
49. Rat . . . . .	iso . . . . .	kuaki . . . . .	kuresu . . . . .	... . . . .	mea . . . . .
50. Red . . . . .	marara . . . . .	masi masi . . . . .	zungara . . . . .	... . . . .	...
51. Road . . . . .	... . . . .	poa . . . . .	siranga . . . . .	... . . . .	...
52. Root . . . . .	apoloso . . . . .	... . . . .	karoso . . . . .	... . . . .	...
53. Salt . . . . .	tisi . . . . .	kelo . . . . .	kolo hokara (salt water)	... . . . .	...
54. Sea . . . . .	tisi . . . . .	kelo . . . . .	kolo . . . . .	tasi . . . . .	lokai . . . . .
55. Skin . . . . .	puko piko . . . . .	... . . . .	kapu . . . . .	... . . . .	...
56. Smoke . . . . .	uruhu . . . . .	tula . . . . .	tungana . . . . .	... . . . .	...
57. Soft . . . . .	... . . . .	... . . . .	lopungingira . . . . .	... . . . .	...
58. Spear . . . . .	saka . . . . .	portulu . . . . .	hopere . . . . .	... . . . .	makasi . . . . .
59. Spittle . . . . .	taka . . . . .	... . . . .	loro . . . . .	... . . . .	...
60. Star . . . . .	pito pito . . . . .	bito bito . . . . .	pinapino . . . . .	... . . . .	fitou . . . . .
61. Sun . . . . .	kotolon . . . . .	felo . . . . .	rimata . . . . .	aso . . . . .	kela . . . . .
62. Sweet . . . . .	... . . . .	... . . . .	... . . . .	go-i . . . . .	...
63. Tongue . . . . .	omea . . . . .	me-a-tana . . . . .	mea . . . . .	... . . . .	...
64. Tooth . . . . .	liho . . . . .	nifu . . . . .	livo . . . . .	... . . . .	nifu . . . . .
65. Tree . . . . .	orui . . . . .	au . . . . .	hunda . . . . .	livonda . . . . .	...
66. Water . . . . .	ramun . . . . .	ateli . . . . .	lena . . . . .	komusu . . . . .	...
67. White . . . . .	poka . . . . .	ana-ana . . . . .	kohoro . . . . .	kolo . . . . .	...
68. Wing . . . . .	halahala . . . . .	... . . . .	tatapuru . . . . .	... . . . .	mei-ingi . . . . .
69. Woman . . . . .	kau . . . . .	bataha . . . . .	barakalinge . . . . .	poko . . . . .	...
70. Yellow . . . . .	gige-as . . . . .	lati-lati . . . . .	keoro . . . . .	... . . . .	fafini . . . . .
				... . . . .	...

## NUMERALS.

	Village of Lehona, Bougainville Island.	Treasury Island, Fauro Island, and Shortland Island.	Rubiana Lagoon, New Georgia.	Aola and Tasimboko, Guadalcanar.	Bush district, Natalava, and Tintogomé, interior of Guadalcanar.	Lewenewa, known as Ongtong Java, or Lord Howe's Island.
One . . . . .	toá	iiia or kala	keke	sakai	siké	kasi
Two . . . . .	tolú	elua	karua	ruka	ruka	elua
Three . . . . .	pisa	ebisha	neta	tolu	tolu	ekolu
Four . . . . .	hátsi	efatsi	mande	vati	vati	efa
Five . . . . .	líma	elima	líma	líma	líma	elima
Six . . . . .	monúm	onoma	onomo	ono	ono	onogo
Seven . . . . .	mohítu	fitu	juapa	vitu	vitu	efiku
Eight . . . . .	towali	alu	vesu	alu	alu	evalu
Nine . . . . .	tosí	ulíia	sia	thiwa	siva	esivo
Ten . . . . .	máto	lafulu	manehe	parégo	sangavulu	sangavulu
Eleven . . . . .	...	elafulu ília	...	thangavulu sakai	...	...
Twenty . . . . .	...	tanougi	yokona	ruka thangavulu	...	kibulua
Thirty . . . . .	...	pisahulu	neta ngavulu	...	...	kibu kolu
Forty . . . . .	...	fatihulu	maude ngavulu	...	...	kibufa
Fifty . . . . .	...	limahulu	...	...	...	...
Sixty . . . . .	...	onomahulu	...	...	...	...
Seventy . . . . .	...	fituahulu	...	...	...	...
Eighty . . . . .	...	alua hulu	...	...	...	...
Ninety . . . . .	...	ulíia hulu	...	...	...	...
Hundred . . . . .	...	latu	keke kokoto	thengétu	...	...
Thousand . . . . .	...	...	...	matoka	...	selau

