Chapter 1

Beginnings

What time fair-skinned wanderers were plundering the coasts of the grey north seas, probing the bays and creeks where they made their precarious settlements, darker men were feeling their way along the shores and islands of Southern Asia. Some made new homes, merging with the peoples they found there, leaving traces of themselves in speech and custom and bodily appearance. Others stayed, but did not so completely become one with those who were before them. Those who voyaged on bore ever with them something of the blood and speech and custom of those with whom for a time they mingled in peace or war. Somewhere, probably in India, migrants lingered with Aryan-speaking people, and bore to the farthest limits of their wanderings the words which Northwest Europeans use for 2, 3, 4. What was the most westerly home of those who at last became the tall brown Polynesians of thousands of Pacific islands? Perhaps Mesopotamia, whose ancient cult of Moon and Fish is so like the widespread Polynesian cult of Hina, Moon and shark. For as far back as we can see him man is roving about the lands and seas of his planet, making visits of trade or curiosity, often seeking, it has been surmised, bright yellow things for service of the gods. Visitors, in one or two larger groups, often stayed in the lands to which they went. Man seems always to have behaved much as we see him behave to-day.

There are many ways into the broad Pacific, and doubtless men have come by all the roads, as they still do. Whence comes the large stone culture, which some have traced from Egypt through Western Europe and Britain, across the north of the Eurasian continent, and south through Japan? A large stone culture is in the Pacific, so that the Ha'amonga, the trilithon in Tongatapu, recalls Stonehenge; statues on Easter Island have, besides their own peculiarities, resemblances with stone images of Europe, Asia, Africa: the massive stone pavements and buildings covered by the waters of the Caroline Islands are perhaps most nearly kin to structures of South-east Asia. The traffic of the seas never ceases, and is never in one direction only. When the *Kon Tiki* drifted from East to West across the Pacific she demonstrated, what had never been doubted, that a boat might be carried by wind and current from the American shores to the west. Eighteenth century Europeans, noting the likeness of the Polynesians to the peoples of North and South America, called them Indians. Recently an American anthropologist remarked that a Tongan might walk along the streets of an American city exciting no more attention than one of their own Indians. All this, however, is far from proving, or rendering probable, the view that America is the main place of origin of the Polynesians. In every direction men coast its shores and islands, venture out over its vast expense, awed but not cowed by its mighty waves and winds, rejoicing in gentle breezes and the bright sunshine sparkling on calm waters. Whilst others discuss, and often disagree, about the origins of the Pacific folk, and their routes into the great ocean over whose immensity they have spread, the Polynesians themselves are not quite silent. Their bards, in verse whose rhythm beats with the stroke of paddles over mile after mile of illimitable sea towards an horizon ever receding, have kept some scraps, now scarcely intelligible, of tales of ancient wanderings. Men have always sung to lighten labour, and, when restored to leisure and safety, have danced and chanted their toils and griefs and joys. The ancient songs, now, alas, but few, cannot be certainly interpreted by any man living, brown or white. Yet, few as they are, and obscure in meaning, they give us shadowy pictures of the greatest voyages known to man. At a time when northern men were clinging to the coasts,

brown mariners in the south, in double canoes, or smaller boats with simple outriggers, leaving the shores of the Asian mainland and its islands, went out through the gateways north and south of New Guinea into the wide ocean. Behind them they left pools of language and blood, with them they took tongues and bodies modified by those among whom for a while they had dwelt, so that the kinship is plain to see. Even familiar place names in Australia bear hints of contacts with the Pacific peoples. Out into the great ocean the Polynesians went, steering by sun and star, possibly with rice as their main sea store, in canoes whose safety hung on lashings and cordage of coconut fibre. If the voyage were too long, and food failed or fibre rotted, there was no salvation. How many of these hardy and skilful navigators, with their wives and children, sank without trace? Some of the voyages were short, and after a few days there was the landfall of a new island. Others, as the mere facts, or present day habitation show, were over vast expanses of open ocean. For centuries the Polynesians crossed and re-crossed the Pacific, from West to East, and East to West, from North to South and South to North. The Polynesians are, and have always been, fine sailors. Their double canoes, frail though they were, were wonderful ships. In the early nineteenth century Labillardie\re, seeking La Perouse, went sailing into Nuku'alofa, in Tonga. As his ship approached the shore, spanking along at ten knots, a double canoe came out, and kept sailing round and round them.

Descent from Heaven.

All people wonder how they came to be as they are, in their dear and familiar homelands. Memories become vague and woven into myth and poetry. Around the evening campfire or outdoors in the pleasant island nights bards and storytellers recounted the adventures of men and gods, of human intercourse with immortals living a life like their own in lands of more than earthly fruitfulness and beauty to which imagination turns in nostalgic wonder. In such tales is the stuff of history, not that bards and storytellers and their listeners had an exaggerated interest in the sober narration of facts, or thought a story any the worse or other thing at an embroidery of marvel. Nor from the traditions of one part only of the Polynesian people can history be read even from all the traditions set together and compared. Much else must be examined as well. Not far distant in the day when the movements of this splendid people both before they reached the Great Ocean and as they sailed its wide bosom will be told with some accuracy. Even though some traditions be lost much remains with little change — bodily forms, languages, social habits and many objects of material culture. Behind traditions of lands being created or drawn up from the sea are memories of discovery and colonisation. The Tongan stories of creation and of the coming of the Maui agree with the theories of those who believe the Polynesians came into Central Polynesia in two main streams, ethnically mixed as all people are, after long residence in Indonesia about the beginning of the Christian era, reaching as far as parts of Samoa, Tonga and Fiji. Not entirely sundered was Indonesia from the islands of the Pacific. The great navigators came and went in both directions between the ancient homeland and the Great Ocean. By about 500 or 600 AD a second large group of migrants entered the Pacific, some northwards of New Guinea, and others — the greater number — sailing southeast. These perhaps are they who are sometimes named the Tonga-Fiti folk. The settlement of new lands in Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, which had never ceased, was carried forward with new vigour as the later migrants sought homes. From Viti Levu, and south to Kadavu to far away Tahiti (the same word as Fiti, Viti, Fiji) and the Marquesas, the colonists spread. These are the Maui, coming with many women, founding homes. They were civilisers, bringing with them a culture more advanced than that of their forerunners in the islands. Their women wove finer mats. They cultivated the soil with more skill and knowledge. Mauikisikisi, many of whose great deeds are set in Fiji, is said to have brought fire from the underworld, and to have rid the land of some dangerous animal, though this may be in memory of man's conflict with fierce beasts in Indonesia, or Asia. Of them perhaps is the ceremoniousness of kava drinking and, it may be, the

word *Tü* as the title of a high and sacred king (Kä Levu and Kava???). In central Polynesia a great kingdom was established, from Manu‘a in eastern Samoa to Tonga and Fiji. Over this wide island empire a single king held sway, the Tu‘i Manu‘a ma Samoa ‘Atoa, the King of Manu‘a and all Samoa.

Tongan story tells of a time before their scattered islands dotted the surface of the sea. Over the face of the deep, void of land or man, floated seaweed and mud sticking together. On and on they drifted to an island in Pulotu, the Paradise of Otherland of the Polynesians, sometimes imagined as in the Underworld, or again as a land far to the Northwest. There mud and seaweed separated, and between them grew a rock. The eternal silence was broken by rumblings as of thunder. Violent tremblings shook the rock, and it split asunder. From the chasm leapt forth a pair of twins, Piki, ‘Sticking’, and Kele, ‘Earth’, male and female. Again the thunders and convulsions, and another pair, ‘Atungaki, male, and Mä‘imoa-‘a-longona, female, sprang out. A third, and a fourth time, were the roarings and shakings, and two more pairs of male and female were born of the rock, Fonu‘uta, ‘Land Turtle’, and Fonuvai, ‘Sea Turtle’, and the fourth, Hëmoana, ‘Ocean Wanderer’, that is the Seasnake, and Lupe, ‘Dove’.

Three of these pairs joined in love and bore children. To Piki and Kele were born a boy and a girl, Taufulifonua, ‘Land-oversetter’, and Havealolofonua, ‘Havea of the Underworld’. ‘Atungaki and Mä‘imoa-‘a-longona begot a daughter, Velelahi, ‘Big Vele’. Fonu‘uta and Fonuvai also had a daughter, Velesi‘i, ‘Little Vele’.

Then Piki and Kele made a land, called Tongamama‘o, ‘Distant Tonga’, to which they took their son and daughter. For a long time Taufulifonua and Havealolofonua lived together in innocence, but at last they knew one another, and of their union was born Hikule‘o, ‘Echo’. Then Havealolofonua sought her cousins (or sisters as the Tongans would say) as wives for her husband-brother. To Velelahi were born five sons—Tama-po‘uli-ata-mafoa, ‘Lad in darkness dawn about to break’, Tangaloa‘eiki, ‘Tangaloa chief’,‘Eitu-ma-tupu‘a, ‘Holy and ancient’, Tangaloatufunga, ‘Tangaloa-craftsman’, Tangaloa-‘atu-longolongo, ‘Tangaloa uttering sound’.

Velesi‘i became the mother of a well-known group of culture heroes the Maui: Mauiloa, ‘Tall Maui’, Mauipuku, ‘Short Maui’, and Maui-‘ata-langa, ‘Maui shadow of raising’, who was the father of Mauikisikisi, ‘Mischievous Maui’. There are stories in which appears another Maui, Mauimotu‘a, ‘Maui senior’, represented as the father of Maui-‘ata-langa.

Now when all these children were born to Taufulifonua, his sister Havealolofonua, and his cousins, Vele-lahi and Velesi‘i, Taufulifonua and Havealolofonua apportioned them dwellings. To Velelahi and her sons, the Tangaloa, was given the sky; Velesi‘i and her sons, the Maui, were sent to the Underworld; Hikule‘o was appointed to Pulotu, Paradise, the abode of the dead, with rule over the earth. If Hikule‘o were to leave Pulotu and visit the earth it would be destroyed. Hikule‘o, therefore, was bound by a long cord, one end of which was held by Tangaloa in the sky, and the other by the Maui in the Underworld. To Hëmoana, ‘Ocean Wanderer’, was assigned sea, and to Lupe, ‘Dove’, the land and forests.

So these gods dwelt in their places, but the lands we know as the abode of men had not yet appeared. And the Tangaloa in the sky bade their brother, Tangaloa-‘atu-longolongo, go down to earth. He flew down in the form of a snipe, and flew about, seeking dry land, but finding none. Only in one place the sea was light coloured because it was shallow. So the snipe returned to heaven and told his brothers that he could find no dry land, only in one place a shoal. They bade him stay another seven nights, and go again to seek. When, after seven nights, ‘Atulongolongo returned to the light-coloured patch of sea, he found that it was still shallower. He flew back to the sky and told his brothers that the depth of the shoal was less—that it was almost like a reef;

but that still there was no place where he might alight and rest. Then the Tangaloa told their brother Tangaloatufunga, ‘Tangaloa the Craftsman’, to pour the chips and scraps from his workshop down upon earth. When this was done the chips and scraps of the Craftsman’s workshop formed a heap, standing high out of the sea, the island of ‘Eua.

When next Atulongolongo came down to earth, he found the island, and straightway flew back to heaven to tell his brothers that the leavings of the Craftsman’s workshop had become an island. Then he returned and rested there, waiting to see what would happen in the place where the sea was shallow. And day by day the water became even shallower, till at last a sandbank, or reef, appeared, just above the surface of the sea. Now ‘Atulongolongo, in his form of a snipe, flew to the reef and stood there. Hence we say, ‘The tide is out, for a snipe can stand on the reef.’

And now, where the water had been shallow, was a bank, growing larger and larger into a bare, sandy island. So ‘Atulongolongo flew back to the sky and told his brothers, “My land is large, but nothing is growing on it.” Then Tangaloa‘eiki gave him a seed of *convolvulus* (*fue*), saying, “Go, plant this in your land.” And the *convolvulus* vine grew and covered the island, whereupon ‘Atulongolongo reported to his brothers in the sky, “I have plenty of vegetation, but no people.” His brethren bade him break in two the stem (or root) of his vine. When this was done, the part broken off rotted, and bred a large maggot. Then the Tangaloa in the sky told ‘Atulongolongo to break the maggot in two with his beak, saying that each part would become a man. As he bit the maggot in two, a fragment—*momo*—stuck to his beak, and that, too became a man, and ‘Atulongolongo, as he reported to his brothers, had three men instead of two. These, then, were the first men, named Kohai, ‘Who’; Koau, ‘I’ and Momo, ‘Fragment’, and they dwelt on the island which had grown where the sea was shallow, and is called ‘Ata. There are two islands named ‘Ata by the Tongans, one a low island a few miles in a northerly direction from Tongatapu, and the other the lofty island some fifty miles to the south from Tongatapu, named Pylstaart by Tasman in 1643. The Tongans have no clear tradition which of these two islands is meant, and foreigners are divided in their opinions. We cannot be certain which of the two is meant, but shall assume, tentatively, that is it the low islet north from Tongatapu.

The Land Fishers

One day a boat came sailing from the Underworld, manned by Mauiloa, ‘Tall Maui’; Mauipuku, ‘Short Maui’, Maui‘atalanga ‘Maui shadow of raising’, and his son, Mauikisikisi, ‘Mischievous Maui’. With them was their mother Velesi‘i, who was a craftswoman in the weaving of the fine mats called *ngafingafi*. They were seeking the famous hook with which lands might be drawn up out of the sea, and went first to Manuka (in Samoan, Manu‘a, the eastern part of Samoa), where lived Tonga-fusi-fonua, ‘Tonga-fisher-of-lands’, and his wife. When the boat touched land, Mauikisikisi jumped ashore, and went off inland, where he met Tonga-fusi-fonua’s wife. He seized her by the hand, and led her away to have intercourse with her. Afterwards the woman asked him, “Who are you?” He replied, “I am one of the Maui, and our boat is lying in the anchorage. We have come to beg from your husband the hook with which lands may be drawn up.” She told him that her husband was not at home, and that they must wait till he returned. Now Kisikisi was a youth of great comeliness and strength, and the woman in her love for him told him the secret of the hook. “When Tonga comes,” she said, “and you make your request, if he tells you to take your choice of the hooks hanging on the wall, choose the dirty, dull one hanging at the bottom. Don’t take one of the bright clean hooks, as you will never get a land with any of them.” Kisikisi told his father and uncles what the woman had said, and when Tonga-fusi-fonua bade them take which hook they pleased, pointing out to them the bright new hooks, they choose the dull, dirty hook hanging at the bottom. Tonga-fusi-fonua was reluctant to let them have this hook, but at length consented, asking them to name the first country they pulled up ‘Tonga’, after him.

The Maui set off with their hook, but had not gone far before they decided to make a trial cast, so that if they had not got the right hook they might easily return and exchange it. So they cast the hook, and when they pulled on the line they drew up an island, which they named 'Tokelau.' With joy they gazed at this land, assured that they had the right hook. On they paddled, and came to the part of the sea where Tonga now is, but as yet there was no Tonga, but only 'Eua and 'Ata. On 'Ata they saw the three men, and asked them if they had no women. The three men answered that there were no women, and, being asked how then they came to be born, they were told that they were created by the god Tangaloa-'atu-longolongo. The Maui replied that they would first fish up a land just where they were, and would then return to the Underworld for women for the three men of 'Ata. So they pulled up an island, which they named Tonga, as Tonga-fusi-fonua had bidden them, and then brought wives from the Underworld for the men of 'Ata. By these three men and their wives the earth was peopled.

The Maui sailed about in their boat, fishing up lands. They drew up Ha'apai, Vava'u, Niua and Samoa, but not Kao, Late, Fonualei, and some of the Fiji Islands—volcanic islands, though there are volcanic islands in Samoa also. The lands that were not fished up from the sea were thrown down from heaven, and are called Makafonua 'o Hikule'o, 'Rock Country of Hikule'o', the god, or goddess, of Pulotu. These lands are all hilly and uneven, whilst the lands drawn up by the Maui from the sea are, in general, though not wholly, low and level coral islands. The islands poured down from the sky are along a fault where there is still volcanic action, and are probably intended to be understood as including Niua Fo'ou and part of western Samoa, notably Savai'i. In 1911, when I first saw these islands, there had been a terrible volcanic outburst a year or two before. A sea of lava had rolled down over the land, engulfing houses and gardens, into the sea. From the ship we could see the roof of a church above the solidified lava flood. Over the edge of a low cliff, formed by the lava where it fell into the sea, was still pouring a thin stream of molten rock, flames running and flashing as it fell, like a black waterfall, into the boiling sea, over which towered a column of steam.

To the children of the maggot and their wives sons and daughters were born, man multiplied on the earth, and the lands were inhabited. The names Kohai, 'Who', and Koau, 'I', were probably not the names of men. Momo, 'Fragment', may have been—a king towards the end of the twelfth century was called Momo. A vague memory of a king or dynasty named after a Momo may be preserved in the Tongan expression, *Hau 'o Momo*, 'Kingship of Momo', or, 'in the kingship of Momo'. This is used of far-off antiquity, the forgotten past, before the beginning of the line of kings which has endured until to-day.

In that far distant past, on a little island near Tongatapu, sometimes said to be 'Ata, but also called To'onanga-kava 'o Popua, stood a giant casuarina tree, which grew and grew until its top pierced the sky. Here, then, in the sky, the abode of the sky gods, 'Eitu-ma-tupu'a, 'Holy and ancient', seeing the great tree descended by it, down and down, until he came to the land in which it grew. The effort was well worth while, for no sooner had he reached the earth than he saw a beautiful women, and, like other sons of god, he saw that the daughters of men were fair. 'Eitu-ma-tupu'a loved the woman, whose name was 'Ilaheva or Va'epopua, and the place where they lay together is called Mohenga, 'Sleeping place'. The god returned to the sky, but repeatedly came down by the tree to visit his earthly love. One night they were so overcome by sleep that they were still slumbering when the day broke, and 'Eitumatupu'a was awakened by the cry of a bird called *tala*, a tern. He aroused 'Ilaheva, telling her that it was day, and that the bird had seen them. Hence the names of two places on the island, Mata'aho, 'Eye of Day', and Talakite, 'Seen by the tern'. And 'Ilaheva became pregnant, and bore a son, whom she nourished on earth, whilst his father continued to dwell in the sky. On one of his visits to the mother and child he gave the boy the name of 'Aho'eitu, 'Sacred day', and, observing that the

island was nothing but sand, he promised to pour down soil from heaven and a yam to plant. Where the earth fell from heaven a mound was formed, called Holoi‘ufi, ‘Yam mound’.

The years went on. ‘Eitumatupu‘a ceased to visit ‘Ilaheva and her son, and the boy grew to young manhood not knowing his father. One day the youth said to his mother, “Who is my father? I wish to, go to him.” His mother told him that he could go to his father by climbing the great casuarina tree, and prepared him for his journey. His head and body were anointed with oil, and he was dressed in fresh cloth. “When you reach heaven,” said ‘Ilaheva, “you will find your father by the side of the road snaring pigeons.” ‘Eitumatupu‘a followed his mother’s directions, and, reaching heaven, went along the road she had told him. Presently he saw a man snaring pigeons. Now ‘Aho‘eitu was an exceedingly handsome youth, and, when his father, who did not know him, saw this young man of beautiful and noble bearing draw near, he sat down in respect. ‘Aho‘eitu, in courteous words, desired him to rise, and kissed him. When ‘Eitumatupu‘a inquired of his visitor where he had come from, he replied that ‘Ilaheva was his mother, and that he had come from her to seek his father. Then ‘Eitumatupu‘a embraced his son, they kissed again, and wept together. The pigeon snaring was abandoned; the youth was led to his father’s home to be refreshed with *kava* and food.

Now ‘Eitumatupu‘a had other sons, who were born and lived in heaven. It happened that just then they were on the green, playing at the game of spear throwing; ‘Eitumatupu‘a suggested that ‘Aho‘eitu should go and see the sport, and meet his brothers. When he came to the green, the onlookers all gazed with admiration at the handsome noble youth, and wondered who he could be, though some guessed it might be ‘Eitumatupu‘a’s son come up from earth. His brothers, suspecting the truth, were filled with envy, and, unable to contain themselves, fell upon him, tore him to pieces and ate him, all but the head which they flung into a bush.

Meanwhile, ‘Eitumatupu‘a, who knew nothing of what had happened, had a banquet prepared for ‘Aho‘eitu, and when it was ready sent a woman to bring him. She looked all round, but could not find him. She asked bystanders where he was, but they evaded her questions. So she returned to the chief, and told him that she could not find his son. The father, suspecting that some mischief had been done the lad, called his other sons and questioned them. They protested that they knew nothing of what had happened to their brother, but their father was not deceived. He had a large bowl brought, and made his sons vomit into it. And they did, filled it with flesh and blood. Then the brothers confessed that they had flung the head into a bush. It was brought, together with the bones, and all placed in the bowl. Water was poured in, and all covered with leaves of the *nonu*. The bowl was left undisturbed outside the house, and every once and a while someone would go to see what was happening. After a time bones and flesh had commenced to reunite. A little later the body was found to be almost completely formed. The next inspection found it complete, and soon afterwards ‘Aho‘eitu was seen sitting up in the bowl. When this was announced to ‘Eitumatupu‘a he had ‘Aho‘eitu brought to him, together with his other sons. All seated themselves in his presence, and he thus addressed them, “You have been cruel to ‘Aho‘eitu, and have slain him. Therefore he shall go down to earth and be Tu‘i Tonga, ‘King of Tonga’, and you, his slayers, shall remain here.” Then affection was awakened in the hearts of the youths, and they wept, recognising that ‘Aho‘eitu was surely their brother.

So ‘Aho‘eitu went down to earth as king of Tonga, the first Tu‘i Tonga, who came down from heaven. Later his brothers, whose names were Talafole, Matakehe, Maliepö, Tu‘i Loloko and Tu‘i Folaha, followed him. To them their father gave these instructions: “Talafale, thou shalt not be Tu‘i Tonga because thou didst commit murder; but go, they name shall be Tu‘i Faleua, ‘King of Two Houses’; Maliepö and Matakehe, you shall guard the Tu‘i Tonga; Tu‘i Loloko and Tu‘i Folaha, you shall have authority: when there is a burial of the Tu‘i Tonga you shall carry it out as though it were my own.” So they came to earth, and did as their father had

bidden them. The descendants of Talafale are Tu‘i Pelehake; no descendants of Matakehe are any longer known; the descendants of Maliepö are Lauaki; the descendants of Tu‘i Loloko still bear the same name.

With ‘Aho‘eitu’s descent from heaven we reach the firm ground of earthly history. True, but little is known. The few traditions that have survived are surrounded by vast expanses of silence. Yet there are things most tangible—great rock-faced tombs of the kings, and other big-stone monuments; a list of kings commencing, it is reasonable to guess, about the middle of the tenth century, and lasting until now. From the latter years of the eighteenth century European chroniclers multiply, and soon the Tongans themselves are able to read and write.

Migrations.

Behind the stories of man’s intercourse with Sky, Underworld and Pulotu is the history of wanderings, could we but decipher it. There are tales and poems—not many—of voyages, filled with marvels, which are remembrances of ancient home-lands and of voyages which took the Polynesians far and wide over the immense Pacific, even among Antarctic snow and ice.

Prominent in the legends of some branches of the Polynesian peoples, though not of the Tongans—how much has been forgotten and lost?—is Hawaiki, ‘Little Hawa’, a homeland, or stopping-place where the wanderers, or many of them, stayed long. Hawaiki is well known today as Hawai‘i, largest of the group of the islands to the north called after it, and, to the south, Savai‘i, largest of the Samoan islands. Hawa probably is Java, and we can picture the Polynesians, after a long stay in Java, coming out past South-east Asia and New Guinea, north-east to Hawai‘i, and south-east to Samoa. Much later there were voyages north and south between Tahiti and Hawai‘i, and a migration west from Tahiti to New Zealand which brought the Maoris to displace and drive into the fringing islands a kindred people, the Moriori, who were in New Zealand before them.

Peoples preserve in their beliefs about the direction in which the soul of their dead travel to Paradise a memory of where their ancestors came from. The soul goes ‘home.’ In Tongan legends Pulotu is imagined either as a shadowy land in the Underworld, or as a large island somewhat to the north-west, a land of supernatural fruitfulness, where without labour all the needs of man are abundantly fulfilled. If the position of Pulotu is a folk memory of the direction the people came, than at some place in South-East Asia and its islands is a place where the ancestors of the Polynesians dwelt so long that folktales turn nostalgically back to it as a home-land. Java, perhaps has given its name to two of the principal islands of the Pacific. Resemblances between the languages of Polynesia, and some of the peoples of south-east Asia are many and close.

Some legends are shared by all the widespread peoples of Polynesia, but there are local modifications, born of long-ago events in the different regions. Stories of the creations of lands are probably legendary ways of telling of their discovery and settlement. Possibly in the tales of creation of the islands of the Tonga group we have dim recollections of their discovery by successive waves of migrants. Before ‘Aho‘eitu, whose reign is placed about 950 A.D., there seem to have been two phases or dynasties of Polynesians. First, there was the creation by the gods of heaven of a land and men to inhabit it—the period of Momo. To these men, who came apparently as a more or less warlike group with but few women and children, came a second group, more peaceful and with many women, and, thirdly, ‘Aho‘eitu is born, first of the long historical line of sacred kings, son of a woman of the land and of a mighty chief arrived from somewhere beyond the Tongan lands. In eastern Tongatapu is a district named Ha‘amene‘uli, which means ‘Tribe’, or ‘Group of the dark Mene’, a tantalisingly vague hint of contact with a darker people. The thought which readily occurs is that into this tip of Tongatapu Polynesian

invaders drove the survivors of a dark people who were in the land before them. The late President of the Polynesian Society, Mr. S. Percy Smith, however, gives the powerful weight of his wide learning to the view that the Mene‘uli or Manahune were not darker people whom the Polynesians dispossessed in their present homes, but people of Negrito or Negroid stock whom they met during their wanderings in Indonesia, or farther west, and from whom they took men and women slaves.

With ‘Aho‘eitu we reach a date 950 A. D., which can be fixed with a fair amount of probability, and the Tongan people as they are to-day. They came from lands where people akin to themselves were already living. Tongans refer to the dim past, before their Tu‘i Tonga ruled in the land, as the period, or kingship, of Momo, the man created by the fragment that stuck to the beak of the snipe god. It has been surmised that the Polynesians, a people formed by various intermixtures as it passed by way of India and along the southeast Asian coasts and islands, came into the Pacific in three main migrations, of which the last, a branch of the Polynesians known as the Tongaviti folk, came to Samoa, from where, in the tenth century, they spread to their homes in the wide ocean. The word Tongaviti, in Tongan, *Tongafisi*, is used of a soothsayer, a person of unusual, weird knowledge. Stories of lands poured from the sky, or fished up from the sea, may be an amalgam of tales of voyage and discovery of the latest arrivals, with half memories of still earlier adventures.

The two sections of the Tongaviti folk, the Tonga and the Viti, have given their names to three important island groups of the Pacific. The Viti went west from Samoa, settling in Viti or Fiji, driving into the mountainous interior of the largest islands the shorter darker people who were there before them, mingling with them to form the modern Fijians, somewhat darker of hue than the golden-brown Polynesians. The eastern islands of Fiji, the Lau Group, has remained predominantly Polynesian. Between them and the Tongans have persisted feelings of close relationship and frequent intercourse. Noble memorials of this association are found in the titles of great chiefly houses of Tonga, and in one of the most honourable ways of presenting the *kava* root, a very large root drawn on a sledge being called *kava tefisi*, ‘the Fiji *kava*’. Tefisi, ‘The Fiji’, is a place name in Tonga.

Another group of the Viti folk sailed far to the east, and gave their name to Tahiti. Hiti is the same word as Viti, Fiji, and *ta* is the article. (The widely met Polynesian article *ta*, *te* is so like *the, die* as to suggest the possibility of a borrowed word, picked up from Indo-Europeans met somewhere during the long wanderings). When Captain Cook asked Tahitians, the name of their land they replied, “O Tahiti”—Polynesians never leave a noun or pronoun standing alone without *ko* or *o* before it—and so Tahiti appeared and long remained in European accounts as Otaheite. The other member of the Tongaviti folk, the Tonga, moved southwest from Samoa to the island group named after them, probably settling on the way Niua Fo‘ou, in which is a district called Tonga Mama‘o, Distant Tonga, a name which appears in some old time legends. The speech of Niua Fo‘ou is practically the same as that of the other parts of the Tongan Islands, but has kept some archaic forms, notably the article *te*, which elsewhere has become *e* or *he*. In Tonga generally the absolute prefix *ko*, followed by the article *e*, or *he*, has become *ko e*; in Niua Fo‘ou the form is *ko te*. Just as the Greeks said of the speech of their non-Greek neighbours that they kept jabbering *var-var-var*, and so called them *varvaroi* or *barbaroi*, chatterers of *var-var* or *bar-bar*, so the Tongans, with like amusement or contempt of people who said *ko-te*, called their way of speech *kote-kote*, and *kotekote* is the word for strange foreign talk.

People of the Tonga half of the Tongaviti folk seem to have gone to other places beside Tonga. Their name is found in Hawai‘i and Tahiti, and to the south-west from Tahiti they have a land named after them, Rarotonga, ‘Lower’, or ‘Below Tonga’. In the first half, then, of the tenth century were practically completed the migrations which brought the Samoans, Fijians

and Tongans into the lovely lands named after them, and many other Polynesians into their homes. It was not until about four centuries later that the Maoris came from Tahiti to New Zealand. Long voyages, however, did not cease. Polynesians sailed west to Tikopia, in the Solomon Islands, and there were voyages from Tahiti and Hawai‘i. Tongans, Fijians and Samoans have never ceased sailing about visiting one another.

Before Samoa, Tonga and Fiji have emerged as clearly defined political entities there seems to have been a time when all, with other islands in the area, were members of a widespread maritime empire. The hints are few and indistinct, but Samoan legend seems to preserve the shadowy recollection of this empire, whose king was entitled *Tu‘i Manu‘a ma Samoa Atoa*, ‘King of Manu‘a and All Samoa’. Effective over lordships of this great empire could not endure, and authority settled itself within the present political boundaries.

Chapter 2

Five Centuries.

If we may guess at history from myth, we may surmise that the history behind the legend of the descent ‘of ‘Atumatupu‘a from heaven may be something like this:

Before the middle of the 10th century the great king, the king of Manu‘a and all Samoa, dwelling in his palace Olotele, High Mountain, in Samoa, used to sail about his wide domain. Frequently he visited Tonga, drawn not only by cares of state but by love of a princess of the land. She bore him a son ‘Aho‘eitu who grew into manhood tall and strong of noble mien, proficient among his fellows for manly prowess and vigour. Trade also flourished, enriching Tonga with more plentiful food and wealth.

As the years of the great king declined the zeal of rule and ambition of empire sank, and the charms of a distant wife faded as does all human beauty. The great king no longer endured the weariness of the long voyage from Manu‘a to Tonga and time passed. But Popua and her handsome son were little inclined to allow lofty heritage to sink into local obscurity.. The youth sailed to the Great King’s capital, not as a humble traveller from a faraway corner of his empire, but as a prince of noblest lineage. Proudly and gladly the young man was welcomed into his father’s court, arousing the jealousy is the great king’s sons in the capital, who plotted against his life. But ‘Aho‘eitu was loved by the people of the capital and supported by the Great King’s favour, and the plot failed. The Great King, as his life drew to its close, unwilling to leave his empire to the discord of family rivalry, made certain dispositions of his rule. To ‘Aho‘eitu he assigned the kinship of the land where he was born, sending with him as attendants and courtiers his half brothers who had conspired against him. ‘Aho‘eitu returned in the glory of kinship, son of the Great King — came back from heaven, from Olotele, High Mountain, nay, bringing with him so much of majesty that where he dwelt was Olotele itself.

Fortunately for the peoples of the Pacific they were remote from Europe. By the 15th century Europe was crossing the Atlantic, sailing round Africa, penetrating soon into India and the East Indies; but for another three hundred years the peoples of the Pacific were able to live their own lives and develop their own societies. No people is without difficulties and wrongs. Opportunities of oppression beget oppressors. All peoples, and their neighbours, are scourged from time to time by men, and sometimes women, of great energy and ability, in whom the instinctive desire for esteem and influence among their fellows, which Adler finds to be a main source of human action, takes the morbid form of a desire to bring others under their power and control. Human societies are progressing in curbing and making harmless these abnormal people, but history is full of the crimes they have committed and the miseries they have inflicted.

Remoteness means isolation from vivifying contacts with other peoples, and if continued too long leads to stagnation, but the long severance of the Pacific from parts of the world where there was more ferment and movement, gave opportunity for the continuance and development of societies which must rank as, in many ways, among the most successful ventures of man in the basic task and meaning of civilisation, that is, the art of living happily together.

Tongatapu, ‘Sacred Tonga’, or simply Tonga, is the largest of the widely scattered islands and little archipelagoes known collectively as Tonga, inhabited by a fairly homogeneous people

speaking one language, and controlled by one government. Tongatapu is not large, about twenty-five miles from east to west, and up to eight or nine miles from north to south. It is a low flat coral island, with, near the centre of the north coast, a big circular lagoon opening to the sea. The southern, or weather, shore, ragged and picturesque, is fringed with coral reef. Islets and reefs scattered on the northern side of the island form a fairly good harbour for the present capital Nuku‘alofa, a couple of miles or so west of the lagoon. Small ships can come into this anchorage directly through the islets to the north, but large ships enter a narrow break in the reef at the western tip of Tongatapu, and feel their way between the shore and the fringing reefs and islets. For years in the early part of this century the carcass of a large freighter, the *Knight of St. George*, stuck fast on the reef to the side of the entrance, was a grim beacon warning mariners of what might happen if there were a slight error in reckoning. Most captains wait for daylight to go in or out of this anchorage; but one of the captains of the regular mail and passenger steamers, Captain Wallis, a man whom his officers regarded with remarkable affection and confidence, and who was esteemed by the men ‘on the beach’ as the best navigator who ever came into the port, would send a launch down the coast to place a few hurricane lanterns, and take his ship out in pitch darkness. One night I sailed on his ship out of Nuku‘alofa. Here and there glimmered the faint light of his lanterns. I have been aground on these reefs in a cutter, and for all my confidence in the captain, was glad to feel under my feet the heave of the deck as the ship cleared the reef into the open sea.

Off the eastern shore of Tongatapu is ‘Eua, rising in two great terraces a thousand feet to lovely rolling downs or meadows. Fifty miles to the north is Nomuka, where Captain Cook and Captain Bligh put in to get water for their ships. Twenty-five miles further north from Nomuka is a tangle of islets, of which the most famous is Tungua, home of the august lady, the Tamahä, and sailing another fifteen miles north you are in the main part of the scattered Ha‘apai islands. On the western horizon are Tofua and Kao, both volcanic. Tofua, flat-topped, 1,500 feet high, has a crater in the middle of it, and has been active this century. Kao, over 3,000 feet high, is a perfect cone. On a calm day from thirty miles away the cone is seen so perfectly mirrored in the sea that it scarcely appears where the reflection ends and the mountain begins. Legend, attached also to other similar pairs of islands, tells that Kao was once the top of Tofua, but spirits came one night to steal it away. The work of loosening the mountain top was arduous, and scarcely had they got it away from its base when day broke, and they had to drop it in its present position, and flee. Seventy or eighty miles north from Ha‘apai is Vava‘u, high and lovely. Indented shores and skirting islets form one of the worlds most beautiful harbours, with high wooded shores running down to deep water, clean, sparkling blue and green over its floor of white coral sand. On the far side of the main island from the harbour the weather shore falls four or five hundred feet sheer to the sea or rocks.

Far out, a hundred and twenty miles to the north, is Niua Toputapu, where the tide, as it retreats, leaves shore flats hundreds of yards wide. A hundred miles or more to the west from Niua Toputapu is Niua Fo‘ou, a harbourless volcano, six hundred feet high, whose black sand is of amazing fertility. From the top of the island you look down on a lake in its centre, bewitchingly blue, with a little bay on one side, just as lovely a green. On one side the land falls to a level terrace, and then down to the surface of the lake. On the far side the wooded cliff falls steeply to the lake, with soil and detritus at the bottom where megapods make their nests. The hen birds scoop a hole in the bank and lay their single eggs, and, covering them with the warm sand, leave them to hatch.

These gems of beauty and fruitfulness, set in the blue Pacific, were the realm of the kings of Tonga, with some sort of over lordship, recognised by joining in great national works, over

more distant ‘Uvea and Futuna. There were some brief conquests in Samoa, and constant voyages of peace to those lovely isles.

In Heketä, at the eastern end of Tongatapu, ‘Aho‘eitu, first of the Tu‘i Tonga, established his court. Tradition, not in the form of stories about individual kings, but as a sort of legendary rumour, says that kings were sometimes removed by the hand of an assassin. But the kings lived surrounded not only by great lords and attendants, but also by an aura of sanctity and ceremoniousness, and unlawful attempts upon their person cannot have been frequent. From ‘Aho‘eitu, the first Tu‘i Tonga, to the death of Laufilitonga, the thirty-eighth and last, in 1865, is a period of nine hundred years, so that the average length of a reign is almost twenty-four years. Most of the kings must have lived out their days. The true average may have been slightly longer, for one name that appears in the list of kings was that of a wooden dummy, introduced to hide the fact that the usual succession from father to son was being broken by a king being followed by his brother. This was in the thirteenth century. The wooden dummy was suitably anointed and clothed, and named as Tu‘i Tonga. A wife was given to King Block, who soon was announced to be pregnant, and in due time to have been delivered of a son. Later the sad news was broken that the King was dead, and he was buried in one of the great stone-faced tombs. Then the real king was formally installed as successor of the wooden king. In the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, however, two kings were succeeded by brothers who were sons of different mothers, one of whom, at least, was much younger than his predecessor.

For the two and a half centuries from 950 A.D. to 1200 A.D. little is known or reported of the kings. Names are remembered, but that is all. About 1200, however, lived a king, Tu‘itätui, about whom a few stories have clustered. Floating stories tend to become attached to well-known names, and it is possible that some of the stories, few though they he, do not properly belong to him.

His name, Tu‘itätui, may he translated ‘King strike knee’, and that is in fact how popular mythology explains it. It is said that the king, to escape assassination, sat with his back to an upright stone, holding in his hand a long stick with which he swept to right and left, thus clearing a space into which no one was allowed to enter. That he, and possibly other kings, sat with his back to a stone named *Maka Fänekinanga*, ‘Leaning-against Stone’, seems to be true, for the stone, still stands in the ancient royal compound, Heketä. It is set, a little back, in one side of a low stone coping, forming a sort of low open-air throne. It may he presumed that Tu‘itätui was a strong and able king, restoring order and tranquility, perhaps after some confusions. Instead of ‘King strike knee’ his name may he translated ‘King strike king’, which would give us the picture of the king, not assuring himself against assassination, but quelling the attempts of rivals from within or without. Strong and successful rulers are wont to leave great constructions as memorials of their power, and of the peaceful prosperity of their reigns. Of Tu‘itätui tradition relates that he built the famous trilithon, Ha‘amonga ‘a Maui, Burden-carried-on-the shoulders or, more shortly, simply Ha‘amonga, in Eastern Tongatapu. Another version of the tradition says that he formed the design of- constructing the monument, hut that death claimed him before he could complete his design, which was carried through by his two sons, Maui, whom we have already met, is a well-known culture hero of Polynesia. He is said to have carried the stones for the trilithon on his shoulders from ‘Uvea. The American archaeologist, W.C. McKern, who examined the monument during a visit to Tonga in 1920-21, gives the following description and dimensions:- “the archway faces north and south, the lintel extending almost due east-west... an interval of 12.5 feet separates the upright pieces. The western upright is 17 feet high, 14 feet wide at the base, and 12 feet at the top. Both stones are 4.5 feet thick. The lintel is 10 feet long, 2 feet thick, and 4.5 feet in depth or width,” (W.C. McKern, *Archaeology of Tonga*, Bishop Museum, Honolulu, 1929. pp. 63-66). Tradition relates, what is probably true, that, after the

uprights were placed in position, earth was heaped between them, and up the ramp thus formed the lintel was dragged to the top and lowered into deep mortises in the uprights. In the middle of the cross-piece is a shallow depression, which popular fancy has likened to a *kava* bowl. It is not known how far the uprights are sunk in the earth. Some excavation, not carried far lest the structure he weakened, has shown that they are at least two feet deep, and are tamped around with chips of rock.