The first vocabulary is of the language spoken at the village of Lehona, on the island of Bougainville. I obtained it from a boy who was my servant for some months. He had previously worked in Fiji, where he went at a very early age, served three years, and then returned home. After being some months at home he took service with a trader in the Solomons, and at his own wish entered my service.

The vocabulary is interesting as being perhaps the only one known from the island of Bougainville. I believe it to be mainly correct, although in the words *tamana*, father; *tamata*, man; and *tinana*, mother, I think there is little doubt but that the evidence of Fijian influence is apparent. I fancied, also, that there was some confusion in the numeral *tolu*, given as signifying two. I pressed my informant closely upon this subject, but he adhered to his assertion.

Upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the boy was probably right. It will be noticed that in this vocabulary the syllable *to* commences the words signifying the numerals one, two, eight, and nine. I suspect that we must regard it as a prefix, in which case *lu* will be the word for two. Mr. Wallace's vocabularies contain numerous instances of *lua* or *lu* representing this numeral. I would especially draw comparison between these numerals and the numerals given by Mr. Wallace in two dialects from the island of Mysol.

I have accentuated the numerals in this vocabulary for the sake of giving the correct pronunciation.

The second vocabulary is the language spoken at Treasury, Shortland, and Fauro Islands, in the Bougainville Straits. I was furnished with an extensive vocabulary of this language by Dr. Guppy, formerly of H.M.S. *Lark*, previous to my first visit to the islands. To this I made corrections and additions. The present list calls for no comment.

The third vocabulary is an interesting one. It is the language spoken in the Rubiana Lagoon, at the south-west end of New Georgia. I compiled it from two or three totally independent sources, which I afterwards compared, and found them agree in a most remarkable manner.

Dr. Codrington's book contains a vocabulary from New Georgia. As might have been expected, it presents several points of resemblance with the Rubiana one, but is evidently distinct. As there are probably half a dozen or more dialects upon New Georgia, a locality should have been given. New Georgia alone is vague.

I may mention that when questioning natives of the Solomons as to the word signifying "salt" I have always met with a difficulty. These natives are ignorant of the preparation of salt, and use salt water in its place. The bush tribes will even make long expeditions to the sea-shore for the purpose of carrying back salt water in bamboos to be used in cooking. Eventually, after severe questioning, I have arrived at the information that the word for "salt" and "sea" are the same. Now, the word given me for "sea" at Rubiana is *kolo*, and I see the same word is given in Dr. Codrington's New Georgia Vocabulary, but it is a curious fact that in the Rubiana Lagoon is a small island upon which there is a fresh-water spring that is called Kolohiti, *hiti* meaning small.

I should not, perhaps, have drawn attention to this but for the fact that, among the bush tribes that I visited in the interior of Guadalcanar, I was informed that *kolo* means fresh water, and the number of rivers bearing this prefix, *e.g.*, Kolosagata, Kolomelua, &c., is sufficient confirmation of the fact. I am inclined rather to think that at Rubiana *kolo* means water in the abstract, and may be either salt or fresh. I am, however, informed that *kolohokara* means salt water, as opposed to *lena*, or fresh water. *Hokara* is an adjective, and is applied to anything native or distinctive,

as belonging to the islands, as opposed to anything introduced by white men. Thus, the small native yam is known as *lusu hokara*; the sweet potato, introduced by white men, is known as *lusu vaka*, literally the ship-*lusu*.

A curious change in the name of an article has recently taken place. Dynamite, introduced by the traders, and used for shooting fish, used at first to be called *buna*, but is now known as *suapa vaka*, the former word meaning a fishing-net, and the latter anything introduced on board a ship; in fact, foreign.

The fourth vocabulary is that of the dialect in use along the north-east coast of Guadalcanar, between the Vanambo and the Nalimbiu Rivers. It is closely allied to the dialect spoken on the opposite coast of Gela or Florida, but differs from it in many important words.

These Melanesian languages all take possessive pronominal suffixes to a certain class of nouns, notably to those signifying parts of the body relationships and some others, as, for instance, in the language of Shortland Island, *natuna*, a child; *maha natugu*, my child; *myto natung*, your child; *myto maha natura*, our child; in the Rubiana language, *arvara*, a shoulder; *arvarangu*, my shoulder; *arvaramu*, your shoulder; *arvarana*, his shoulder; in the Aola language, *kola*, a friend; *kolangu*, my friend; *kolamu*, your friend; *kolava*, his friend. An Aola native once replied, in answer to my question as to where something was, *murimu*, behind you, *muri* meaning behind.

The fifth language I met with during my excursions with the natives into the mountain regions at the back of Aola. It was the language spoken at the village of Vale Menga, Tintogomo, Natalava, and two or three more that I did not visit. The two former villages have been since exterminated, so that the language runs serious risk of altogether dying out. I have perhaps rescued a few words from oblivion. It resembles the Aola dialect, but differs in many

particulars. My visits were not prolonged enough to obtain more than a very meagre list of words.

The last vocabulary is not a Melanesian language at all, but a purely Polynesian one. It is used by the natives of the group of isolated coral islands about two hundred miles to the north-east of the Solomon group, and known to the inhabitants themselves as Lewenewa, but to the outside world as Ongtong Java, or Lord Howe's group.

I obtained it with some difficulty from boys who were returning home to their islands on board the *Christine*, the ship that first brought me from Fiji to the Solomons. It is, unfortunately, very imperfect.

Upon comparing it with vocabularies in Dr. George Turner's book on Samoa, I find that, of the twenty-nine words that my vocabulary contains, sixteen, or considerably more than half, are identical with Samoan, nine are found in Rarotongan, and twelve in the language of Fakaafo.

The numerals are practically the same as those of Samoa, and the word for a hundred is the same in both languages. One curious circumstance to be noted is the inability of the natives of Lord Howe's group to articulate the letter *t*, and their difficulty in pronouncing the letter *r*. For the former they substitute *k*, and for the latter they prefer to use *l*.

One of the boys from whom I got my information used to address me on board ship as *kulaga*. What he wished to say was *turaga*, the Fijian for "sir."

The following Lord Howe words, by changing the *k* to *t*, *kanaka*, *kama*, *kina*, *karinga*, become in Samoan *tangata*, *tama*, *tina*, *taringa*.

It is not too much to say that were a native of Lewenewa or Lord Howe's group transported to Samoa he might at once converse with ease. Yet the distance of the two places apart is nearly two thousand miles of open ocean. How is this to be accounted for?

There can, I think, be but little doubt that the original

inhabitants of the Lord Howe's group came adrift in canoes from the Ellice group, a scattered group of small coral atols about a thousand miles to the eastward.

The natives of this latter group trace their origin to Samoa, while native tradition and other evidence points to the conclusion that the Tokelau or Union group, the Phoenix group, and some of the islands of the Gilbert group were peopled from the same source.

From the Ellice group canoes must have drifted to Lord Howe's group, and from thence to the Mortlock Islands and the Faed Islands off the coast of New Ireland.

One of my informants from whom I got the Lord Howe vocabulary told me that when he was a boy there were people living on his island who had come adrift in a canoe from Panopa or Ocean Island, six hundred miles to the north-east, but that now they were all dead. In my chapter on Rubiana I give an account of a canoe-load of sixteen being driven from Lord Howe to Ysabel, and their subsequent fate.