The purpose of the trilithon is hidden in mystery. McKern mentions a story that Tuʻitätui designed the monument as a memorial to his sons, who are represented by the two uprights, with the cross-piece the symbol of brotherhood uniting them. Another tradition relates that the king determined to erect a memorial to himself, something at which after ages would gaze in wonder. If that were Tuʻitätui's purpose he has achieved it more fully than he could have dreamed, for not only his own people, but visitors from lands of which he knew nothing have come and looked and marveled. A story that the stones were set up for the royal children to play a certain game looks more like a memory of what lively youngsters have done, than an authentic reason for undertaking so arduous an enterprise. For those who would see a mystic significance in the great archway a hint is given in the resemblance of the name *Haʻamonga* to the Samoan *Amonga*, 'Orion's Belt'. Nothing, however, seems to be known that would furnish further clues along that line. As you pass through the archway it seems to be an entrance into the royal compound Heketä, which doubtless was once surrounded by a fence, now decayed and disappeared.

Not far through the archway, off to the left, is the ancient throne, *Maka Fänekinanaga*, and not far on, to the right are two stone-faced house platforms, one of a single and the other of three terraces. The stones of these house platforms are excellently worked and smoothed, much finer in workmanship than the general run of Tongan stone monuments. On the larger of the two platforms were lying, when I saw it, stone posts or pillars, with niches at the top to carry the roof timbers. They are of the same fine craftsmanship as the stones of the platforms, but were fallen down and broken. They have been removed to the Museum of the Methodist College in Nukuʻalofa.

In Heketä are two royal tombs. It is said that a house on the top of one of these tombs had posts and stringers of stone. A house on the surface of a tomb was usual, but this house was peculiar in that some of its structure was of dressed stone, like that of the dwelling-house. Mr. McKern, who examined and described these sites in 1920-21 found only one sizeable stone element, "a piece of coral sandstone, 4 feet long, 0.8 feet wide and 0.7 feet thick, which appears to have been a stringer or rafter. Its special interest is due to the fact that it retains one unbroken end which is elaborately shaped, apparently for the purpose of being mortised. All surfaces are carefully dressed and all angles sharply defined... Fatafehi, the daughter of Tuʻi Tonga Tuʻitätui, the first female member of the family to hear that name, is said to be buried in Heketä. According to one report Tuʻitätui also is buried here." Professor Gifford presumes that Tuʻitätui had the two tombs in Heketä built, one for his father and one for himself. There is a tradition that the heap of earth and stone chips thrown up in the erection of the Haʻamonga was used as a burial mound for Tuʻitätui.

Tuʻitätui is said to have had an unusually large head. Stories are told of two of his marriages or loves. One recounts his stratagem to satisfy his desire for his sister, the *Tuʻi Tonga Fefine*, 'Female Tuʻi Tonga', and includes a piece of popular etymology to explain the name of the place where the incident occurred. This is the story:—How Tuʻitätui, the Tuʻi Tonga, dwelt at Heketä, in a house with an upper chamber. His sister Lätütama was Female Tuʻi Tonga. One day Lätütama and her maidens went to visit Tuʻitätui. They all sat talking together in the lower room of the house; but the king desired his sister, and planned how he might have her. Presently he

went up to the upper chamber, as though to look out over the sea, and called to the women below, “There are boats coming from Ha‘apai or Vava‘u—one boat, two three—there must be about a hundred boats.” But Lätütama did not believe her brother, and he called to her, “Come up here, and see for yourself.” So Lätütama climbed to the upper chamber, and her brother took her and lay with her. The maidens waiting below saw blood trickling through the ceiling, and asked, “What is this blood that is dripping down?” “It is from a flying-fox,” answered the king. So to this day the place is called To‘ipeka. Drop from a flying fox. There are interesting hints in this story. Prohibitions, or *tapu*s, between brothers and sisters (who may be half-sisters or cousins) are strict. A woman is socially superior to her brother. The Female Tu‘i Tonga, who is the sister of the reigning Tu‘i Tonga, or, if she has outlived her brother, of his predecessor, is, with the exception of her own daughter, the Tamahä, ‘Sacred Child’, the apex of society, so unapproachable that no native Tongan is a proper husband for her. In later times her husband was one of two Fijian chiefs, or chiefs who, though for generations they were born in Tonga, belonged to a house whose origin was in Fiji. The foreignness was soon much diluted, but was held to be sufficient to free a member of this lineage from the *tapu* that restrained a Tongan chief. But the marrying of the Female Tu‘i Tonga to a chief of the Fale Fisi, ‘Fiji House’, was long after the time of Tu‘itätui, and there is no tradition of where these great ladies found their husbands. This story suggests the possibility that, sometimes at least, the Female Tu‘i Tonga found a consort in the Tu‘i Tonga, an incest which became so shocking to the Tongans—more shocking even than it would be to English men and women—that its memory could survive only as the tale of a maiden seduced by her brother’s ungovernable passion. The wife who bore a successor to the Tu‘i Tonga was the daughter of a powerful chief of another house.

A story is told of Tu‘itätui and the beautiful maiden Nua, of the small island ‘Eueiki, Little ‘Eua:—Tu‘itätui, the king of Tonga, was a great and glorious prince, and the people of the land stood in awe of him. One day he went with two companions to Halakakala, ‘Road of fragrance’ in ‘Eueiki—or perhaps he set off to go fishing at a reef called Halakakala near ‘Eueiki. As they drew near to the island, they saw a maiden sitting on the weather shore with her feet hanging down in the water. The man in the bow of the boat, it seems, saw her first and he said to his two companions, “Lads, guess my riddle.”

“What is your riddle?”

“This is my riddle—a double canoe drawn up on the shore of Ha‘akame.” They tried to guess the riddle, but could not, and the man explained, “This is my riddle—see the woman over there with her legs hanging down in the water whilst she is sitting on the bough of a pandanus tree, and just in front of her the water is bright.” Then they all looked at her, and Tuitätui, who was rowing in the stern, said, “Lads, I beseech you, paddle quickly, that we may find out if it is a human girl or a spirit.” When they drew near Tu‘itätui called out, “Hail, maiden, on this weather shore!”

The maiden responded, “Hail to you as you sail by the reef!”

Again Tu‘itätui spoke, “Ah, indeed, we have been seeking long and have found no creature, but, lo, here it is on the shore.” Then he added, “Come on board, and sail away with us.”

“Sail where to?” the girl asked, “to Tonga, or just here to this island? But stay here tonight, and tomorrow I shall go with you to Olotele.” (Olotele, a Samoan form, meaning Great Fortress, or Great Town, the name of the Tu‘i Tonga’s compound in Mu‘a, but the Tu‘i Tonga had not yet made Mu‘a their capital, and were still living in Heketä).

And Tu‘itätui answered, “That’s a good idea; we noticed that the opening in the reef was rough.”

That was a lie, the sea was smooth at the entrance. The king, however, was still doubtful in his mind whether she was a human girl or spirit, and, as he hesitated what to do, the girl said, “You needn’t go away, there is nothing in me for you to be anxious about. If you have anxiety in your heart, that is the true rough sea. If Your Majesty’s heart is not at rest, then go to Olotele, and I shall stay here, and not go on board.”

Then Tu‘itätui, feeling sure that it was a human maiden, begged her, saying, “Maiden, please, honour me by coming on hoard, and let us sail away to Tonga.” So the maiden embarked. When they reached their land Tu‘itätui asked, “Maiden, what is your honoured name?”

And she replied, “My lord, my name is Nua.” She had known Tu‘itätui from the first, for she had heard that he was a chief with a head larger than any other man’s. They lived together, and she bore him three sons and a daughter.

Sangone.

Voyaging between Tonga and Samoa has never ceased. That is to be expected. Polynesians are great sea lovers, fearless and skilful on and in the sea. In the early part of the thirteenth century there were for a time somewhat close political relations between Tonga and some districts of Samoa. The famous story of Sangone, a turtle who was the mother of a human daughter, shows frequent association with Samoa, as well as traffic with an unseen world, which, for want of a better word, is called by the misleading term ‘supernatural.’ There is no such thing as the supernatural. A group of people, large or small, may believe that they have clear explanations of certain things in their own or others‘ experiences or opinions, and call all else ‘supernatural.’ The boundaries between the explicable ‘natural’ and inexplicable ‘supernatural’ are constantly changing. Many of the beliefs about the ‘natural’ as well as the ‘supernatural’ are, in their turn, shown to be false, and there is a shifting of the boundaries of the ‘natural,’ but for any people at any time the whole of their beliefs about the world and life is the ‘nature’ in which they live. Always, too, is the human delight in a tale. Few are willing to spoil a good story by straining out of it everything which they fear may not be historical or scientific, and we have no more warrant for asserting that a Polynesian story-teller is trying to be strictly historical in everything he says, for instance, about traffic with Pulotu, the land of spirits, than a European mother is when she tells her children about Jack and the Beanstalk.

Tu‘itätui is the best known, or at least the most frequently mentioned, of the kings of what Professor Gifford calls the classical period, and tales tend to be attracted to his name. In any case the story of Sangone is ascribed to his time, and here it is:—

Sangone was the turtle belonging to the maiden Hina, or, in full, Hinahengi from Pulotu. (Hina as the name of beautiful heroines is frequently found in Tongan stories. She seems to be originally a goddess associated with the moon and fishes. Hinahengi is perhaps Hina of the Dawn). Once upon a time Hina came from Pulotu to this world to wash her hair with clay. The place to which she came was Hokotu‘u, in Tongatapu. As she sat drying herself in the sun she felt drowsy, and lay down and went to sleep. A Samoan man named Lekapai came and found her asleep, and fastened her hair to a nearby tree. Then he waked her, and said, “Maiden, stand up.” She attempted to rise, but could not, because her hair was tied to the tree, and she begged the man to unloose her, saying, “Please unloose me, and I will live with you.” At once he unloosed the girl’s head, and they lived together for a long time.

One day Lekapai said to Hina, “I wish to go to Samoa, to my family,” and she replied, “If you do what I tell you, I’ll send my mother, that is the turtle Sangone, to go with you to Samoa.” Lekapai agreed, and Hina told him, “When you come to Samoa, go at once and pick a hunch of coconuts and leaves for mats, and bring them to Sangone for her to bring them to me. When you have done that, you may go and see your friends.”

So Sangone took Lekapai to Samoa, but when they arrived there, he did not do as he had promised Hina, but went immediately to see his friends. When the next day dawned, there was Sangone stranded in shallow water. There she was found by someone who came down to the sea to fetch water, and who hurried back to the village to tell the people that a turtle was stranded on the shore. Then the people came and dragged Sangone ashore, and baked her. The shell they took and buried in a hole in the ground. All this was seen by a stunted boy named Lafai. His growth was arrested because Lo'au (mixture of famous chief and culture hero) had taken his head in his hands, and said. "Lafai, you will he stunted, stunted, and the day Sangone is found you will die." This Lo'au was in Samoa seeking the sun. He went off to Tonga and told them about the shell of Sangone being buried in the ground.

In course of time it came to pass that the Tu'i Tonga, Tu'itätui, told his younger brother, Fasi'apule, born of one mother with him, to go to Samoa to seek Sangone. So Fasi'apule sailed to Samoa, and came to the village named Sangone, in the island of Savai'i. Before they landed Fasi'apule instructed his crew, "Nobody else is to distribute the *kava*. I alone will distribute it." When they landed, the village gathered, and they drank *kava* together. Whilst they were drinking Fasi'apule gave them this riddle, 'Swooned in the hush, smitten and betrayed.' Unable to guess the riddle they went to Lafai (the stunted boy, often called Lafaipana, 'Shorty Lafai'), and asked him the meaning of the Tongan chief's riddle. Lafai answered, "Go and get a plantain growing in the bush—don't take a plantain from a garden-and a sprout of taro. Wrap them in a leaf of *sï*, $F *Dracaena*.# cook them, and give them to him to eat." Then Fasi'apule gave them another riddle, 'Swilling, grunting and lying down.' Again they went to Lafai for a solution, and he told them, "When by-and-bye the *kava* drinking is finished, and food is prepared to welcome the visitors, get a pig that is too fat to stand, one that only eats and lies down. A pig like that is what his riddle is about." Then the feast of welcome was made, and such a pig was roasted. And Fasi'apule shared out the pig—"That hind leg, and the foreleg, and the back and the head—that is our share. You take the rest for your share, and hurry up and eat it. Then come, and I shall tell you our errand."

When they had eaten and were gathered together, Fasi'apule asked, "You know, don't you, where Sangone is buried?"

They replied, "No, assuredly we don't know,"

"Who, then," asked Fasi'apule, "guessed my riddles?"

"The boy Lafai told us."

"Is he still alive?"

"Yes," they answered, "he is still living."

Then Fasi'apule ordered Lafai to be brought, and asked him, "Are you Shorty Lafai whom Lo'au touched?"

"I am."

And Fasi'apule said, "We have been sent here by the Tu'i Tonga, to find Sangone, and take it to him. Do you know just where it is buried?"

Then Lafai, trying to delay the search, answered, "We could go straight away and dig it up, but, I beg you, please do not dig it up at once; but go first, and get me a perch for my dove, lest I should die before my dove has a perch."

"Good," said Fasi'apule, "I'll go to Niua."

So Fasi‘apule sailed off to Niua, and cut a bough from a casuarina tree, and brought it to Lafai. When he saw it Lafai asked, “What is that?”

“Why,” replied Fasi‘apule, “this is the perch for your dove?”

“What a fool you are,” retorted Lafai, “to go and cut a stick for me to sleep with. I thought you were good at riddles. You gave my friends here riddles to guess, and when I talked about a dove I thought you would be sure to know it was a woman I meant.”

And Fasi‘apule said, “Pardon, Lafai, you are right. But I did not know what you meant, because you don’t seem to be a grown man. But wait; I’ll go to Tonga, and bring someone to keep you warm.”

But Lafai refused, saying, “No, don’t go. You have been away a long time, and the Tu‘i Tonga may be angry. We’ll go and dig up Sangone.”

So they went and dug, and found the shell. Then Lafai died, and his body was prepared for burial, and placed in the hole where Sangone had been.

So Fasi‘apule returned to Tu‘itätui with the shell, which was regarded as an idol. It was left to one Tu‘i Tonga after another, until it came to the last Tu‘i Tonga, Laufilitonga, who became a Christian. The shell was sold to a European ship, and taken to Fiji, where it was sold again. The Tongan king Maeakafa (‘Strong Rope’, one of the names of the great Taufa‘ähau, who died in 1893) brought a large piece of the shell from Fiji, and kept it. A fishhook owned by the late Prince Tungï, Consort of Queen Sälote, was reputed to have been made from the shell of Sangone.

Removal of Tu‘i Tonga to Mu‘a

With Tu‘itätui’s death, probably in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, passed the glory of Heketä. Heketä lies in the exposed north-eastern corner of Tongatapu, whose rough rocky shores, not broken by sandy coves, offer little shelter for boats. The sons of Tu‘itätui, who, one after the other, with the interlude of the dummy king, succeeded their father, were fond of boats, and desiring a good anchorage, removed their court to Lapaha, on the lagoon which deeply indents the northern shore of Tongatapu. Another account says that they were urged to move by their sister, who was tired of hearing the surf breaking on the rocky shores of Heketä. Both accounts may well be true. The whole area in which Lapaha (the same word as the Fijian Labasa) is situated is called Mu‘a, which means Foremost, signifying in general the capital of the Tu‘i Tonga.

For the next six hundred years Lapaha was the home of the kings and their courts. Here are most of the great stone-faced tombs of the kings. Here can still be traced the moat and mound which surrounded the royal city. On the shores of the lagoon are remains of stone works that added to the convenience of the harbour, and of a causeway or mole, about twenty-five feet wide, running five to six hundred feet out into the smooth waters of the lagoon.

Today a main road runs through the centre of the ancient town, which is still an important centre of population. Bush screens the royal tombs with their giant rock facings, too sacred to be cleared without express order of those few chiefs whose social rank entitles them to give such orders. McKern has surveyed the area, and drawn an admirable plan which shows it as it must have been for many generations. The whole of the royal city was surrounded by ditch and mound, and within it, towards its southern end, was a rectangular, reed-fenced enclosure, within which, on a low oval mound, fifty feet in length stood the king’s house. This enclosure is properly Olotele, ‘Great’, or ‘Sublime fortress’, the residence of the Tu‘i Tonga. Immediately adjoining the royal compound on the north was the *mala‘e*, grassy green where the king held his

ceremonial assemblies and entertainments, a rectangular space, one hundred yards long, and surrounded with trees. A large tree under which the king sat was named Manaui. Possibly the name Olotele was extended from the royal residence to the *mala'e*. In one of the eastern islands of Samoa is a mountain called Olotele, and its cognate, Olokele, is the name of a mountain in Hawai'i.. It would seem, therefore, to be a name known among the Polynesians before the settlement of the Tu'i Tonga in Tonga. Since it is a name of mountains in other Polynesian lands its association with the majesty of kings, it is apparently connected with ideas of physical height and sublimity. Outside the north-west corner of the *mala'e* was an area named Fanakava, where McKern could find no trace of building, but which was famed as a sanctuary. So safe was the wrong-doer who made good his escape into Fanakava that his immunity from punishment has passed into proverb. Sites of some, but by no means all, of the dwellings of those who were in attendance upon the Tu'i Tonga, and of the places where necessary domestic tasks were performed, have been discovered. As the years and centuries wore on, the number of royal tombs grew; some are within the ancient fortification, some without.

In the middle of the fifteenth century a second king was appointed to attend to the business of government. His home and court were on the western side, towards the sea, of Lapaha. Another great lord, appointed at the beginning of the seventeenth century, had his principal centre and court in the western end of the island, Hihifo, but also a fortified enclosure, with a residence, adjoining Lap aha on the south. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century Captain Cook saw and described Lapaha as it must have been for some centuries:- "The place we went to was a village, most delightfully situated, on the bank of the inlet, where all, or most of the principal persons of the island reside; each having his house in the midst of a small plantation, with lesser houses, and offices for servants. These plantations are neatly fenced round, and, for the most part, have only one entrance. This is by a door, fastened, on the inside, by a prop of wood, so that a person has to knock before he can get admittance. Public roads, and narrow lanes, lie between each plantation; so that no one trespasseth upon another. Great part of some of these enclosures is laid out in grass-plots, and planted with such things as seem more for ornament than for use... There are some large houses near the public roads, with spacious smooth grass-plots before them, and inclosed. These, I was told, belonged to the king; and, probably, they are the places where their public assemblies are held."

Here the two sons of Tu'itätui found a harbour for their boats; their sister was no longer disturbed by the sound of the waves, and for six hundred years this was the centre of royal power and ceremony.

About the middle of the thirteenth century a battle was fought in Samoa, in which the Tu'i Tonga, Talakaifaiki was defeated by two Samoan brothers. This brought to an end some sort of authority which the Tu'i Tonga held over part of Samoa. What exactly was the nature of this power, and when it commenced, are not clear. Gifford conjectures that the story of Sangone indicates a strong grip on Samoa in the days of Tu'itätui and his predecessor. The Tongan rule, or overlordship, was oppressive, or, being foreign, was felt to be oppressive, and two valiant brothers collected their forces, determined to end it. The Samoans defeated and expelled the Tu'i Tonga and his men. As Talakaifaiki stood on the deck of his ship leaving Samoa, he called aloud,

> Noble courage, finely fought,
> Not again shall I come
> With strife to Samoa;
> But my coming shall be
> On a voyage of peace.

This is a piece of treaty-making much superior in form and content to much that the Western section of humanity has endured.

A Samoan hard has put into the mouth of Talakaifaiki’s mother a lament that has something of the spirit of the Song of Deborah in the fifth chapter of Judges.

The first line of Talakaifaiki’s farewell is, in both Tongan and Samoan, *Malie toa, malie tau*, and from Malie-toa???, the name adopted by one of the victorious brothers, in descended the line of chiefs who still bear that title.

The story of Talakaifaiki’s defeat illustrates the tendency of tradition, noted by Freud, to preserve the memory of national successes and forget the failures. Dr. Kramer tells us that in Samoa tradition of the battle is full and circumstantial. In Tonga I could find no memory of it whatever,

It is always a possibility that the mid-thirteenth century expulsion of the Tu‘i Tonga from Samoa marks the end of a regime that had subsisted, with more or less authority, for the three hundred years since the Tu‘i Tonga had established themselves in Tonga, and is thus a further stage in the political differentiation of the neighbouring island groups. A century or so after Talakaifaiki a king named Havea was assassinated. His murderer struck him a blow that severed his body at the waist. Havea was bathing when he was killed, and the body and head floated away, and was washed ashore where it lay on the beach. As the body lay on the sand a bird, the red-bill, *kalae*, came and pecked the face. Hence that place is called Houmakalae. When his mother’s people learnt of Havea’s death and mutilation, their chief, probably his mother’s brother, bade them slay him, sever his legs from his body, and take them to complete the body of the Tu‘i Tonga. Then the king was buried, and went walking into Pulotu on somebody else’s legs,

Of Havea’s son and successor, Tatafu, or, more fully, Tatafu-‘eiki-mei-mu‘a, “Tatafu—lord from foremost (place, rank or time)”, a tale is told of a voyage to Samoa with his brother Ngana. Imagination and the mystic have embellished the story, but it is based on the facts of Tongan and Samoan intercourse and intermarriage. Also, the wisdom of a suitor keeping a handsome brother out of sight of the lady he woos belongs to all times and places. This journey is said to have taken place before Tatafu became king. Tatafu lived with his father in the capital (hence, probably, the addition to his name of ‘Eiki-mei-mu‘a; he was ‘Lord from capital’. His brother, Ngana, lived in Hä‘ano, one of the Ha‘apai islands. At that time there was in Samoa a maiden whose beauty was spoken of far and wide. The report of her loveliness reached Tonga, and Tatafu determined to go to Samoa to get her for himself. He had to pass Hä‘ano on his way, and, putting in there, took his brother Ngana on board to attend him. Ngana took with him a Fijian follower.

When they reached Samoa, Tatafu told Ngana and his Fijian to stay and look after the boat, whilst he and the others went ashore. The reason for this was that Tatafu was jealous of Ngana, who was a wonderfully handsome man, with gleaming golden hair. When he unbound his turban and his hair floated in the wind, it was said that women fainted at the sight of its glowing beauty, just like flame.

Well, Tatafu went ashore, and spent the night in dance and entertainment, but his wooing of the maiden was fruitless. So passed several nights, and on the fourth or fifth day, one of the handmaids of Hina, for that was the maiden’s name, went down to the sea to fetch water, and came, as it happened, to the part of the beach where the Tongans‘ canoe was moored. There on the deck were Ngana and the Fijian sunning themselves. The woman stood bemused, wondering whether she saw a god or a man. To attract his attention she rattled her coconut-shell scoop, Ngana looked, and, in respect to her, swept aside his turban, and the poor woman stood dazed.

Then, forgetting her errand, she ran breathless to her mistress. “Down at the sea,” she cried, “is a man whose beauty equals all that we have heard of Ngana”—for reports of the handsome Ngana had reached Samoa. Then Hina told her servant to return to the beach, and invite Ngana to her home.

But the elder brother, after his nights of dance and entertainment, was worn out with weariness, and neither he nor any of his attendants knew when Ngana entered the maiden’s home and possessed her. When they awoke there was festival in Hina’s home to celebrate her love for Ngana. The maiden for whom Tatafu had come had eluded him. Angry and disappointed he at once made ready to return home. Then Hina said to Ngana, “If I give you a fine mat (*kie*) it will rot. (It was customary for a girl to give a fine mat to the man who won her virgin love). Whatever I give you will have its end. But I have a fish, the bonito, and I will give you that. It will swarm in your country, but not every year. There may be a break of a year or two. I am doing this that you may never forget me. If perchance you should begin to forget me, when the bonito appears you will at once think of me.”

When they sailed, two bonito went with them, swimming in the space between the hulls of the double canoe. When they were abreast of Hä‘ano, Tatafu ordered his brother and the Fijian to jump into the sea and swim ashore. Ngana swam on ahead, but the Fijian, being slower, became exhausted and was drowned. He was not far from land, and Ngana found his body washed ashore on the beach.

The care of the bonito was committed by Ngana to a family whose god used to appear in the eel, so that when the bonito comes an eel appears also. When the bonito shoals arrive, boats go out, and shepherd them in to the shore with paddles. No nets are used—the fish just come in. Ngana instructed the people that they must set aside for the chiefs fish that came close inshore; but what were taken farther out to sea should be for those who caught them.

It is not permitted to the chiefs of Hä‘ano to come down to the beach to see the bonito. The fish is Hina’s bridal gift to her wooer and his men. But the laws have not been kept, and the bonito fishing no longer prospers. Some of the chiefs come to look on, as though it were just an everyday thing, and not the bridal gift of dear Hina.

The name Ngana is preserved in the title of a high chief whose seat is in Hä‘ano, the Tu‘i Ha‘angana, ‘Lord of the Lineage of Ngana’.

Tui Ha‘atakalaua.

In the first half of the fifteenth century reigned a second Havea, who, like the first, was murdered. Havea the second was shot in the head by a Fijian. The reign of the next king, Takalaua, marks the end of an epoch, and the beginning of a new political structure. A romantic story tells of the king’s marriage to his favourite wife, who became the mother of his successor. Not far from the king’s compound in Tongatapu lived a man and his wife. Now the woman conceived, and the food which she craved in her pregnancy was the bird called *veka*—rail. When she was far advanced in her pregnancy she and her husband boarded a canoe to visit another island. With them they took a dove, for that was the man’s god. As they sailed along the time came when the people on board began to prepare food, and the woman asked her husband to get her a rail to eat. The man was annoyed, “What nonsense you talk!” he said. “Is this dry land that I can go and get a rail for you? This is nothing else but your desire to eat my god.” Then the man rose up, killed and cooked his dove, and gave it to his wife to eat.

Soon afterwards a strong wind arose, before which they ran, and in the night they reached the island of ‘Ata. That night the woman’s labour began, and her husband took her on to the island, where she gave birth to a girl. looking at her babe the mother saw with loathing that its head was

shaped like a dove’s. Then she and her husband wrapped the child in cloth, and left it, covered with leaves, at the foot of the tree where it had been born. They went back to the canoe, and sailed away, deserting their little girl. In the morning Ata, the chief of the island, chanced to pass near the tree, and heard crying. He went to see what that was, and lo! a new-born baby girl. With gladness he picked her up, and took her home to his wife, and they adopted her as their own daughter. As she grew the likeness to a dove’s head disappeared, and the poor little castaway, as she grew into womanhood, became the loveliest of maidens; her peer was not to be seen in the whole of Tonga. Her name was Vae, or, in full, Vae-‘ulu-ki-he-lupe, ‘Vae, head like a dove’s’.

Now, in course of time, it came about that the king, Takalaua, sent a canoe to ‘Ata to get the tribute. When the boat drew near the island, and was just outside the reef, the girl was bathing, while her mother stood on the beach watching her. “Look,” called the older woman, “there’s a boat over there.” Then, thinking that it was just a fishing-boat they took no more notice. When the girl had finished bathing she and her mother walked along the beach, and then struck inland to their home. Here the girl sat down outside the storehouse, leaning against the wall, eating something as she rested. Hearing a sound she looked up, and, behold, men from the strange boat were approaching. She jumped up and ran into the storehouse, but the men had seen her. They went on to the chief to do the king’s errand, and asked why the tribute was late. Ahe said that everything was ready, but he had not been able to take it to the king because of stormy weather. He was glad that they had come, for now they could take it.

So Ahe’s tribute was put on the canoe, and taken to the king. When all was distributed the men drew near to the king, and said, “Sire, there is a maiden for you.”

“Where?” asked the king.

“In ‘Ata,” they replied. “There is none like her, neither here in Tonga, nor in Ha‘apai, nor Vava‘u. This maid is alone amongst women.”

The king said that she must be a maiden who had grown up unknown, and the men replied that she was hidden. Then a boat was sent to ‘Ata to bring the girl. Now the crew of the canoe were not the same men who had come before, and when they inquired of Ahe about the maiden he said that there was no such girl. So they returned to Tongatapu, and questioned the first crew, who told them again about the girl. Then the king sent the first sailors back to ‘Ata, with messengers who threatened that the people would be slain and their island ravaged if the maiden were not delivered up. Again Ahe denied that there was such a girl, but the men who had before seen her said that she was even then hiding in the storehouse, repeating the threat that the people would be slain and the land destroyed if she were withheld from the king.

And so Vae was brought forth. Fine mats were put on her, and, weeping, her father and mother yielded her to the men. She was taken to the capital, and placed in the compound of the king’s women. Then Takalaua was told that she had come.

At this time the women were preparing a dance, which would be led by the king’s principal wife, the *Moheofo*, while the king himself beat time. When the day of the performance came, the dancers were in three rows; the queen, *moheofo*, was in the centre of the front row, and Vae in the back row. The dance began, but Takalaua was so engrossed in trying to see the lovely Vae, that he made an error in the time, and even struck himself in the face with his drumstick; hence a name was given to the beautiful girl, Vae-mata-lavea, ‘Vae face wounder’. It was a thing unheard of that a king should make a mistake in beating the time, and the queen wanted to abandon the dance forthwith. But the king brought Vae into the second row, and they started again. Still the king’s attention was distracted, and his beating went wrong. The queen in anger again demanded that the dancers be dismissed, but the king brought Vae into the front row,

beside the queen herself. Then, with unimpeded view of the stranger's loveliness and grace, the king beat correctly, and the dance was performed to the end.

And Vae bore Takalaua five sons, of whom the eldest, Kau'ulufonua, became Tu'i Tonga, and the second, Moungämotua the first bearer of an illustrious title soon to be founded. It seems strange that this high rank should be borne by the sons of Vae, who, for all her beauty, is represented as the adopted daughter of a small island. But there are hints of exalted lineage in Vae. Her mother is said to have yearned for the *veka*, rail, to eat when she was pregnant, and there is mention of the *veka* as the god, or boat, of the Tu'i Tonga. Moreover, 'Ata, the island where Vae was deserted, and whose chief brought her up, is probably the island where lived the men before the Tu'i Tonga, the offspring of the Maggot, broken at the bidding of the Tangaloa, the Lords of the Sky, It is possible, therefore, that in marrying Vae the king may have allied himself with a house more ancient than his own, as though an English king had married a Welsh princess. It is, of course, possible that wives of Takalaua whose rank was regarded as higher than that of Vae bore the king no sons, and, again, in all palaces with an extensive harem, a favourite wife can secure a good deal for her sons.

Now these sons of Vae grew up, and one day they were swimming and sporting in the sea, when a woman came to them, and, sitting on the beach, told them that their father had been murdered by two men of Pelehake. The king was not at once buried, but his body was kept until the assassins had been punished. The five sons gathered their warriors, and set off in pursuit of the murderers, who fled in turn to 'Eua, Ha'apai, Vava'u, Niua Toputapu and Niua Fo'ou. In each place the brothers came up with them, and defeated their forces, but after each defeat the murderers themselves escaped. From Niua Fo'ou the two men fled to 'Uvea, but their pursuers went to Samoa, where they defeated the forces opposed to them, but, not finding their men, set out for 'Uvea. Storm drove them off their course to Futuna. How Kau'ulufonua, who had had an uninterrupted run of victories, and had himself remained unwounded, wished to know whether his good fortune was due to his own prowess or to the protection of a god. So before giving battle in Futuna, he set a sign. He would guard his front himself, but would leave his back to the gods, The fight commenced, and at first went against Kau'ulufonua and his men. Kau'ulufonua was driven into the corner of a palisade, where he bravely defended himself; but a Futuna man, coming from behind, thrust a spear into his back. Kau'ulufonua turned, smashed his assailant's spear, and slew him. After the battle the Tongans withdrew to an islet near by, called 'Alofi, and Kau'ulufonua told his companions of the sign he had set, and how he had been wounded from the side he had left to the gods to guard, so that he knew that his victories and safety were owing to himself and not to gods.

When the Tongans withdrew from the main island of Futuna to 'Alofi, it happened that Kau'ulufonua's youngest brother, Toevave, was left behind. He was taken by the Futunans, and well treated. The youth told his captors that if they had killed him his death would have been avenged on them all, but that, since they had kept him alive, not one of them would be punished. Then they asked Toevave what they should do to appease his brother, for they feared that Kau'ulufonua would come and slay them all. "This do," said the youth. "Gird yourselves with fine mats; put wreaths of *ifi* (chestnut) leaves about your necks, as the Tongans do when they make supplication. Then let us go and sit before the chief, with me in front of you. As you sit bowed before him have no fear, since I am still alive. Moreover prepare food and *kava* for these warriors who have come from over the sea."

Everything was done as Toevave bade. The Futunans sailed to the islet, and sat down by the sea, with their mats round their waists and chestnut leaves hanging round their necks. When Kau'ulufonua saw them sitting there, with his brother unharmed before them, he rejoiced. Then Toevave besought him saying, "These people pray you not to slay them, for they fear you." And

Kau‘ulufonua answered, “Your lives are granted you, and I thank you for sparing the life of this my young brother.”

Then the food and *kava* were presented. They drank *kava* together, and their reconciliation was complete. And Kau‘ulufonua gave a canoe to the people of Futuna, “I have nothing to give you,” he said, “save this canoe which has come from Tonga. Do not slay its people. The boat and all in it I give to you because you spared my brother. And, behold, I myself have been wounded by you.”.

So peace was made in Futuna, and Kau‘ulufonua went on seeking the murderers of his father. First he went to Fiji, and defeated the Fijians, but the two men were not there. Then he came to ‘Uvea, where he found them. He fought against the ‘Uveans and overcame them, and the two murderers no longer fled. The ‘Uveans came and abased themselves before Kau‘ulufonua, and the two fugitives with them. Now the ‘Uveans had their hair long, but the two Tongans had theirs short. And Kau‘ulufonua, who had never seen the assassins, as he looked at the people sitting before him, thought, “Perhaps these two short-haired men are the ones I’m looking for.” Then he called each of the men by name, and these two short-haired men responded. And the chief said, “Long have you escaped me, and now here you are still alive. Come, let us go to Tonga.”

They embarked on their canoes, and returned with their two prisoners to Tonga. Kau‘ulufonua ordered *kava* to be brought for funeral honours to be paid to his father, the slain king Takalaua, but those two murderers were killed, and their bodies cut up and served with the *kava*. When the *kava*-drinking-ceremony was finished, the pieces of the bodies were gathered and burnt, and Takalaua was buried.

A Futuna legend has preserved the memory of Kau‘ulufonua’s invasion. The tradition that stones for the trilithon Ha‘amaonga were brought from ‘Uvea indicates close association with Tonga, and perhaps a slack over lordship of the Tu‘i Tonga. During the nineteenth century Futuna and ‘Uvea have become French colonies, and centres of Roman Catholic mission in the South Pacific. A Roman Catholic mission account speaks of the Tu‘i Tonga as ruler of ‘Uvea as late as 1797.

Chapter 3

New Dynasties, 1450—1610

Kau‘ulufonua, whose many battles and severe punishment of his father’s murderers earned the addition of *fekai*, ‘fierce’, to his name, commenced to reign about 1470. For a man who had shown himself so active and adventurous he made now a strange choice. He determined to lift from his shoulders as much as possible of active cares and duties of rule. in the different parts of his kingdom, even in distant Futuna and ‘Uvea, he appointed governors, and, most important of all, to his second brother, Moungämotua, lie delegated the civil and military rule over all his domains, reserving for himself the sacred prerogatives and privileges of the Tu‘i Tonga, kings descended of the Son of Heaven. For Moungämotua and his successors he created a new kingly title in which were preserved the name and memory of his murdered father, Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, ‘King of the Lineage of Takalaua’. In the royal city of Lapaha a site was assigned for the new king and his court, the area named Fonuamotu, between Olotele and its precincts to the shore of the lagoon. So the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua and his attendants, living on the seaward side of the capital, are known as the people of the lower side of the road, and the Tu‘i Tonga, and his court as the people of the landward side.

Throughout their long history the principal attendants of the Tu‘i Tonga were the chiefs of the Falefä ‘Four Houses’, descendants of the four celestial half-brothers of the first king, ‘Aho‘eitu. In the middle of the fifteenth century there was a redistribution of the tasks and prerogatives of the chiefs of the Four Houses, and of other great officials. This reorganisation is assigned by tradition, not to the avenger Kau‘ulufonua, but to his murdered father, Takalaua. We may guess that Takalaua was an able ruler, who felt that new strictness was needed in the appointment of officials and the carrying out of their functions, and, like many another reformer, made enemies for himself who brought about his death. Tradition has assigned to him, not basic changes in social structure, but a drawing together of loose ends, and a reorganisation of title and function that lasted for centuries.

The chiefs of the Falefä were personal attendants, lords of this household, of the Tu‘i Tonga. The Falefä were divided into right and left. The duties of the chiefs of the right hand side seemed to be such as belonged to chiefs who were near to the king’s person in his palace, Olotele. They also had duties in connection with, for example, the distribution of food and gifts at the king’s funeral. One of them had to arrange dances, both for the king’s entertainment while he lived, and to honour him at his funeral. The two chiefs of the left hand allotted their duties to the people of districts and islands at a distance from the capital.

The preparation of a king’s tomb, and the actual carrying through of interment, did not belong to the Falefä. There were king’s boat-builders, sailors, fishermen, drummers (to the drummers seems to have been given the job, not obviously connected with musical tastes and skill, of disposing, by eating, of the remains of the Tu‘i Tonga’s food.) There was a family who had the grim privilege of providing sacrifices when a king died.

Although the king was the descendant of gods, the bearer of divinity and centre of sacredness, he had his family god, whose priest dwelt in the royal compound.

The removal of the capital from Heketä to Lapaha, in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, was because of a desire to be near a place of sheltered calm water, where canoes could be safely

anchored. Probably at that time, and certainly immediately after, were naval and military adventures in Samoa, ending with the defeat and expulsion from Samoa of the Tuʻi Tonga, Talakaifaiki. Now, two hundred years later, in the middle of the fifteenth century, there was evidently much movement. Kauʻulufonua's battles in Haʻapai, Vavaʻu, Niua Toputapu, Niua Foʻou, Samoa, Fiji, Futuna, ʻUvea could only have been possible to a king possessing a large fleet, capable of carrying many soldiers, and keeping at sea for moderately long periods. Tradition tells of these foreign ventures in a few words, but they must have occupied many months, perhaps years, and meant long absences of many young men from their homes and gardens. The king Kauʻulufonua evidently spent a good deal of time in Samoa as he married three Samoan wives.

In these restless active years, then, we may picture two able kings, father and son, Takalaua and Kauʻulufonua, who make some new rules and appointments, notably Kauʻulufonua's appointment of his younger brother, Moungämotua, as Tuʻi Haʻatakalaua. Among the governors of districts appointed by Kauʻulufonua was one, Loʻau, whose repute is that of the great law-giver of Tongan society. Loʻau was the bearer of a proud and ancient name. One of his ancestors, indeed, may have been grandfather of the, famous twelfth or thirteenth century King, Tuʻitätui. Momo, the Tuʻi Tonga, father of Tuʻitätui, sent a messenger to Loʻau, asking him for seed yam. The messenger did not understand, but Loʻau did, that the king wanted one of his daughters. Loʻau had two daughters, the younger not yet of marriageable age, the elder, Nua, an extremely beautiful girl who had recently borne a child. Loʻau sent back to the king the message, "The seed is not yet ripe, the seed has sprouted," to which Momo replied, "No matter if she has sprouted, she's still Nua," and took her for himself. If it be true that Nua, after bearing a child to another man, bore a successor to the Tuʻi Tonga, there must have been some modification of outlook in the long span from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, for Queen Sälote, the present ruler, relates that Taufaʻähau I, in the process of consolidating all kingly power in his own hands, took care that the wife of the last Tuʻi Tonga, Laufilitonga, had borne a child to another man before she became the royal wife. The queen remarked that thus she could not be a Moheofo, a great royal wife, mother of a king. Another account makes Nua not mother, but wife of Tuʻitatui.

The district with which the name of Loʻau is associated is Haʻamea, in central Tongatapu, and here the fifteenth century Loʻau was made governor by Kauʻulufonua. In the distribution of districts among great chiefs, the appointment of duties, establishing of rights Loʻau played a part so important that Tongans today say that Loʻau's arrangements for the land lasted until the nineteenth century and the reign of Taufaʻähau.

It would be likely that Loʻau, whose house for many centuries had been in close relations with the court of the Tuʻi Tonga, would busy himself with ceremony as well as with administration. In all ceremonies is *kava*, the dried root of a plant, *piper methysticum*, ground, formerly by chewing, now between stones, steeped and then wrung out, in water. It is an excellent, refreshing and thirst-quenching drink, the well-loved accompaniment of social friendliness, but is so saturated with the sanctity of ritual that when in a little party of friends a root of *kava* is presented, the drink prepared and served with all the order of ceremoniousness. To be able to conduct the *kava* ritual on great occasions when many chiefs are present is a necessary part of the knowledge of a herald or *matäpule*. All have their right places to sit, there are names for different sizes and kinds of *kava* root and their methods of being presented on the *malaʻe*, or green. There are names for the intricate and graceful movements of the strainer of the drink, proper formality in placing the drink in the cups, in announcing that a cup is ready to serve, and an order of distribution in which the *matäpule* must make no mistakes, Nothing could

exceed the ceremoniousness of ritual of a *kava* ceremony at which the king or queen and a company of great chiefs, each attended by his *matäpule*, are present.

It is not surprising, therefore, that tradition asserts that Kauʻulufonua made some alterations in the positions of chiefs in the *kava* ring, and that a floating story about the origin of *kava*—which is long anterior to this period—should attach itself to the name of Loʻau. If Kauʻulufonua did in fact allot the positions in the *kava* ring assigned to him, his arrangement has not endured, for it is not the structure of the *kava* ring as one may see it today.

The legend of the origin of *kava* was evidently told about an unnamed Tuʻi Tonga, and then the Tuʻi Tonga was said to be Loʻau; but there was no Tuʻi Tonga named Loʻau. The story is that Loʻau, during a time of scarcity, visited a man and his wife in the island of ʻEueiki. They had a plant of *kape*, whose root they placed in the oven to entertain the chief; but, having no meat relish to go with it, killed their daughter, Kavaʻonau???, and popped her in the oven. Loʻau, when the meal was placed before him, bade them take away the girl and bury her. The girl's body was buried in one grave, and her bowels, presumably taken out and not baked in the oven, in another. From the body grew the *kava* plant, and from the bowels sugarcane. The couple took the *kava* and sugarcane to Loʻau, who at once gave directions for the preparing of the *kava* to drink. The girl had a skin affliction which made yellowish blotches on her skin, and that is the reason of the yellowish-brown colour of the *kava* root, or of the grey-green colour of its stems and leaves, and of the skin troubles which afflict those who drink too much and too often. Yellowish, or light-brown, patches which sometimes appear on the skin are said to be caused by excessive *kava* drinking. Tongans like *kava*, and so do many foreigners when they become used to it. The kind of excess which would be called addiction is rare, and is not at all confined to Tongans. A European I knew was said to keep a bowl under his bed from which he could refresh himself during the night, with a bottle of brandy to give it a lacing of Western civilization.

No burial place of Loʻau is pointed out. When he had done his work he is said to have sailed away beyond the horizon. In Haʻamea, where he lived, was a pool in which Loʻau used to sail a canoe, but his crew, tired of playing at sailors, demanded that he launch the canoe in the sea. So did, and sailed away for ever. A bard has sung the voyage of Loʻau, and then used two members of his crew to tell other stories:—

They built them a canoe in Haʻamea,
In a place that was far from the ocean.
Loʻau bade them lade her, and sail her,
In the pool that was hard by his dwelling;
And the people obeyed, but with murmurs,
"Why comrades this toil for no purpose?"
And Loʻau heeds to the plaint of the people—
"Make you ready, my men, for a voyage
To the boundary of sky with the ocean;
We'll see the famed tree of Pulotu,
The speaking three of immortals;
We shall leave our dear homeland of Tonga."
And the ship bounds over the billows—
"Haʻapai", cries the watchful-eyed sailor:
"Now Vavaʻu is in sight with its hilltops."
"Nay, nay," quoth Loʻau,"
The horizon alone is the goal of our voyage."
Straight onwards he steers the bold vessel,
Right on through the grey-coloured waters,

And the sea that it covered with pumice,
Dread seas which hardly gave passage.
And Loʻau roused the men when they faltered,
When courage had well-nigh forsook them,
"Why, comrades, your plaints and distresses?
Be men; your duty do bravely,
Death alone is the need of lamenting."
And their boat reached the spreading pandanus
That stands on the rim of the ocean;
Her mast was caught in the branches.
"Up now, Longopoa, and thou, Kae!"
They sprang at the word of their captain,
Climbed into the branchy pandanus;
With their feet they pressed hard on the vessel;
She bounded out from the branches,
She burst through the sky, and was hidden.

So Loʻau, taking his ship and most of the crew with him, sails out of this world, but Longopoa and Kae, balanced between here and hereafter, are in a ticklish position. They take counsel together, and decide to drop into the sea and swim for it. They did not swim together, and the poet tells the adventures of Kae. After swimming some days he came to land on an island where lived the monstrous bird, Kanivatu. Faint was Kae's heart when he saw the isle, with eight great whales and swordfish innumerable stranded on the, beach, and with dread he thought of the terrible bird. At evening he lay down between two whales, and soon the bird came and perched above him. Then for all his fear he smiled—

"Neʻer was a bird so vast as this.
Perchance as a ship ʻtwill serve for me,
That my dear land again I may see."

When Kanivatu started fluttering his wings to take off, Kae clung to his breast, as little noticed as if he had been a flea. Then Kae was borne aloft, hither and thither over the ocean, but, when he saw that they were near a land, he let go and dropped into the sea, and swam ashore to a place called Akana, in Samoa. The chief of the land, Sinilau, received him kindly, and for a long while he dwelt there with him. But at last he was overcome with the homesick longing to see again his own land and people, to tell them of the wonders he had seen.

Now Sinilau had two whales, Tonga and Tönunga, born of a kinswoman of his. Sinilau called his two whales, and told them to take Kae home, and come back as quickly as possible. Gifts were brought, so that one who had been their guest should not return empty-handed,

As Kae sailed home on his whales, he had bad thoughts in his heart, an ill requital for the kindness of Sinilau. When they approached Tongatapu he misdirected them into the shallows, where they grounded. Running up from the sea, Kae shouted to the people to hurry to the beach, where two whales were stranded, Tönunga was killed, cut up and eaten; but Tonga, bearing many a wound, escaped back to Samoa and Sinilau. Then Sinilau summoned the gods of Samoa to make a huge basket, and go to Tonga, and collected every scrap that could be found of Tönunga and the excreta of those who had eaten him; and also they must take Kae and lay him on top of the basket, and bring all back to Samoa.

Kae was asleep when he was taken, and was laid, still asleep, in Sinilau's canoe-house. Early in the morning, before dawn, he was awakened to the crowing of cocks. "The voice of that rooster," he thought, "is like Sinilau's bird; how I would like to go and see him again." The dawn came, the boat-house began to grow light, and, astonished, Kae saw Sinilau sitting in the

doorway. The Samoan chief upbraided him for his ingratitude and treachery, told him that his grave was dug, and he must die.

All the scraps and remains of Tönunga that had been found were put in a huge bowl, and presently there was the whale, sitting up alive and squeaking. The only thing missing was one of his tusks, which Kae had taken to the Tu'i Tonga. Sinilau told the whale that that was nothing to worry about—"Any way nobody will know if you don't open your mouth too wide."

Longopoa and the Talking Tree.

Longopoa, too, swam until he came to an island. He stood on the beach, and looked about—nothing but a waste of sand and gravel. There was just one tree—*puko,* with a few stunted fan-palms clustered about it. Longopoa, grateful as he was to have reached dry land, yet weary and famished, and dismayed by what he saw, wept bitterly. Suddenly he heard a voice, and listened, trying to discover where the sound came from. Again the voice—"Why do you weep?"

"I weep because I am hungry." he replied, not knowing who it was that spoke.

"Well, go and heat your oven."

Obedient, he scooped out an oven, gathered sticks and twigs and leaves under the trees, placed them with stones in the oven, and rubbed a fire. When the oven was heated the voice bade him come and break a branch from the *puko* tree, and bake it. Longopoa broke a big branch from the tree, put it in the oven, and covered it. After a while he opened the oven, and, amazed, saw a feast of yam, plantain, pork and all sorts of food. Ravenous he broke off pieces here and there, and ate them, and then sat down and ate his fill. But no matter how much he ate the food seemed undiminished, and again he commenced to weep. "Why do you weep?" asked the voice.

"Because I cannot finish the food,"

"All right, eat it up," and at once all was finished. Then, feeling thirsty, he began again to sob.

"Friend, why do you weep?"

"Because I am thirsty," replied Longopoa.

"Pluck nuts from the pans down there, and drink them." The nuts turned in his hands to coconuts, and he drank from one of them, full and deep, but could not drain it dry. So again he laments.

"What now?" asked the voice. "I cannot finish my nut."

"Drink it up," and at once it was drained. Once more his tears and cries.

"What now?" asked the voice.

"I am cold," replied Longopoa.

"Come here and pick two leaves, one to lie on and one to put over you."

But Longopoa picked a big armful of leaves. Some he put on the ground and lay on them, and others he piled on him. Those under him changed to mats, and those above to cloth. Soon he was uncomfortably warm, and wept again.

"What's the matter, Friend?"

"I'm too hot."

"Well, get up, and take some of the cloth off."

After a little time on this island Longopoa wished to return home, and began to cry. The voice inquired why he wept, and he answered that he wanted to go home to Tonga. Then he was told that soon the gods would be going fishing, and that he must go with them to carry their basket, and thus find his way back to Tonga. He was to make a hole in the end of the basket, so that the fish would fall through when they were thrown into it, and the gods induced to go on and on in their fishing. Moreover, he must take with him a branch of the tree, and, the first thing when he reached Tonga, before he greeted his friends, let him plant it, and it would grow into a tree like the wonderful *puko* which had succoured him, able to speak and give all that is needed of food and covering. If he did anything else before he planted it would just grow into an ordinary tree.

The gods met for their night of fishing, and agreed to allow Longopoa to go with them as their basket-bearer. As fish were caught they were thrown to Longopoa, and fell back into the sea as fast as he put them in the basket. So they were beguiled into continuing their fishing until dawn began to appear, and the gods fled; but Longopoa saw Tonga before him. The gods had been surprised that the basket never got full of fish, and one of them said, “H’m, this is strange—like fishing into a broken basket.” And that is how it comes about that Tongan people say, “Fishing into a broken basket,” somewhat as English people say, ‘Carrying water in a sieve.’

Longopoa, arrived at Tonga, hastened ashore and ran to see his family. He left the branch of the tree outside the house. Afterwards he planted the branch, but because of his folly in not doing as he had been bidden it grew into an ordinary tree like any other. The bard who put into Lo‘au’s crew the heroes of a couple of popular tales no more imagined himself as recording history than Milton did when he his gods and devils as a majestic theme of epic, or Dante when he purged himself of bitterness and hatred by inventing torments for his enemies. Lo‘au, wrapped in mystery and myth, was yet a real man, whose work was so well done that it endured for four hundred years, and in essentials for longer. Lo‘au disappears; the new order of administration goes on. The Tu‘i Tonga, freed of the tasks of government, are sacred representatives of the gods, centres of national religion celebration, and enjoying the pleasures that earth can give. The resignation of government, with its burdens and cares, was the beginning of a decline which led to the overthrow, four centuries later, of his kingship.

The kings traveled about their kingdom, and sometimes beyond it, generally to Samoa, and one after the other were buried, usually in the great terraced tombs in the capital, Lapaha. The stone work has not the finish of the old house-platforms of Heketä, but is sufficiently remarkable. These tombs of the kings are called *langi*, which means sky. The stones of one tomb, named Langi Kätoa, are decorated with incised designs, not unlike some of the designs of modern bark-cloth. For whom this tomb was built is not known. Its name might be rendered ‘*langi* for everybody.’

A notable king, of the end of the 16th or beginning of the 17th century, towards whom the scanty surviving stories seem to gravitate, was ‘Uluakimata I, or Tele‘a, and a remarkable tomb is assigned him. In these structures corners are formed by placing two stones to meet at right angles. Some, not all, of the corner stones of Tele‘a’s *langi* are enormous blocks chiseled out into an L. There are also stones particularly finely dressed. Mr. McKern gives the dimensions of some of these huge stones, worked by men who had no iron tools of any sort, no pulleys to hoist them into position. The south-eastern corner of the bottom tier is formed by a stone 21.3 feet long on the eastern side, and 6.1 feet on the southern. At the other end of this tier is a stone 6 feet along the eastern face, and 14 feet along the northern side. The south-eastern and north-eastern corners of the second tier are also formed of great L-shaped blocks. There is a tradition that the stones were carried from ‘Uvea in the great canoe, *Lomipeau*, ‘Subduer of waves’, which is said to lie buried in the sand near the causeway which runs out into the lagoon. The stones, however, are coral blocks, similar to the stone of the Tongan reefs. This imposing tomb bears the name of

Tele‘a, but whether he was buried in its vault is uncertain. One account says that he was, but another that he was drowned at sea, and his body never recovered.

We may assume that Tele‘a was an able king, favoured, it is said, by the gods at his birth. Two women were pregnant at the one time to the Tu‘i Tonga, but the gods caused her who conceived last to bring forth first, and her child was Tele‘a. When he became king the country was peaceful and prosperous. Fertile soil and mild climate supported the toil of the husbandman; no dangerous animals or noxious pests disturbed the repose of the people or thwarted their labours. The form of society and communal habits assured to each man a fair share of the country's wealth. If drought or hurricane brought scarcity hunger was the common lot, not the peculiar hardship of the poor. Dance and song cheered and refreshed all.

Tele‘a, able to command the labours of large numbers of men, with authority in ‘Uvea that could, but possibly did not, cause great stones to be brought from there in a ship of imposing size, with architects and masons who introduced a new feature in stone building, moved freely about enjoying the beauties of his island kingdom, with a special partiality for the weather shore of Vava‘u, whose cliffs, four to five hundred feet high, expand and awe the imagination with their rugged and massive grandeur.

To popular heroes and glorious kings is often assigned outstanding success in love, and Tele‘a's three principal wives are said to have brought him, one a hundred, and each of the other two fifty, additional wives. That the king bestowed and received favours with two hundred women is not manifestly improbable, but that they were all, as it were withdrawn permanently from circulation by becoming inmates of the king's harem, is not so likely. Families and kindreds valued the prestige of having born among them children of high chiefs. Genealogies indicate that women were little more restricted than men in the choice of lovers.

In experiences of one of Tele‘a's principal wives, Talafaiva, two proverbs still current are said to have originated. Talafaiva was a woman of peerless beauty, of high birth both on her father's and her mother's side. She and the king had one of their homes in the isle of ‘Euakafa, in Vava‘u. Their house was on a mound, surrounded by a palisade, just outside which was growing a *fo‘ui* tree. Talafaiva did not like the *fo‘ui* standing there, overhanging the palisade, and often asked her husband to have it cut down; but he did nothing about it.

A handsome man (there are tales of handsome men who are irresistible to women), hearing of the loveliness of Talafaiva determined to have her. Waiting his opportunity he went to the king's compound, but the gate was fast locked. Then he climbed the tree, and dropped down inside. He found Talafaiva and lay with her, and in triumph tattooed a black mark on her belly. When next the king was with her, he saw the mark, and heard her tale of infidelity. To his reproaches she replied, “It was your *fo‘ui* that did it.” This expression is used by a person disclaiming responsibility for something done, and casting the blame back on the one who is upbraiding him. Tele‘a, not so easily appeased, went and found his man ‘Auka, and told him to go and smite Talafaiva, for she had had intercourse with a man. ‘Auka, understanding his instructions far too harshly, took his club and went and killed Talafaiva. Tele‘a, finding his beautiful and dearly loved wife slain, was overwhelmed with grief. ‘Auka, he said, should have known his heart well enough not to have gone to such an extreme in punishment. That's what comes of relying on ‘Auka, and so ‘relying on ‘Auka’ is a phrase for misplaced confidence.

Of the administrative kingship established by Kau‘ulufonua in the middle of the fifteenth century, the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, little seems to be heard. Doubtless they did their work quietly and well, and the nation's affairs went on peacefully and prosperously. There is, however, a hint that Hihifo, the western part of Tongatapu, who had great and ancient lords of their own, bore but ill the sovereignty of the Tu‘i Tonga and Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, whose capital was in the eastern

division of the island. Several times, it is said, chiefs sent by the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua to bring the West into more satisfactory political relations with the East, were slain. But about the year 1610, the sixth Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, Mo‘ungätonga, sent his son Ngata, whose mother was the daughter of the chief of a district in ‘Upolu, of Samoa to govern Hihifo, It may be, as has been suggested by Tongans, that the fact of Ngata's being half Samoan made the Hihifo chiefs more ready to accept him than if had been entirely of Eastern Tongatapu. At all events Ngata made good his position, and with him commences the line of kings known as Tu‘i Kanokupolu, which Dr. Moulton, than whom no one has had a more intimate and extensive knowledge of the Tongans, renders ‘King of the Heart of ‘Upolu’. Both the Tu‘i Tonga and the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua were destined to decline before the face of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, of whose house today are the rulers of Tonga.

Chapter 4

Daughters of Heaven.

All peoples have something to give to the general store of human well-being. The especial Polynesian contribution is a certain social proficiency and tact, the talent of living together in harmonious and happy communities. The basis of this happy life is economic freedom, for all men and women have the use of their pieces of land, and no man can swallow the land and livelihood of his neighbour. In an atmosphere not poisoned by anxieties lest the children lack bread, or old age be neglected helplessness, distinctions of rank flourished without dividing men.

Nor are men divided from women. There are certain taboos between men and women, for instance, brothers and sisters—both terms wide enough to include many whom we call cousins—avoid close and intimate associations with one another, but it would be hard to imagine controversy about the relative worth of men's and women's work, or about differences in legal rights cropping up in Tongan society. There seems no soil in which such bickerings may grow. There are jobs that men do—digging, planting, harvesting, and also much of the cooking; they build, sail boats, fish. The women help in light work in the gardens, make mats, and where native cordage was used, the women spin it, twisting the cords by rolling them on their thighs. When the tide is low the women go with their baskets out on the reefs collecting shellfish. And, like their sisters everywhere, the Tongan women, when they have borne children, make for them and their fathers those centres of care and love which are the essence of home.

Many tasks are larger than one man undertakes by himself, for example, building a big community house. The men of the group turn up for the work, and the women like to be there too, helping where they are able, and making everything more lively and pleasant with their gay chatter. And when the women assemble for their communal tasks, such as beating out the bark for cloth, men like to drop in for a few words and to see how things are going. *Tapa* beating is done by women with short mallets sitting on either side of a long log on which the strips of bark are laid. The log rings with a full resonant note in the rhythm of the mallets' beat, and I have seen a man standing at the end of the row, striking the log in time with the women.

Whether this social harmony, which seems quite unmarred by notions of sex inequality is something which has been reached after long development and much effort of trial and error, or whether it is something more primitive from which many societies have fallen, is difficult to determine.

In European marriage the woman comes into her husband's family, and takes his name, not he into hers, (Traces of the opposite practice are seen in the Old Testament, where the husband is attached to his wife's family, and where a 'man leaves mother and father and cleaves unto his wife.') Tongan wives also come to their husband's household and family, but always a man's sister is socially superior to him, and to his wife and children. The sister, especially the eldest sister, can exercise quite considerable authority in her brother's family. A Tongan pastor whom I knew was at one time having a lot of worry about the marriage of his daughter. The girl was in love with a young man, and her father and mother were willing that she should marry him, but the father's sister was set against it, and wanted another match for the girl. How it ended I am not sure, but I think the girl got her way in the end. A wife will accept as normal her sister-in-law's

interference in family matters, and she, in her turn, has the same sort of authority in her brother's affairs. Since the introduction of Christianity, and the registration of marriages and births, families are crystallising into clearer monogamous groups, but the authority of the brother's sister is not obscured; or, rather than 'authority,' it might be better to say 'social significance'. A woman is socially superior to her brother. She is *'eiki*, chief, to him.

This superiority of a woman to her brother ran right through society. Consequently the sister of the Tu'i Tonga was a higher chief than her august brother. She is called the *Tu'i Tonga Fefine*, 'Female Tu'i Tonga'. To her the king showed the deference that everyone else showed him. For so exalted a lady, *tapu*, unapproachable to all her fellow countrymen, it was not easy to find a husband. If the story of Tu'itätui's incest with his sister, Lätütama, is a hint of an experiment in marrying the Tu'i Tonga Fefine to her brother, the form of the story, where the king gets his sister by artifice, and the absence of other mention of kings mating with their sisters, show that such a marriage, if it were ever tried, was too strongly repugnant to the brother-sister *tapu* to be continued. I have heard it stated, probably correctly, that although the *Tu'i Tonga Fefine* was *tapu* to every Tongan man, yet she might overcome the *tapu* by inviting a man, on her own initiative, to share her favours. This, however, is not marriage, the official union of a woman to a man who is the proper person to be the father of her children. Always foreigners are exempt from the *tapu*s which bind the native-born, and it was in a foreign house, the Fiji House, that husbands were found for the *Tu'i Tonga Fefine*. When once a Fijian lord had come as husband to the *Tu'i Tonga Fefine*, and founded the Fiji House, *Fale Fisi*, it did not matter how frequently their men and women intermarried with Tongans, until they became a lineage of Tongan chiefs like any other, the strain of foreignness had been introduced; they were and remained the Fale Fisi.

The two great heads of the *Fale Fisi*, in Tonga are the Tu'i Lakepa and the Tu'i Ha'ateiho, either of whom could marry the female Tu'i Tonga. Lakepa is Lakeba in Fiji, and Tu'i Lakeba is the King, or Duke, of Lakeba. The earliest recorded marriage of a Female Tu'i Tonga is about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Female Tu'i Tonga, Sinaitakala I married the Tu'i Lakepa, Tapu'osi. Professor Gifford writes, "It is stated that the Female Tu'i Tonga, Sinaitakala I fancied the Tu'i Lakepa Tapu'osi and desired to have him as a husband. A vessel was sent to fetch him and he was married to the Female Tu'i Tonga, all of which reads as though he had no choice but to obey orders." From Sinaitakala to the time when writing came to the aid of memory is about two hundred years, and there may be unremembered marriages before hers. If Tapu'osi had no choice but to obey orders it would seem as though Sinaitakala were exercising an acknowledged and customary right. Professor Gifford, however, noting that in the long period of about four hundred years from the first half of the thirteenth century, to Sinaitakala early in the seventeenth century the names of the sisters of the Tu'i Tonga have not been preserved, suggests that the office of Female Tu'i Tonga may have been a late creation It may quite well have been that Sinaitakala was the first holder of the office of Female Tu'i Tonga, and with the office arose the necessity of a formal marriage, and the introduction of the Tu'i Lakepa into the Tongan court. There is no information to guide us in choosing among the various possibilities. So, whilst we cannot he sure that before the seventeenth century there was an office of female Tu'i Tonga held by the sister of the Tu'i Tonga, we know that there was this office from about the beginning of that century, and that the difficulty of getting a formal husband for her—a difficulty not arising from office, but which had always been there as a consequence of birth and rank—was solved with the assistance of the chiefs of the Fiji House.

With formal marriage comes a new title as formal recognition of her children. A woman who became the wife or lover of a high chief would gain a certain prestige by the association, and the rank of her children would he acknowledged as deriving from their father. So, when a great lady

took as husband or lover a man of lower rank than her own, her children, whatever prestige they might enjoy through their mother, were regarded as of the same social rank as their father. We may guess that from the time when the Tu'i Tonga moved from Hekeṫä to Lapaha, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, till early in the seventeenth century, children borne by the Female Tu'i Tongas would he absorbed into the assemblage of chiefs according to the ranks of their fathers. With formal marriage of the female Tu'i Tonga begins of necessity acknowledgment of the unique status of her children. They are called *Tamahä* -, 'Sacred Child'—a title borne in general by them all, but belonging especially to the eldest daughter. The Tamahä is the apex of Tongan society. More exalted than the king himself is his sister, and yet more august her daughter. When, in the first half of the seventeenth century, the female Tu'i Tonga Sinaitakala was married to the Tu'i Lakepa, Tapu'osi, she bore him a daughter, Fonokimoana, who appears as the first Tamahä.

If the *Tu'i Tonga Fefine* bore a son, but no daughters, he might he appointed Tamahä. All the children of her marriage to the head of the Fiji House were spoken of as Tamahä, but properly and especially her eldest daughter was Tamahä.

Towards the southern fringe of the Ha'apai islands is a little island called Tungua, which is the special dwelling-place of the Tamahä. On the island is a good-sized pool, secluded and hidden among hushes and trees, though quite close to the cluster of houses where the people of the islet live. It must have been a pleasant spot, a cool and shady retreat for a great lady and her maidens. It is the Tamahä's bathing-pool. Now trees and scrub have encroached right to the edge, and over-hang and droop in the water, green and slime-covered, a breeding place of mosquitoes. When I saw this retreat sixty years had passed since there had been a Tamahä to seek its privacy and enjoy its refreshing coolness, and no one had cleaned its water or cut back the encircling scrub. It is too sacred for its clearing to be part of an everyday job, and even after sixty years axe and knife could not intrude without express sanction and authority.

Kings and great lords had many wives. Not infrequently a wife brought a younger sister or cousin to her husband. This tolerant generosity was called *fokonofo*. Not all the alliances were ever intended to be other than temporary. Indeed, in general, "for as long as you both shall wish" was held as a sounder basis of happiness than "for as long as you both shall live." The family structure was, and still is, such that children and women do not suffer hardship by separation, and the women enjoy as full liberty as the men. A woman who, with or without formal marriage festival and celebration, went to a man's home to enter into a permanent association with him, was said to *takaifala*, 'roll the mat', that is, undertake household duties. At times a group of people, desiring to have among them the child of a particular chief, would choose one of their most beautiful girls, adorn her in the fairest bridal raiment, and take her to the chief to bear back to them the noble seed. The child born of the union belonged to the whole group, and was called *fanautama*, which seems to mean child of the kindred. The phrase has been adopted in Christianity as a designation of our Lord, and Son of Man is translated *Fanautama-'a-tangata*, 'Child of the human kindred'.

The king was succeeded by a son borne to him by his principal wife, the *moheofo*, queen consort, who was, of course, a lady of high rank. If there was more than one prince whose mother's rank made her a fitting woman to be the mother of a king, the eldest born would probably be preferred, or the father's special favour would not be without effect. In the infrequent cases where a king was succeeded by his brother or half-brother, it is perhaps rather more likely that he left no sons of sufficiently high-born women than that he left no sons at all. Among the chiefs and *matäpule*s of the court were those whose job it was to know all about the rules of precedence and the relative claims of different men. We, dependent on writing and reading, see with wonder how much is retained by the memories of those who have been trained

to remember and not forget. If chiefs and *matäpule*s forgot their wives would save them from blunders. Three wives of the Tuʻi Tonga Kauʻulufonua I, who flourished about 1470, came from Samoa, a land of lovely young women, and in the next century are Tuʻi Tonga whose mothers were Samoan ladies—not all, for some of the Tuʻi Tonga were born to Tongan mothers. Then for three generations, beginning with the sister of that Ngata who founded the kingship of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu in Hihifo about 1610, daughters of the Tuʻi Haʻatakalaua are the consorts of the Tuʻi Tonga who hear him an heir. Ngata's sister was principal wife of the Tuʻi Tonga; his granddaughter bore a son to the Tuʻi Tonga, who did not become king, but was the first of a new line of chiefs. This girl, Tuʻutanga, was taken most unwillingly to the Tuʻi Tonga, for she was in love with another man. As she was being carried in a litter to the king, her lover concealed himself by the roadside, and contrived to throw into her litter a pandanus fruit which he had marked with his teeth, a common way of lovers letting their sweethearts know that they were waiting near by for them. The girl, pretending that she wanted to relieve herself, begged the bearers to set her down. Going in among the trees she was able to have a few minutes conversation with her lover, who besought her not to forget him when she came to the king. She did not forget him, but after her child was born to the Tuʻi Tonga, she returned to her home and her old lover. They had a son, and when the Tuʻi Tonga heard of his birth, he gave him a name and the office of royal fisherman.

The third Tuʻi Kanokupolu, Mataeletuʻapiko, 'Mataele Crook-back', married the Tamahä, Tuʻimala. It will he recalled that Ngata, the first of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu was half Samoan, and this infusion of Samoan blood, diluted as it was in Mataele, introduced the strain of foreignness that enabled him to be consort of the Tamahä, Moreover, the marriage of the Tamahä to the Tuʻi Kanokupolu shows that this comparatively recent lordship had won great power and enjoyed high dignity. All marriages, of course, between the chiefly houses of East and West would be politically useful, and aid the stability of the country. At about the turn of the eighteenth century the lady Tongotea was principal wife of the Tuʻi Tonga, Fakanaʻanaʻa, and mother of his successor. Tongotea was daughter of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu, Mataelehaʻamea, nicknamed ʻUsitea, 'White-rump', because he was not tattooed. The Tuʻi Kanokupolu belonged to the lineage Haʻa Ngata, and from Mataelehaʻamea came the branch of the Haʻa Ngata known as the Haʻa Ngata Tupu, that is, Junior Haʻa Ngata. To this branch belong the Vavaʻu chiefs of the Fïnau family, whose title is ʻUlukälala. The name Haʻamea still appears among them. The Fïnau chiefs became very prominent in the latter part of the eighteenth century. With Tongotea began a succession of great ladies, principal wives and mothers of kings, which continued as long as the Tuʻi Tonga.

In nothing is highest rank more clearly recognised than in the act of obeisance called *moemoe*, which is a humbling oneself to the feet of a great lord or lady. A man did obeisance to a chief of his own lineage by sitting before him, and bowing his head to the soles of his feet. To the Tamahä or Tuʻi Tonga *moemoe* was done by stooping down and touching the soles of her, or his, feet with the backs of the hands. Having paid this homage one is free to sit in the presence, and will do *moemoe* again as he leaves. Should the royal person be talking, or engaged in something which it would be inconvenient or inappropriate to interrupt, the courteous gesture may be made to a bowl left for the purpose at the door. This inanimate representative of majesty is called *fafanonga???*. The whole kingdom, except the Tamahä and the Female Tuʻi Tonga, did *moemoe* to the Tuʻi Tonga, who himself paid this mark of reverence to the Tamahä, 'the first, highest and most sacred chief in the land,' and presumably to the Female Tuʻi Tonga also.

The practice of *moemoe* has almost, if not quite, fallen into disuse. I do not recall ever having seen it, but deference and respect are shown in gesture and word. A man bows as he comes into the presence of those of higher rank than himself. Speech conveys a refined courtesy. There are

ordinary words, and terms used in speaking to chiefs. For the Tamahä, Female Tu‘i Tonga and Tu‘i Tonga were reserved the most reverential words of all, used now to the Queen and the inmost circle of her family. These royal words were used to the paternal grandfather of the Queen, the Tu‘i Pelehake, in virtue of his close association of the Tu‘i Tonga family, and descent from one born of the heaven-born half brothers of the first Tu‘i Tonga, ‘Aho‘eitu, who came to earth as his ministers.

The usual word for a lineage, related group, is *ha‘a*, in Samoan, *sä*; hut the corresponding word for lineages of the Tu‘i Tonga is *sina‘e*, of whom there are three—*sina‘e eiki*, ‘chief *sina‘e’; sina‘e ki mu‘a*, ‘superior’ or ‘senior *sina‘e’; sina‘e ki mui*, ‘inferior or junior *sina‘e’*. The origin of the word is obscure. Possibly it is connected with the root *sina, hina*, meaning ‘bright, shining’, and found in *mähina*, ‘moon’, and the name ‘Hina’, who seems to be a moon and fish goddess, and in tales is often given as the name of the beautiful heroine.

Chapter 5

White Shadows

As the seventeenth century opens, Tonga seems a pleasant and peaceful land. The king, Tele‘a, moved about enjoying the beauties of his islands. The story of his swiftly passing anger, and remorseful grief for the too severe punishment, of his beautiful and faithless wife, Talafaiva, shows a generous hearted man. Another of his three principal wives, Mata‘ukipa???, jealously grieved because in the distribution of food she always received the rump of the pig and the tail of the fish, fearing that the king loved her less than his other wives, complained to her father, who was busy in his garden, where he grew a profusion of all sorts of things good to eat. He laughed at her fears, telling her that the reason why she received these portions of food was that eventually the land would come to her children. And thus it proved, for her son became Tu‘i Tonga and her daughter Female Tu‘i Tonga. Tele‘a’s masons built for him a terraced tomb, unique in the size of the blocks and the method of their working.

The western part of Tongatapu was brought, through the successful establishment of Ngata as Tu‘i Kanokupolu, into a new, and evidently more satisfactory relation with the eastern part, where the Tu‘i Tonga had his capital. Any area and green where the Tu‘i Kanokupolu has a permanent residence and court is called Pangai, and today there are places with this name scattered through the group, but the original Pangai and seat of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu authority is In Hihifo, the West of Tongatapu. He also had a dwelling in the Tu‘i Tonga’s capital, in a large piece of land named Tatakamotonga skirted by the lagoon on one side, and bounded to the north by the compounds of the Tu‘i Tonga and Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua.

This is the high tide of a fine and gracious civilisation. For seven hundred years—probably longer—the Polynesians had had the central Pacific to themselves, free to develop their cultures and lives. And they had been admirably successful. They had no iron, but they had much ingenuity and skill. The Tongans, as we have seen, with their stone tools and sand abrasives built great stone structures. There is, by the way, in the distribution and phonetic forms of a word for iron a hint that they had known metal in one of their earlier homes. They built boats, from small hollowed-log canoes with outrigger, up to large double sailing canoes of planks in which they went sailing about as far as Fiji and Samoa, and probably at times farther. They were excellent sailors and fishermen, intrepid and skilful in the water and on it. Gardens were well tended, and laid out for beauty as well as for use. As we have known these people later so, no doubt, were they in the seventeenth century, kindly and gay, laughter-loving and witty, apt in the give and take of conversation, and with a pawky, ironic humour swift to expose shams. Tongan oratory has all the gifts of speech. The ceremonious dignity of a great occasion is formal; but their speakers can always match the temper and needs of the hour with grace and charm, or with swift pungency, the wit that stirs laughter, penetrating irony, the vivid terse phrase that seizes and lights up a situation, and the homely illustration that all men and women understand.

Plastic and pictorial arts were not highly developed among the Tongans. There was not, for instance, the fine carving of the Maoris and Solomon Islanders and Papuans. Printed designs on bark cloth were, on the whole, few and stereotyped, though there was a disposition to introduce new motifs. In dance and song the Tongan culture had one of its finest flowerings. The ballets and dances which Captain Cook saw towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the music he

heard, were probably much the same as he could have seen and heard had he come into the Pacific a hundred years earlier.

The political structure was a kind of paternalism, with its hierarchy of kings and chiefs, all with absolute power in their own domains. If a chief were angry and cruel, there seems to have been little to check him, but usually rule was mild and the relations of chiefs with their own people something like that of a big family; the people of a chief were called his *käinga*, his friends, family, literally, it would seem, those who ate with him. The social temper was that of a community where everybody shared alike in good and evil fortune. The mild tropical climate encouraged a scantiness of clothing which has been one of the things contributing to a cleanness of mind into which Europeans, whether their behaviour is strict or loose, can scarcely enter. The fruits of love were as welcome as its happinesses were valued. Tongans, as other peoples who have lived with plentiful food and unencumbered with clothing, in the free air and sunshine, grew into vigorous handsome men and women. Lovers of beauty, they adorned themselves with bright and fragrant flowers and leaves, a taste which, happily, has not been destroyed by European clothes. Cleanly habits, both in their persons and in their tidy, well-designed dwellings helped to keep them in health. When sickness came there were available some good native surgery, a pharmaeoepia of herbal remedies, extraordinarily effective massage, most inadequately controlled and guided by inexpert diagnostic guessing, and by superstition that often led to cruel and fruitless sacrifice that is one of the darkest blots on a fair picture.

Sacrifices, frequently the comparatively innocent sacrifice of a little finger, but sometimes of lives, often of children, to appease deities responsible for the illness of high-born persons, were part of a religion whose great national rituals were the offering of first-fruits at the tombs of the Tu‘i Tonga. The background of visible life was a pervading spiritual presence, coming into rapport with men in various objects, perhaps inanimate—a stone or club, or animate—fishes and other creatures, or men and women. Gods sometimes demanded sacrifices, but often, too, they protected the fugitive who fled to their sanctuaries.

Something like this, in broad and rough outline was the society which the Tongans had developed. Long isolation had given the island peoples time to develop. What they could have developed if they had had longer we can never know. Contact with fresh ideas, wider knowledge, the gift of reading and writing, without the obliterating storm which has swept over the Pacific, would probably have been a fructifying impulse. As it is, with some gains, the island peoples have suffered many losses. Of all the island peoples the Tongans have weathered the storm best. Before Europe came on the scene we must not underestimate the cultural value of the associations of Tonga with Eastern Fiji and Samoa, whose peoples are closely akin to the Tongans, and have always had frequent contacts with them. Dance themes, songs, new words, cloth patterns came from both Fiji and Samoa. In Fiji the Tongans found pottery better than anything of their own, excellent timbers and well-built boats, large and capable of long voyages. By about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and earlier, was appearing the traffic of peoples, whose larger and stronger ships, and more powerful arms, brought difficulties with which the island peoples were, for the most part, unable to deal. Clouds, few and small at first, came over the horizon, east and west, gradually gathering into a storm which swept over the whole broad ocean. Europe, flowing round the south of Africa and across the Indian Ocean, came from the west into the Pacific, or, rounding the Horn, sailed north and west into the seas of mystery, dread and enchantment. Here and there they picked up the position of islands and groups until the whole was known. As the seventeenth century opened the maritime power of the Spaniards and Portuguese had passed its zenith, and the Dutch were foremost as adventurers and traders in distant waters. In no long time it was the turn of the English.

In the middle of 1615 the Dutch sailor, Schouten, backed by the wealthy merchant, Isaac Lamaire, whose son Jacob sailed with Schouten as supercargo, left Holland with two ships, the *Eendracht* and Hoorn, named after the town in which Schouten was born. Whilst the ships were being careened on the south-east coast of South America, the *Hoorn*, was accidentally burnt, and the *Eendracht* was alone. At the end of January, 16l6, she turned the most southerly cape of Tierra del Fuego, which has since born the name of Schouten's native town and of the luckless ship that was burnt. At that time the Dutch East India Company had a most profitable trade in spices in the Moluccas, and their ships the sole right of sailing through the Straights of Magellan or round the Cape of Good Hope. Schouten had gone sailing down the south eastern coast of South America, past the opening to the Straights of Magellan, along the eastern coast of Tierra del Fuego, and round its southernmost tip, thus at one stroke proving that Tierra del Fuego was an island, or cluster of islands, and neatly eluding the *tapu* of the Dutch East India's Company's Charter, like a boy who has climbed into the pantry by a hitherto disregarded, or even unknown, window. So Schouten went sailing north-west across the Pacific.

After touching at several islands, Schouten encountered, in open sea, a canoe, upon which, with wanton and stupid cruelty, he fired. The canoe, which had several women and children aboard, looked inoffensive enough, and probably approached the ship out of curiosity and a desire to trade, but, after this introduction to European civilization, turned and paddled, as fast as it could to where it had come from.

Three days later, on the 11th May, 1616, Schouten anchored off the Island of Tafahi, a high island about three miles from the larger island of Niua Toputapu, northerly outliers of the Tonga group. Canoes flocked round the ship, and, after some hesitation, people came on board. A sailor who played the fiddle had much to do in making friends with them. They danced to his tunes, and "showed themselves joyful and delighted beyond measure." Schouten wanted fresh food, and the islanders, like their European brothers and sisters, valued iron and rare gleaming ornaments. So a brisk and mutually satisfactory trade was soon in full swing—coconuts, bananas, yams and hogs coming into the ship, and nails and beads leaving it. The next day the chief of Niua Toputapu, after an exchange of gifts with Schouten, came on board with a large number of his people. But soon the peaceful atmosphere was shattered by the beating of a drum, and the shouts of a thousand men as they attacked the ship with stones. (The estimate of a thousand attackers is not likely to be too low, but may easily be too high.). The assault was easily beaten off with cannon and muskets, and Schouten sailed away. At first he had called the island Cocos, on account of the abundance of coconuts, but now he changed this to Verrader, or Traitors. What the canoe met with on the 8th May called *Eendracht* we are not told.