Upon consideration, this peopling of remote islands by the Polynesian race is not to be wondered at. The Polynesian is eminently a navigator, venturing far to sea, and making considerable voyages out of sight of land in his large outrigger or double canoe, with its enormous triangular sail. Of course, as to all seafaring people, accidents sometimes happen, a sudden squall or succession of contrary winds prevent the navigators making their port, and the canoe is driven by the winds and currents, until in the majority of cases, no doubt, it is broken up, or its unfortunate occupants are dead of hunger and thirst; but in some instances, after drifting for days, and perhaps weeks, ignorant of their position, they have sighted one of those tiny coral atols that dot this part of the Pacific, and landing upon it, have formed the nucleus of a future population. In fact, wherever they found an uninhabited island, there they settled and

thrived. In some cases, as in the Santa Cruz group, where the islands were not large, and the Melanesian population consequently small, they were strong enough to live side by side with their more numerous Melanesian neighbours, but in the cases where they drifted upon large islands like the Solomons, their fate cannot have been long in doubt.

These wanderings have even been extended to the west of the Solomon group, for Polynesian inhabitants are found upon the two islands of Rennell and Bellona, which are among the least known of the islands of the western Pacific. I have passed close to them on two or three occasions. There is no anchorage, the water being "steep to" all round. They are both coral atolls, and have been elevated bodily out of the water to a height of between two and three hundred feet; so that, from the point of view of the geologist, an examination of the structure of these two islands should be very interesting, and might throw light upon the modern theory of the formation of coral reefs. The captain of a vessel of whom I made inquiry about them gave me the following particulars. He had landed upon Rennell. The natives were light copper colour, with straight hair, and much above the average size, one young man considerably over six feet. Their arms were short spears, and they understood the language of a native of Lord Howe's group who accompanied my informant.

The Melanesian, on the other hand, does not venture far to sea in his canoe; and although in the Solomons the natives make voyages from island to island of two or three hundred miles, these are entirely within the group, and performed exclusively with paddles, sails not being used at all. Indeed, I suppose the Solomon Island canoes never go out of sight of land. In the Santa Cruz group sailing-canoes are extensively used, but the population is so mixed with Polynesians, if indeed the Polynesian element does not preponderate over the Melanesian, that the use of sailing

canoes is only what one might expect. Certainly a native that was pointed out to me on Ulawa as having come adrift from one of the islands of the Santa Cruz group showed considerably more of the Polynesian than of the Melanesian type.

Coming to the New Hebrides, where the population is almost entirely Melanesian, canoes are conspicuous by their absence, such as are seen being the most wretched affairs, and totally unfitted for any extended voyage.

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## II.

### *UPON THE MIGRATIONS OF THE POLYNESIAN RACE.*

It may not be here out of place to offer a few remarks upon the migrations of the Polynesian race, which from Tonga and Samoa as a starting-point, as is almost universally admitted, has sent forth colonists that have peopled New Zealand, Tahiti, and the surrounding islands, the Marquesas, and the distant Sandwich Islands, as well as all the scattered groups of coral atolls south of the equator, and between the Marquesas on the east and the Solomons on the west.

How are we to account for their presence in the Pacific? It is undoubtedly to Asia, that cradle of the human race, and after that to the Malay Archipelago, that we must look for the beginnings not only of the Polynesian, but of the Melanesian race as well.

A comparison of the vocabularies in Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" with those of the Melanesian and Polynesian inhabitants of the Pacific will show a close bond of relationship.

The theory of Dumont d'Urville, that Polynesia formed

part of a large continent formerly connected with Asia, which by some geological convulsion was buried beneath the waves, the tops of the mountains alone remaining above water and forming to-day the islands of the South Sea, cannot now be seriously entertained.

The latest knowledge we possess on this point tends to the conclusion that the Pacific is rather a region of elevation than of subsidence.

We will assume, for the sake of argument, that it is from the north-west, from some place either in the direction of or in the Malay Archipelago itself, that we must look for the origin of the Polynesian race.