Schouten, sailing west, reached Niua Foʻou on the 14th May, another outpost of the Tonga group. Whilst searching for an anchorage he had an affray with the people of the island, and decided to go on, marking this island on his chart as Good Hope, because the appearance of it—a good-sized high island—seemed to promise supplies of fresh water. If he had searched longer for a good safe anchorage he would not have found one, but if he had managed to get shore he would have seen one of the most beautiful and fertile of the Tongan islands, the crater of a still active volcano. But on he went, west, and north of west. They stayed a few days at Futuna, or islands near by, whose Polynesian people are close kin to the Tongans, and long in closer or looser political relations with them. Here again Schouten left the name of his birth-place, Hoorn. Finally the *Eendracht* reached the Moluccas and Java. Here Nemesis, blind to the nice distinction of entering the Pacific round the tip of Tierra del Fuego and not through the Straights of Magellan, overtook Schouten, and, in the person of the Dutch East India Company, arrested his ship. Some of the sailors entered the service of the Company. The others

sailed in a ship which left for Holland in December, 1616. Lemaire died soon after leaving Java, but the others reached home safely in July, l6l7.

About a quarter of a century later, on 14th August, 1642, Abel Tasman, probably the greatest of Dutch navigators, left Batavia with two ships, the *Heemskerk* and *Zeehaen*. Tasman was liberally supported by the Governor of Batavia, Anthony Van Diemen, and named after him the land he discovered where now is Australia and the island which bears his own name. Then turning east he reached a land which he called Staten Island, better known as New Zealand. As he sailed along the coast of Staten Island he was attacked by Maoris, and, bearing away in a northerly direction, reached a high island to which he gave the name Pylstaart, or Tropic Bird, on account of the number of those birds he saw there. This is ‘Ata of the Tonga Islands, which contests with the lower smaller ‘Ata farther north the fame of being the place where the loves of the Lord of Heaven and a mortal woman begot the first Tu‘i Tonga. Two days later Tasman came to ‘Eua and Tongatapu, which, in honour of the fruitfulness of his native land and of these lands, he called Middleburgh and Amsterdam, because “we found plenty of provisions there.” The Dutch ships anchored, and for a couple of days iron and trinkets were briskly traded for fresh food. The supply of fresh water was also renewed. To show their peaceful intentions the Tongans displayed white cloths on the shore, and the ships responded with white colours at their sterns. A canoe with white colours came off to the ships, carrying four men with green leaves about their necks, and a bale of cloth which was left as a present. In exchange the Dutchmen gave them a mirror, a knife, spikes and a piece of linen. A Tongan to whom was given a glass of wine poured out the wine, but took away the glass.

To a chief, a grave old man, who came on board, were given a plate and some brass wire. Provisions were brought with nails, and on the second day the presence of women among the visitors to the ships confirmed the appearances of friendliness and confidence. On shore the sailors were hospitably entertained by the people. Tasman says of them that they “have no idea of tobacco, or smoking. We saw no arms among them; so that here was altogether peace and friendship.” He brought a white flag to three of their chiefs, “to whom we explained that we wished it to be set up in that valley (where they had been entertained with cocoa-nuts, fish and fruits), and that it might remain there as a sign of peace between us; at which they were much pleased, and the flag was fixed there.”

Tasman’s stay at Tongatapu was cut shorter than he intended by high winds which drove one of his ships from its anchorage. Without returning to her mooring they made sail to the north, and made Nomuka, which Tasman called Rotterdam. They stayed here a few days, and found the same kindliness they experienced in Tongatapu. Of the cultivation of Nomuka Tasman writes that they “saw several pieces of cultivated ground or gardens, where the beds were regularly laid out into squares, and planted with different plants and fruits, bananas, and other trees, placed in straight lines, which made a pleasant show, and spread around a very agreeable and fine odour.”

Tasman says that he saw no signs of religion, or temples or priests, but “saw one of them take up a water snake which was near his boat, and he put it respectively upon his head, and then again into the water. They kill no flies, though they are very numerous, and plague them extremely. Our steersman accidentally killed a fly in the presence of one of their principal people, who could not help showing anger at it.” The people are compared rather unfavourably with those of Tongatapu; but this is no more than a reflexion of the somewhat less refined manners of the people remote from the urbane society of the centre of government and culture. Again there are strictures on thieving, but here, as throughout the Pacific, accusations of thieving must be understood against the background of attitudes to property which differ from ours.

From Nomuka Tasman sailed away west-north-west, and on the 18th June, 1643, arrived back at Batavia.

For more than a century European wanderers in the Pacific seemed to sail to places other than Tonga. The next visitors were English. In 1767 Wallis, in the *Dolphin*, called at Tafahi and Niua Toputapu, and contributed his share to the cause of geographical clarity by giving them the names of Boscawen and Keppel, following the method which Frank Clune calls ‘naming for the boss.’ These names have stuck better than Schouten’s Cocos and Traitors.

Wallis lay to off Niua Toputapu for a night, and in the morning sent boats ashore. When the boats returned, about midday, three of the island people came in one of them, but when they were about half a mile from the shore they jumped overboard and swam back. This possibly was a polite and honourable escort for the visiting foreign sailors. Wallis wanted to take in supplies of fresh water, but it was impossible to take his ship close inshore, and watering would have been a long and tedious task. His ship was leaky and rotten, and there was much sickness amongst his sailors, Wallis himself and his officers had long bouts of illness and weakness. He was ill-provided with the trinkets, nails and so on that were favourite articles of barter. He desired to reach Batavia as quickly as possible, to put the *Dolphin* into condition to sustain the long, and possibly rough, voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to England. He decided to wait no longer at Niua Toputapu, and a day or two later sighted ‘Uvea, and sailed along its coast, while boats were sent off to make a closer inspection of the shore, but without landing. Wallis records, “The officers did me the honour to call this island after my name.” Wallis has remained as a familiar alternative to the native name ‘Uvea.

Chapter 6

Captain Cook.

Late in the year 1772, Captain Cook, in the *Resolution* and Captain Furneaux in the *Adventure*, left the Cape of Good Hope to cross the Southern Ocean. First they turned south-east seeking an Antarctic land. Amidst the storms of the high latitudes the two ships lost sight of one another, and it was many weeks before they were in company again. Both continued their easterly course, Furneaux, as it turned out, keeping farther to the north than Cook. He rounded the southern point of Tasmania, sailed up its eastern coast, passed Bass Straight, whose entrance he took to be the opening into a deep inlet. Continuing north he sighted the south-east coast of Australia; then, bearing away east, he came to New Zealand, where he fell in again with Cook. Cook had continued longer in the Antarctic than Furneaux, and his eastern course to New Zealand was far to the south of Tasmania. Before they left New Zealand Cook handed to Furneaux a written account of the course he intended to take, with instructions what to do if they were again separated. From New Zealand they made for Tahiti, where they stayed a little over a month. In September they sailed from Tahiti, west and south, making for Tonga, and in the beginning of October, 1773, they were off 'Eua. Sailing between 'Eua and the tiny islet of Kalau they came to a good anchorage, and there they cast anchor.

One of the purposes of Cook's second voyage was to ascertain if there were a land to the southward of the Cape of Good Hope. If there were, "I was to apply myself diligently in exploring as great an extent of it as I could; and to make such notations thereon, and observations of every kind as might be useful to either navigation or commerce, or lead to the promotion of natural knowledge. I was also directed to observe the genius, disposition, and number of the inhabitants, if there were any, and endeavour, by all proper means, to cultivate a friendship and alliance with them, making them presents of such things as they might value; inviting them to traffic, and showing them every kind of civility and regard." The history of exploration and discovery is bright with the record of Cook's noble and steadfast following of these high aims. He was a prince of navigators, and a prince among men. His handsome and impressive presence marked him at once among the peoples he visited as a chief of his own race; but, more important, his honest friendliness was as once apparent to them. His encounters and arrivals were not marked by nervous threats and fusillades. People received him with trust and friendship to their shores, and went with confidence, never abused, on board his ships. Even when, on rare occasions, he resorted to a stern discipline to check theft or recover stolen articles, confidence was not broken. Death closed his third voyage at the hands of Hawaiians, in what, from our point of view, was murder, but, from theirs, doubtless a just execution, not for a personal wrong-doing, but for the deed of some other white man—a man of Cook's tribe. So, long afterwards, died in New Guinea, Calmers, the great and trusted missionary.

As soon as Cook's ships had cast anchor canoes came off from 'Eua, and some of the people went on board the *Resolution* and *Adventure*. The principal man among them seemed to be a man whom Cook calls Tioony. To him were given a hatchet, spike-nails, and several other articles. When Cook and a party from the ships went ashore they were met by a crowd of people without any arms, not so much as a stick. The 'Euans "seemed to be more desirous to give than to receive" thronging around the boats before the Englishmen landed, and throwing bales of cloth into them. Tioony took them to his house, "about three hundred yards from the sea, at the

head of a fine lawn, and under the shade of some shaddock trees. The situation was most delightful. In front was the sea and the ships at anchor; behind, and on each side, were plantations, in which were some of the richest productions of nature." Mirth and hospitality reigned in this fair and peaceful scene. Sailors played the bag-pipes, and women of 'Eua sang—"their songs were musical and harmonious." Fruit and *kava* were brought to entertain and refresh the guests, and then they went viewing the land, where they saw "plantations, which were laid out with great judgment, and inclosed with very neat fences made of reeds. They were all in very good order, and well planted with fruit-trees, roots etc." Hogs and fowls were running about. It was a happy and interesting day for the people of 'Eua and for their English guests. "The evening brought every one on board, highly delighted with the country and the very obliging behaviour of the inhabitants, who seemed to vie with each other in doing what they thought would give us pleasure. The ships were crowded with people the whole day, trafficking with those on board, in which the greatest good order was observed; and I was sorry that the season of the year would not admit of my making a longer stay with them." The season of the year was early October, too soon for there to be much danger of hurricane, but evidently Cook's plans did not admit of long delay at 'Eua. Moreover, he had not obtained the fresh provisions he needed. He decided to leave at once for the near-by and larger Tongatapu. Next morning they sailed, but not before Cook and Furneaux had gone ashore to bid farewell to Tioony—a courtesy typical of Cook with his sense of human dignity.

Crossing the deep, and often rough strait, between 'Eua and Tongatapu, the ships ran along the south coast of Tongatapu, keeping about half a mile from the shore, where a heavy surf was breaking. On the land people were running along abreast of the ships, displaying white cloths, as they had to Tasman. The Englishmen replied by hauling up the St. George's ensign. As they drew near the south-west corner of the island three men, who had come from 'Eua in the *Adventure*, jumped overboard, and swam ashore, not knowing that Cook intended to anchor. As soon as the ships had anchored they were surrounded by people, some in canoes and others swimming. Many came on board, and bartered cloth and mats for the sailors' clothes. Cook, however, stopped this traffic, and next morning a trade began which brought fruit and vegetables, hogs and fowls, in exchange for nails, looking-glasses, hatchets, cloths, and medals with a picture of King George III on one side, and of the ships on the other. The object of the medals was the sensible one of leaving memorials of their visits in the islands where they touched, which would be found by future voyagers. Hundreds, or thousands, of these medals must have been distributed as Cook went from place to place, but I have not heard of any being seen today. There must still be some about.

The ships anchored off south-west Tongatapu on 3rd October, 1773, and sailed again in the morning of October, 7th. So they had only three clear days, but in that short time much was seen and done. Fresh food was procured, chiefs were met, and much was observed and noted. Mr. Forster, the botanist, went about examining plants, and Mr. Hodges, the artist, drew pictures of things that struck him. They had with them on the ships two youths from the Society Islands, Polynesians like the Tongans, but they did not stay long enough to become fluent in the Tongan language. One of these young men, Omai, went to England in the *Adventure* (Furneaux' ship), and returned with Cook on his next voyage.

Three chiefs are mentioned by Cook. The first he calls Attago, who was his constant companion while he was In Tonga. The hereditary chief of the western part of Tongatapu, where Cook's ships were lying, is Ata, and it may be he who was Cook's friend. When, later, they met an old chief, who was almost blind, Attago showed by his behaviour in the old man's presence that he was his superior. When both were dining with Cook on his ship Attago retired to a distance from the old man, and ate with his back turned to him. Only when the old chief had

gone ashore did Attago sit at the table and eat with relish and comfort. (A hundred and forty years later Australian friends of mine in Ha‘apai invited the Ata of that time—a gay and attractive man in young middle age, who had been a notable athlete at Newington College in Sydney—to have dinner with them. At the same time the King, who was in Ha‘apai, was, unknown to Ata, also invited. So Ata found himself seated at table in the presence of the King before whom he could not eat. If he had been able, like his eighteenth century progenitor, to retire with his plate into a corner, and turn his back, he would have been less embarrassed. After the meal he jokingly upbraided his hostess for putting before him such nice food which he could not enjoy.)

Then there was another chief, a man in the prime of life, whose behaviour was so extraordinarily grave and stolid that Cook wondered at first whether he was mentally sub-normal. However, he later saw him chatting and laughing with others. This, Cook, says, was the greatest of the chiefs he saw. People told him that he was *areeke* of the island, as Cook was *areeke* of the ships, *Ariki* is the fullest form of a widely spread Polynesian word meaning chief. Its Tongan form is *eiki*. The name of this taciturn *‘eiki* Cook writes Kohagetoo-Fallangou, a puzzling mishearing of some name or title. The first syllable *ko* is obviously the particle, corresponding with the Tahitian *o* which caused Tahiti to be so frequently written Otaheite. On a subsequent visit Cook clears up his riddle by calling his chief ‘Latulipulu’, which should be written Lätünipulu, who was the brother of the Tamahä, and himself Tu‘i Lakepa.

The excellent cultivation of well-arranged gardens and plantations filled Cook with admiration—“I thought I was transported into the most fertile plains of Europe... Nature, assisted by a little art, nowhere appears in more splendour than in this Isle.” He saw no villages, but everywhere the land laid out in highly cultivated plantations, which “must have cost them immense labour.” In ‘Eua, in front of the houses, were little areas “which are generally planted round with trees or shrubs of ornament, whose fragrancy perfumes the very air in which they breathe.” The one serious deficiency was the lack of good supplies of fresh water.

There was no poverty or hunger, and the people were happy and contented—“No one wants the common necessaries of life; joy and contentment are painted in every face.” The people were healthy, and as there was venereal disease among the ships‘ crews Cook endeavoured to prevent its being communicated to the islanders; but later he fears that he has not succeeded in this.

There is in Polynesia a widespread word for dog, found, with appropriate morphological change in the different Polynesian languages. Its Tongan form is *kulï*, but Cook saw no dogs there. He left with them a dog and a bitch, and also some vegetable and grain seeds.

Differing views were held by the Englishmen on whether the Tongans or the Tahitians were the handsomer people. Cook favours the Tahitians, but speaks of the liveliness of the Tongans—“the women, in particular, are the merriest creatures I ever met with.” The Polynesians, in all their branches, are a handsome people. In the nineteenth century Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of the Marquesans, now almost exterminated by white contact, as the handsomest race extant. Everywhere you see tall, muscular, well-built men, and beautiful shapely girls, of a rich, golden-brown colour. Changes in food and clothing habits, and the transfer of large numbers of both sexes into indoor occupations may make difficult the maintenance of the old standards of physical strength and beauty. Tongan men whom Cook saw were tattooed all over the buttocks and thighs, as Samoan men still are, or at any rate were in the early part of the twentieth century. The women were only slightly tattooed on arms and fingers.

Mats, cloths, baskets and other knick-knacks are much the same today as those Cook bought with nails and, beads; they are still made with the same skill and taste. Several earthen pots

which Cook obtained he guessed, from their rarity, to have been brought from some other place. Probably they came from Fiji.

He enjoyed the singing of the women—"Not only their voices but their music was very harmonious; and they have a considerable compass in their voices." He seems not to have heard the fine bass of the men. There were several sorts of drums, which are still used, and two sorts of wind instruments, the nose-flute, a longish piece of bamboo, with four holes or stops, and the Pan pipe, ten or so reeds of different lengths bound side by side. I brought away a nose-flute with me, but have not seen a Pan pipe, though I have heard of a man who did.,

The land was at peace, but there were weapons of war, formidable looking clubs and spears of hardwood. The bows and arrows were playthings, used for sport, especially the hunting of small animals.

The one blemish that Cook notes in these happy, gay and friendly people is their habit of pilfering, not from one another, but from the visitors. My own experience of twentieth century Tongan habits is that there are some items of property which are freely shared, and others which are individual and personal. Honesty is practically perfect. You can leave your house open all day, and nothing will be touched. If you leave money lying about on your dressing-table, you will find later that the Tongan girl who has tidied the room has arranged it in a neat little pile—that's all. The Pilfering which annoyed the early navigators must be understood against the background of an understanding of the division of property which is not quite the same as ours. Many of the things lying about on a ship would not belong to the class of possessions that a person kept for himself, and to take them would not involve personal guilt. Often, indeed, they were articles of a kind which Tongans give freely to whosoever asks them, even at the cost of severe deprivation and difficulty to the giver. Probably the best way to have protected the removable furnishings of ships would have been to have placed them under the protection of a clearly religious sign or symbol. Then it would have been known that they were *tapu*. The stealth and flight of the Tongans with their booty was because they could see that that was the only way to get what they wanted, rather than a sign of guilt. Anyway, stealth in removing what they wanted is not to be marked up particularly against the islanders. When Wallis was in Tahiti his sailors discovered that gifts of nails and spikes to the fathers and brothers was a good way of securing the complaisance of the girls. For a time Wallis was puzzled by the disappearance of cleats and spikes and suchlike small objects of iron, and, if he had not woken up to what was going on, his rotten, leaky old *Dolphin* would have been pulled to pieces about him—"This commerce was carried on a considerable time before the officers discovered it... When I was acquainted with it, I no longer wondered that the ship was in danger of being pulled to pieces for the nails and iron that held her together, which I had before puzzled myself to account for in vain."

Pilferers showed no little agility and skill. One man got through a porthole into a cabin, gathered up some objects, including books, but was seen as he was returning through the porthole to his canoe, which lay below it. A boat chased his canoe, and he dived overboard; he kept eluding the sailors by diving under their boat, which he finally made unmanageable by unshipping the rudder, and then got clear away.

With a sailor's eye Cook appraises the canoes and their sailing qualities. They were remarkable vessels, both in construction and performance. Hulls were made of planks, laced or sewn through flanges on the inside. The smaller ones had an outrigger, the larger were double. The two hulls of a double canoe were joined by a deck, on which was a house. Many, if not all, of the best canoes were built in Eastern Fiji, famed for its timber and its craftsmen. Forty or fifty

years after Cook Labilliardie\re was sailing at about ten knots towards Nukuʻalofa, the modern capital and chief port of Tonga, when a double canoe came out and sailed around them.

After their short stay in October, 1773, the *Resolution* and *Adventure* sailed for New Zealand. During a stormy night off the coast of New Zealand they lost sight of one another, and were not again in company. From New Zealand Cook sailed in the *Resolution* far south into the Antarctic ice and snow without finding the land which he sought, and then bore away north to Easter Island; thence west and north to the Marquesas and Society Islands, and back to Tonga, calling on the way at Niuë, which he called Savage Island.

It was more than seven months since Cook had left Tonga, when, on 25th June, 1774 he came in sight of Haʻapai, the central archipelago of the group On the evening of the following day the *Resolution* cast anchor at the north end of Nomuka. People who came off in canoes pointed out the anchorage to the south of Nomuka, between Nomuka and its small neighbour, Nomukeiki, but "as the day was far spent," he preferred not to venture into the strait between the islands. He was right not to go feeling his way into this anchorage for the first time in falling light. About a hundred and forty years after Cook I was on a cutter, with an experienced Tongan crew, which went groping towards this anchorage in the dark. In spite of the crew's local knowledge we stuck on the reef. A chilly southerly breeze, and seas coming over the boat taught one how cold he could be at sea-level in the tropics, and, when we went ashore, how warming were the hot tea and hospitality of the Australian trader Charlie Flower. Our boat was floated off at high tide, but a good deal of damage was done to copper and sheathing. Cook comments that this southern anchorage would be more secure than the place where he lay to the north-west, and it is, in fact, the almost universally used roadstead for small vessels.

The *Resolution* lay off Nomuka for two days, the 27th and 28th June, 1774. Fresh food was traded for cloth and nails, and water casks filled from a pond near the little cove on the north side of the Island. On the first day a gun was stolen from the surgeon, and nothing done about it. On the next day one of the lieutenants lost his gun, and Cook set about recovering both. Two canoes were seized. A man who tried to prevent the seizing was slightly wounded with small shot, and then attended by the ship's surgeon, who used a poultice of chewed sugar-cane supplied by the patient's friends. Two or three of the ship's large guns were fired, to warn a party who had gone off into the country—unnecessarily, as it turned out, for the stolen guns were soon returned, and the canoe at once released. Cook then insisted that an adze which had also been taken should be restored. He appealed mostly to an old lady who had shown her friendly interest, and seemed to have some influence with the people. She, however, was not helpful, appearing to think that it was mean to insist on the return of so small a thing. But Cook persisted, and the adze came back.

One of the busiest traders with the ship was a man who used to get cloth, fruit and so on for bargains he made with other canoes. The *Resolution's* crew nicknamed him the Customs Officer. When the big guns were fired he happened to be just under one of them, baling out his canoe. As the gun roared over his head he just glanced up, and went on baling the water from his boat. Seeing his success in gathering tribute from his fellows Cook supposed that he was a man of authority among them, and was about to make him a present. The others stopped him, saying that this man was no chief.

The little stir over the stolen muskets did not disturb the friendly relations between the islanders and the crew. Cook writes that he had "a good many of the natives about me, who behaved with their usual courtesy," even while he was holding the canoe as a pledge for the missing guns.

The people of Nomuka seemed poorer in mats and cloth than those of Tongatapu. They had fewer hogs and fowls, and a small area of their land was enclosed for gardens, but the

unenclosed parts were not less fertile and cultivated. Cook got good supplies of yams and shaddocks. If he could take the *Resolution* to Nomuka today he would find an abundance of delicious oranges.

As the *Resolution* brought venereal disease with her from the Society Islands Cook gave strict orders that no women were on any account to be allowed on board. He "took all possible care to prevent its (venereal disease) being communicated to the natives here; and I have reason to believe my endeavours succeeded;" but what he saw on his visit three years later, in 1777, made him doubt if he had good grounds for this satisfaction—"and I had the mortification to learn from thence, that all the care I took, when I first visited these islands, to prevent this dreadful disease from being communicated to their inhabitants had proved ineffectual." In Nomuka, about I920, I heard a story of a ship that had called at the Island long before, and a number of women were taken on board. These women were infected by the sailors, and the Infection spread throughout the island. Cook blames his ships for bringing venereal disease, but if this oral tradition be true there must have been some other source of infection, for Cook clearly did not allow women to be taken on board his ships for the pleasure of diseased sailors.

Cook saw no dogs on Nomuka, and presented a dog and a bitch to the old lady who had befriended him and a man whom he took to be her husband. When Cook was in the southern part of the group the year before he named Tongatapu, ʻEua and the neighbouring islands the Friendly Islands. Now he extended the name to Nomuka and the islands in sight from there, and, remembering Wallis's account of Niua Toputapu and Tafahi, thought that the name might be made to embrace them also, and all the Islands that lay between—a good guess, as all these islands are inhabited by the same people, speaking the same language (with slight dialectal differences in Niua Foʻou), and owning allegiance to the same government..

On June 29, 1774, the *Resolution* sailed, beat about all day, and finished up off the south end of Nomuka. On the next day she stretched away north, to Kao and Tofua, passing between them in the afternoon. Many canoes came off to the ship while she was in these waters, and Cook was able to see how their sails were handled. Three years later, in 1777, Cook was In Tonga with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, and saw more of the sailing powers of the canoes. The *Resolution* and *Discovery* set out from Nomuka, accompanied by fourteen or fifteen native canoes, "but every one of them outran the ships considerably." During his stay in Tonga Cook went on board a canoe, and found by the log that she could sail seven knots close-hauled in a moderate wind. He judged that her average speed in ordinary weather would be seven or eight knots. Running along near Nomuka Cook found that double canoes "sailed round us apparently with the same ease as if we had been at anchor."

Cook, on this the third and last of his great voyages, crossed from the Cape of Good Hope to Tasmania in high latitudes, exploring the Kerguelen Islands on the way. From Tasmania he went to New Zealand, and thence north-east to the Hervey Islands, discovering Mangaia and Atiu. From there he stood west towards Tonga. At the end of April, 1777, the *Resolution* and *Discovery* were off one of the smaller islets of Haʻapai, Mango. Two boats were sent ashore and brought off a good supply of fresh food. Leaving Mango, the ships came, on the 30th April, to Nomuka, but unfavourable winds kept the ships from coming close in to anchor. Early on the morning of 2 May Cook sent the master, William Bligh, to sound the sheltered strait between the south end of Nomuka and Nomukeiki ('Little Nomuka'). Bligh returned with a good report of the anchorage, but said that they would have to go some distance for water, to a supply that was neither copious nor good. So Cook coasted along to the north-west point of the island, and on that same day, 2 May, 1777 anchored again where he had been nearly four years before.

At Mango a man named Taipa had come on board the *Resolution*, and attached himself to Cook—Tute, as he is called by the Tongans,—as a sort of personal attendant or *matäpule*. Also on board the *Resolution* was Omai, or Mai as he would more properly be called in English, to be returned to his home in ʻUlietea, one of the Society Islands, of which Tahiti is best known. Mai had been taken to England by Furneaux in the *Adventure*, when the *Adventure* and *Resolution* returned to England in 1775, at the end of Cook's Second Voyage. Mai was useful as an interpreter, but his understanding of Tongan failed at some interesting points.

A few days after the ships anchored off Nomuka a great chief, named Fïnau, came from Tongatapu to visit Cook. Taipa introduced him as the king of all the Tongan Islands. Taipa was probably afraid to say anything different in Fïnau's presence, for he, and his son after him achieved great power. He was head of a junior branch of the family to which the Tuʻi Kanokupolu belonged, and probably had greater secular authority than any other great lord of his time. There seems at that time to have been some break in the succession of strong holders of the title of Tuʻi Kanokupolu. Fïnau, however, was not 'king' in the sense of having been installed as Tuʻi Kanokupolu. There could, of course, be no question at all of his being either Tuʻi Tonga or Tuʻi Haʻatakalaua. Cook, Taipa and Mai between them would have had some difficulty in making nice discrimination of language. Besides the word *tuʻi*, 'king' there is a word *hau*, used of the chief who is actually wielding greatest power, without special pretensions of birth or rank. No doubt Taipa, in introducing Fïnau as king, was translating the word *hau*. Cook, when he was in Tonga in 1773, says nothing about Fïnau, who probably attained his eminence between 1773 and 1777. Fïnau is the family name, and the title of the head of the house is ʻUlukälala—a kind of club. Cook describes the Fïnau whom he met as tall and thin, about thirty years of age.

From Nomuka, the southernmost of the Haʻapai Islands, the central part of the whole Tonga group, Cook, on 14th May, sailed north, towards the high volcanic islands Tofua and Kao. The next two or three days were spent tacking and sounding among islets and reefs. Flames were plainly seen on the night of 15th May coming from the crest of Tofua. On the morning of the 17th May the ships anchored off the north end of Lifuka. It is possible to go at low tide on foot from Lifuka to the next island, Foa. Here the *Resolution* and *Discovery* lay until 23rd May, taking on supplies of fresh food, and being entertained with splendid dances and delightful concerts of music. When they were about to sail, Fïnau told them that he was going to Vavaʻu, and asked Cook to wait until he came back, promising that then he would get more provisions from them. Cook desired to take the opportunity of visiting Vavaʻu with Fïnau, but the chief dissuaded him, saying that there was in Vavaʻu no safe anchorage for his ships. Vavaʻu has, in fact, the most beautiful, safest and most capacious harbour in the Tonga group—a harbour which must rank with the best and most beautiful in the world.

A few days later, on the 26th May, Cook moved his ships from the northern to the southern end of Lifuka, where the reef runs across to the adjoining islands of Uoleva, Here a canoe came alongside, bearing the Tuʻi Tonga, Pau, a "sedate, sensible man," about forty years of age, and very stout. Cook, who in his efforts to get the precedence of chiefs straightened out, had settled on Fïnau as king, was puzzled when Pau was presented to him as king, but when, ten days later, he saw them both together at Nomuka he could have no doubt of the superior rank of Pau. He invited them to dinner with him, but Fïnau was not able to sit at table with Pau. Fïnau did obeisance, *moemoe*, to Pau, and then left the cabin.

On 29th May, 1777 Cook left Lifuka, having with him on the *Resolution* Fatafehi, the brother of Pau, and Tupoutoʻa, just arrived from Tongatapu, a great chief of the house of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu, destined himself to hold that office, and to be the father of the greatest of the kings of that line.

For the next week the *Resolution* and *Discovery* beat about, making constant soundings among the islands and reefs, or lying anchored, as they were three days off the little island of Kotu, waiting for a favourable wind. On 6th June they anchored again off the north-west end of Nomuka. Here they were rejoined by Fïnau, who came from Vavaʻu with a story about a canoe laden with provisions lost at sea in the rough and stormy weather.

Some melon seeds which Cook had planted on his earlier visit had mostly been destroyed by ants, but pineapple, plants which he had left were thriving.

A day or so later Cook left Nomuka for Tongatapu, where he arrived on 9th June, and on June 10th worked carefully in to an anchorage on the north coast, near the islet of Pangaimotu. He was directed by the Tongans to this haven, which was not where he had lain in 1774. It is the best and most frequented of the anchorages of Tongatapu, Cook writes, "we arrived at our intended station. It was a very snug place, formed by the shore of Tongataboo on the south-east, and two small islands on the east and north-east. Here we anchored in ten fathoms water, over a bottom of oozy sand, distant from the shore one-third of a mile." As the ships were plying up to their anchorage Pau kept sailing round and round them in his canoe.

Among those who came on board the *Resolution* was a chief whom Cook previously called Attago, but whom he now calls Otago. Difficulties of deciphering some of the names are not lessened by the fact of their coming to Cook through a Tahitian Interpreter. Earlier I have suggested that Cook's Attago was Ata. Another important and well known chief who might possibly be the man is Täkai, and he perhaps is the more likely. Mai would say, 'O Ata,' 'O Täkai.' Either way the difficulties of identification are great. 'O Täkai,' is closer to 'Otago' than is 'O Ata' but Ata is the most likely chief to be doing for Cook the sort of things which Attago did when he was lying off the western end of Tongatapu in 1744, and the syllable *kai* at the end of 'Täkai' is so distinct that it is hard to understand its being heard as 'go'. Of course, Cook's friend may have been neither of these great lords.

For a month—from June 10th to July 10th, 1777—the *Resolution* and *Discovery* lay off Tongatapu, and Cook has left one of our most valuable accounts of the life and ceremonies of the Tongans. To his own notes were added observations of the able and inquiring Mr. Anderson. The ships lay at the entrance to a broad lagoon which opens into the northern shore of Tongatapu. On the nearby island of Pangaimotu a pool was shown to him, which he had cleaned out, and used to replenish the ship's water supply. A post was established on shore, and a tent pitched alongside a house appointed by Pau for the Englishmen's use. Their animals—horses, cattle and sheep—were released from the confinement of shipboard, and given a spell ashore, arrangements were made for the regular taking of observations which seems to be necessary to give a sailor the feeling that his day is not without form or purpose. Wood was cut, water stored, sails mended, and, in the barter of a lively market, good supplies of fresh food obtained.

Cook, having been told of a great lord named Maealiuaki, let Pau know that he wished to visit him. So the following morning Cook set out with Pau, as Cook supposed, to visit Maealiuaki. They rowed down into the lagoon, and landed amongst a number of people. Here Pau, assisted by an old woman, changed his dress for a new piece of cloth brought by a young man. Then the old woman "put a mat over his cloth, as we supposed, to prevent its being dirtied when he sat down." This mat was, in fact, the *taʻovala*, the cincture of courtesy and respect. Every Tongan would wear it in the presence of Pau, the Tuʻi Tonga, and Pau, about to conduct his visitor to his capital, dons the mat, in courtesy to his guests reciprocating the respect of his people, and marking his sense of fitting reverence in the whole occasion and ceremoniousness of bringing the stranger to the place which was much more than the residence of the man Pau—the

neighbourhood of the tombs of kings and queens the place made sacred by the associations of centuries of the nation's life

Landing, they went up to Lapaha or Mu‘a, "a village, most delightfully situated on the bank of the inlet, where all or most of the principal persons of the island reside; each having his house in the midst of a small plantation, with lesser houses, and offices for servants. These plantations are neatly fenced round; and, for the most part, have only one entrance. This is by a door, fastened on the inside by a prop of wood; so that a person has to knock before he can get admittance. Public roads and narrow lanes lie between each plantation; so that no one trespasseth upon another. Great part of some of these inclosures is laid out in grass-plots, and planted with such things as seem more for ornament than for use; but hardly any were without the *kava* plant, from which they make their favourite liquor. Every article of the vegetable produce of the island abounded in others of these plantations; but these, I observed, are not the residence of people of the first rank. There are some large houses near the public roads, with spacious smooth grass-plots before them, and uninclosed. These, I was told, belonged to the king; and probably they are the places where their public assemblies are held. It was to one of these houses... that we were conducted, soon after landing at this place." The spacious grassy places are called *mala‘e*, and are, as Cook surmised, the places where public assemblies are held.

Cook and his companions sat down in front of a large house on the *mala‘e*. They waited; nothing happened. Presently Cook asked where was Maealiuaki, but "receiving no satisfactory information, and suspecting that the old chief was purposely concealed from us, we went back to our boats, much piqued at our disappointment." Pau, too, may well have been disappointed at such an ending to the visit to his capital. Probably had Cook remained there would have been *kava* and food, and welcoming words. Clearly there was a misunderstanding. Possibly the Tahitian speaking Mai had not conveyed Cook's desire to see Maealiuaki, nor communicated properly Pau's intentions. However, it was not serious—merely a little *contretemps* that might occur anywhere. Cook's curiosity to see Maealiuaki was not left long unsatisfied, for next day he came to the station on the shore—"a slender man, and from his appearance seems to be considerably above threescore years of age." With him was a chief named Tupou, not so old as Maealiuaki, rather corpulent, and almost blind with a disorder of the eyes Maealiuaki was the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and also was, or had been, Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua. He died not long after Cook's visit.

When Cook had finished laying in his supplies of fresh food, water and fire-wood he waited a few days longer, to observe an eclipse of the sun. Both he and the surgeon Anderson have described the dances and singing which now, and earlier, they saw and heard, and the face of the country. But fortunately by waiting to observe the eclipse of the sun they saw the most notable of the annual ceremonies or rituals, the *‘Inasi*, or presentation of first-fruits at the tomb of a Tu‘i Tonga. Cook obstinately refused to obey when he was told he must not go to a place where he could get a good view of the ceremonies, but readily complying when he was told to bare himself, to the waist, he was not disturbed as he watched what went on.

Desiring to enlarge the animal stock of Tonga Cook gave to Pau a bull and cow, to Fïnau a horse and mare, and to Maealiuaki a ram and two ewes. Maealiuaki took not the slightest notice or care of his sheep, and consequently Cook later took them to ‘Eua. In 1773 Cook had found no dogs in Tonga, but there were a good many in 1777, some from the dog and bitch which he had left, and others imported from Fiji Animals, like horses and cows, which feed, not only on grass, but on the shoots and leaves of trees, must be kept down to small numbers and carefully guarded on these islands, especially the smaller ones. Horses, even when tethered, may quickly reduce the numbers of such useful and beautiful trees as mangoes and breadfruit.

One day when Pau was dining on board the *Resolution* he seemed to be particularly interested in the plates. Cook told him he could have one, either of pewter or earthenware. He chose the pewter, and said that when he went to other parts of the islands he would leave it as his representative. When asked what he had used heretofore for the purpose, he told them that he had a wooden bowl in which he washed his hands, and that acted as his deputy. His wooden bowl was also a detective to catch a thief, and that task also would now be given to the pewter plate.- "He said that when anything was stolen, and the thief could not be found out, the people were all assembled before him, when he washed his hands in this vessel; after which it was cleaned, and then the whole multitude advances, one after another, and touched it In the same manner that they touch his foot when they pay him obeisance. If the guilty person touched it, he died immediately upon the spot; not by violence, but by the hand of Providence; and if any one refused to touch it, his refusal was a clear proof that he was the man."

Being told that in ‘Eua he would he better able to get supplies of fresh water, Cook sailed there from Tongatapu. The visitors were entertained, by a chief named Taufa, and, by trading and gifts, further provisions were laid on board. The happy sequence of business and pleasure was abruptly broken, however, by an unpleasant event. A day of sports—cudgeling, wrestling, boxing—was to have been rounded off with a night of dancing, but a mishap prevented the English men staying ashore to see the dances. One of the sailors was knocked down and stripped of everything by two or three Tongans. Cook seized two canoes and a large hog to hold as ransom until the stolen clothes were restored. Soon one of the thieves was handed over to Cook, with some of the stolen articles. Next morning Cook went on shore early to say good-bye to Taufa. Not many people were about, and they were uneasy on account of the theft of the day before. Cook, however, released his prisoner and the two canoes. The hog was kept and paid for. Then the people "resumed their usual gaiety." Cook made a parting gift to Taufa, who immediately shared it with several other chiefs, one of whom, "a venerable old man, told me they did not deserve it, considering how little they had given to me, and the ill treatment one of my people had met with." Taufa and several other Tongans went on board with Cook, and did not leave the ship till she was at sea. One cannot avoid contrasting this courteous confidence with the dread which, later, the nefarious blackbirders gave Pacific Islanders so good cause to feel.

It was on the 17th July, 1777, that Cook left ‘Eua and the Tongan people, whom he describes as "one of the most benevolent and humane nations upon earth, with whom, for between two to three months, they lived together in the most cordial friendship."

Other European ships had visited Tonga before Cook came, but yet the visit of this greatest of navigators and explorers of the sea may he held to mark the end of one age and the beginning of another. The old world of Tonga, Samoa, Fiji, where one often sailed, finding men and women like himself, bounded somewhere by an horizon which one might possibly reach, and even penetrate, suddenly dissolved. This world of interest, of events told in dance and song and epic, whose vague beyond nourished the imagination of bards with exploits of heroes and demigods, and a nature of more than earthly fruitfulness, shrunk to a handful of islands and a beyond from where came, not heroes and demigods, but most ordinary men, infecting their women with disease and bringing sicknesses which the people had not before known. They came in big and good ships—though Tongan canoes easily out sailed them-they brought useful and desirable things, especially iron, and they had weapons that made them invincible. But they had strange and selfish ways, a curious unwillingness to share freely their possessions, and in physical beauty, strength, agility and skill they were inferior. Cook saw a group of Tongan men erect two tall frames, thirty or more feet high, which were filled with yams. Two baked hogs were placed on top of one, and a living hog on top of the other. He writes, "It was matter of curiosity to

observe with what facility and despatch these two piles were raised. Had our seamen been ordered to execute such a work, they would have sworn it could not be performed without carpenters; and the carpenters would have called to their aid a dozen different sorts of tools, and have expended, at least, a hundred-weight of nails; and, after all, it would have employed them as many days as it did these people hours.”. Of the Tongan men Cook says they “are very strong and well made. Their features are so various that it is not possible to hit on a general description; with good eyes and teeth.” He seemed to feel a lack of feminine fineness in the faces of some of the women, but others had features “so delicate... as to lay claim to a considerable share of beauty and expression... the bodies and limbs of most of the females are well proportioned; and some absolutely perfect models of a beautiful figure. But the most remarkable distinction in the women is the uncommon smallness and delicacy of their fingers... The graceful air and firm step with which these people walk, are not the least obvious proof of their personal accomplishments.”

Cook was told that Fiji and Tonga were frequently at war with one another, although it would seem more accurate to say that young Tongan bucks, who wanted war went to Fiji for its exciting perils. Samoa was the admired land of culture, from where dances and songs were brought and imitated. Pau, the king, often lived there. And Fiji, too, was more than a land of war, for the Tongans valued its pottery, wood-carving, ship-building, mats and cloth.

When Cook was in Tonga, in 1777, Pau was Tuʻi Tonga; his niece Moʻungalakepa was Tamahä. The title Tamahä was used also of her sister Tuʻilakepa, and her brother Lätünipulu, whose strange behaviour so puzzled Cook, and who, he says, “was looked upon by his countrymen as a madman.”

Maealiuaki, the Tuʻi Kanokupolu, was an old man, soon to die. A much stronger and abler man than Maealiuaki was Fïnau, head of a junior branch of the house of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu. He had won to a position of influence and authority that he, and his son after him, were to hold for about thirty years. Although neither was Tuʻi Kanokupolu, they did, in effect, wield much of the power of that great lord. *Papälangi*, the land beyond the horizon, the land from where one came by bursting through the sky, was closing in on the peoples of the Pacific. In not many years the peaceful happy life of the Tongans was to be shattered by storms at home. War, which had been a distant adventure in Fiji, was soon to blacken their homes and gardens.

Chapter 7

More Visitors

In 1789 William Bligh, who had sailed with Captain Cook as master on the *Resolution*, came back to Tonga in command of a ship of his own, the *Bounty*. On the 23rd April Bligh cast anchor off the north-west point of Nomuka. He came from Tahiti, where he had been for more than five months, taking on board over a thousand bread-fruit plants to be conveyed to the West Indies. Why they stayed so long is not clear, but life in Tahiti was pleasant—"The longer they remained on the island, the more they had occasion to be pleased with the conduct of the islanders... Into every house they wished to enter, they always experienced a kind reception... The behaviour of these people on all occasions was highly deserving of praise.... a people among whom every man had his *tayo* of friend; among whom every man was free to indulge every wish of his heart; where, from the moment he set his foot on shore, he found himself surrounded by female allurements in the midst of ease and indolence, and living in a state of luxury without submitting to any kind of labour." Life in Tahiti was a bright contrast to the discomfort and harsh discipline of an eighteenth century man-o'-war with a ruthless commander.

Some of the bread-fruit plants had died, and were replaced in Nomuka, and fresh food and water taken on board. Bligh saw Cook's pineapples flourishing in the garden where they had been set, and was told that the people were eating the fruit, although they were out of season when he was there.

On the 26th April the *Bounty* sailed from Nomuka to the northward and by noon of the 27th was not far from Tofua. In the early hours of April 28th the ship was to the south-west of Tofua, with Bligh feeling that the world was about as good as it could he, or at all events that was the way he wrote about it afterwards:- "I was steering to the westward with a ship in most perfect order, all my plants in a most flourishing condition, all my men and officers and men in good health, and in short, everything to flatter and insure my most sanguine expectations." Some hours of darkness yet remained, and Bligh, after giving instructions to the steersman, went to his cabin to sleep. Just before sunrise Christian, the officer of the watch, with several companions, came into Bligh's cabin, bound his hands behind his back, and threatened him with death if he should make any noise.

It was drama in the grand style, mutinously and piratically seizing a ship of His Majesty's navy, and the scene more than matched the deed. Slowly the sun rose behind the deep shadows of Tofua and Kao, touching with light their splendid forms. Night rolls back from the face of the sea, and the waters sparkle in the level rays of the morning sun. Small and lonely the *Bounty* showed on the bosom of the wide Pacific. A boat is lowered over the side, and men descend into her, eighteen men, and then the nineteenth—the captain. On the ship, beside Christian, the leader of the mutineers, were twenty-four men. Bligh accounts for the mutiny as the outcome of a plot to seize the ship by those who desired to return to the happy and luxurious ease of Tahiti. "I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction." If there were a plot its secrets were well guarded. Bligh continues, "The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party, who were with me, had always lived forward among the

seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian... had ever observed any circumstance that made them in the least suspect what was going on."

It is possible that no signs of a conspiracy were observed because there was none. Bligh, beyond all peradventure a courageous and skilful seaman, had not learned by long voyaging with Cook that great commander's art of ruling firmly men whose hearts were bound to him by humanity and understanding. Bligh rightly believed in discipline, but was too apt to enforce it by abuse, the lash and irons. It is not conceivable that dreams of seizing the ship and returning to Tahiti had never entered the mind of Christian, and some at least of his companions; but that it should have flared into desperate deed may quite well have come of the accident of opportunity concurring with a mood of Christian when he was utterly weary of the life of the ship and the hectoring of her captain. As Bligh was being forced over the side into the boat he asked Christian "if this treatment was a proper return for the many instances he had received of my friendship?" he appeared disturbed at my question, and answered with much emotion, "That, Captain Bligh,—that is the thing;—I am in hell,—I am in hell!'"

Well, there they were. Christian, in his anguish, whatever its sources, in command of the ship, with twenty-four men under him; and Bligh alongside, feeling, on the whole rather chirpy—"As soon as I had time to reflect, I felt an inward satisfaction, which prevented any depression of my spirits: conscious of my integrity, and anxious solicitude for the good of the service in which I had been engaged, I found my mind wonderfully supported, and I began to conceive hopes, notwithstanding so heavy a calamity, that I should one day be able to account to my king and country for the misfortune."

With Bligh in his boat, the ship's launch, were eighteen men, who sank her almost to the water's edge. Food and drink given them from the ship's stores were but scanty. Thirty miles or so to the north-east was Tofua, and thither they rowed, hoping to be able to barter such articles as they could spare for food. Rough seas detained them a few days in Tofua, where people tried to persuade Bligh to wait till the weather was favourable that they might go to Tongatapu for supplies; but Bligh was impatient to be off, fearing, it seemed, that if he delayed he might lose equipment which he could not do without. So before daylight one morning Bligh with his men went aboard their boat, not without a skirmish in which Tongans attacked them with stones, killing one of the sailors and injuring others. And till today the Tongans say that the body of the slain man was dragged up the hillside and buried. Where he was dragged, and at the top where the body was laid across the track whilst the grave was being dug, the grass has never grown. This was the first, and almost the only, European who was killed in all the intercourse of Tongans with white men.

With his seventeen men who were left, and insufficient food and drink, still overloading the boat, Bligh set out. Why he departed so hurriedly is a bit of a mystery. He had been with Cook in 1777, and knew that in Tongatapu something could be done to equip him better for a long voyage. Bligh was a strange man, with what seems like a lack of self-confidence at the heart of him that led him into bluster and impulsive action; but now he rose to the height of the great qualities that were in him. His courage, ability, resolution and endurance brought his whole company, starved and enfeebled, but without a life being lost, 4,500 miles to Timor, On this dreadful, yet magnificent voyage, whose sufferings and monotony were almost more than human bodies and minds could endure, Bligh was not the martinet, but the sensitive friend, who understood the need to divert the attention of his men from their almost hopeless situation by songs and story-telling. Men, starving and racked with thirst, responded loyally to his plea of honour not to exceed the dreadfully small issues of bread and water.

For the first two weeks or more of this incredible voyage they were beset by storms, drenched and chilled by unending rains, in every moment in peril of being engulfed in the waves. From Tofua to Timor took six weeks, but they had a break of six days among the islands of northeast Australia, when they were able to stretch their cramped limbs and bodies ashore, and get oysters and sea-birds to eat. Without this relief few probably would have survived. In Timor the Dutch authorities arranged their passages to Europe; one stayed in Timor, and four died before reaching England.

Twenty-four men remained with Christian on the *Bounty*, some willingly, a few by compulsion or in sheer uncertainty what to do in events so unexpected, so alarming and attended with so much confusion. They sailed back to Tahiti, with an idea of making a settlement there, or in some neighbouring island. There sixteen of them stayed, some marrying and making homes. Two, who quarreled with each other, were both killed.

The remaining nine, with six or seven Tahitian men, and twelve women, sailed away in the *Bounty*, and were no more heard of for twenty years. They were the party who settled on the islet of Pitcairn, hoping there to live hidden and secure. A serious defect of the little colony was that there were too few women, and the disproportion was made worse by fatal accidents which, in the earlier years, deprived one or two men of their wives. Quarrels and violence assisted nature to establish a balance, and somehow they came through and found themselves with children growing up about them. The presence and care of children caused a remarkable reformation in the lawless little settlement. Manners became as mild and responsible as they had previously been turbulent and unrestrained. A prayer book, found amongst the goods from the *Bounty*, became the basis of a simple and sincere religious faith, adopted by the elders, and taught to the children. When, after many years, a British warship discovered the colony, only one of the mutineers was living, Adams, a venerable old man with long white beard. When Adams declared his willingness to go to England to stand his trial, the whole colony dissolved in tears, and entreaty, begging the captain to forgive, and leave with them their father, on whose guidance and counsel they depended in all things. It is pleasant to remember that mercy and commonsense had their way. The captain recognised that it was more important that the islanders should retain their friend and leader, than that Justice—discipline, vengeance, or whatever it should be called—should be vindicated by hanging or imprisoning a virtuous, grey-bearded old man for his part in an almost forgotten mutiny of long ago. (Put that way it looks as if the grey beard was an essential part of Adams's virtue! Would it have been equally right to forgive him if he had been clean shaved?) In the meanwhile, Bligh had been involved in another mutiny which made far more noise in the world.

Two years after the *Bounty* sailed to her strange fate came the *Pandora*, commanded by the brutal Edwards, in search of the mutineers. He anchored off the north-west end of Nomuka, where Cook and Bligh had been before him. Thence he sailed to Tahiti, where he arrested fourteen of the mutineers. A cage, some eleven feet across, was constructed on the *Pandora's* quarter-deck—Pandora's box it was nicknamed—and here, with irons on hands and feet, the prisoners were confined, "not being allowed ever to get out of this den: and, being obliged to eat, drink, sleep, and obey the calls of nature here." Eighteenth century naval regulations apparently permitted Edwards to treat his prisoners as he did, but not even brutal regulations could excuse his cruelty, especially as few, if any, of his prisoners had taken an active part in the mutiny, and some, at least, had voluntarily given themselves up when the *Pandora* arrived in Tahiti. A little schooner, built by the *Bounty* men in Tahiti, sailed with the *Pandora*, and turned out to be a craft of exceptional speed.

The Tahitian wife of Stewart, a midshipman on the *Bounty*, died literally of a broken heart a couple of months after her husband was taken from her. Their little girl was cared for by the

dead woman's sister, and was known to missionaries of the London Missionary Society six years later.

The *Pandora,* early parted from the schooner on the return voyage to England, was wrecked among reefs off the north-east coast of Australia. A heavy sea was running, but the vessel sank inside the reef, in what must have been comparatively calm water. Only when it was almost too late did Edwards permit the prisoners to be released from their horrible den. Four went down with their shackles still on them. One marvelously saved himself with his wrists still in handcuffs. Ten prisoners, and some ninety of the crew got ashore on low sandy islets. The *Pandora* was a frigate with a crew of 160; thirty or forty men had been put on board the schooner, and about the same number seem to have been drowned when the ship sank.

Edwards, with what remained of his crew and prisoners, made their way in four boats to Timor, from where, in various ships, they returned to Europe.

The ten men from the *Bounty* who were taken back to England were tried by court-martial. Four were acquitted; six were sentenced to death by hanging, with a strong recommendation to mercy in favour of two of them, who were subsequently pardoned. To one of the condemned was granted a respite, followed by a pardon. Three were hanged on a ship of war in Portsmouth harbour. They "behaved with great penitence and decorum, acknowledged the justice of their sentence for the crime of which they had been found guilty, and exhorted their fellow-sailors to take warning by their untimely fate, and whatever might be their hardships, never to forget their obedience to their officers, as a duty they owed, to their king and country... A party from each ship in the harbour, and at Spithead, attended the execution, and... the example seems to have made a great impression upon the minds of all the ships' companies present." Thus were sailors taught to prefer the discipline of an eighteenth-century man 'o war to wives and comforts in tropical isles.

A few years after the *Pandora*, another English ship arrived in Tonga. All sorts of things were set going by the explorations of Cook, and the accounts of Pacific islands published in Europe. England was in the midst of the religious revival, whose greatest leader was John Wesley—a man of comprehensive genius, creative in every part and aspect of life. Few, naturally, shared his grandeur of conception, and the industrial revolution, which was also getting under way, became what it did become. However, among those whose imaginations were stirred by discoveries in the Pacific, were religious people, who wished to take Christianity to lands where it was not yet known. Among missionary societies founded about this time was the London Missionary Society, established in 1795 as an inter-denominational organisation, but which has become the missionary society of the Congregational church. Their first enterprise was the sending of missionaries—mostly artisans—to Tahiti, Tonga and the Marquesas. The plan was to teach the islanders Christianity, and at the same time to enlarge their crafts with the skill of English workmen.

A ship of 300 tons, the *Duff*, was bought and equipped. In 1796 she sailed, in convoy because of war between England and France, with twenty men for Tahiti, six of whom were accompanied by their wives, nine for Tonga, and one for the Marquesas. Three children sailed with their parents. The great majority of the party, both men and women, were young—under thirty years of age. The married men and their wives were all in the group designated for Tahiti. During the voyage a youth named Gaulton, who had shipped as assistant cook, so commended himself to the captain, James Wilson, and the leaders of the missionary party, that he was added to the nine who were to land in Tonga. Gaulton had volunteered, but had not been chosen, as one of the *Duff* missionaries. In his desire not to be left behind he signed on as cook's assistant. A volunteer was found—or induced—to consent to join the solitary missionary for the Marquesas.

The *Duff*, after landing her party in Tahiti, where a flourishing mission was soon established, went north to the Marquesas, and anchored on the 5th June, 1797, in Resolution Bay, the harbour of Santa Cristina, or Tahuata. On the following day William Crook, a young man in his early twenties, who had elected to go to the Marquesas, landed; but John Harris, a man of about forty, who had consented to keep Crook company, lingered on the ship. Those who saw the Marquesans as they were when Europeans first came in contact with them were entranced by their beauty. Many years later Robert Louis Stevenson was to call them the handsomest race extant. “Six feet is about the middle height of males; they are strongly muscled, free from fat, swift in action, graceful in repose; and the women, though fatter and duller, are still comely animals.”. Cook says of them, “The inhabitants of these islands, collectively, are, without exception, the finest race of people in this sea. For fine shape and regular features, they perhaps surpass all other nations... women, youths, young children, are as fair as some Europeans. The men are in general tall; that is, about five feet ten inches or six feet.”

The chroniclers of the *Duff’s* voyage are no less enthusiastic—“Our first visitors from the shore came early; they were seven beautiful young women, swimming quite naked, except for a few green leaves tied round their middle.” None of these lasses was allowed on the ship until a chief, who had come on board with several other men, requested that one of the girls, his sister, be permitted to come on to the ship. This was complied with—“she was of a fair complexion, inclining to a healthy yellow, with a tint of red in her cheek, was rather stout, but possessing such symmetry of features, as did all her companions, that as models for the statuary and painter their equal can seldom be found.” Later in the ship’s stay women came more freely on board, and helped the sailors in their tasks. The restraint that was observed was due to no lack of appreciation of the charms of their lovely assistants—“It was not a little affecting also to see our own seamen repairing the rigging, attended by a group of the most beautiful females, who were employed to pass the ball, or carry the tar-bucket, etc...No ship’s company, without great restraints from God’s grace, could ever have resisted such temptations, and some would probably have offended, if they had not been overawed by the Jealousy of the officers and by the good conduct of their messmates.” While Crook was making himself familiar with the people on shore and with his future home, Harris stayed on the ship for over a week from the time of anchoring. On the 14th June he landed. Ten days later, in the early morning word, scarcely believed at first, was brought that Harris had been on the beach all night, and had lost most of his things:- “But, on dispatching the jolly-boat to know the truth, we found it to be really the case. He had come down in the dusk of evening; and as none from the ship were on shore, the boats being employed at the anchor, and the chip lying too far from the beach for him to hail, he spent an uncomfortable night, sitting upon his chest: about four in the morning the natives, in order to steal his clothes, drove him off the chest; and, for fear they should hurt his person, he fled to the adjacent hills... The reasons he gave for leaving his partner so abruptly, besides those already mentioned, were such as he might naturally have expected: Tenae (the chief), it seems wanted to treat them with an excursion to another valley, to which Crook readily agreed, but Mr. Harris would not consent. The chief, seeing this, and desirous of obliging him, not considering any favour too great, left him his wife, to be treated as if she were his own, till the chief came back again. Mr. Harris told him that he did not want the woman; however, she looked up to him as her husband, and finding herself treated with total neglect, became doubtful of his sex; and acquainted some of the other females with her suspicion, who accordingly came in the night, when he slept, and satisfied themselves concerning that point, but not in such a peaceable way but that they awoke him. Discovering so many strangers, he was greatly terrified; and, perceiving what they had been doing, was determined to leave a place where the people were so abandoned and given up to wickedness: a cause which should have excited a contrary resolution.”

Harris was clearly not a man who could have settled among the Marquesans. In the event Crook did not stay very long, and the London Missionary Society's attempt was abandoned after a few years. These people, of almost legendary beauty and strength, have been practically exterminated by white contact. The group was annexed by France in 1842. "The native inhabitants have diminished from the supposed number of 75,000 to less than 3500. Now they are perishing with leprosy, syphilis and other evils."

And a few years later the well-known anthropologist, Dr Handy, writes "The inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands number today about eighteen hundred, including a handful of whites, and many mixed bloods—for the most part white and Chinese mixtures with the native... very few of them today may be classified even as examples of good physique. Exceedingly few are physically sound or free from serious disease of some kind. The whites have brought, and still bring, syphilis, gonorrhea, a type of rapid consumption called by the natives *pakoko*, and many other minor ailments... the Chinese brought leprosy. Degeneration of the native physique is due to these diseases and to an inactive, listless life with decay of native standards resulting in the breaking down of their whole system of life and thought and the elimination of all their natural avenues for expression—a condition that has been brought about largely by the organized and unorganized forces of white influence." Earlier writers stressed the physical beauty of these people. Dr Handy writes of their moral and mental excellence—"The ancient culture gives ample proofs of the presence of admirable human traits, as does also the make-up of the modern native, product of generations of demoralizing influences though he be. Some of these traits are manual and technical skill and the ideal of perfection in work; ability to organize and to accomplish on a large scale; characteristics such as loyalty, generosity and gratitude in friendly personal relationship; a keen appreciation of individual integrity expressed in personal independence with clear conceptions of justice and honor; high refinements, subtleties, and graces in social and aesthetic expression; and capacity for rational and imaginative thought belonging to a very high order of intelligence."

What retribution can we make to this people whom we have destroyed by ignorant meddling with their lives, selfish exploitation, and plain wickedness in careless transmission of diseases!

Ten men of the *Duff's* party were landed in Tonga, practitioners of various useful crafts. During the voyage one of them was ordained a clergyman.

Chapter 8

The Eighteenth Century Closes.

Accounts of the succession of kings in the closing years of the eighteenth century do not altogether agree. Captain Edwards, of the *Pandora*, says that he met Pau, the Tu‘i Tonga, in 1791. But Edwards was not long in the country, and could not have had many opportunities for careful inquiry. Professor Gifford, who has made the most careful and thorough examination of the royal genealogies, believes that Pau died about 1784. We seem to be pretty safe in assuming that by 1790 Pau was dead, and his successor was Tu‘i Tonga. It is said that when Pau died, his son, Fatafehi, or Fuanunuiava, whom Cook met in 1777, and whom he then estimated to be about twelve years of age, was too young to succeed his father, and that therefore Pau's brother, Ma‘u-lupe-kotofa, became king. Yet, if Pau died in 1784, Fuanunuiava would then be eighteen or nineteen years of age—if Cook's judgment of his age in 1777 was correct—not too young for kingship. Another account of the delay in installing Fuanunuiava as Tu‘i Tonga is that, when he was born, someone called him king, and this aroused his father's jealousy and caused an estrangement, and "for this reason Pau refused to confide the ancient lore to him," Whatever the reason, Pau was followed immediately, not by his son, but by his brother, Ma‘ulupekotofa, who died in 1806.

In these years the ordered peacefulness which so charmed Cook was broken, and there began a long period of civil war which ended, after about half a century in the clear establishment of the power of a man who would be great in any age and country. The causes of this long unrest lay in the weakness and uncertainties of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, who by this time had clearly supplanted the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua as executive king. The strongest chiefs in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, were the father and son, Fïnau ‘Ulukälala. They, as heads of a junior branch of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu house, were not qualified by birth for the kingship.

Pau's principal wife, the mother of Fuanunuiava, who became Tu‘i Tonga, was Tupou Moheofo, the daughter of an earlier Tu‘i Kanokupolu. She was an active and ambitious woman, who, with Pau dead and her brother-in-law Ma‘ulupekotofa reigning as Tu‘i Tonga, looked round for power on her own account. Her opportunity came with a vacancy in the office of Tu‘i Kanokupolu, perhaps about 1790, or a little later. The Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Mulikiha‘amea, a pleasant kindly man, no longer young, resigned from this office and became Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua. Possibly he was tired of an office whose full prerogatives he could not assert without fighting Fïnau, which he was unwilling to do. His father Maealiuaki, a friend of Captain Cook, seems to have made the same change from Tu‘i Kanokupolu to Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua. Into the vacancy left by Mulikiha‘amea's resignation promptly stepped the able Tupou Moheofo. She was the widow of a Tu‘i Tonga, and her title to the office of Tu‘i Kanokupolu was good, as she was the daughter of a previous king. She must have had the needful approval of the chiefs of Hihifo—Western Tongatapu—for on the *mala‘e* she turned her back to the *koka* tree, and was properly installed. Her most serious rival was her uncle Mumui, who also was the child of a Tu‘i Kanokupolu, a kindly placid old gentleman, more appreciative of the solid blessings of a peaceful happy life than desirous of wrangling about a throne. Mumui's son Tuku‘aho was a man of different temper, little inclined to accept his cousin as Tu‘i Kanokupolu. He was in ‘Eua, but after no long time came across the strait separating ‘Eua from Tongatapu with ‘the face, of war,' and drove

Tupou Moheofo out. She fled to Vava‘u, and apparently made some sort of appeal to Fïnau. He was not indisposed to quarrel with Tuku‘aho, but it is not likely that he would ever have fought for anybody hut himself. For the time he did nothing.

Tuku‘aho, having defeated Tupou Moheofo, had his father Mumui installed as Tu‘i Kanokupolu, the third of three brothers—or half-brothers—one of them Cook’s friend Maealiuaki, who had held the office.

Mumui was an urbane old gentleman, undisturbed by the uneasy apprehensions about position and personal dignity, which set off the anxieties, and often cruelties, of less ample natures. Life as he had known it was easy-going, with leisure for good-humoured appreciation of the arts. His home was in Nuku‘alofa on a great mound named after him, *‘Esi* (‘mound’) of Mumui, cast up for him to build his house on. One day he sent to Hihifo—the western district—bidding a man named ‘Uhila, ‘Lightning’, come and weave mats for him. Lightning obeyed, and set out to do the bidding of the king (Mumui was by now Tu‘i Kanokupolu), and bearing to him, as was proper, a root of- *kava*. But on the way the Lightning’s rapid course was stayed. He met a man named Tu‘akilaumea, one of the king’s *matäpule*s, who was repairing a fence. The *matäpule* begged from Lightning the piece of *kava* he was carrying. Lightning, coming empty-handed before the king, explained where his *kava* had gone to, and the king punished Tu‘akilaumea by sending men to smash up his compound. Now Tu‘akilaumea was aggrieved, pleading his right as a *matäpule* to the king’s *kava*. It was a nice point for those skilled in court usage, for the rights of *matäpule*s are wide. In the *kava* circle a *matäpule* may, if his chief be not present, receive his lord’s cup, and have the ceremony carried on just as if the chief were there. When a chief and his *matäpule* are by themselves, ‘within the screened house,’ as it is called, though they may be in the open country, the chief will wait upon the *matäpule*. The late Professor Hocart somewhere suggested that the divinity of high rank may reside in the *matäpule*, and that the chief is his priest.

Tu‘akilaumea, who was bard as well as *matäpule*, did not wait on the verdict of fellow pundits, but, in a long poem, uttered his grievance, aggravated by the despoilers of his home being, not members of a famous regiment, but a nondescript band of fellows from Nuku‘alofa. The poem was taught to a group of singers and dancers, and performed in the eastern district before the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, Mulikiha‘amea, nephew of Mumui, who relished the performance and told Mumui of it. He summoned the singers to perform before him, and was so delighted with the piece that he had it repeated three times, and loaded the bard with gifts. This poem, enforcing with caustic irony the privileges of Tu‘akilaumea’s ancient *matäpule* house, has the pathos of foreboding of approaching danger and strife, which he fears that Mumui and his people may be too weak to withstand. The land has been womanlike in ready listening to gossip about himself, and may be womanlike in the struggle that is impending. There, too, is anxiety, not sustained by later events, lest Mumui’s confidence in the powerful chief Vaha‘i be not misplaced. Tongan poetry is close-packed, pregnant with allusion and meaning. The name of a place, for example, may convey the people’s love for their beautiful land, memories of things done there, of people who live there, allusions to what is now happening or is about to happen. Instead of the names of chiefs may be names of fragrant shrubs and flowers, private and affectionately respectful nicknames, *hingoa fakatenetene*, of the chiefs. Interpretation, even for Tongans fairly familiar with the subject matter, is often difficult. To get the strong and pithy flavour into another language is impossible. This is an attempt to render something of Tu‘akilaumea’s poem of Mumui.

An absurd thing is the way of Tongatapu
With all your conjecture about me.

Now, listen all, I will speak.
From of old have been men of war,
The men who have ordered the land,
And so to me, to me was given
A care in this land of Tongatapu,
Mine is the charge of a *matäpule*.
How strange is this!
Men grasping weapons
To defend, forsooth, the honour of the king.
This rabble, what know they?
Are there no men of ancient fame
If so he some must he sent against me?
Have I done aught against the king?
Is not Mumui still the king?
He whom the train of lords brought hither
When the cluster of blossoms (the preceding king) faded—
What heroes following one on another!
Me, too, ye appointed
With false fair words,
Ye who now go about to despoil me,
He who have done no offence
Well, I shall go,
My heart shall fail, and I shall sail away—
Tis men of note you desire.
Tell, let them come—can they do as I,
Who, like a skilled fisher, or snarer of pigeons,
So much have done for our king's behoof?
Will ye not rather fall into sorrows?
You are angry, filled with wrath?
You pack of silly women!
The land is full of women's babble.
In my hear is secret grief;
Take thought now what to do.
Are we to be oppressed by fear
Of this fine king we have got!
To me naught but punishment;
In my heart is no peace
For the portents of storm.
But marvelous would it be
If this foolish land showed wisdom,
Or knew what belongs to its happiness,
For all that its ancient *matäpule* dwelt here.
As when the bonito comes to the surface
There is contest of fishers,
So calamity draws near,
Will he confide in strangers?
But soon the stranger deserts him.
I shall rush in and fall
O'ercome with many wounds.
In this land is no wisdom.

Soon, surrounded by foes, shall they be driven
Into a fortress of Hihifo,
Like fish caught in the end of the net
And flung out in the shallows.
Then will they know the friends who stand true.
I am a pigeon in a land of scarcity
Where there is naught but bad food,
I eat, and am griped with pain.
I turn and stand aside,
No longer of use.
You are angry, filled with wrath,
You pack of silly women,
The land is full of women's babble.
In my heart is secret grief,
Take thought what now to do.
Are we to be oppressed by fear
Of this fine king we have got?
To me, naught but punishment.
I lighted to eat good food,
But while yet 'twas early morn
The word was brought that I, fair seeming,
Forsooth had sinned.
Is there any wrong to be revealed?
Have I touched a woman barred to me?
Have I done wrong with a wedded wife?
There is nothing but what comes from a bad king
Moli hath done wrong, lay blame upon Loli.
Ever the weak eat food
By the labour of the strong.
Will another come in my place,
Move in the circle of chiefs,
And distribute their portions?
Ah, this wretched little cluster of fruit (the king),
Who came hither and persuaded me
To go and live with him.
Verily, his heart is evil.
Perhaps, forsooth, I have crept into his home
Seducing his women;
Or into the palace of the Tu'i Tonga,
Approaching a royal lady,
But here, here should I stay.
Apply your heart unto wisdom,
Remember him who you thought would help,
But angry he has gone—returned whence he came
To appease his wrath.
You are angry, filled with wrath,
You pack of silly women.
The land is full of women's babble.
In my heart is secret grief.
Take thought now what to do.

Are we to be oppressed by fear
Of this fine king we have got?
To me, naught but punishment,
For him, pluck down Orion,
The Southern Cross, and dark depths of heaven;
For him awake the wind from Tufuhu,
Breathe gently all winds,—
Sing wind of the north,
The south wind, and wind from the east,
Bright as the lightning gleams the fortress of Mumui;
Oh, nature, trouble him not,
Let him hear the murmur of calm seas,
And let his chiefs‘ great ship put out,
Defending him from every foe;
Scattered be they who oppose him.
That without rival he be king,
Of even-handed justice—
Fragrant blossom of his country, his people
Happy under him;
Let him be handsome as one
Who has bathed in the pool of beauty in Vava‘u.
How deceived my trust as I voyaged with him,
And his best deeds are maimed.
Let none dissuade me—I shall go;
Farewell, O king; farewell, Tongatapu,
Sundered is our voyaging together,

In the year 1797 the ten young men of the London Missionary Society landed in Tongatapu, and were kindly received by the Tu‘i Kanokupolu Mumui. Unluckily the friendly old man was at the end of his life. In that same year he fell ill. All the resources of Tongan medicine, and the sacrificial strangling of a child, were unavailing, and the king died. The mild Mumui was succeeded by his ruthless son Tuku‘aho, who, with all his energy and ability, seems to have had an unkingly and tyrannical love of power for its own sake. It is related of him that he caused the left hands of twelve of his cooks to be struck off, not because they had been guilty of any fault, but to demonstrate his unquestioned authority.

The swiftness with which the peaceful happiness of Tonga slipped into turmoil and misery is not without parallel in the history of more numerous nations. It is not easy to discover exactly the causes of this distress. The old order, resting on the divine authority of the Tu‘i Tonga, even if he took comparatively little part in the active direction of affairs, was cracking. Although the fifteenth century Tu‘i Tonga, Kau‘ulufonua, had delegated executive duties of the kingdom to the line of his younger brother, yet there is little doubt that the influence of an able and energetic Tu‘i Tonga could at any time be decisive. But by the end of the eighteenth century the influence of the Tu‘i Tonga was declining. Abdication of active control was working out to its inevitable end. The line of regents appointed by Kau‘ulufonua, the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, was also in decline. Two of these rulers in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Maealiuaki and Mulikiha‘amea, were courteous kindly men, better fitted for the urbanities of an ordered society than to shore up a tottering structure or build a new. There may have been another Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua after Mulikiha‘amea, but with him the office effectively ends.

The other great kingship, that of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, had grown steadily in power, but had not yet come to the full flowering and stability of its authority. At this juncture it, too, was

stricken with some uncertainty and debility. Mulikiha‘amaea had been Tu‘i Kanokupolu, but had resigned that office and become Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua. The pretensions of Tupou Moheofo were resisted by her cousin, Tuku‘aho, and, after becoming queen, she was driven from her throne by him, Mumui became king when he was already old, and died after four years of rule. Tuku‘aho was in the full vigour of strong and active manhood. He was an energetic and able warrior, but perhaps lacked something of the qualities of the statesman. In any case he was confronted by a crafty and ruthless enemy, who soon encompassed his death.

The Tu‘i Kanokupolu was head of the lineage of the Ha‘a Ngata. A Junior branch of the line, the Ha‘a Ngata Tupu, sprung from a Tu‘i Kanokupolu about the turn of the eighteenth century, had its principal seat in Vava‘u. Its head had the family name Fïnau, and the title ‘Ulukälala—it still has. In 1777 Captain Cook met the chief Fïnau, who was probably at that time, and for the next, twenty years, the most powerful man in Tonga. He was not afflicted with the restless ambition that makes an energetic man so often a scourge of his people, and the country went its peaceful way. In the same year that Mumui died, 1797, Fïnau also died, and was succeeded by his son, referred to often as Fïnau II. Their young man went on from where his father had left off. He inherited power, he was a successful fighter, and a crafty and ruthless diplomat.

Whether Fïnau was forming the plan to raise his own great power into a kingship that should supplant that of the elder branch of his family, the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, can never be known. It may be that, if he had had longer life, Tuku‘aho would have restored the tranquility that was being lost. Vason, one of the London Missionary Society’s party, says of him, “...who, by his superior prowess in the field, had awed the neighbouring islands as well as Tongatapu, and had placed his father Mumui in the past of distinction, had, ever since, strengthened his power with the chiefs by making them his companions and friends.”

It does not seem likely that Tuku‘aho was the kind of man who would have brooked the ambitions of Fïnau swelling into effective rivalry of his own power and position. However, as things turned out Fïnau was able to remove Tuku‘aho out of his path. Vason says that the plot to assassinate Tuku‘aho was planned by ‘Ulukälala, (Fïnau). The instrument of murder was the enmity of a chief named Tupouniua against Tuku‘aho, and he it was who struck the blow.

The opportunity for an attempt against Tuku‘aho came in 1799. Chiefs and people, Fïnau, Tupouniua and Tuku‘aho amongst them, were assembled in Mu‘a for the great, yearly national festival of the First Fruits, the *‘Inasi*.When the ceremonies were finished, all separated to return to their homes. Tuku‘aho had a residence in Mu‘a adjoining the royal compound of the Tu‘i Tonga, and he remained there. The principal residence of Mulikiha‘amea, the Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, was in Mu‘a. Fïnau and Tupouniua embarked with their people from Ha‘apai and Vava‘u on two canoes, and sailed away towards the north or along the coast—not too far, however. in the night they returned, and landed at some distance from Mu‘a. Stealing back in the darkness they posted men to guard all the roads leading from Tuku‘aho’s compound, and Tupouniua with several companions entered the house where Tuku‘aho was sleeping with his wives and some other friends. In the darkness Tupouniua was guided to the king by the scent of the oil with which his head and body were anointed. Disdaining to kill a sleeping man, Tupouniua aroused Tuku‘aho, crying, “It is I, Tupouniua, who strike!” As the king started up Tupouniua struck him dead. At once the house was filled with the screams of the terrified women, trying to flee from the murderous blows of Tupouniua and his. men. The women were marked for slaughter with their lord. Why? Lest any should later bear children to Tuku‘aho? Or mere wantonness of cruelty? Some were slain in the house, others by the ambuscades on the paths outside.

On that tragic night fell a man named Kepa, whose fate has passed into proverb. Kepa was a companion of Fïnau and Tupouniua, and knew of their plot against the king. He was also loyally attached to Tukuʻaho. What should he do—betray the confidence of Fïnau and Tupouniua and, by revealing the plot, destroy them whilst saving Tukuʻaho? Or be silent and allow Tukuʻaho to be slain? In the end he resolved to keep the confidence of the assassins, and die, if possible, in Tukuʻaho's stead, or with him. On the night when the attempt was to be made Kepa stayed with Tukuʻaho, and slept in his house. As they bathed and oiled themselves that evening Kepa begged from the king his own special oil that he might anoint himself with it, hoping to be mistaken and slain for the king. In the event both were killed. A poet has told of Kepa's dilemma:—

Ah, how confused were the counsels.
Of Kepa, that man of wavering mind,
Who was struck down in the great house
At the feet of Cluster-of-Heilala.
Would I had been there
To share his pain.

Cluster-of-*Heilala* is, of course, the king. *Heilala* is a sweet-scented shrub of the species gardenia.

Fïnau and Tupouniua at once withdrew to the sea. Of the canoes they found at moorings they kept such as they needed for themselves, and knocked holes in the rest. Then they sailed with their men along the coast towards the east. Morning broke on confusion and alarm throughout the land. Rumour and uncertainty magnified the terrors of events that were, in truth, dreadful. With the cold-blooded murder of Tukuʻaho another step was taken into disorder and bloodshed. Fïnau, ambitious, unscrupulous, scheming, brave and skilful in war, was a man of a type by whom many lands have been cursed.

Well, a day of confusion follows the night of crime. Fïnau, Tupouniua and their men are coasting eastwards along the north shore of Tongatapu. Back in Muʻa chiefs and people are flocking to Mulikihaʻamea, urging him to lead them against the assassins. In especial, the men of Hihifo look to Mulikihaʻamea to avenge their lord. So Mulikihaʻamea leads an army by land to the east, coming upon Fïnau and Tupouniua just as they had disembarked their men. A long and indecisive battle was ended by nightfall and darkness, though Fïnau seems to have had rather the better of the encounter. Both sides withdrew—Fïnau and his forces to their canoes, in which they sailed away to Haʻapai for reinforcements. Soon Fïnau was back in Tongatapu with men from Haʻapai, many of whom, it seems, believed that they were about to avenge the fallen king. Tukuʻaho had recently married a maiden of Haʻapai, and this perhaps added warmth to their loyalty. However, they soon discovered their mistake, and found themselves enrolled with, not against, the murderers.

By this time many of the mainland men had joined Mulikihaʻamea, and his army had rapidly grown. But to their dismay he refused to lead them against Fïnau, and even came to terms with him when he returned from Haʻapai. Thenceforth Mulikihaʻamea supported Fïnau. Vason tells us that Mulikihaʻamea and Tukuʻaho had been rivals for power, and that there subsisted a jealousy between them. In the war that was beginning, it is not always easy to draw boundaries between the contestants. It is, in the main, a war of Hihifo, the especial district of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu, against Fïnau and the eastern part of Tongatapu, Hahake, supported by Haʻapai and Vavaʻu, to which Fïnau directly belonged. In the central district it is hard to say where east begins and west ends. Hahake has a particular attachment to the Tuʻi Tonga and Tuʻi Haʻatakalaua, as Hihifo has to the Tuʻi Kanokupolu.

Scarcely had the war begun when unexpected reinforcements arrived for Fïnau. Tu‘ihalafatai (‘Lord of the Road of Laurels’), with two canoe loads of warriors, arrived from Fiji, where they had been fighting as *francs tireurs*. These experienced soldiers joined Fïnau as soon as he returned from Ha‘apai, and before another battle had been fought. With the accession of Mulikiha‘amea the forces of Fïnau greatly outnumbered those of Hihifo, and they marched at once to attack. Mulikiha‘amea led an army by land to the West, and Fïnau, embarking his troops on canoes, led them by sea. By nightfall Mulikiha‘amea had reached the district of Te‘ekiu, where, halting his main body, he sent on an advance guard. That night the soldiers lay down and slept, but at dawn were awakened by the shout, “The enemy are on us!” A party of Hihifo scouts had slipped in between Mulikiha‘amea’s advance guard and his main army. The Hihifo army was following on behind, but, without waiting for them, the scouts fought at once on two fronts. The Hahake advance party was driven off, thus opening the way for the Hihifo army to attack the main forces of Hahake. Mulikiha‘amea was with his troops, borne in a litter. He was bravely defended, but after stubborn resistance his defenders were slain, with two of his wives, two sons and several other relatives, and he himself taken. His captors stood over him, uncertain what to do, until some one said, “Kill him!” and, as commonly happens in like circumstances, a sudden command, come from whom it may, is obeyed, and they slew him. whatever hopes may at first have been entertained that Mulikiha‘amea would curb Fïnau, and perhaps take up again the responsibilities of Tu‘i Kanokupolu, which he had once held and relinquished, were betrayed by his joining the adventurer from Vava‘u, and were now finally extinguished in death. Mulikiha‘amea, elderly and gentle, was in any case not the man to deal with Fïnau and the violence which his ruthless ambition had loosed upon the people.

The Hahake army broke and fled, pursued by Hihifo. Some of the warriors passed through Ha‘ateiho, where were living four of the young men belonging to the London Missionary Society’s party. They, coming out of their house to watch the soldiers passing through, themselves became victims of the war. Hihifo was carrying all before it in all parts of a scattered and bloody combat when Fïnau came to land with his canoes. Fïnau, with cool wisdom, made no effort to stay the flight of the Hahake men, but encouraged them to flee towards the canoes, where the retreating tide had left exposed a wide expanse of flats. Fïnau drew up his men from the sea with those who fled to him from the land on a the wide shore flats, where he repulsed and put to flight the Hihifo pursuers. Among the Hihifo men was a great chief carried in a litter, whose hearers flung him down and took to their heels. This chief, taken by Fïnau’s men, was returned unharmed to his own people. So this day of bloodshed ended. Fïnau took his men on board his ships to rest, and Hihifo withdrew to Pangai, their capital.