Monsieur de Quatrefages very rightly, in considering the migrations of the Polynesians, lays great stress upon the effects of the winds and currents.

The prevailing wind for seven months of the year in this part of the Pacific, between about  $5^{\circ}$  S. and  $25^{\circ}$  S. latitude, is the south-east trade-wind, and the prevailing current during the time the wind is blowing is in the same direction. But this is in direct opposition to the direction in which the supposed wave of immigration must have come.

It is true that there is, as Monsieur de Quatrefages mentions, an equatorial counter-current running from west to east, but I cannot see that this in any way bears upon the question of Polynesian migration.

This current is not met with, according to my own experience and the information furnished in the sailing directions, until about  $3^{\circ}$  of N. latitude have been reached, nor does it extend farther than about  $7^{\circ}$  of N. latitude.

It is doubtless by the aid of this current that the brown race of Mongolian type, now generally known as the Micronesian race, have peopled the Pelews, the Ladrões, the Carolines, and part of the Gilbert group; but beyond the latter group I can find no evidence of any further eastward extension of this race. Monsieur de Quatrefages' supposi-

tion that they may have reached the Sandwich Islands, and been found there by the Polynesian immigrants upon their first arrival, rests upon the slenderest evidence. At the Gilbert group the eastward-faring Micronesians came in contact with Polynesian waifs and strays from Samoa, but upon these tiny islands, mere specks upon the ocean, often not more than seven or eight miles long by half a mile wide, no serious conflict of races was possible, and the two races have met and continue to occupy adjacent islands without much amalgamation to the present time.

While upon the subject of the Gilbert group I must draw attention to the estimate of the population formed by Mr. Hale. This he puts at 85,000. I can only suppose this to be a clerical error for 8500. It would be quite impossible for such a population to find sustenance. My own observations, and the figures given me by the Samoan teachers in charge of the stations of the London Missionary Society in this group, when I visited it in 1884, support my supposition.

During the remainder of the year, for the five months when the south-east trade is not blowing, viz., from November to March, the winds of the Pacific from about  $10^{\circ}$  S. latitude to beyond the limit of the tropic are uncertain and variable. It is during these months that the hurricanes, those dreaded circular storms, sweep over sea and land, carrying destruction and ruin in their track. During these same months, in the region to the north of the hurricane latitudes, between  $10^{\circ}$  S. and the equator, viz., in New Guinea, New Britain, the Solomons, and probably much farther eastward along the same latitude, the north-west monsoon blows with greater or less power, changing for the time the direction of the currents, and doubtless extending its effect at times far to the south.

During a residence of nearly three years in Fiji I noticed that westerly winds were by no means infrequent at this

time of year, sometimes blowing with considerable force, and lasting generally from three to four days together.

I hope to be able to show conclusively in the following remarks, not only that it is not impossible for native canoes to have made long voyages from west to east, or in a direction opposed to the prevailing winds and currents, but that such voyages have actually been made.

Regarding Tonga and Samoa as the centres from which the Polynesian race has spread to the surrounding islands now inhabited by it, whence did the immigration that peopled Samoa and Tonga come?

According to the tradition of the Tongans and Samoans themselves, they came from a sacred island far away to the north-west, called Bolotou, Bulotu, or Birotou. To the Fijians this sacred isle was known as Mbourotou, the ordinary Polynesian form being Bourotou.

M. de Quatrefages, following Hale,\* says that the last syllable is a suffix signifying sacred; consequently that Bourotou means "Bouro the holy."

This "Bouro the holy" Mr. Hale identifies with the island of Bouro in the Malay Archipelago. The distance of this island from Tonga is over four thousand miles. M. de Quatrefages admits that "de Bouro à Tonga nous ne trouvons aucune trace de migration intermédiaire."

But I hope conclusively to show that it is not only unnecessary to go four thousand miles to find the island of Bouro, but that in less than half the distance is an island answering in name, in geographical position, in size, and in fertility to the Bouro of the Tongan legend; and, further, I can prove that communication between this island and Tonga has taken place indirectly so late as within the last hundred years.

To Dr. Guppy is due the credit of having drawn attention

\* Mr. Hale was charged with the ethnographical and philological investigations of the United States Exploring Expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, in 1838-1842.

to this second island of Bouro, but as I think I am in possession of some additional information upon the subject, I will proceed.

The island I refer to is San Christoval, the most eastern of the large islands of the Solomon group. To this day a large village and district upon its eastern coast are known by the name of Bauro, and this name is also sometimes applied to the whole island. It was known by the name of Paubro to the natives at the time of the Spanish discovery of the Solomons in 1568.

Thirty years later, in 1595, Mendaña, the discoverer of the Solomons, on another voyage of discovery, arrived at the Santa Cruz group; and in 1605 this group was again visited by Quiros, who had been Mendaña's pilot during his last expedition.

From the natives of the island of Taumaco, identified with one of the Duff group, he obtained a list of the islands that they were in the habit either of visiting or with the existence of which they were acquainted. Most of these can still be identified, the names having still survived but little changed until the present time.

They were as follows:—Chicayana, Guantopo, Taucalo, Pilen, Nupan, Pupam, Fonofono, Mearaylay, Mannicolo, Tucopia, and Pauro.

Dr. Guppy correctly identifies them thus:—Chikayana, with Sikyana or Stewart's Island, two hundred miles north-west of Santa Cruz and only one hundred and twenty miles eastward of Solomon group. Taucolo, probably the volcano of Tinakula near Santa Cruz. Pilen and Nupan are Pileni and Nupani of the adjacent Swallow group. Mannicolo is the island of Vanicoro, eighty miles south-east of Santa Cruz, and still sometimes called Mannicolo or Vannicolo by the natives. Tucopia is the island still bearing the same name, and situated a hundred miles south-east of the last mentioned.

The last island on the list is Pauro, which was described as quite a large country, and this is undoubtedly the Bauro of the Solomon Islanders, viz., the island of San Christoval that lies only two hundred miles away westward of Santa Cruz.

Now, at the time of my first visit to the Solomons, in 1886, there were living at Ulawa some natives that had come adrift in four canoes from the Santa Cruz group. (Ulawa is in sight of and only about thirty miles distant from San Christoval or Bauro, and paddling canoes constantly pass between them.) Most of these natives, after remaining some months on Ulawa, started back for Santa Cruz during the north-west monsoon, and, as I afterwards heard, regained that island.

Hence I have evidence of actual communication between an island immediately adjacent to Bauro and the Santa Cruz group.

We will now go to the other end of the chain, and I will refer the reader to the account by Captain Dillon of his discovery of the relics of the expedition of La Perouse upon the island of Mannicolo or Vanicoro. (This book was published in London in 1829.)

I there find that Tuckcafinawa, the high priest and chief of Mafanga, in the Tonga group, informed Dillon that the priests of Rotumah were tributary to him, and that three years before he had sent his eldest son with three large canoes to collect the tribute. At the time the chief related this the canoes had not come back, but they afterwards returned *viâ* Fiji. This shows that communication between Rotumah and Tonga, if not regular, was at all events occasionally maintained.

At another place Dillon speaks of Rotumah canoes having been drifted to Fiji.

At Rotumah Dillon heard from the natives that they were in the habit of making trading voyages to Ouitupu

and Nui, both islands in the Ellice group about three hundred miles north of Rotumah, and that during these voyages they occasionally got drifted away to Tucopia and other islands. Tucopia lies about five hundred miles due west of Rotumah, and as the Rotumans knew not only of its existence, but knew it by its right name, it is evident that some at least of the castaways must from time to time have returned. More than this, the Tucopians relate that they were once visited by five large double canoes from Tonga, the crews of which committed dreadful outrages, destroyed plantations, robbed houses, violated the females, and murdered the males.

From Tucopia to Mannicolo or Vanicoro, where the relics of La Perouse were discovered, is about a hundred miles north-west. Communication between these two islands is not uncommon; indeed, it was from Tucopia that Dillon got the first relics of the lost expedition, and from inquiries made from the natives, his attention was directed to the examination of Vanicoro.