The following morning Fïnau brought his troops ashore, and drew them up in three divisions. The battle which followed was bravely sustained on either side, but at length Hihifo was overcome and fled. Many escaped into a burial ground of Hihifo chiefs. The Englishman Vason had come with the troops from Hahake, and was in Fïnau’s army. He has described what followed: “In the field of battle was a large Fa‘itoka (cemetery). In this numbers had taken refuge, supposing that, as it was the burying-place of Tu‘i Kanokupolu, the sanctity of the place would secure them from violence. Our party however made an attack upon the place, and attempted to pull up the fence. But as the enemy within could not be seen, yet could see us, when any one attempted to pull off the reeds, they pierced him with their spears. They judged it best, therefore, to set fire to it: but the sanctity of the place deterred them. They applied to me: I threw a firebrand upon the thatch; it did not light for some time: at length it was all in a blaze.” Vason did not like the job; but he has cast his lot with Fïnau, and, as a foreigner, is free of the *tapu* that would check a Tongan. One does what he can for his own side so why not? Men and women flee from the flames, but few save their lives. Young women who beg for mercy become the prize of their captors. All others are clubbed to death.

Fïnau's men withdrew to the beach to eat, and while they were eating were attacked by Hihifo, and driven on hoard their canoes. One canoe grounded, and could not he quickly enough got off. All her people, men and women, were slain, Fïnau then sailed to the little island of ʻAtatä, off the western end of Tongatapu. For three days the unhappy isle was given up to ravage and rapine. Thence Fïnau betook himself and his fleet to Muʻa, to prepare another attack on Hihifo. By the time he returned to Hihifo the army of the Westerners had lost many men who had sought refuge in Maʻofanga, a famous sanctuary near Nukuʻalofa, the present capital, about half way along the north coast between Hihifo and Muʻa. The valour of those who remained was not diminished by the defections, but was unavailing. Again Fïnau was victorious. This perhaps is the battle of 29th May, 1799, known as the Battle of the Shore-flats. So much of the fighting, however, took place on the shore-flats, *toafa*, that the Tongan expression, *Tau he Toafa*, might well be rendered 'War of the Shore-flats', instead of being used to denote particularly any individual engagement.

Thereafter Fïnau turned his attention to Maʻofanga, where he captured, but did not harm some who had fled to the sanctuary. Eight or nine chiefs were exiled to a little island, apparently in Haʻapai. The people were ordered to lay down their arms, and return to their homes and work.

So Tongatapu submitted to Fïnau. He sailed to Haʻapai, which, too, acknowledged his authority. In Vavaʻu, his own especial centre, he gave feasts and celebrated his victories. He was at the summit of his power. Sadly sings a bard of Hihifo: —

The famed compound is made desolate—
Pardon my speech, O lord of Pangai—
And you are not without blame:
My heart fills with yearning
Over Hihifo and its line of reefs:
How lovely it is.
The fishing boat floats in golden haze,
Calm murmurs the surf on the reef.
But the pool of Pelehake was darkened
By our beginning of blows,
As on that night in ʻÄhau,
And conflict in Havelu,
And the morning in Teʻekiu,
And Pangai given up to flames.
Ah, indeed, it was my thought
That you are a fortress laid low,
That you waste one another in war,
And that lordship is bought
By your being almost destroyed.
There is no comfort,
The glory is consumed.

It was Mulikihaʻamea's ill fortune to close his life in blood and conflict. As Vason found him kind and courteous, so did others. We have seen how quick Mumui was to forgive an offence adorned with a poem. A poem of another bard, Tangataʻiloa ('Famous man') is in praise of love, and also of gratitude to Mulikihaʻamea. A virgin, fittingly adorned, was taken as a bride to Mulikihaʻamea, and, with his approval, successfully wooed by his friend Tangataʻiloa. The poem in which, as often, woman is dove or pigeon, and courtship is the sport of pigeon-snaring, celebrates the bard's happiness in his love, and gratitude to his patron:

How I love her way,
Love the way that is hers alone,
lovely little green pigeon untamed.
‘tis a maiden the pigeon we’re seeking
Now—pull on the cord and take her.
Oh! I rejoice in her,
Moving light and swift as a shadow.
He ‘ä, ‘e hë.
Bring for her
Bead and ivory, yea the star
Floating in the calm sea’s face.
Bring girdle and scented wreath.
Venturing she draws near,
Ah! turns away; pain pierces me;
She chatters with others of this and that,
But that will end.
Of me, my friends in Hahake
Keep asking, “Where is he?”
Tell them my joy is in song and dalliance,
That I am held by the road of sweet blossoms
With fragrance my neck is enwreathed,
Bright flowers entwined in my girdle.
Should a friend ask aught,
Say Mulikiha‘amea is still
Most handsome of men,
But his kindness is moved
To me, not another.
We tell the king that they who seek
Should set their course to Lakepa.
Bring stars, bright star of the south,
The gleaming cross,
Orion’s cluster, the northern Crown
Carved ivory, and odorous myrrh,
Myrtle and laurel—
Bring down Bernice’s Trees
To adorn her for a night of dance
How I love her way.

Some of the translations of star and plant names are guesses. Indeed, so beautiful are the Tongan words that it is a pity to attempt equivalents in another language. Tongan bards themselves seem sometimes to have used words whose sounds they liked, but whose sense they were indifferent about. Rejoicing in patterns of sounds is not a contemporary English discovery. Leaving plant and star names untranslated, the last lines read —

Ma‘ukuoma‘a and Tapukitea,
‘Alotolu and Kaukupenga,
Tapuatamata and Hinganoleka,
Unuoisiale and Tetefa,
And bring, too, ‘Ao‘o‘uvea

To adorn her for a night of dance.
How I love her way.

Chapter 9

London Missionary Society, 1797—1799.

On the 10th April, 1797, the London Missionary Society's ship *Duff*, commanded by Captain James Wilson, anchored near Pangaimotu, off the north coast of Tongatapu. As they came into the harbour, a large sailing canoe, "with about sixty persons upon her platform, kept close to windward of us, and proved herself the better sailor by running ahead with ease, then slackening their sheet and falling astern, then running ahead again, and so on; the ship at the same time going six knots and a half by the log."

Soon after the ship anchored she was visited by a chief whom the Englishmen call Fatafehi, probably the Tu'i Tonga, Ma'ulupekotofa, who succeeded his brother Pau. He was "about forty years of age, stout and well proportioned, of an open, free countenance, noble demeanour, and gait stately, or rather pompous, for by it alone we should have taken him for a very great man; and by the attention with which he surveyed every object, he appeared to possess an inquisitive mind."

Other early visitors to the ship were two young white men, Benjamin Ambler, of London, and John Connelly, of Cork. They, by their knowledge of the Tongan language, and acquaintance among chiefs and people, were helpful to the *Duff* party in their first getting themselves established in their new home. Later, they, with another white man, named Morgan, becoming hostile to the missionaries, greatly augmented their difficulties and dangers.

Something has already been said about the political and military events of this time. What follows is partly a recapitulation of those same events, as seen and recorded by the new arrivals, with an account of how they were affected by the turmoils of the time.

At first the way of the missionaries seemed clear, and difficulty and danger appeared remote. The Tu'i Kanokupolu Mumui, whom Ambler justly represented as marked by humanity to his people and hospitality to strangers, received the newcomers with cordial friendliness. Mumui, old and frail, went on board the *Duff* the day after she anchored, and promised the missionaries suitable accommodation and care. A house was allotted to them in Hihifo, near Pangai, the residence of the Tu'i Kanokupolu. This was one of two large houses which, with three smaller houses, stood in an enclosure surrounded by a six foot high reed fence. The other large house was said by Ambler to be sacred to the god of Pretane (Britain), and to be a place where Mumui came to sleep when he was sick, in hopes of a cure. On the floor "were four large conch shells with which they alarm the country in times of danger; and on the rafters were placed spears, clubs, bows and arrows, to receive from their imaginary deity supernatural virtue, to render them successful against their enemies."

Here they were under the protection of Mumui and his son Tuku'aho, "a stout man, (who) may be about forty years of age; is of a sullen, morose countenance; speaks very little, but, when angry, bellows forth with a voice like a lion." Possibly the thoughts of Tuku'aho, as he upheld the authority of the Tu'i Kanokupolu against the growing might of Fïnau 'Ulukälala, did not encourage smiles and urbanity. By coincidence it came about that, in this year 1707, Mumui, the Tu'i Kanokupolu, and Fïnau I both died, and were succeeded by their sons, Tuku'aho and Fïnau 'Ulukälala II, both more ruthless men than their fathers. Fïnau II removed Tuku'aho from his path by assassination (see above). When the *Duff* party landed Tuku'aho was accounted by

Ambler the most powerful chief, the greatest warrior, and in consequence a terror not only to the chiefs of Tongatapu, but likewise to those of the adjacent islands.

The *Duff* stayed four days, and then left for the Marquesas and a second visit to Tahiti. Ten young men were left by her in Tonga, under the care of Mumui and Tukuʻaho, although other chiefs, notably the Tuʻi Tonga, wished to have some of the missionaries with them.

Just before the ship sailed an old lady, of "amazing corpulence" came on board, attended by many chiefs and women. She was a woman of high rank, the Female Tuʻi Tonga, and was accorded the greatest deference by her retinue. The officers of the *Duff* remarked the "respect paid to this old lady, and to many of her sex in Tongatapu," and rightly commented, "Here they (women) possess the highest degrees of rank; and support it with a dignity and firmness equal to the men." Tongan society has always been marked by honour and regard for women. When the *Duff* left Tonga it was Captain Wilson's intention to return after going to the Marquesas and Tahiti, before sailing away to China, and thence to England. Ships leaving Tongatapu may sail straight to the north from Pangaimotu, or Nukuʻalofa, passing a few islands before gaining open water; or they may run to the west along the northern coast of the island, between the coast and a skirting reef, through an opening to the sea. This western route is always taken by large ships today, whilst smaller vessels usually go by the northern passage. The *Duff*, already, in western Tongatapu, where she had gone to complete unlading of the ten missionaries and their belongings, set out through the opening to the sea, but was driven back by a storm, by good seamanship passing the reefs without mishap, and then sailed away to the north.

The ten men left in their large house in Hihifo experienced every day the kindness of chiefs and people, who brought them lavish supplies of food. Soon, however, they took counsel with one another upon the wisdom of continuing to live thus. Their little English-speaking community was not a good place to learn Tongan. Mumui, under whose care they were, was ill, and not likely to live much longer, and so, from the point of view of their immediate interests, it seemed wise to form connections with other chiefs. Their discussions were ended by a vote, in which all but two approved the design of separating to various parts of the island. The Tuʻi Tonga, although none had as yet gone to live with him, told the missionaries to choose for themselves an island off Nukuʻalofa. Two of their number, Buchanan and Kelso, acting for all, selected Makahaʻa.

Early on the morning of 29th April, 1797, Mumui died, and was buried in the cemetery of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu in Hihifo. On May 14th Tukuʻaho was installed as Tuʻi Kanokupolu. One of the names given him at this time was Taliai Tupou, after the god of their family. A few weeks later, on June 12th, Fïnau ʻUlukälala also died, and was succeeded by his son, Fïnau II. In the cemetery where he was buried, at Valu, the missionaries were shown two logs of wood, carved in human shape, which the Tongans said were gods brought from Fiji, but which they tossed about without showing them any special regard or reverence. During June the *Duff* men started carrying out their plan of separating to various districts. Shelley and Nobbs went with Veʻehala to Hahake, Bowell and Harper with Veasiʻi to Haʻateiho, and early in July Vason went to Mulikihaʻamea in Muʻa. later in the month another great chief died, the fourth to die since the arrival of the London Missionary Society's party. By this time there was open quarrelling and hostility between them, and Ambler, Connelly and Morgan, whose antipathy to a band of young Puritans was sharpened by their refusal to give them all the tools they desired and demanded. The missionaries, moreover, seem to have rebuked the three worthies for harsh treatment of the women with whom they lived. The quick succession of deaths of chiefs gave Ambler, Connelly and Morgan something to talk about to spread distrust of the bearers of a new religion. They said that in their own country they themselves were great chiefs, kingsʻ sons, whereas the men who had come in the *Duff* were only low born men. They pretended that the deaths of the chiefs were

caused by foreign incantations brought by these men. Some colour perhaps was given to the notion of incantation by the missionaries‘ practice of meeting together to pray and sing. The Tongans were invited to be present at these services, and although language created a barrier of incomprehension between Tongan and Englishman, many of the people did come to look on, and, although they could understand nothing of what was said, they enjoyed the singing.

Another event, of far happier import, was the birth, on 24th July, 1787, of the first child of the principal wife of the Tu‘i Tonga—the heir of his honours. This child was Laufilitonga, the last of the sacred kings. On August 13th the *Duff* returned, and stayed till September 7th. The officers‘ journal records a visit to one of Fatafehi's wives, who was lying in. The mother and child were coloured with turmeric, which gave them a glittering appearance. They were told that this was a common practice in childbirth. The officers add that, although Fatafehi had several children, the people seemed glad and elated on this occasion. From July 24th to the middle of August, or later, seems a long lying in, but the special gladness points to the mother and babe whom they saw being the principal wife and the heir.

When Captain Wilson, on his return from Tahiti, heard of the conduct of Ambler, Morgan and Connelly, he wished to take them away with him in the *Duff*. The missionaries succeeded in capturing Connelly and taking him on board. Ambler and Morgan eluded them, with feelings made no more friendly by this attempt against them. It was doubtless high-handed to deport or ‘shanghai’ a man in this fashion, but possibly Connelly allowed himself to be captured, and was not unwilling to take the opportunity of going home, or to some other country. The relations of these men with the missionaries got to the point of threats and deeds of violence. (Some two years or so later Morgan was put to death in Vava‘u for the brutal violation of a chief's daughter.

Whilst the *Duff* was in Tahiti on her second visit, the missionaries and ship's officers had made a final allocation of the tools and other goods which had been brought, and when the *Duff* came back to Tonga the share for the Tongan party was given them. These tools and utensils were not only for their own use, but were designed as presents to be exchanged for food. The supply of tools and so on which the missionaries received was much larger than they had expected, and proved a source of trouble. To handle all this wealth so as to make friends, without at the same time making enemies, was not easy, but would probably have been accomplished without serious mishap if peace had continued, and there had not been, moreover, the complication of trying to satisfy the cupidity of their own unscrupulous fellow white men.

Vason, who had gone to Mu‘a, soon found himself enjoying a life of unforeseen happiness and prosperity. At first he lived with Mulikiha‘amea, who gave him as wife a handsome girl from among his own relatives. When Vason's colleagues heard of this marriage, they wished to unite the couple by Christian marriage. Vason agreed, but when it was explained to the girl that the ceremony she was being asked to undergo meant that she and Vason would bind themselves to each other until one of them died, she refused to have anything to do with a rite that made such large demands on the uncertainties of the future. In a glow of virtue Vason took the girl back to her father, but in a few days of loneliness the glow faded into the reflection that, after all, the girl was his wife, given to him according to the customs of her country. So, behaving more justly and affectionately to her than Augustine did to the mother of his son Theodotion, he asked Mulikiha‘amea to have her restored to him, and lived with her in great contentment.

To the happiness of marriage Vason added that of possession. Across a narrow inlet from where he was living, Mulikiha‘amea, “a man of boundless generosity,” bought a property of fifteen acres and gave it to Vason. People were living on it to work for him. Thither Vason removed with his wife, and with unbounded delight entered on the care and improvement of a beautiful, well-stocked plantation. Other land nearby was made available to him, and his people

were exempted from the labour for chiefs which Tongan custom demanded. His wife’s prescience in declining to bind herself and him to have no other loves so long as they both should live was vindicated by events. Other girls shared Vason’s affections, and as, after a time, she seems to have disappeared from his story, she, presumably, found other loves. Vason lived the life of a Tongan chief or gentleman, enjoying the sports and dances and entertainments of his hosts, and cultivated his land with unflagging zest and the most satisfying results.

This pleasant life continued for a couple of years or so, and Vason had determined to end his days in Tonga, when all was thrown into confusion by the murder of Tuku‘aho, whom Vason describes as a redoubtable warrior whose prowess in battle had subdued his rivals, and who had succeeded in placing his father Mumui on the throne of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, adding that he “had strengthened his power with the chiefs by making them his companions and friends.” In the beginning of the war which followed Tuku‘aho’s assassination Vason, thinking that a battle with clubs and spears would be a kind of sport holding comparatively few serious threats to life, pressed eagerly forward to be in the forefront, but is not ashamed to confess that, when he saw the reality, he took to his heels and ran with all his speed.

Mention has already been made of the death of several of the young men of the London Missionary Society’s party in the rout which followed the death of Mulikiha‘amea. As Mulikiha‘amea’s men fled they came to Ha‘ateiho, where they had halted to take refreshments as they marched west the day before. Here three of the missionaries, Harper, Bowell and Gaulton were living, with another European who had attached himself to them. This man’s name appears in its Tongan form as Palamu, which may be transliterated back into English in several ways. These men came out to the front of their house to see the soldiers as they passed. Among the fugitives happened to be a man whom one of the missionaries had offended, apparently by not giving him some article he desired. Seeing the missionaries standing there he rushed at them, with several companions, and knocked them down and killed them. Gaulton might have escaped, but looking round as he fled and seeing what had happened to his friends, he returned to share their fate. This was the young man who, not chosen in the original party, was so eager to join them that he shipped as cook’s assistant on the *Duff*. During the voyage he made so favourable an impression on Captain Wilson and the missionaries that they added him to the party.

On that day of danger and turmoil Vason says he saw a young woman with her thigh broken, leaning her wounded head on a dying man beside her. She groaned with pain, and held out her hand to Vason as though beseeching his help, but as he was approaching her a party of Hififo warriors appeared, and Vason fled. Many women accompanied the armies to nurse and care for the men.

War is the break-down of civilisation, and nothing can give it the appearance of being civilised, but in Tonga the beginning of war was marked by a practice far more civilised than the corresponding European custom. War always catches some people away from home, some even in the country of their enemies. When hostilities started Tongans allowed visitors either to throw in their lot with those among whom they happened to be, or to depart to their own homes.

At the end of the first engagement of the war, in which the early successes of Hihifo had been turned to defeat by the arrival of Fïnau, with his troops from Ha‘apai and Vava‘u, and the newly-arrived body from Fiji, Fïnau and his warriors dragged bodies of their slain enemies to the sea-shore, insulted them, and then roasted and ate them. This behaviour, although not altogether without parallel, is not typical of Tongans, and may owe something to the influence of Fiji.

Before the outbreak of war Vason had visited Ha‘apai to attend the marriage of a chief of Tongatapu, who, by Vason’s account, may have been Tuku‘aho, or a son of Mulikiha‘amea, and whilst there became betrothed to a young girl, the daughter of Mulikiha‘amea’s brother. At the outbreak of war this chief accompanied Fïnau to Tongatapu, to assist Mulikiha‘amea, and brought the girl with him. She lived with Vason on his plantation near Mu‘a, but soon was compelled by the course of the war to escape to Ha‘apai. Later on, when Fïnau was victorious, Vason, with his young bride’s father, went to Ha‘apai, and lived with her in her father’s house.

Somewhere about this time Vason was tattooed. He was one of a number of chiefs who for some months went wandering about in Ha‘apai and Vava‘u, amusing themselves with dances and feasts at the expense of the people with whom they happened to find themselves. The younger members of this band used to laugh at Vason, especially when they were bathing, calling him *‘Usitea*, ‘White bottom’, a reproach which he shared, and for the same reason, with a Tu‘i Kanokupolu of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Determined to remove opprobrium by conforming to convention, he submitted to be tattooed. The operation, commenced in Vava‘u, was so painful that he delayed its completion till some time later, in Ha‘apai. When it was finished Vason was as proud of his new decoration as any fop is of fine clothes. “When it was completed,” he writes, “I was very much admired by the natives, as the European skin displays the blue colour, and the ornaments of the tatooing to very great advantage. I looked indeed very gay in this new fancy covering.”

The war became a series of destructive raids on Tongatapu, carried out by Fïnau with troops from Ha‘apai and Vava‘u. Soon Tongatapu was in the throes of famine. Ha‘apai was not long spared, Vason’s idyllic life of the country squire rejoicing in his affluent estates became the struggle of a hungry man for food. A brother of Fïnau, to help him, made him superintendent of a district in Ha‘apai, but he came to feel, rightly or wrongly, that his life was in danger from men hungrier than himself. He applied to Fïnau for protection, and was sent to look after an island in Vava‘u. No sooner had he arrived in Vava‘u than he heard two pieces of news which finally and decisively closed his career as lord of island estates. One was that Fïnau’s brother was angry with him for deserting his charge in Ha‘apai, and would seek vengeance. The other was that there was a European ship in Vava‘u. This latter piece of information was true. He managed to get on board after the ship had left her moorings, and was already setting sail, and so lost for ever the opportunity of testing the verity of the former.

Let us go back a little and see how the other immigrants from the *Duff* fared. Suspicion of their incantations and witchcraft revived in 1798, with the death of a high born lady, the aunt (*mehikitanga*) of the Tu‘i Tonga. She was old, and her health had long been frail. Nevertheless, Tuku‘aho, the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, was almost persuaded to kill the missionaries, and they were saved only by the intervention of the Female Tu‘i Tonga, and the chiefs Ata and Kaumävae. For all their difficulties and frustrations they undertook and carried through some positive tasks. Bowell, for instance, who was a studious youth, commenced, and may have completed, a grammar of the Tongan language, and wrote an account of the country and people. Cooper and Shelley, at the beginning of 1799, sailed to Vava‘u, and were the first Europeans to describe that lovely cluster of islets, regarded by earlier European navigators as a single island, and its splendid harbour, whose pellucid harmonies of blue and green wind among bright wooded hills stooping to the water’s edge.

When Tuku‘aho was murdered, and the war had begun, the missionaries, scattered in small parties in several districts of Tongatapu, thought at first that they would be able to remain at their different posts. Soon it became clear that it would be better for them to live together in Hihifo, especially as the chiefs were no longer able to protect them. So the survivors of their band, that is, all except Vason and those who had been killed in Ha‘ateiho on the first day of the

war, 10th May 1799, gathered again in their original home in Hihifo. On one at least of their expeditions they accompanied the Hihifo warriors, who expected of them the reinforcement of European firearms. Vahaʻi they went unarmed, and refused to bear any part in the infliction of death and wounds. The Hihifo soldiers, then, not desiring the company of men so useless in battle, sent them back to their home. When they reached their compound they found it wrecked and despoiled. Soon afterwards they saw approaching a body of warriors who had come with Fïnau by sea, and fled to the *liku*, the rocky weather shore. Days followed in which they sheltered as they were able, in the bush and in caves by the sea. But here was no safety for them, as their hiding-place was known, and they deemed it best, therefore, to commit themselves to the protection and aid of one or other of the chiefs known to be friendly to them. This proved a wise course. Those to whom they entrusted themselves received them with kindness. Thus they lived in one place after another, coming at last to Maʻofanga, the sanctuary near Nukuʻalofa. As they moved about they saw the destructive insanity of war—the land that had been a lovely and fruitful garden become a wilderness, with the bodies, not only of men, but of women and children, lying unburied where death had struck them down.

In the calm that followed the victory of Fïnau, movement became freer and safer, especially as Fïnau soon left Tongatapu, and sailed away to Haʻapai and Vavaʻu, The London Missionary Society's men in Maʻofanga were told by their friends that they had better go to Haʻateiho to look for articles which it was rumoured had been left by their murdered colleagues. Gladly they took the opportunity to go to Haʻateiho to arrange for the burial of their companions, who by now had been dead for several weeks, and were scarcely recognisable. They found Bowell and Gaulton lying together in the road; Harper's body was in a compound about fifty yards away, and Burham in a ditch at a little distance. It was impossible to move Burham, and he was covered with soil where he lay. With the help of Tongans they dug a large grave in which they buried the other three. The survivors were not left long together in Maʻofanga. They were craftsmen in various trades, and the chiefs wished to have the benefit of their skill, especially in iron-working, though none of them was a blacksmith. Scattered about they yet contrived to meet for worship, but no longer could they pray and sing without molestation. People pelted with sticks and stones the house where they met. So, in place of the old openness when the Tongans were welcomed as spectators of their religious exercises, the house was closed against them. This increased hostility and suspicion of secret incantations. Death overshadowed them. One of their number, Wilkinson, overheard men talking about killing them. Wilkinson and a man named Beak, who had joined them, were attacked and beaten. (In the Tongan account Beak is the subject of an unwitting, but almost inescapable pun. The name Beak is transliterated *Piki*; the Tongan word meaning join, attach oneself to is *piki*. So the Tongan reads, Piki, an Englishman who *piki* to them). Their old familiar Ambler turned up again, with a crony named Knight, to fan the flames of suspicion and distrust, and to steal their tools. If it had not been for Englishmen saying that the missionaries were killing the chiefs by spells and incantations it is not likely that the idea would ever have entered the minds of the Tongans. But they had friends, too. The chief Mafi never ceased to aid them, nor did Veasiʻi, the son of the Female Tuʻi Tonga, the leader of the forces opposed to Fïnau. The murdered men had lived with him in Haʻateiho, and he told Wilkinson to go to Haʻateiho to arrange for their better burial, leaving to him the construction and care of the tomb. Not long did Tongatapu enjoy the calm of Fïnau's absence. Reports came that he would soon return. The hearts of the missionaries fell. What use would it be for them to stay longer in Tonga? In Hihifo they had built a boat, and now they dreamed of sailing to Australia in her—a hopeless idea. There were no sailors among them; they had none of the equipment or provisions needful for a long voyage in the open sea, even if their boat could have sustained it. Nevertheless, they busied themselves making their boat seaworthy. But a way of escape was at hand. On the 1st January, 1800, two cannon shot were heard, and an English

ship came to land. The next day they went on board, and on the 24th of January sailed for Sydney. As the ship cleared the western point of Tongatapu their old friend and chief Ata came off in a canoe, with coconuts as a present to the captain, and as a farewell gift to the missionaries. It was not till about a year later that Vason left. Beak, Cooper and Shelley remained in Sydney: the others went with the ship to England.

Chapter 10

Fïnau ʻUlukälala II.

The nineteenth century opens with Fïnau the most powerful chief in he whole of Tonga. Not only did he control Haʻapai and his own Vavaʻu, but he had defeated the forces of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu in Tongatapu. Captain Cook, in 1777, met Fïnau, a chief whose authority was such that at first Cook mistook him for the king of the group. This Fïnau lived for another twenty years, during which his influence grew. In the hands of his nephew, or son, who succeeded, their family's fortunes reached their height. This Fïnau, an able and vigorous leader, and an adept in intrigue, used the resentments of Tupouniua to free himself, by murder, of a Tuʻi Kanokupolu, Tukuʻaho, strong and vigorous enough to curb him. Mulikihaʻamea, the Tuʻi Haʻatakalaua, who, had he been younger and a different sort of man from what in fact he was, might, as interim or duly installed Tuʻi Kanokupolu, have led Tongatapu in defense of Tuʻi Kanokupolu authority. He, however, defected to Fïnau, and was slain in the first battle of the war which followed Tukuʻaho's assassination. In Tongatapu Mulikihaʻamea's defection and ancient rivalries opened wide a division between East and West, Hahake and Hihifo. Hahake was ranged with Haʻapai and Vavaʻu against Hihifo, the special district of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu. Several great chiefs were prominent on the Hihifo side, their leader at this time being Veasiʻi of Haʻateiho, a son of the Female Tuʻi Tonga. Some years were now to elapse before the office of Tuʻi Kanokupolu was effectively held and its authenticity firmly established. After the death of Tukuʻaho the chiefs with whom lay the appointment of Tuʻi Kanokupolu installed Maafu-ʻo-limu-loa, who was not strictly in the succession, but belonged to another family, the lineage of the Haʻa Havea chiefs.

In the background were the ancient sacred kings, the Tuʻi Tonga, whose succession was not interrupted by civil dissension, but whose influence continued to decline.

At the end, then, of 1799 Fïnau, having defeated Veasiʻi and the forces of Hihifo, retired to Haʻapai and Vavaʻu, leaving, says native tradition, in contempt a white pig as his vice-gerent in Tongatapu, with one of his partisans as the pig's interpreter and representative in government. Fïnau was nicknamed by the Hihifo people "the pig that drinks water," that is, comes and goes by sea. To Hihifo it was matter of astonishment and dismay that the Tuʻi Tonga, with his chiefs and matäpules did not uphold what, in their eyes, was plain right and justice. Indeed, it was even suspected that the Tuʻi Tonga, might have given secret countenance and encouragement to the attacks on the Tuʻi Kanokupolu. The Tuʻi Tonga Fuanunuiava, who became king in 1806, disembarrassed himself of the disorders in Tongatapu by going to live in Vavaʻu. Another defection in these early years of the nineteenth century, still more severely felt by Hihifo, was the departure of Tupoumälohi, in the direct line of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu kingship, who left the disorder of Tonga to mingle, with comparative irresponsibility, in the wars of Fiji. A poet of Hihifo tells of disunity and defeat, of Fïnau avoiding attack at his pleasure by escaping over sea, of Tupoumälohi's evasion of his duties of leadership by going to Fiji. In Tonga the weapons he used were those of sport and the chase, and when he took up the arms of war, without being defeated or forced out, he simply went away to use his arms in Fiji:—

"We marvel that there are rumblings in the sky,
Earthquake and trembling of Tonga,
And this land sits doubting

What these portents may mean.
The pig has been brought in a boat
To our mountain (of troth) that is cleft asunder.
Stamp your feet in war, that the skies may hear
That this Tonga is rent by dissension……
Is this rumour true
That says ‘twas a thing
Born of the king and the chiefs of Havea,
And that Nuku‘alofa shared in it?
But even thus our way is not closed,
For remember, O house of the king,
That men of unbroken faith
Have a stronghold in their minds.
The strength of yon army is the sea,
The path of the gull and the tern
That speed their flight in the wind,
As a fish under the edge of the seine
Swift he eludes us.
We returned defeated from battle,
And the pig had fled over the water,
And in Ha‘apai sits pondering
Who will follow him.
We know our place lies in ruin,
But let us strive, let us not quit the contest,
Let us fight till heaven rots,
Or he has been thrust over the horizon,
Ah, woe! what disaster!
Ah, woe! the evil of it!
Dismay has arisen.
Ah, woe! what disaster!
Ah, woe! the evil of it!
How foolish the flight of him
Who, not compelled, but freely choosing,
Has gone storming towns in Fiji,
Abandoning the weak weapons of sport.
Weather shore of Hihifo,
Most dear, most familiar—
The pity and woe of it!”

These years were of unavailing bloodshed, destruction and hunger. After Veasi‘i the next leader of Hihifo was Vaha‘i, who, in February or March, 1800, gathered an army, and, dividing it into two columns, marched from one end to the other of Tongatapu, leaving behind them a trail of dead and wounded. The warriors and people of Hahake fled before the Hihifo troops. At the eastern end of the island the two Hihifo columns met, trapping Hahake between the sea and their foes. The carnage was terrible—in the vivid Tongan phrase the dead were in heaps like heaps of coconuts. This battle, if battle it can be called, was seen by Vason, who had not long returned from Ha‘apai to Tongatapu. He saw the heaps of the slain, and tells us that many also perished in the sea. In Tongan memory this slaughter is called the Battle of Chasing Fowls, because of the headlong and helpless flight of Hahake, or the battle of Revenge, being held as an atonement for the defeat of Hihifo on the shore flats the year before, and an act of vengeance against the people of Hahake for their support of Fïnau. It is said that Vaha‘i enabled his men to

pass unsuspected to a suitable point to begin their attack by ordering them to wrap their weapons in cloth, and giving out that they were bundles of gifts which were being taken to a sick relative of Vahaʻi.

The memory has been preserved of two women who distinguished themselves by their courage on this distressful day. At one point of their bloody march the men of Hihifo were stoutly resisted by a man named Kulï, who had once been a noted warrior, but was now blind. Beside him stood his daughter, as brave as himself, who was eyes to him, telling him when to strike or thrust with his spear. Among the Hihifo chiefs who came that way was ʻAhomeʻe, against whom Kulï hurled his spear with fiercer wrath, shouting a punning insult upon his name—"Take this ʻAhoafi," ʻTake this, Face of Fire.' The Hihifo poet, Teukava, generously records the fame of Kulï and his daughter.

Everything shall be forgotten
Before the fame of Kulï and his daughter.

In this, or more probably another battle, a daughter of ʻAhomeʻe greatly distinguished herself by her valour. Wrapping bark cloth about herself she fought through a long day with the strength and courage of a man, and was known for a woman only when, relaxing after the battle she threw aside the cloth that covered her breasts.

It is not possible to recover accurately the record of all the battles of these years. A skirmish, in which the Hihifo chief Ata is said to have defeated Fïnau, is remembered for the devotion of a warrior named Vikena to Fïnau. Talking to Vikena, either in Haʻapai or Vavaʻu, Fïnau boasted that his fights in Tongatapu brought him little glory, because there was no one to stand up to him. Vikena replied that he would go to Tongatapu, and stand up to him. Vikena went to Tongatapu, and warned them to get ready, for Fïnau was coming. When Fïnau arrived, a battle was fought inland, Fïnau's forces broke and fled, with Vikena pursuing Fïnau. When he came within spear's length he called on Fïnau to stand, and when Fïnau stood and turned he sat down before him telling him to go and live for he did not forget their old friendship, and his own sharing in Fïnau's glory. A god had warned Vikena that he would deliver Fïnau into his hand, and that if he allowed him to live, he must himself die. So Fïnau went unharmed and Vikena died

After their destructive raid through the country the Hihifo men returned to their own district, and prepared a stronghold, probably Kolovai. Scarcely was their fortress completed, when Fïnau returned from the north. Landing on the north central coast of Tongatapu he reinforced his army from Haʻapai and Vavaʻu with troops from Maʻofanga, and marched against the Hihifo stronghold. The attack was strongly pushed, and as bravely resisted. The women of Hihifo stood beside their men in defending their fortress. As the day wore on the attack weakened, and defense passed into offence, and the invaders were driven back to the sea, where they boarded their canoes, and sailed off to Haʻapai. Not long and Fïnau returned with a new plan against Hihifo. He made no open assault on the fort or army of his opponents, but placed ambuscades beside the roads, and whoever were met were driven along the roads past their hidden foes. Many were killed, but, without any effort to subdue Hihifo, Fïnau went away again to the north. Then followed the years of repeated raids. Year by year Fïnau came with his fleet, burning and slaughtering, men and women were killed, houses and plantations were burnt, crops destroyed, trees cut down. The rich and beautiful land whose gardens and plantations had so stirred the admiration of Cook was being strangled by the bony fingers of famine. Somewhere in these years belongs the death of the Hihifo leader, Vahaʻi, who died of sickness or old age. When it was clear that he had not much longer to live, he sent for Täkai and handed over to him his leadership and his might in battle. A man is outstandingly able in anything because of the *mana*, mystic power or spirit that is in him. Sir Donald Bradman, for instance, has an extraordinarily potent *mana* of batsmanship, which, I suspect, is not transmissible. A bat which he selected for

himself, but which came into my possession, should have been, but was not an excellent channel of Sir Donald's *mana*. Vaha'i, to transmit to Täkai the *mana* from which arose his might and fortune in battle, took a niece of the stem of a plantain, rubbed it between his hands, and then placed his hands on Täkai's, at the same time bidding him receive his lordship. Täkai, about this time, with another chief, Fa'ë, was fortifying Pea; Vaea fortified Houma, and Valu 'Utulau.

So the unhappy years passed until 1806, when the fortunes of Napoleon and events in faraway Europe became part, in however small measure, of the story at Tonga. After the brief truce of the Peace of Amiens, England and France were again at war in 1803. Among the ships let loose upon the seas to harry the shipping and coastal towns of France and Spain was the privateer *Port-au-Prince*, which sailed from Gravesend on 19th February, 1805, with the double commission of hunting for whales, and of seizing such booty as she could on and beside the sea. The *Port-au-Prince* was of nearly 500 tons, had a crew of 96, and carried 24 long nine and twelve pounders. She sailed across the Atlantic to the South American coast, rounded Cape Horn, and sailed up the western coast of South America. She took prizes and raided towns. She also caught some whales, and got whale oil as well from captured whalers. The ship's voyage did not, on the whole, answer to the hopes and expectations of her crew. Other misfortunes were added to somewhat meagre returns. The captain died, and the ship sprang a serious leak. Mr. Brown, the whaling master, who became commander of the ship when Captain Duck died, planned to take her to Hawai'i, and patch up her leaks to make her seaworthy enough to go to Port Jackson for thorough repairs. She anchored in the harbour of one of the Hawai'ian islands, but the chief of the island, hearing that there was a sick man on board, would not allow the vessel to he brought any closer inshore, for fear that sickness might he spread among his people. So the *Port-au-Prince*, unrepaired, had to put to sea again, well supplied, however, with fresh food, and with eight Hawai'ian men who shipped as additional crew. The leak, or leaks, became worse; guns were moved from the lower deck; the structure for rendering down whale oil was dismantled, and the bricks of which it was built thrown into the sea. The ship was kept afloat by constant labour at the pumps. After touching at one or two islands the *Port-au-Prince* made for Tahiti, but she missed Tahiti, and bore westward for Tonga. The part of Tonga to which she came was Ha'apai, and on the 29th November, 1806, she anchored for the last time in seven fathoms of water, off the north-west end of the island of Lifuka. A number of people came on board, bringing a roasted hog, and accompanied by a Hawai'ian, named Tuitui, who had learnt a little English on board an American ship. Tuitui tried to persuade the ship's company that the Tongans were friendly, but the Hawai'ians who had come on the *Port-au-Prince* were suspicious, and urged Mr. Brown to be wary. Mr. Brown, however, took no precautions, and the dangers which his carelessness did nothing to forestall, were aggravated by the mutinous behaviour of some members of the crew, who, defying the master's orders, went on shore. On the following day Mr. Brown himself went on shore, unarmed.

The ship anchored on 29th November. On the following day, which was a Sunday, Mr. Brown ordered the ship to be careened and repaired. A number of the men, insisting on their privilege of a free day on Sunday, begged leave to go ashore. Mr. Brown told them they could go to hell if they liked, but no one was going to leave the ship until the work was done. The consequence of Mr. Brown's conciliatory language was that nineteen members of the crew hailed canoes and went on shore against the master's orders. Many armed natives were on the ship, and the sailors feared that they intended to take her. That, as it turned out, was their plan, but it miscarried on that day, and nothing was done. On the following day, Monday December 1st, about three hundred natives came early to the ship. About nine o'clock Tuitui invited Mr. Brown to go on shore to see the country. He accepted the suggestion and went unarmed. The dangers of which the Hawai'ians and some of his crew had warned Mr. Brown were not imaginary. There was a sudden attack, and the ship was taken. At least twenty-two, probably

more, men were killed on the ship, as well as many of those who had gone on shore, including Mr. Brown. Precise numbers are not easy to come by, but it seems that all but about fifteen of the *Port-au-Princes's* company perished. Among the saved was a youth of sixteen, named William Mariner, whose father was a friend of Captain Duck. Young Mariner, whose imagination was quickened by the captain's hopes of a voyage full of romance and the prospect of gain, was added to the ship's company as a clerk, under the care of Captain Duck himself. That he was not slain when the ship was captured he owed to the happy chance that Fïnau, who directed the attack, took a liking to him. Mariner, who hid below when the attack commenced, saw, when he came on deck, upon the companion, a short squab naked figure, about fifty years of age, who, without being told, we are allowed to infer was directing their attack upon the ship. Mariner, taken on shore, was led about, bare foot and naked, suffering much from exposure to the sun, until he was informed that Fïnau wished to see him. When he entered the house where Fïnau was sitting the women in the house exclaimed in pity upon his condition. The chief received him with kindness, and ordered one of the women to take him to a pond where he washed himself. Then he was rubbed all over with sandal-wood oil, which relieved the pain of wounds and sunburn, and, thoroughly exhausted in body and mind, he lay down on a mat, and fell into a deep sleep. In the middle of the night a woman brought him roast pig and yam. Fearing that the pig might be human flesh, he ate none of it, but, having had no food for two days, made a hearty meal of yam.