The natives further informed Dillon that timber from the lost vessels had actually drifted from Vanicoro to Tucopia, thus showing that not only do the winds but the currents also change their direction during the north-west season. Dillon also informs us that shortly after the time when the ships were lost canoes were in the habit of coming from Santa Cruz to Vanicoro for the purpose of getting iron from the wreck. This shows us that the natives of the different islands of the Santa Cruz group were then in the habit of communicating from island to island, and we know they do so still.

Here my chain of communication between Bauro and Tonga is complete.

I have shown how the Santa Cruz canoes returned safely from Ulawa, how the natives of the Santa Cruz group communicate freely among themselves, how the natives

of Vanicoro communicate with Tucopia, and how the Tongans have communicated with Tucopia from time to time either direct or by way of the island of Rotumah.

The list of islands known to the inhabitants of the Santa Cruz group that Dillon obtained from the intelligent native called Mame agrees well with the list obtained by Quiros over two hundred years before, but Dillon makes one most important addition, viz., the island of Ulaffa. This is undoubtedly the island of Ulawa in the Solomon group, whence, as I have described above, the Santa Cruz canoes returned in 1886. Bowloo, which is mentioned in conjunction with it, is Bouro, the interchange of *l* for *r* being not uncommon, as I have elsewhere pointed out. I think, therefore, that we are justified in looking rather to the Bauro of the Solomons than to the remote Bouro of the Malay Archipelago as the original Bourotou of the Polynesian legend.

Whether that legend has any historical value or no I must leave to others to decide. I have cited the evidence in favour of my view, and added thereto the facts that have come within my own experience. I must leave it to others to theorise.



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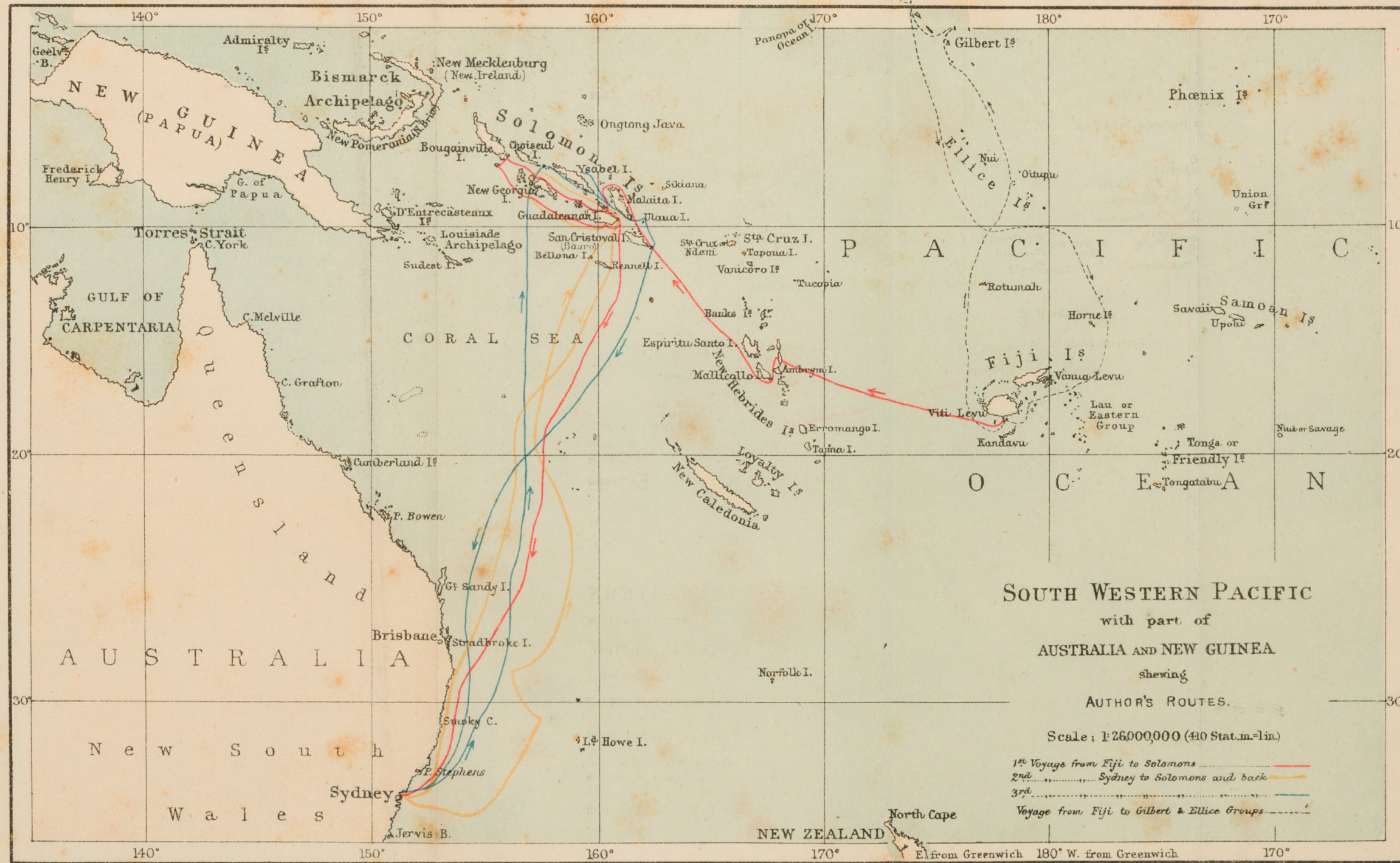
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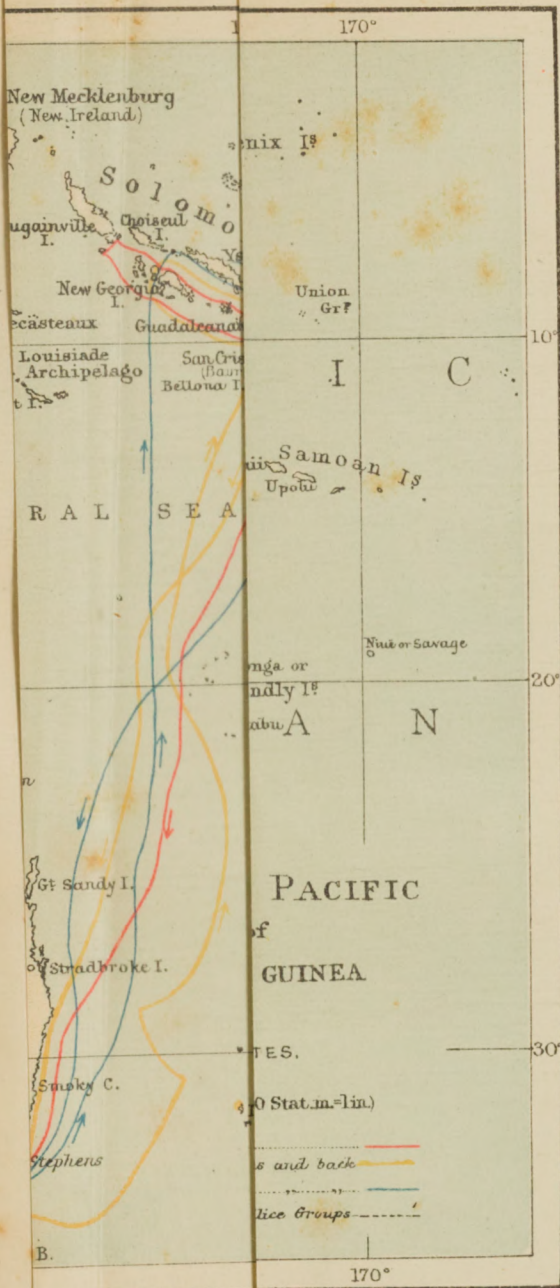
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THE END.

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