Prom this time he became the constant attendant of Fïnau, who gave him the name of a son who had died, Toki Ukamea, 'Iron Axe', and by this name, usually shortened to Toki, 'Axe', Mariner is still remembered in Tonga. Mariner was a young man of quick and lively intelligence, and retentive memory. He lived in Tonga for four years, eye-witness and actor in events of Fïnau's period of greatest power. When he returned to England his story became known to Dr. John Martin, a medical man of literary gifts and scientific curiosity. He sought Mariner out, and in many conversations got from him the account of the voyage and fate of the *Port-au-Prince*, and of Mariner's life in the Tonga Islands, with descriptions of customs, a substantial vocabulary of Tongan words, a sketch of the grammar, and illustrations of the use of the language. Mariner remembered speeches he had heard, folk-tales, poems, songs, and he filled out the narrative of what he saw by inquiries which gave him something of the history of the past. In some particulars Dr. Martin was able to check the narrative of Mariner, a precaution which established his reliability. Between them they produced a book, first published in 1816, which is a classic. Dr. Martin's prose is delightful reading, and so valuable are the contents of the book that it has remained a standard of reference for all who have since written about Tonga. In one important respect only must Mariner's narrative be corrected. Mariner was Fïnau's man; be saw him as the most powerful chief in Tonga, and regards him as king, and all who fight against him as rebels. That, of course, puts the history of the time in wrong perspective. Fïnau was never king, and was not within the succession of the Tu'i Kanokupolu. Those who opposed him were not rebels, but loyalists, striving to maintain, or restore, the kingship of the Tu'i Kanokupolu. As for the Tu'i Tonga that was something quite apart. The office of Tu'i Ha'atakalaua was no longer politically significant, and was probably vacant.

Let us return to the *Port-au-Prince*, which is lying off the northwest point of Lifuka. Fïnau ordered some of the surviving members of her crew to go on board, bring her in through the reefs and run her aground. The *Port-au-Prince* was brought in at a lovely place. The wooded shore curves gently, fringed with a smooth beach of clean bright coral sand. Pellucid waters, blue and green, scarcely breathing, sparkle softly between shore and reef. Beyond, the long Pacific rollers heave and fall upon the reef, with never-ending murmurous roar. Storms, of course, sometimes blow, and the sweet place may even be rent and tormented by the hurricane. On that summer day of 1806 the *Port-au-Prince*, not wrecked by one of nature's storms, for all

her leaks, was run aground. Then Fïnau's men stripped her of useful things, especially things of iron. Arms also—two carronades and eight barrels of gunpowder, were taken ashore. Some paid for their booty with their lives. In the hold were barrels of oil, from which the iron hoops were stripped. Oil gushed out, covering the water in the hold, and suffocating eight men. Others, with utmost difficulty, struggled to safety, marveling that they, strong swimmers as they were, so hardly saved themselves. Among those who nearly perished, tradition says, was a strong and active boy, about ten years of age. Had he died Tonga would have lost its greatest man, him who was destined to bring order out of the confusions of internal strife, and lead his people through the threats to their liberty that followed on the incursion of Europe and America into their wide ocean.

Finally, on a spring tide, the ship was brought still further inshore, and burnt. It happened that her big guns were loaded, and, heated by the flames, fired a salute over her grave. Eight more carronades were brought ashore, and four long guns, which proved too heavy to use.

At the time when Mariner arrived in Lifuka preparations were being made to carry out the funeral ceremonies of the Tu'i Tonga. So we know that a Tu'i Tonga died in 1806. This would be Ma'ulupekotofa, the brother of his predecessor Pau. Ma'ulupekotofa was succeeded by Pau's son, Fuanunuiava, who was a boy about twelve years old when Cook was in Tonga.

Early in Mariner's acquaintance with Fïnau he saw something of the gentler side of that redoubtable warrior. As soon as Mariner was able to converse a little in Tongan Fïnau used to like to talk with him. One night Fïnau asked Mariner if his mother was still living. He replied that, so far as he knew, she was. Fïnau remarked that it was distressing for a woman to be separated from her son by so many thousands of miles of ocean, and that he would find a woman from among his own folk to adopt the English lad as her son. The adoptive mother chosen by Fïnau was Mafihape, one of his wives. A deep affection grew between Mafihape and Mariner, and he says that no mother could have cared more tenderly for a child she had borne than she did for him.

Mariner had with him a few books and some writing-paper, and Fïnau often saw him reading or writing, at first, it seems, without mistrust, but after a while he ordered all the papers to be taken and burnt. Mariner managed to save the ship's journal. This destruction of books and paper turned out to be an echo of the suspicions that the *Duff's* missionaries had been practicing witchcraft. Some time afterwards, in an interlude of the grim business of fighting in Tongatapu, Fïnau had Mariner and another survivor of the *Port-au-Prince's* crew demonstrated their art of writing and receiving messages in a house full of men and women. To Fïnau's explanation that they must have connived beforehand to make certain marks for certain things, Mariner replied that he could write something that he had never seen. To test this Fïnau gave Mariner a word, and it is interesting that the word that came to his mind was the name of the murdered king, Tuku'aho. It all seemed pretty mysterious and as much like sorcery as one could wish, but was not all grave and serious. It would be difficult to conceive of a party of Tongans talking long together without something jocular coming in. Among the messages which Fïnau had written, and read aloud, were little anecdotes of amorous episodes which more or less embarrassed some of the ladies present. Fïnau remarked hew pleasantly convenient it would be if all the women knew this art, and he alone of the men. There was a native system for communicating simple messages with the fronds of a fern. The sender broke off some of the leaflets of the frond, and the receiver deciphered the message by noting the number of leaflets broken off. Polynesians used to send messages by means of knotted cords, even having these cords carried from island to island by birds. In the early stages of settlement and migration that gave birth to the Polynesian peoples of the Pacific, some components of the race probably had writing, and during their wanderings it is likely that they were in contact with writing peoples.

Mariner at first, and several of his shipmates who were still near him, often went hungry, until he mentioned their plight to Fïnau. The chief was surprised that anyone should be hungry when there was plenty of food about, and asked Mariner how people got their food in his country. “Everyone provides for himself,” he answered, “and each family eats its own food.”

“That’s not the way with us,” said Fïnau, “if you are hungry and see food being prepared, just go and sit down, and eat with the others.” This strange selfishness of Europeans became a joke among the Tongans, who would say to anyone about to join them in a meal, “We are eating foreign fashion. Go away, and get your own food.” A Tongan chief and his wife who went to Sydney with Shelley and remained about two years, and then, returning to Tonga found it so unsettled, wished to go back to Botany Bay, or did go back to Botany Bay. They described, from their side, European habits to their Tongan friends. They were miserable and lonely; all houses were shut against them; nobody gave them food except in exchange for money, and, no matter how hard they worked, often at tasks unbecoming their dignity as chiefs, they got far too little money to supply their needs. One day the chief, strolling about the streets of Sydney saw people going into a cook’s shop where food was handed to them. This looked like something the Tongan could understand, and he went in for his share; but the master of the shop, thinking he had come in to steal, kicked him out. He tried to explain that he was a chief, but was told that money made a man a chief.

Raid on Tonga

Mariner was not long in Lifuka before he saw and took active part in one of Fïnau’s raids on Tongatapu. A large fleet, numbering 170 canoes, was gathered in Vava‘u and Ha‘apai, and assembled at Nomuka. To this formidable strength of Tongan armaments was added four carronades and fifteen Europeans, of whom eight had muskets. The fleet sailed to Tongatapu, and anchored off Pangaimotu. The object of attack was the fortress of Nuku‘alofa, but first Fïnau, with his chiefs and *matäpule*s, girt with the mats of respect, and with circlets of *ifi* (chestnut) leaves about their necks, went with humble intercession to the spirit of Fïnau’s father, who was buried in the sanctuary of Ma‘ofanga. Fïnau, whose hands were stained with the blood of Tuku‘aho, pleaded his respect for the Tu‘i Tonga, and his observance of religious duties, as he prayed for divine assistance.

After this religious prelude the fleet sailed along the coast to Nuku‘alofa, a strong place whose citadel was the high mound raised for the residence of Mumui. The defenses covered four or five acres—possibly rather more. Two strong palisades, eight or nine feet high, with a trench twelve feet deep and twelve feet wide between them, enclosed the area. A deep, wide moat surrounded the palisades on the outside. Fïnau’s troops were landed under cover of fire from the muskets, which drove the defenders within their walls. The carronades were taken ashore, and trained upon the fort. Fïnau, dissuaded by his chiefs from exposing himself to the hazards of battle, sat enthroned afar upon the reef (the tide must have been out), in a chair taken from the *Port-au-Prince*. The heavy ordnance opened fire, and for about an hour bombarded the reed walls of Nuku‘alofa, with disappointing results. The cannon balls went through the palisading, without seeming to do much damage. But it was noticed that, as the cannonading went on, the flights of arrows from the fortress lessened. (Previously bows and arrows had been in Tonga instruments of the hunt and sport, but larger, heavier bows and arrows, suitable for war, had been introduced from Fiji). After about an hour of fire the attackers assaulted the fortress, and found that the destructiveness of the cannon balls had been much greater than they had supposed. The damage sustained by the fortress, and the consternation of its garrison, many of whom had escaped by the landward side, so weakened the defense that there was almost no resistance. The place was set on fire, men, women and children indiscriminately massacred, and a few prisoners taken. So Nuku‘alofa, which year by year had withstood Fïnau, was destroyed.

Fïnau did not follow up his victory. He returned to Pangaimotu, and rested several days. Then, advised by the gods through their priests, he set about rebuilding Nuku‘alofa as a stronghold for himself. The plan of the fortress was slightly altered and enlarged. Great numbers of men were set to work (several of whom were wounded by falling into holes with sharpened stakes at the bottom), and in two days the fort was practically finished.

In the funerary celebrations of the Tu‘i Tonga, which were being prepared at the time Mariner landed in Lifuka, vast quantities of food were consumed. To enable supplies to be replenished Fïnau had placed restrictions, *tapus*, on certain articles of food. After the taking and refortification of Nuku‘alofa Fïnau desired to return quickly to Ha‘apai to remove these *tapu*s. Meanwhile canoes were sent to Ha‘apai for food, and the remainder of his fleet was drawn up on the beach and surrounded with a palisade, just as Homeric ships were. The canoes sent to Ha‘apai were delayed by bad weather, and did not come back for a fortnight, leaving their companions in Tongatapu distressed by hunger. There was not much food to be got in Tongatapu, which was reduced to sore straits by war and Fïnau’s raids.

For a while Fïnau, expecting a counter-attack, lingered in Nuku‘alofa, his forces continually augmented by desertions from forts scattered about the country. Among those who joined him was a chief from Hihifo, the main centre of opposition to him, who was allowed by his fellow chiefs to join Fïnau because he was related to him. No attack came, and, after waiting for a few weeks, Fïnau, urged by the gods, decided to go to Ha‘apai, to remove the *tapu* on hogs, fowls and coconuts. Täkai, the chief who had fortified Pea, on the shore of the lagoon a few miles from Nuku‘alofa, had declared himself for Fïnau, although his associations with Hihifo were close. The fortress of Nuku‘alofa was put under his command, and Fïnau sailed with his fleet to Pangaimotu, intending to sail away to the north on the following morning. During the night Täkai demonstrated his fidelity to his new overlord by burning Nuku‘alofa, thus contemptuously rejecting Fïnau’s claims whilst he was near enough to see the flames. Fïnau, enraged, would have gone back immediately to avenge the insult, but was dissuaded by the gods who reminded him of the pressing duties awaiting him in Ha‘apai. After another day’s delay the fleet sailed with a fair wind, touched at Nomuka and thence on to Lifuka, where the ceremonies proper to the loosing of the *tapu* on the hogs, fowls and coconuts were performed.

Within a few days the gardens of Ha‘apai were again depleted by ceremonies which called for the consumption of vast stores of food—the marriage of the Tu‘i Tonga, Fuanunuiava, who was then about forty years of age, to the daughter of Fïnau, a girl of eighteen. Mariner was present at this wedding, and has described the ceremonies and entertainments. It was concluded with dancing, and a speech by an old matäpule, who addressed to the company “a moral discourse on the subject of chastity,—advising the young men to respect, in all cases, the wives of their neighbours, and never to take liberties even with an unmarried woman against her free consent”

Murder of Tupouniua.

Ever since the murder of Tuku‘aho his son Tupouto‘a nourished the design of revenge. He was heir to the Tu‘i Kanokupolu kingship, and the chiefs who appointed the Tu‘i Kanokupolu would before this have installed Tupouto‘a, but he delayed because in his heart he wished to avenge his father. Tupouniua was closely related to Fïnau, who entrusted to him the governorship of Vava‘u. Among many great chiefs who assembled in Lifuka for the ceremonies of releasing the *tapu* on the food, and of the Tu‘i Tonga’s marriage were Tupouto‘a and Tupouniua. Relations could never have been sincerely cordial between Fïnau and Tupouto‘a, who was heir and representative of the authority which Fïnau was struggling to arrogate to himself, but there seems not to have been at the time open hostility between them. Tupouniua

was an active and able man, whose pleasant manners made him widely popular. This was used by Tupouto‘a to sow distrust of Tupouniua in the mind of Fïnau, who was persuaded that his position would be stronger and more secure if his popular subordinate were out of the way. Fïnau, who eight years before had been willing to use the resentment of Tupouniua to get rid of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Tuku‘aho, was equally agreeable to using Tuku‘aho's son to remove Tupouniua. Fïnau had advised caution and the awaiting of a favourable opportunity before moving against the popular and powerful Tupouniua, governor of the rich and beautiful island cluster of Vava‘u. The opportunity, for which Tupouto‘a had waited, had long come.

Fïnau, secretly abetting Tupouto‘a in his enmity against Tupouniua, refrained from open approval. Mariner was an eye-witness of this second assassination. Late one afternoon, an hour before sunset, he went with Fïnau and his daughter to visit an old chief. Usually Fïnau carried about with him a large whaling-knife, which, on this evening, he left at home. On the way they stopped at a pool, where Fïnau bathed, sending word to Tupouniua to join him there. By the time the bathing was finished Tupouniua had arrived, and they all went on together. Then they reached the old chief's home, Fïnau, his daughter and Tupouniua went into the house in the inner enclosure, and Mariner stayed in the outer enclosure, talking to a woman attendant of Fïnau's daughter. Presently Tupouto‘a come into the outer enclosure, immediately going out again. After about two hours, when night had fallen, but the moon was shining, the party all left the old chief's home. Tongans do not walk side by side, but in file. As they walked along the outside fencing of the compound Fïnau was ahead, then came Tupouniua, followed by Fïnau's daughter, with Mariner and the woman attendant last. When Tupouniua came to the corner of the fence Tupouto‘a and four of his men, who were in hiding, leapt upon him, and started to beat him to death. The women ran screaming back into the compound. Tupouniua, who was unarmed, called out to Fïnau, now some little distance away, "Fïnau, they are killing me!" Fïnau, exclaiming, "Ah, the man's being killed!" made a show of running back to his defense, but was held by some of Tupouto‘a's men, and forced back inside the fencing. Mariner who, believing at first that Fïnau was being attacked, started forward, but was securely held by strong arms. So the murderers worked their will on Tupouniua, battering his body with clubs even after life was gone. Within a few minutes a couple of hundred people had gathered. The Vava‘u people were ordered to go on board their canoes, except the chiefs, whom Fïnau called into his presence. As they were coming one of Tupouniua's adopted sons, striking his club upon the ground, urged Fïnau to avenge the fallen chief. "Why sit you there idle?" he cried, Why do you not rouse yourself and your men to avenge the fallen hero? If it had been your lot thus to have sunk beneath the clubs of your enemies, would he have hesitated to have sacrificed his life for your revenge? How great a chief he was! how sadly has he died! Fïnau made no reply, and the young man retired a little and sat down.

No move was made by the Vava‘u people, and when the chiefs were gathered before him, Fïnau, "in his usual style of artful eloquence," assured them he was innocent of the murder, and did not know that it would be attempted. He admitted that Tupouto‘a had communicated his intentions to him, and that he had seemed to agree, but that was only that he might prevent the attempt being made.

When Fïnau had spoken, all sat silent for half and hour. Then Tupouniua's body was taken up and carried to Fïnau's house. it was set down outside the house, and washed with water and oil by one of Fïnau's wives and Mariner. The hands of those who touch a dead body are *tapu* for longer periods, according to the rank of the person who has died. For a Tu‘i Tonga it would be as long as for ten months. Nimatapu, *tapu* hand, imposes great inconveniences, one of the most frequently recurring being inability to feed oneself. Fïnau's wife, who had touched the body of the Tu‘i Tonga nine months before, had become accustomed to the inconveniences of nimatapu,

and readily endured their prolongation. Mariner, being a foreigner, was not subject to Tongan *tapu*s.

Then the body had been washed, it was taken inside the house, laid on a pile of cloth, and anointed with sandal-wood oil. Tupouniua's four widows, beating their faces and breasts, entered the house, and throughout the night chanted over him the lament,

Ah, alas! wonder of woe!
Ah, alas! lo, he is dead!
Ah, alas! lo, pity and love!
Ah, alas! lo, my lament!
Ah, alas! lo, waste and destruction!

About a hundred and fifty people crowded into the house, which was lighted by lamps of coconut-oil, and added their lamentations to those of the widows.

Tupouniua was buried in the cemetery of his ancestors in ʻUiha, one of the Haʻapai islands, south-east of Lifuka. When the body was let down into the vault, one of the murderers stood and challenged any who might wish to avenge the slain chief, but all sat silent.

Two or three days after the funeral the Vavaʻu chiefs swore allegiance to Fïnau, in a ceremony in which they placed their hands on a *kava* bowl, and afterwards drank *kava* together. In place of Tupouniua, Fïnau appointed his aunt Toeʻumu governor of Vavaʻu. The chiefs and people of Vavaʻu embarked on their canoes and returned home, excepting the matäpules of Tupouniua, whom Fïnau kept near himself.

Chapter 11

War in Vava'u Scarcely had the Vava'u people reached home when they resolved on revolt. Toe'umu, gathering her chiefs together, said that, although she was nearly related to Fïnau, she had been a close friend of Tupouniua, and was determined to be worthy of the friendship of so great a man. She asked the chiefs their opinion, and there was a long and doubtful discussion, until an old woman, a sister of Toe'umu, leapt into the midst of the assembly, brandishing a club and a spear, "Why," she cried, "do you hesitate in a matter in which the path of honour is so clear? If the men have become women let them sit idly by, while the women become men, and avenge their murdered chief. Then, when we are sacrificed in a noble cause, our example may stir the men to fight and die in defense of their rights." Aroused by the old lady's spirited harangue the chiefs determined to build a fort, where they might resist Fïnau should he attack them.

The Vava'u chiefs planned to make their fortress exceedingly strong, and so large that it surrounded the whole of Mu'a, that is, the principal place, or capital, where the paramount chief and his retinue lived. Within its ramparts the whole population of Vava'u, numbering about eight thousand, might find shelter if need arose. Round the outside was a high, firm bank of clay, as protection against Fïnau's guns. Inside was the ditch from which the clay was dug. Another smaller earthen wall skirted the inside edge of the trench. No pains were spared to make strong and firm the wood and reed palisades crowning the earth ramparts.

In Western warfare people on either side who are suspected of being favourable to the enemy are thrown into prison. The Tongans followed the more humane and civilised course of allowing them to stay and fight where they were, or to go and join their former friends. Fïnau, accordingly, heard of the warlike preparations in Vava'u by a canoe which brought to Ha'apai men friendly to him. Enraged, he resolved on instant attack. Priestly advice to pause was unheeded. Nonetheless, there was delay. The headlong counsels of Mars were momentarily deferred to the gentler service of Venus.

Just at this time there arrived in Ha'apai, with a numerous following, a son of Fïnau, named Moengängongo, who had been absent in Samoa for five years. Following the feasting and joy of the homecoming were bridal festivities. Two Ha'apai maidens, daughters of chiefs, had been kept as brides for Moengängongo, who brought two Samoan wives with him. He married the two Ha'apai girls together in one grand ceremony, which was kept up for several days. To marry two wives at once is called in Tongan *hamaua*, double outrigger. The bridegroom introduced some Samoan fashions into the wedding. Samoans who had come with him took part in the festivities and sports. The brides watched the sports, seated on bales of cloth, with hands, feet, faces and breasts anointed with sandal-wood oil and turmeric, and gleaming like gold. Samoan cloth and mats were used in the dresses, but in essence the ceremony was little, if anything, different from a Tongan wedding. A characteristic element of Samoan nuptials was, in fact, omitted as being too much out of harmony with Tongan custom. Neither in Tonga nor Samoa was virginity highly valued, except in the case of high-born girls such as the two Moengängongo was marrying. There seems to have been special bride-gifts paid by the husband to the father of a bride who was found to be a virgin. In Tonga, as in ancient Israel, the mat on which the bride and bridegroom spent their first night together was held to furnish the evidence of virginity. Certain old ladies, who had long cared for the bride, attended the couple on the wedding night, and a chiefly lady has told me that, if these duennas suspected that the girl's

credentials were not sound, they might work a little friendly fraud on her behalf. In Samoa, at one point of the marriage ceremony of a high-born girl, she stooped on her heels before the bridegroom, who publicly deflowered her with his finger, allowing the blood to drip down on to a white cloth which was then exhibited to the assembled guests. This ritual was omitted in Moengängongo's marriage to the two Ha'apai girls.

While Ha'apai was rejoicing in its festivals, Toe'umu and her people in Vava'u were using well the time, constructing and strengthening their fortress. In the battles of Homer's armies single champions advanced between the hosts, taunting and challenging their enemies, so that someone might be stung into attacking first. So an enemy might take upon himself the *hybris*, insolent impiety, of first shedding blood, and the displeasure of the gods. At about the same time as the Greeks (with their ships drawn up on shore, surrounded with palisades, as, long after, Tongan ships were) were embattled against Troy, the Philistine Goliath came out taunting and challenging the Israelites. And Tongan warriors did something not altogether unlike. They leaped out in front of their own party, brandishing club or spear, and vaunting the enemy they would attack and slay. The boasting warrior took upon himself the name of the foe he meant to kill. The canoes that brought to Fïnau the news of the hostile preparations in Vava'u reported that one of the Vava'u warriors called himself Fanafonua, that is, 'Cannon', crying that he was not afraid of those great guns, but would run up to them and thrust his spear into their throats.

Having welcomed and married his son there was nothing else to distract Fïnau from the grim business of war. The men of Ha'apai were assembled in Ha'apai and given their orders. All were to return to their own islands, make arrangements for the old men to care for the gardens and plantations, and then muster at Hä'ano, the northernmost of the Tongan islands. When the armada was gathered at Hä'ano the gods were consulted, and advised Fïnau first to go to Vava'u with three canoes only, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation. Obedient to his ghostly counselors Fïnau sailed up an inlet of Vava'u harbour to a point near the fortress, which was built at a place called Feletoa on the top of steeply rising ground. Some of the Vava'u chiefs and people consented to come outside their stronghold to confer with Fïnau, and to them he spoke of his own integrity and purity of purpose, of his desire for peace, and his respect for his aunt, Toe'umu. Oratory is highly developed and valued among the Tongans, and Fïnau was famed for the eloquence and persuasiveness of his speech—"for his powers of persuasion were such, that, in defending his own cause, he seemed to be the most worthy, the most innocent, and the most unjustly used." For this reason the older and more responsible of the Vava'u leaders did not go out to hear him, but remained within their ramparts, "fearing to listen to his arguments, lest, being drawn aside by the power of his eloquence, they might mistake that for truth which was not, and even lead the young and ardent warriors into an error."

The result of the parley was that the Vava'u chiefs declared their willingness to accept Fïnau as their ruler, if he would come and live with them, and have no more to do with Ha'apai; or, alternatively, if he chose to leave them alone in Vava'u and live in Ha'apai, they were willing to pay him an annual tribute. Neither of these proposals was acceptable to Fïnau, and he sailed back to his fleet awaiting him in Hä'ano. Again the oracles were consulted, and now they bade Fïnau go at once with war against Vava'u. The fleet sailed with five thousand men, and one thousand women. With them were Mariner, seven other Englishmen, and a negro taken with a prize which had been captured by the *Port-au-Prince* in her privateering days. They had four carronades. Entering the harbour of Vava'u they sailed up to the mooring place of Neiafu, where today steamers tie up at a concrete wharf. The men and guns were landed, ready to proceed next day to Feletoa, four or five miles distant.

In the morning the army was divided into three divisions, the centre with two carronades, in command of Fïnau, and the right and left wings, with one gun each, in command of Tupouto'a

and Liufau, a chief of Hä‘ano. When they arrived before Feletoa a large party of the defenders were on the ramparts, and greeted them with a shower of arrows; but general hostilities were not immediately begun. On both sides were men and women who had friends and relatives on the opposing side. Custom ordained that, on the whole, it was seemly for a man to stay and fight for those among whom he happened to be when war broke out, but there were many, especially among the kinsfolk of high chiefs on the other side, who could depart without impropriety. So the flight of arrows was followed, not by an assault on the fortress or a bombardment by the heavy guns, but by a couple of hours of departures and leave-takings, a scene solemn and affecting enough as friends parted from friends to go to wounds and death mutually inflicted by those who now, in sorrowful amity, were bidding one another adieu.

This fraternal prelude to battle was unexpectedly and abruptly terminated by Mariner. A man on the rampart fired an arrow at Mariner, narrowly missing him. He at once shot the archer dead. Shouts and uproar at once broke forth. Fïnau, enraged, sent a man to demand his musket of Mariner, who refused to deliver it up; but Fïnau, when he was told the reason of the shot, was mollified. The Vava‘u warriors reentered their fort; the big guns were brought into position and opened fire, and for six or seven hours bombarded the Feletoa defenses, though without much effect. A small party of Vava‘u soldiers sallied from the fort, and engaged a group of Ha‘apai men. One of the Vava‘u warriors, leaving his companions, advanced to within fifteen yards or so of the carronade served by Mariner. There he stood, brandishing his spear. Mariner fired the gun at him, but he fell on his face, and the ball passed harmlessly overhead. Jumping up he ran forward, until he was only ten yards away, dancing and gesticulating, and hurled his spear at the mouth of the gun. The spear did not enter the gun, but struck the rim of the muzzle. Mariner raised his musket, but, just as he was pulling the trigger an arrow struck the, barrel, and the shot missed its aim. The man shouted, and ran back into the fort. This intrepid warrior was the man who had vaunted that he would hurl his spear into the cannon’s mouth.

As the day wore on the defenders came out from Feletoa to fight a pitched battle with their attackers. The Vava‘u onslaught was directed against Fïnau’s right wing, where Tupouto‘a was stationed, in an attempt to avenge the murder of Tupouniua. The warrior who, at the burial of Tupouniua in ‘Uiha, had challenged any champion who would come forth from among the assassins, fought with amazing courage, but, sorely wounded, he died next day. Among the Ha‘apai women who came to the battle to be near and assist their husbands, was Tupou‘ahome‘e, the wife of Tupouto‘a. She was taken prisoner, but was well treated, and, after about three weeks, released. She was a high chief of the family of the Tu‘i Tonga.

The day’s fighting was inconclusive. The Vava‘u soldiers retreated to the shelter of their fort, and, under cover of night, Fïnau and his army returned to Neiafu. Dragging the carronades in the darkness along a rough path was an irksome and laborious task, and weary men swore roundly at foreigners and their heavy guns, grumbling that men who were able to make such weighty weapons had not the wit to give them feet to walk with.

Fïnau fortified Neiafu, and the war became a series of sallies and forays, big and little skirmishes. Two women—one a wife of Fïnau, and the other a wife of his son—went over to relations in the camp of Feletoa; women from Feletoa, who used to go gathering shellfish on the reef at low tide, were attacked by Fïnau’s men—five were killed, thirteen captured, and twelve made good their escape. A Vava‘u warrior, scrambling over the fence to take refuge in a sacred enclosure, was knocked dead within the precinct by a Ha‘apai man, and the violation of the sanctuary was atoned by the sacrifice of a little child whom a woman servant had borne to Tupouto‘a. Weeks of indecisive suffering and bloodshed sickened both sides of the war, and deserters passed in both directions from one camp to the other. Fïnau, as is the manner of political and military leaders everywhere, began to seek a way to obtain peace without loss of

‘face’—‘peace with honour.’ The gods and priests did not fail him. The highest quality of a successful priest is sensitivity to winds of public opinion, and the gods, through their priests, directed Fïnau to seek peace. Four or five times priests went themselves as ambassadors from Fïnau to Feletoa. The older chiefs in Feletoa were ready to come to terms with Fïnau, but the younger leaders were less confiding; but at length terms were arranged. Fïnau agreed to remain in Vavaʻu, sending Tupoutoʻa as his vice-regent to Haʻapai, from where he would receive tribute. A delegation of chiefs, accompanied by women, came from Feletoa to Neiafu, bearing gifts and *kava*. They laid down their arms before Fïnau. They prepared and drank *kava* together, served by men of Feletoa. The following day Fïnau led a party to Feletoa, with their gifts and *kava*. They drank *kava* together, served by men of Neiafu.

So peace was made. Fïnau ordered the fortifications of Feletoa to be razed to the ground, but those of Neiafu to be retained. He bade the people of Vavaʻu, by frugality and industry, to restore the supplies of food depleted by war. Tupoutoʻa and the people of Vavaʻu boarded their canoes to return home. With them went Moengängongo, Fïnau’s son, who had lands in Foa, between Lifuka and Haʻapai to attend to. Mariner, who preferred Moengängongo to his father, went with him.

Kava in Makave

From the moral and physical strain of war Fïnau refreshed himself with the sports and diversions of a country gentleman. Necessary appointments were made, and orders given, but for the present nothing seemed so important to him as to induce one of the chiefs of Tongatapu to part with a famous trained *kalae*, rail, a decoy bird for the sport of rail hunting. A messenger sent to Tongatapu, returned, after exerting his utmost powers of persuasion, not with the highly prized bird, but with a pair which their owner asserted were almost as good. Fïnau hunted with these birds, and was delighted with their performance, but he still hankered after the bird reputed to be the best trained that had ever been known. Again the messenger was dispatched to Tongatapu, returning this time with the coveted bird. On trial Fïnau found this bird not to answer his expectations; so, after beating it, he gave it to one of his followers. Other pastimes amused his leisure, for example, rat hunting, and a picnic to Hunga, an islet where is a cave entered by a passage below the surface of the sea. The romantic tale of a maiden hidden in the cave by her lover has been told for English readers by Byron. A journey to Häʻano, in Haʻapai, took Fïnau away from Vavaʻu for about six weeks, an absence which five chiefs and warriors, who had little trust in Fïnau’s words or intentions, used to escape to Tongatapu, where they joined Täkai, the leader who had fortified Pea, and burnt Fïnau’s reconstructed fort at Nukuʻalofa.

Two or three months passed in apparent calm, but Fïnau was revolving in his mind how he might be rid of those who had been most active in the war against him. Rumour, whether true or false is not clear, whispered that some were plotting rebellion. Fïnau, either on account of these suspicions, or merely obeying the promptings of his ruthless and unscrupulous character, called a general assembly at Makave, two or three miles from Feletoa. Such an assembly, called a *fono*, would cause no alarm or mistrust. The people had no newspapers or printed notices, and in assemblies, large or small, they heard the desires and instructions of local and central governors.

Chiefs and people, then, gathered on the green, *malaʻe*, of Makave. *kava* was brought and prepared, and the first bowl drunk. Then, as the assembly sat expecting that more *kava* would be served, Fïnau suddenly shouted, “Seize.” At once men, ready for the summons, laid hold on those who had been foremost in the war against Fïnau. Some were taken to the beach, and killed instantly. Not yet had the midday sun dispersed the cool freshness of the morning. Eighteen of the captives, denied the mercy of swift and sudden death, were kept till the afternoon. They were

taken on board a large canoe, which carried two small and leaky canoes. The day was calm, with little wind, and the canoe had to be paddled. As they went down the harbour some of the prisoners begged the mercy of speedy death. Three were immediately slain, and then, on a little islet where they put in, nine others were killed. Six remained, who would ask no favours. With them the canoe was paddled out to sea. There, securely bound, they were launched in the small and leaky craft, three in each. The large canoe stood by to watch them sink. For twenty minutes of that bright afternoon the canoes were settling lower and lower before they sank out of sight in the placid gleaming waters. How three of the six men died is told by Mariner. One, Pupunu, with his last thoughts dwelling on his infant son, called to a friend in the large canoe, and beseeched him to care for the child, dying content with the promise that he would be well cared for. The second, Naufahu, begged the men in the large canoe to tell his wife that his dying thoughts were of her. Käkahu, the third, a man disfigured with some sort of scrofulous complaint, but of amazing strength and agility, sank cursing Fïnau. As the water lapped about his mouth he raised his head and shouted his final execrations..

The *kava* party in Makave where men, unsuspectingly met in apparent peace, were fallen upon and slain, has passed into proverb. It may be regarded as the last scene of the war in Feletoa. A poem, some of whose allusions are obscure, but of which the main drift is clear, tells the tragic fate of the fallen men. A copyist has introduced the poem with a little prose narrative: "Here's a little talk about 'Ulukälala (Fïnau's title) in Feletoa. I think he was the tiger of his time, for it was typical of him to like the name *Anga-'oe-fonu,* 'Character of the Turtle' (female turtles are said to waylay their newly hatched young as they make their way down to the sea and devour them. So the name would indicate indifference to the ties of consanguinity). And see his taste for bloodshed—the chiefs that he slew in peace, and the dear people that perished with them, were his own kinsfolk, who were taken and bound in Lekeleka (an island in Vava'u), and then Toamotu was sent to slay those chiefs, although they were his (Fïnau's) own relatives. Their bodies were bound to a boat, stones were placed in the boat, they were taken out to the open ocean, and sunk. So they were destroyed. Afterwards a man went to the island of Fua'amotu (in Vava'u), and slept there. He heard the voices of the chiefs that were killed, as they prepared early in the morning to go on a voyage. The man heard them go on board, and straightway one of the slain raised this chant, and this is one stanza of their songs.

How come to mind the beauties of our land,
The loveliness of stream and hill.
When mid living men we dwelt,
In freedom sailing here and there,
Turning aside where'er we willed;
On this hand and on that the hills of Vava'u.
Grief-filled I remember Feletoa;
About its outer rampart raged
And foamed the bloody surf of war.
The tropic-bird and gull range far,
At even seek their nesting-place;
But I, a man of peaceful heart,
Must wander on in wild unrest.
Where are ancient days
Of the royal home and its lordly train,
Of quiet duty to our sacred queen!
Into folly our land is fallen;
We have been as silly lovers trusting
A fickle woman's doubtful promises.

In our false confidence at Makave.
To this, meseems, are we born.
Dead in the sea! Dead in bonds!"

The widow of Naufahu, whose drowning thoughts had been of her, seized club and spear, urged the women whose husbands had perished with hers, to take arms, and assuage their grief in the blood of the wives of Fïnau and his chiefs. This call to a women's war, praised by Fïnau as a signal mark of courage and devotion, went unanswered.

Fïnau's enjoyment of peaceful sports and diversions was soon to be ended by a private affliction, which touched him much more nearly than any public turmoil could do. His little daughter, a child six or seven years of age, fell ill. Neither the remedies of Tongan medical art, nor supplications at the temples to which she was borne, effected any improvement. Grief and anxiety subdued her father's bold and stubborn heart, and his health, too, began to decline. The little girl died, and, after nearly three weeks of mourning ceremonies, her body was placed in a tiny canoe, specially made and polished, which was put not in, but upon, a vault in Neiafu, that her father might see it when he wished, and take it with him on his journeys. But Fïnau himself was ill. Medicines, prayer and sacrifice—even the sacrifice of a child borne to him by a woman of low rank—could not give him back his strength. This extraordinary man, so active and determined, still in the prime of his years, died, and was buried in Feletoa, with his little daughter beside him.

Fïnau's character and career do not fit neatly into the categories usually employed to describe men of military and political eminence. His aims and ambitions seem to have fallen short of what appeared at one point, if not certainly within his grasp, at least a possible goal of his endeavour. At the height of his power he was the strongest chief in the group. His daughter was married to the Tu'i Tonga, an acknowledgment of his importance, and a promising step to further influence. Tongatapu was the age-long centre of political supremacy; the chiefs of Hihifo in Tongatapu determined, within the hereditary limits, who should hold the temporal kingship of the Tu'i Kanokupolu. Fïnau, by politic duplicity, connived at the removal of his strongest rival. He made attacks on Tongatapu, but neither by war nor diplomacy did he seriously and persistently attempt to subdue or win over those who might, overlooking the flaws in his title, have summoned him to kingship. Probably he was deterred by the conviction that neither force nor cajolery could win the Hihifo chiefs from loyalty to their rightful head. In his own mind may well have been an inhibiting feeling that the successions of kings should not depart from their accustomed lines. His raids and battles brought great sorrow and misery to the Tongan people and destroyed much of the fruitfulness and beauty of their land. And that was all. In the end he contented himself with the authority in Vava'u, which was his without a single blow being struck. His loose over lordship of Ha'apai, where Tupouto'a, a prince in the direct succession to the Tu'i Kanokupolu kingship, was a face-saving device that meant nothing. The life of this able and restless man achieved little. Mariner has left us a portrait of Fïnau. He "was in stature six feet two inches; in bulk and strength stout and muscular; his head erect and bold; his shoulders broad and well made; his limbs well set, strong and graceful in action; his body not corpulent, but muscular; his hair of a jet black, and curly, yet agreeably so, without being woolly; his forehead remarkably high; his brow bold and intelligent, with a little austerity; his eye large and penetrating, yet joined to an expression of mildness; his nose aquiline and large; his lips well made and expressive; his teeth remarkably large, white and regular; his lower jaw rather prominent, his cheek bones also rather prominent, compared to those of Europeans. All his features were well developed, and declared a strong and energetic mind, with that sort of intellectual expression which belongs not so much to the sage as to the warlike chieftain. Ambition sat high on his front, and guided all his energies. His deep and penetrating eye, and his firm and masculine deportment, while they inspired his adherents with confidence, struck awe

to the minds of conspirators... He appeared almost constantly in deep thought, and did not often smile... Persuasion hung upon his lips; and the flow of his eloquence was such, that many of his enemies were afraid to listen to him, lest they should be led to view the subject in a light prejudicial to their interests... in subjects of minor importance he was very quick in reply. His voice was loud, not harsh but mellow, and his pronunciation remarkably distinct..."

The career of a friend of Fïnau, the high-born woman Fünaki, shows the influence and prestige a woman might win by her merits and superior abilities. Between the families of Fïnau and Fünaki was longstanding friendship. She was in turn wife of the chief who directed the attack on the *Port-au-Prince*, and then of Fïnau's uncle. She was "a woman of uncommon penetration and discernment, extremely religious, and universally respected, on account of her accurate knowledge of religious ceremonies, on which subject she was frequently consulted by the chiefs." Between her and Fïnau subsisted a friendship and attachment so close, that, during her first marriage, it was supposed she was his mistress; but it was not only in the niceties of religious ceremonial that her advice was valued, for Fïnau often turned to her for counsel in affairs of state, "for in this also she stood eminent in the esteem of everyone." When Fïnau died she mourned her friend "with a sorrow beyond the reach of comfort." *Cherchez la femme*. Is it legitimate to guess that in Fünaki may be found the explanation why Fïnau, in one or two crises of his career, when military and political expediency counseled swift and decisive action, he delayed in deference to gods of whom he was not, in general, remarkably observant? If so, Fünaki's counsels were prejudicial to Fïnau's ambitions, but in the end conducive to the restoration of her people's contentment and happiness. (Mariner, II, p.10)

Fïnau 'Ulukälala III

The name and rank of Fïnau descended to his son, whom Mariner describes in the most engaging terms. At the time of his accession to the title he was "about twenty-five years of age, was in stature five feet ten inches; well proportioned, athletic and graceful, his countenance displaying a beautiful expression of openness and sincerity. His features... expressed an ample store of intellect; but notwithstanding the benevolent mildness and play of good humour in his countenance his eye shot forth a penetrating look of inquiry from beneath a prominent brow that seemed to be the seat of intelligence. The lower part of his face was well made; his teeth were very white, and his lips seemed ever ready to express something good humoured or witty... His whole exterior was calculated to win the esteem of the wise and good... The character of the father was associated with the sublime and powerful; that of the son with the beautiful and engaging. His language was strong, concise, and expressive, with a voice powerful, deep, and melodious... he did not possess the art of dissimulation... His general deportment was engaging; his step firm, manly and graceful; he excelled in all athletic sports, racing, wrestling, boxing, and club-fighting; he was cool and courageous, but a lover of peace. He was fond of mirth and good humour—was a most graceful dancer, and passionately delighted with romantic scenery, poetry, and vocal concerts... He used to say that the song amused men's minds, and made them accord with each other,—causing them to love their country, and to hate conspiracies. He was of a most humane and benevolent disposition, but far, very far from being weak in this respect, for he was a lover of justice."

His mind was eager and inquiring. He sought the company of craftsmen and gardeners, and of all who could impart to him knowledge and skill in their arts. His curiosity was not bounded by everyday skills, for he used to question Mariner about things more abstruse and intricate, eager to hear and speak of scientific and philosophic inquiries. He greatly desired to go to England, where he might learn to read and write, thus acquiring the knowledge which books would give him, deeming a life of knowledge with poverty preferable to one of wealth and power with ignorance.

In his first public speech the younger Fïnau told his people that Vava‘u was going to live in peace. Those who wished war could depart whithersoever they chose. So, too, if any desired to live in Ha‘apai they could go at once, for he was determined to have no communication with Ha‘apai. It happened that the Tu‘i Tonga, *Fuanunuiava*, was at that time living in Vava‘u, and Fïnau relaxed his interdict on intercourse with the south sufficiently to allow the ceremonial offerings of first-fruits to the Tu‘i Tonga in the great festivals of the new harvest. Even this concession was not long needed, as Fuanunuiava died in 1810. The Tu‘i Tonga had residences in several parts of the group, but his capital was at Mu‘a, or Lapaha, in Tongatapu, and Fuanunuiava’s long absence from his capital was doubtless due, in the first place, to the wars and confusions that afflicted the land. Vava‘u, however, was a most pleasant place to live in, beautiful and fertile. Fïnau, with his inquiring mind, did not fail to note that the protracted separation of Fuanunuiava from Tongatapu, with a consequent discontinuance of much of the customary offering of first-fruits, had not affected the crops, and he determined to complete the isolation of Vava‘u by not permitting canoes to pass between his own islands and the southern parts of the group, even on the religious mission of bearing first-fruits to the new Tu‘i Tonga.

Fuanunuiava was succeeded by Laufilitonga, who, if he was the son born to the Tu‘i Tonga in 1797, when Captain Wilson visited him, would be now thirteen years of age. His formal installation did not take place till 1826,

In this same year of 1810 an English ship called at Vava‘u and Ha‘apai. Mariner went on board her at Vava‘u, and returned to England. Fïnau, with humane understanding of a man’s longing for his native land, did not oppose his going. He earnestly besought him, indeed, to take him with him, that he might study European learning, and when Mariner declared this to be impossible he bound him by a promise to return, if it all possible, and take him to England.

Mariner was a young man whose intelligence and memory, aided by the sagacious questioning and literary skill of Dr. Martin, have given us a lively narrative of the lives of Tongan people, and the tale of an interesting and exciting period in their history. Mariner left Tonga with the sensations natural to a young man about to see again his native land and kinsfolk after long absence, and with the sorrow of one attached to his Tongan friends by deep and sincere affection. The mother, whose anxiety for her distant son was realised so sensitively by the elder Fïnau, died before he returned to England.

Chapter 12

The King’s design of isolating Vava‘u from Ha‘apai and Tongatapu, if the younger Fïnau did, in fact, seriously form it, could not have been long maintained. The ties of family and of political fact between the three parts of the group are too many and too close to be disregarded. Besides, all human beings, and none more than Tongans, are fond of wandering about, visiting neighbours and more distant lands and people. The power of the elder Fïnau was an episode, through which persisted unimpaired the structure of the ancient kingships, even though for the time they had been overshadowed by the might of a lord who was head of a junior branch of the royal aristocracy.

We must go back a little to follow the course of the kings. When, in 1799, Tuku‘aho was murdered, and war commenced, the chiefs of Ha‘a Ngata, ‘Lineage of Ngata’, did not all unite to punish the offenders, and assert the rights of their house. Those chiefs of Hihifo whose special duty it was to appoint the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, dismayed at this betrayal, did not appoint a king from their own lineage, but brought in an outsider, Ma‘afu‘olimuloa, and made him king. Moreover, the rightful heir, Tupoumälohi, about this time went to Fiji. He was in command of the fortress of Nuku‘alofa when it was attacked by Fïnau, and bombarded by the guns from the *Port-au-Prince*. He escaped from Nuku‘alofa to Hihifo, and lived for a while with the chief Teukava. From there he went to Fiji, and stayed, it seems for a year or two. If he had hoped that during his absence peace would be restored to Tonga, he was disappointed. When he came back, Fïnau’s raids on Tongatapu perhaps had ceased, or were less frequent, but various fortified villages had been built, and since there was no effective central government, chief warred with chief. What happened to Ma‘afu‘olimuloa, whose kingship was only nominal, is not clear. He may have died, or he may have resigned from an office for whose duties he was unequal. In any case the position of Tu‘i Kanokupolu fell vacant, and Tupoumälohi, son of Mumui, who was king when the missionaries landed from the *Duff*, was installed. It was something that the throne of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu was once more occupied by the man whose undoubted right it was, but that in itself was not enough to restore order or bring peace. Tupoumälohi means ‘Tupou the Strong’, but his strength was unequal to his task. Before Mariner left Tonga in 1810 Tupoumälohi had determined to resign his throne. He sent a messenger to his nephew Tupouto‘a, who was governor in Ha‘apai, with the request that he petition Fïnau for him, that he might be allowed to live in Ha‘apai. Fïnau consented, and Tupouto‘a went to Tongatapu, and accompanied Tupoumälohi to Fïnau in Vava‘u. Fïnau, with his chiefs and matäpules, all with mats around their waists, received Tupoumälohi and Tupouto‘a with the respect due to great chiefs. But Tupoumälohi outdid Fïnau in respect. He and his attendants not only had mats about their waists, but round their necks they wore necklaces of *ifi*, chestnut leaves, the mark of submission and supplication. Tupoumälohi lived as a private gentleman in Ha‘apai, and, after a couple of years, in 1812, he abdicated from his throne.

Next in the succession to Tupoumälohi was his nephew Tupouto‘a, and he was installed in the office left vacant by his uncle. Tupouto‘a set about reasserting the authority of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu. As governor of Ha‘apai he had apparently acquiesced, at least to some extent, in conceding overlordship to the elder Fïnau. Now, as Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and with the warrior Fïnau succeeded by his peace loving son, he claimed the supremacy that belonged to his office, and successfully asserted it in a bloody battle in Vava‘u, where the younger Fïnau was defeated. So Tupouto‘a ruled Ha‘apai and Vava‘u, and his authority as Tu‘i Kanokupolu was, at least

nominally, recognised in Tongatapu, but time was not allowed him to complete the pacification of his kingdom, and in 1820 he was suddenly overtaken by death, at Mu‘a in Tongatapu. There followed about six years before the next Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Aleamotu‘a, another uncle of Tupouto‘a, was appointed. Tupouto‘a, ‘Tupou the Valiant’, did not live to complete the recovery of his country, but he left a gift of inestimable worth—his son Taufa‘ähau, a young man who, in 1820, would be about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and had already proved himself as possessed of remarkable powers of body and mind. Aleamotu‘a was appointed Tu‘i Kanokupolu, it seems, in 1826, and formally installed in 1827. Present at his installation were Taufa‘ähau and Laufilitonga, a young man of about the same age as Taufa‘ähau, and, using English terms of relationship, second cousin to him. Laufilitonga, a young lad when his father, Fuanunuiava, the Tu‘i Tonga, died in 1810, had never been installed as Tu‘i Tonga. It was a sign that something of the kingdom’s order was recovered that, following the enthronement of Aleamotu‘a as Tu‘i Kanokupolu, his nephew Laufilitonga was anointed Tu‘i Tonga.

Growing up beside Tupouto‘a in Ha‘apai was his son Taufa‘ähau, who, when his father-died, was in the first bloom of his splendid manhood. Nature withheld no gift of body and mind from Taufa‘ähau. He was of herculean stature, six feet four inches in height, unrivalled in athletic energy and grace. His incisive, clear and comprehensive mind matched his magnificent frame. By the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century he was the undisputed leader of Ha‘apai. His rising influence had not been undisputed. Living with him in Lifuka, of Ha‘apai, was the Tu‘i Tonga, Laufilitonga, whose formal installation was delayed till 1826 or 1827. These two young men were of about the same age, and closely related, since Laufilitonga’s mother, Veiongo, ‘Sounding Water’, was the sister of Taufa‘ähau’s grandfather, Tuku‘aho. The little island of Lifuka was too small for these two young men, one the Tu‘i Tonga, and the other the heir of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, to dwell in together. Report says that Taufa‘ähau was scrupulous in his regard of the respectful observances due to the Tu‘i Tonga. Nevertheless the enmities unloosed by the murder of Tuku‘aho flared up between Taufa‘ähau and Laufilitonga. In the long struggle, which became a struggle of other parts of the group against Hihifo, in Tongatapu, the principal seat of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Hahake, the eastern part of Tongatapu, where was situated Lapaha, or Mu‘a, the capital of the Tu‘i Tonga, sided against Hihifo, though the Tu‘i Tonga himself took no part. The Tu‘i Tonga Fuanunuiava sought a quiet life in Vava‘u, the home of Fïnau. In the long strife, therefore, which had been with them since their early childhood, Laufilitonga and Taufa‘ähau were on opposite sides. Already, too, may have been—probably was—forming the awareness of what later would become fully manifest, that Taufa‘ähau would not only succeed, by right of birth to the office of Tu‘i Kanokupolu, but would make that the sole kingship of the group, gathering to it all the influence and illustriousness of the ancient sacred line. Lifuka, the little isle, seven miles long and two to three miles broad, rising scarce more than twenty feet in its highest ridge, where, in the eighteenth century Cook had anchored, and, in the early nineteenth Fïnau had captured and burnt the *Port-au-Prince*, saw the blows and battles of the two young princes.

At the side of Taufa‘ähau fought a notable warrior, Tu‘uhetoka, of whose loyal friendship fame had preserved the memory, no less than the repute of his prowess in arms. By birth and upbringing Tu‘uhetoka belonged to the faction of the Tu‘i Tonga. By mature choice he attached himself to Taufa‘ähau, and became his close and constant friend. One evening Taufa‘ähau went down alone to the beach to bathe. As he came up from the water ten or so of his enemies fell upon him. The plight of the unarmed chief was desperate, when suddenly in the midst of the melee was Tu‘uhetoka, who had evidently concealed himself near by to see that no harm befell his beloved leader, and together they put the assailants to flight.

The best known memorial of the rivalry of Laufilitonga and Taufa'ähau is the remains of the embankments of the fortress of Velata, not far from the central village of Lifuka, where Laufilitonga entrenched himself against Taufa'ähau. The war ended in the defeat and expulsion of the Tu'i Tonga, who departed peacefully to Tongatapu.

Not long afterwards, another encounter of Taufa'ähau with Laufilitonga, although the Tu'i Tonga was not present in person, showed still more clearly that the design of absorbing into himself all kingly authority was at least forming in the mind of Taufa'ähau. This, too, was in Lifuka. Laufilitonga married the high born lady, Lupepau'u, 'Mischievous Pigeon', a beautiful maiden, who was the last of the Tongan ladies to do *liku*, that is, perform naked in a public dance. This was an honour reserved to maidens of noble birth, whose virginity was undoubted, and of beauty so radiant that no adornment could enhance it. Lupepau'u's rank entitled her to hope that of her would be born a prince to succeed to the dignities of the Tu'i Tonga, but before she had borne a child to Laufilitonga, or had become pregnant to him, the young queen accompanied her younger sister, Kalisimafi, to Ha'apai, where she was to be married to Taufa'ähau. Instead of Kalisimafi, however, Taufa'ähau took to himself Lupepau'u. He is said to have seized her for himself, but it is not to be presumed that Lupepau'u allied herself unwillingly with a chief who possessed so eminently the qualities that win the allegiance of men and move the hearts of women. Lupepau'u's life, for all its brilliant dawn, was shadowed by grief. She bore two children, the elder of whom at least was a son, but both died early, and her own life does not seem to have been very long. In the event the stream of royal lineage flowed through another wife of Taufa'ähau. These high handed nuptials of Taufa'ähau may fairly be regarded as not only due to the natural attractions of an exceedingly beautiful woman, but as an assertion that he, Taufa'ähau, was to be henceforth the source of royal blood and prestige.

Chapter 13

Wesleyan Missions

To the European sailor of the eighteenth century a voyage to the South Pacific was a romantic and hazardous enterprise. But as the nineteenth century wore on it became a relatively easy and comfortable journey of trade and sight seeing. Britain, and other countries of Western Europe, with the United States of America pressing hard behind, reached the zenith of their power and influence in the world. Europe, witnessing the amazing growth of its scientific knowledge, and of technical ingenuity that made human work less arduous and more productive, felt complacently sure of itself. The mainly trading towns of an earlier period were changing into industrial cities, whose size far surpassed that of any previous agglomerations of human beings. Behind the handsome streets where lived and strolled the fortunate possessors of ostentatious wealth were fetid slums, where men and women, with their children, rotted and died in underpaid overwork, or in unwanted and unpaid idleness. Still, except for those whom fate pushed into them, there was no need to go into foul, narrow streets, and most prosperous people knew that their comfort was the reward which a discriminating Providence bestowed upon their merits. The poor, it seems, were made of an inferior clay, and were somehow not quite members of the same humanity as more fortunate men and women.

Colour, also, divided men into higher and lower. The white man not only knew that he was the best man on earth, but knew that every other sort of man was glad to recognise and acknowledge his superiority. Then, in the 1930's, Hitler openly and arrogantly propounded his theory of the master race many people were shocked whose own hearts were not entirely cleansed of this disease of the soul and mind. We may all turn back to the eighteenth century John Wesley who, with no contamination of condescension, but with unselfconscious awareness of the common brotherhood of man, burned with indignation at the wrongs done to Africa and India. Through Wesley, too, more than through any other one man, came the eager interest in science, the desire for education, the impulse and capacity of the ordinary men and women of England to unite in pursuit of happier, more fruitful lives. By the middle of the twentieth century the waves of the spirit have come almost to the flood, and, unless a calamity of folly overwhelm him, will bear him to a phase of living fuller and richer than he has ever known.

The nineteenth century white man, untroubled by doubts, perceived unmistakable uses of the coloured man. In the first place there were many of them, as ignorant of the white man's ways and values as the white man was of theirs. Furthermore, the multitudes of coloured men had no machines to produce vast quantities of goods, and weapons hopelessly less powerful than those of the white man. Again, until by unhappy experience they learnt better, they had the odd habit of receiving strangers who came to them as guests to be welcomed into their hospitality. So the coloured men and women were easy to cajole and deceive, and chivvy off their lands. Since there were so many of them, and they were so innocent of Western values, it was easy to sell them many often shoddy things at high prices. They could be hired cheaply as labourers to work on their own lands for the benefit of the master race. They could even be forced or enticed on board ships to be taken as slaves to the cotton and cane fields of America, and, later, the sugar plantations of Queensland. The wisdom and mercy of Providence, which made some rich and others poor in Europe, was as clearly revealed in making some white and others not white.

The nineteenth century Englishman, untroubled by doubts, saw several things clearly. He saw that the right to own all sorts of property as personal possessions was a sacred prescription, and a permanent basis of society; that the amount of private property owned was, with little exception, a pretty reliable measure of a person's worth. Increase of possessions was the mark of moral excellence and divine approbation; that the habits and customs of an English town or village were civilised, other customs and habits were not. In particular it was civilised to dress like an Englishman, and, still more, like an Englishwoman. To dress otherwise, leaving the body healthy and glad in the sunshine and fresh air, was uncivilised, or worse. In the relations of the sexes men and women could only excusably share the joys of love after a ceremony in which, with the sanction of church and state, they pledged themselves to one another in life-long fidelity. It was even debated whether men and women could blamelessly seek pleasure in love, rather than apply themselves solemnly to the duty of renewing their kind. True, the divine law-giver applied his prescriptions with lamentable—or enviable—and inscrutable laxity to the amours of Old Testament heroes, and they were frequently neglected by those whom financial opulence or social obscurity made careless of assure; but for others transgression was not an understandable slip, easily condoned, but a mortal sin.

With all this went a crude and untenable religious code, which was, nonetheless, an attempt to explain the force and malignancy of evil so often displayed in human actions. Men and women were taught that they, and even little children, had, aeons before their birth, and regardless of the strength and virtue of their lives, sinned so grievously in the persons of their first parents—in an action that was, at the worst, trifling, and, at the best, commendable—that the stuff of evil was so inwoven in their beings, infecting them so deeply, that divine mercy itself was hard put to it to discover a way of redemption and forgiveness, and could prevail only with the help of precious sacrifices, consummated by the sacrifice of God's own Son. Moreover, God, who was the loving Father of all men, could be moved by anger so unrelenting and jealousy so spiteful, that for those who did not accept what was called the plan of salvation he reserved an eternity of tortures so wickedly ingenious that the stoutest heart quailed at the thought of them. This superstructure of terror had no place in the teaching of Jesus, but was elaborated on the flimsy basis of a few figurative expressions used by Him, filled out by the imaginings of Dante as he pictured what he would like to see done to his enemies, and by Milton, writing a heroic poem which some wished to regard as theology. Happily, these horrors of divine malevolence, although they furnished materials for sermons which held their hearers spellbound, were not taken completely seriously. Everyone in his heart of hearts knew that the hideous travesty could not be true. A little story illustrates what could never have been far below the surface. An eloquent eighteenth century preacher was describing in a large London church the torments of hell. The congregation hung on his words, except a restless young man at the back, who shuffled in his seat, smiled and whispered to people on either side of him. At length one of them said to him reprovingly, "Don't you hear what the doctor is saying?"

"That's all right," he replied, "I don't belong to this parish."

Men who nominally assented to these fearful doctrines belied their creed by the healthy generosity and goodness of their lives.

Part of this curiously misnamed 'gospel' was the teaching that the august collection of folklore, poetry, allegory, history—not always accurate—was the authentic and literal word of God. This easy assertion of literalness demanded far less painstaking care and examination than discriminating men are wont to give to much less important writings.

As the nineteenth century wore on, everything in this armoury of social belief, obscurantism and creed was being challenged, and the criticism has continued with increasing acumen into

the twentieth century, to the immense enrichment of social life and religious faith. Criticism has made shine more clearly the sublime teaching of Jesus that love is the inner meaning and spring of creation, the only source of right human relations—a belief already affirmed in the eighteenth century by Wesley who, with his eager interest in the expanding science of his time, and his scholar's ease in handling critical and historical questions, affirmed that no theological interpretation could be right which was inconsistent with the love of God.

So missionaries, and their wives, believing that the better aspects of English village and town offered the pattern of worthy and civilised life, came amongst peoples who believed in the value of communal ownership and mutual helpfulness, rather than in the sanctity of private property; whose family structure was such that there could be no outcast woman or unwanted child. The forbidding aspects of their creed were overlaid by gracious teachings of love and forgiveness. Others besides missionaries joined in the invasion. Traders came to make money, and often filched the lands of the native peoples. Governments overthrew ancient constitutions and time-hallowed lordships. Between them they put dark and heavy suits on the muscular frames of men of tropical lands, and covered the graceful beauty of their women with ugly and shapeless dresses. The whites brought churches and schools, medical services, roads and vehicles to run on them. But the contacts of cultures is never all one-sided. Whites, in the early stages missionaries most of all, learnt the habits and ways of thought of those to whom they went, not only enlarging the boundaries of a new science of man, but learning what it is to be civilised—to act as people who are *civiles*, men and women who regard one another as members of a community, and live together in fellowship. It was the opinion of Robert Louis Stevenson that, of all whites who went to the islands of the Pacific, the missionaries were the most useful. That view cannot be controverted, though the term 'missionaries' may well be enlarged to include doctors, nurses and teachers. The missionary was first and foremost the friend of the native. He did not go to make money out of him, or to administer him, that is, break up his old political structure. From the beginning missionaries had to learn the languages of the people among whom they were. No missionary society would have tolerated a member of its staff who went on indefinitely unable to deal directly with the people in their own tongue. With this went the obligation and the competence to be the native's friend, to represent and interpret him to foreign authorities. Some, of course, have been more successful than others in carrying out this function, but in the convulsive contact of the Pacific islands with the West, the way has been made clearer and easier by the friendly counsels of eminently able missionaries.

None has done more for a Pacific islands people than the Australian, Rodger Page, who retired in 1947 from the presidency of the Methodist Free Church of Tonga. Alongside him as a wise adviser stands an Australian member of the British Colonial Service, Islay McOwen, an acute and sagacious man, of impressive personality, always sincere, simple and friendly, who enhanced the prestige of the British government which he represented, as he clear-sightedly assisted the Tongan government in strengthening its internal stability, and adjusting external relations in the difficult world which had been thrust upon it. This, however, is running ahead of our story, as both these great men belong to the twentieth century.

Walter Lawry

The attempt of the London Missionary Society, from 1797 to 1800, to establish a mission in Tonga had fallen on dark days of civil dissension and fratricidal blood shedding. Temporarily at least the attempt was abandoned. But the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London was also turning its eyes towards the islands of the South Pacific. The Wesleyan church, the largest of the group of churches since united under the name Methodist, is governed in each country by the Conference, made up of representatives of the Synods which controlled the affairs of the various districts. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the white population of Australia

and New Zealand was small. Little was known about them in England, and less about the Pacific islands. In documents of the British Wesleyan Conference of the time appears the word Australasia, as the name of one of the districts of the British church. Australia and New Zealand naturally first engaged the attention of the church fathers. The Conference in London made appointments to Australia—Sydney and Swan River appear early—and to New Zealand, but soon Tonga was on the printed page of places where Wesleyan ministers were to be sent. Some time went on without the printed appointment being embodied in a living man.

About 1820 a young man named Walter Lawry was sent from England as a Wesleyan minister in Australasia. In Sydney he met Mrs. Shelley, widow of one of the men who had gone to Tonga in the *Duff*. Shelley had never ceased to grieve over the abandonment of the mission in Tonga, and his heart was set on returning, or that, if he were himself unable to undertake the task, others would. Early death prevented the fulfillment of Shelley's desires for himself, but his wife shared them, and communicated them to Lawry, who determined to go to Tonga, and expected the appointment from the British Conference. Lawry was a young man of shrewd and practical mind, who was later to prove an able administrator of the church's affairs in the South Pacific. Whilst he lingered in Sydney he married a girl who, besides her love, brought him a tidy dowry of sheep and cattle, whose fecundity was a source of lively and proper satisfaction.

Whilst Lawry was doing the work of a Wesleyan minister in Sydney, and hoping that the British Wesleyan Conference would open a mission in Tonga, and appoint him its agent, the Conference was still debating. Young Lawry grew impatient, and, obtaining the consent of the Synod in Sydney, determined to go to Tonga without waiting any longer for the appointment from London. He had to make his own traveling arrangements, and joined with a small group of men in Sydney who were chartering a ship for a trading voyage in the South Seas. He arranged with his fellow shareholders that the vessel should land him in Tonga before going on her trading cruise, and then return to see how he was faring. If there seemed to be fair prospects of his establishing a mission he would remain, if not he would return on her to Sydney. In August, 1822. Lawry landed in Tonga, with his wife and young child, two young men, one a carpenter and the other a blacksmith, and a Marquesan youth, named Makanoe, who, it was hoped, would be useful as an interpreter. Makanoe found the Tongan language too unlike his native Marquesan for him to be at once a competent dragoman; but he was a most useful member of the little party, his cheerful helpfulness smoothing the way for Mrs. Lawry as she set about housekeeping in her novel surroundings. Mrs. Lawry's gratitude to her kindly Marquesan friend was warm and sincere. Accompanying the human members of Lawry's party were cattle and fowls.

The disturbances which, twenty years earlier, had frustrated the hopes of the *Duff* missionaries, were not yet finally resolved, but were quiescent. Fïnau II was dead, and his son, Fïnau III, was of a different temper from his warlike father. The Tu'i Kanokupolu, Tupouto'a, had died, it seems, a couple of years before Lawry's arrival, and his successor, like the Tu'i Tonga, Laufilitonga, still awaited formal installation. Lawry, however, was received with kindness by the chief Fatu who provided a home for the party near himself in Mu'a. The old misgivings lest the prayers and hymns of the Christians might be incantations imperiling the lives of their chiefs were not wholly dissipated, but were gradually yielding before the confidence and friendship of Fatu, when nature interposed to prevent Lawry from discovering whether he could, in truth, be the apostle of the Tongans permanently founding Christianity among them. After fourteen months the health of Mrs. Lawry, who, it seems, was expecting the birth of her second child, made them resolve on a visit to Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Lawry, leaving the blacksmith and carpenter in Tonga, sailed, hoping soon to return; but, as events turned out, thirty years passed before Lawry saw Tonga again, when he visited it as General Secretary of

Missions of the Wesleyan church in New Zealand. Instead of being back in Tonga after the early visit to Sydney, we find him next in London, forcefully defending himself before a committee of the Wesleyan church, set up to inquire into his freelance missionary enterprise. Walter Lawry kept a diary of his life in New South Wales and Tonga, which, with the personal family jottings proper to such records, has much of wider interest and value. This journal has not, so far as I know, been published, and, in addition to the original, exists only in a few—very few—handwritten copies. The copy which I read many years ago belonged to a grandson of Mr. Lawry, who shared few of the religious beliefs of his grandfather or any other missionaries, but had an absorbing interest in the ships in which they sailed the Pacific, and an enthusiastic admiration for the seamanship of the Tongans.

Hape and Tafeta

The resolution of the Wesleyan church in England to send a missionary to Tonga still stood, but for a couple of years after Lawry's departure nothing was done to carry it into effect. But meanwhile a new attempt was made from an unforeseen quarter. The mission established in Tahiti by the group of men and women who landed from the *Duff* in I797 had grown and prospered, and was now seeking fresh areas of expansion. Accordingly the London Missionary Society determined to send missionaries from Tahiti to Fiji. So there sailed from Tahiti a party bound for Fiji. In it were two Tahitian men, Hape and Tafeta, a Fijian named Täkai, and a Tongan, Langi, who had been living in Tahiti, where he had become a Christian, and married a Tahitian wife. On their way to Fiji they touched at Nuku'alofa, where they were entreated by Aleamotu'a to stay. This was somewhere about the end of 1825 or early in 1826, not long before Aleamotu'a was formally installed as Tu'i Kanokupolu. The Tahitian party, without abandoning their plan of going to Fiji, consented to remain for a while in Tonga.

Hape and Tafeta, with the support and encouragement of Aleamotu'a, at once set about propounding the new faith, attracting many worshippers. Certain of the chiefs saw with anxiety and disapproval Aleamotu'a's interest in the foreign religion, and the signs that he was meditating defection from the gods of his fathers. Some proposed that he should not be installed as Tu'i Kanokupolu, and that another should be chosen for the temporal kingship, but this counsel was not followed, as it would have been unwise to risk the dissension that was likely to arise, if the chief who, by general consent, was most proper to be king, were set aside. The great lords with whom lay the appointment of Tu'i Kanokupolu appear to have advised Aleamotu'a to hold himself aloof, at least temporarily, from the new religion. However, this was not for long. The tide was setting too strongly towards Christianity, and Aleamotu'a both openly attended Christian worship, and succeeded peacefully to his throne. The visitors from Tahiti lived in Nuku'alofa, and commenced their worship in a small house, where they were joined by Aleamotu'a and a few people. But rapidly the band of worshippers grew, and soon, after about four months, it became necessary to build a larger chapel. Peter Vï, one the earliest Tongan Christians, and the first to become a Christian preacher, has left a description of the building of the chapel:—"Hape said that they should build a church, and Aleamotu'a agreed. Timber was cut at once in a place called Loloa, at some distance from Nuku'alofa. The rafters were of wild hibiscus (*fau*), and the floor of mangrove (*tongo*), and the building was coated with lime. To make seats *tavahi* was cut. The seats were placed lengthwise on either side, with a passage in the middle. The pulpit was placed in the centre of one side. The preacher stood facing to one side, and his listeners sat, men on his right hand and women on his left. The floor was covered with grass, a kind of grass useful for the floors of houses, but not the coarse flooring mat. And when we opened the church nearly everybody in Nuku'alofa turned to Christianity. Our dress for the opening of the church was a piece of unpainted *tapa*, with a split in the middle through which we thrust our heads. That was our dress for all our worship.

These were the chiefs who used to attend.—Aleamotuʻa, Ulakai, Namoa, Vakasiuola, ʻUhilamoelangi, and many young chiefs.

The two Tahitians, Hape and Tafeta, preached regularly on Sundays. And we were learning to read, but it was to read Tahitian, and we were becoming good at it, for we used to have family worship morning and evening in the Tahitian language." This church established by Hape and Tafeta in Nukuʻalofa was the beginning of Christian missions in Tonga, from which the work of the church has gone on in unbroken succession.

John Thomas and Nathaniel Turner

At the time when Hape and Tafeta were establishing their church in Nukuʻalofa, the long-standing resolution of the British Wesleyan Conference to send missionaries to Tonga was carried into effect. In June, 1826, two young men, John Thomas and John Hutchinson, appointed by the British Wesleyan church, landed in Hihifo, the western end of Tongatapu. Thomas was accompanied by his wife. Ata, the chief of Hihifo, received them with friendliness. He assigned them a piece of land, and had a house built for them. Then they set about their task of trying to gain proselytes to Christianity, but this was to try Ata's complaisance too far. Ata, a great and important chief, was, and is, the special guardian of the rites and special observances that adhere to the office of Tuʻi Kanokupolu, and, faced with this intrusion of a new religion, was loyal to his trust to preserve faithfully and transmit unimpaired the beliefs and ceremonies of ancient faith and custom. His courteous hospitality was unblemished, but he would countenance no proposal that he should desert the ancestral gods. To Thomas he said, "Your religion is good for you, and mine for me." He could not tolerate the thought of apostasy, either for himself or his people, whom he forbade to embrace the new religion. Mrs. Thomas wished to start a sewing class for the women and girls, but that, too, was forbidden.

In the face of Ata's opposition, Thomas was, for the moment, able to accomplish little, yet something was done. The preaching and instruction of Hape and Tafeta secured many interested adherents in Nukuʻalofa, who often walked the ten miles to Hihifo to listen to Mr. Thomas. A young man who became closely attached to Mr. Thomas was a son of Tupouniua, the slayer of Tukuʻaho, who had himself been killed by Tupoutoʻa. This young chief, named Lolohea, had talked in Vavaʻu with an English sailor about the Christian God. Lolohea did not at once become a Christian, but when Thomas settled in Hihifo he went to him there, to ask more questions and to receive further instruction. Soon Lolohea was converted to the new faith. His rank made him a man of much influence, and other young men, following his example, gathered about Thomas and joined in the praying and singing. Doubtless there was shaking of heads among the older folk, who could not understand what the young people were coming to these days, with their frivolous alacrity in exchanging the beliefs of their fathers for foreign innovations. Lolohea, unfortunately was ill. His sickness became worse, and in January, 1829, he died, not before being baptised as a Christian, the first fruits of Thomas's labours.

When the London Missionary Society's people in Tahiti heard that Hape and Tafeta had established a church in Nukuʻalofa, but that Wesleyan missionaries had come to another part of Tongatapu, they wrote to Thomas asking him to judge whether it were best to permit the two Tahitians to continue their work in Nukuʻalofa. If he wished he might send them back to Tahiti. Thomas approved what Hape and Tafeta were doing in Nukuʻalofa, and desired them to continue.

So discouraged did Thomas become by his lack of success in Hihifo that he thought it useless to remain longer in Tonga. A report he sent to Sydney gave much anxious concern to his colleagues there, but instead of withdrawing, the chairman of the Wesleyan church's work in Australia and New Zealand, Nathaniel Turner, determined to go to Tonga himself, taking

reinforcements with him. In 1828 Nathaniel Turner and William Cross landed in Nuku‘alofa. Turner, like Lawry in 1822, went to Tonga without the sanction of the committee in London, and was scolded by them for his independent action; but, again, like Lawry, he had the better of his encounter with authorities so many thousands of miles and months of time from the scene of action. Events vindicated Turner’s wisdom and decisiveness. Nathaniel Turner was a man of great energy and ability, with a buoyant temper, fortified by difficult missionary work in New Zealand, well suited for depressing circumstances. In Nuku‘alofa, however, where Turner and Cross entered into the thriving church begun by Hape and Tafeta, circumstances were not discouraging, as they were for Thomas in Hihifo. The Nuku‘alofa church was actively supported by Aleamotu‘a, officially installed as Tu‘i Kanokupolu in 1827, and when, in 1831, Turner returned to Sydney he left behind a vigorous church, rapidly spreading throughout the whole group. Cross was transferred to Fiji in 1835, where he died in 1842.

Within six months of the arrival of Turner and Cross in Nuku‘alofa there was a school of five hundred pupils, making good progress in reading and writing. The congregations at Sunday services were steadily growing. In the countryside and villages round about Nuku‘alofa interest was spreading. Probably by this time it would be better, instead of ‘countryside and villages,’ to say simply ‘villages.’ Anciently, with the exception of the Tu‘i Tonga’s capital, Lapaha or Mu‘a, there was no considerable township in the island. The people lived on farmsteads and plantations distributed throughout the land. They call this the period of *Fanongonongo Tokoto*, ‘proclaim instructions lying down’, when the orders of chiefs could be sent from one end of the land to the other, by men, lying in their own houses and shouting to their neighbours. The hazards and needs of war had caused the people to congregate into villages, frequently fortified, and this distribution of the population has continued ever since. It can scarcely he doubted, moreover, that in the first quarter of the nineteenth century the casualties of war and the hardships of hunger, consequent on the destruction of gardens and plantations, had occasioned a diminution of the population.

In 1828 and afterwards, then, Christian groups were forming in the villages about Nuku‘alofa, and with the church went schools. Tidings of events in and around Nuku‘alofa came to Vava‘u and Ha‘apai. From Vava‘u Fïnau sent a messenger to Turner and Cross begging them to give him a missionary. Aleamotu‘a wished Turner to go to Vava‘u and discuss there with Fïnau and his people what could be done, but so immersed was Turner in the work in Nuku‘alofa that he never was able to make the trip. In Ha‘apai Tupouto‘a’s son, Taufa‘ähau, undisputed master of that scattered cluster of islets, and usually called the king of Ha‘apai, likewise desired a missionary. He was his own messenger to bring his request to Turner and Cross. In the face of requests that could not be met, Turner wrote to the committee in London, imploring them to send more men. In 1829 the British Conference decided to appoint four additional men to Tonga, and also to send all the equipment needed for the printing of books.

While the chariot of the gospel was thus coursing rapidly forward in Nuku‘alofa, it was still bogged in the sands of Hihifo. Ata continued to forbid his people to become Christians. When Lolohea died the scanty band of hearers of Thomas’s instruction was still further diminished. The little group of young men who, with Lolohea, had gathered about Thomas, now agreed to go to Nuku‘alofa, where they thought the opportunities of instruction would be better. Some of their number, however, would stay in Hihifo, lest Mr. Thomas be hurt. The requests of Fïnau and Taufa‘ähau raised inescapably the question whether it was right to leave Thomas any longer in Hihifo. After discussion among themselves, the three missionaries went to Ata. Turner reminded him that Thomas had been with him for three years without accomplishing anything, that he was tired of staying in a place where he seemed to be useless, and that he had to try to do the work for which he had come. He wished to instruct Ata and his people, but Ata would not

allow the people to come to him. If Ata would not permit the people to attend church and school, the missionary would go where he could carry out his work. Ata was affected by the words of Turner, for he liked Thomas. He replied that he was fond of Thomas, and wished him to remain in Hihifo; but, as for his religion, he would have nothing to do with it. His mind was made up on that, as he was wont to tell Thomas, "It is good for you to venerate your god, and I mine. I am not angry with you, but I shall not change my religion for anybody, either for Thomas, or anyone else who may come from England. Thomas can please himself whether he stays here, or goes somewhere else. I won't he angry. The king of Ha'apai is worshipping Jehovah. If Thomas pleases he can go to Ha'apai, and teach the king of Ha'apai and his people, or go to Nuku'alofa—let him please himself where he lives." The three Englishmen thanked Ata for his candour, and one's heart warms towards this man, always courteous and friendly and hospitable, who so faithfully and loyally discharged the trust of his high office—clearly a man of integrity and stature. Following this conversation it was decided that Thomas and his wife, with such property as the mission owned in Hihifo, should be removed to Nuku'alofa, where they could work until preparations were made to receive them in Ha'apai. Ata's magnanimity was not disturbed, nor his kindness lessened, and he took Thomas and his wife to Nuku'alofa in his own canoe.

Taufa'ähau returned to Ha'apai, delighted at the prospect of soon having Thomas there with him. Thomas for a few months assisted his colleagues in Nuku'alofa. They were severely handicapped by the lack of a printing press. Books were urgently needed and strongly desired by the people, but all they could get had to be slowly and laboriously copied by hand.

Owing to the multitude of worshippers in Nuku'alofa it became necessary to enlarge the church. Many no longer desired merely to be hearers of sermons and Christian teaching, but to be recognised as adherents of the new religion. This was done by baptism. Among these neophytes was Moala, the wife of Aleamotu'a, who was baptised on 29th March, 1829, taking the baptismal name of Mary, Mele in Tongan. In the following January Aleamotu'a himself, and four of his children, were received by baptism into the church. The king took the name of Josiah. He addressed the people, telling them that henceforth he and his wife were followers of Jesus Christ, and urging them to follow their example. Many people came from Ha'apai and Vava'u to hear and see for themselves the strange events that were taking place in Nuku'alofa. The church would not contain the crowds that thronged to hear, and services had to be held on the seashore.

13a Ha'apai and Vava'u—Peter Vï's Narrative.

It was settled that Thomas should go to Ha'apai. Meanwhile he helped in Nuku'alofa, where there was so much to be done that his colleagues were in no hurry to let him go. Whilst Thomas delayed in Nuku'alofa, the Tongan Christian, Peter Vï, was sent to Ha'apai ahead of him. Peter Vï was the first Christian preacher in Ha'apai, and has left a lively account of his mission. At first Taufa'ähau, whom, following Tongan usage, we may call the king of Ha'apai without implying a rule independent of the great kingships of the Tu'i Tonga and Tu'i Kanokupolu, was not well pleased at the plan of sending a Tongan apostle in place of the Englishman whom he sought. Not all the chiefs of Ha'apai were willing to receive the new religion, but among those who were was the Tu'i Ha'ateiho, lord of one of the branches of the Fiji House from which husbands came for the Female Tu'i Tonga. It happened that a lady of the Tu'i Ha'ateiho's family had been ill, and had recovered after drinking medicine obtained from the Tahitians Hape and Tafeta. This inclined the Tu'iha'ateiho to become a Christian. It happened that Taufa'ähau came to Nuku'alofa, and, hearing that Peter Vï was to be sent to Ha'apai, he said to the missionaries, "If you send this man to Ha'apai, and the chiefs know that I haven't become a

Christian, won't they fall on him and kill him?" The missionaries, therefore, kept Peter Vï in Nuku'alofa, and Taufa'ähau, with three canoes, returned to Ha'apai.

Let Peter Vï tells his own story: In *Ko e Ta'u 'e Teau*, pp.76-87.#

After some time Taufa'ähau came back in the *Lolohea* (name of a plant bearing sweet-scented flowers), and with him Pangia (a chief of the Tu'i Tonga family) and Holakeituai (the name means "running away when it is already too late"), in the *Fekitaki*, 'Friendly Greetings'). The missionaries and Taufa'ähau agreed that I should go with him to Ha'apai. When the morning came that I was to sail, everybody went on hoard, but I slipped away to say good-bye to the missionaries, who told me just to wait a little. When this delay continued the chiefs got tired of waiting, for when noon had come I was still being told to wait. At last Taufa'ähau called out to Pangia that he was going, and he could wait for me. When I went on board Pangia's canoe Taufa'ähau was already well out, near the island of Fafä. We made sail, and set off, but the wind was dead ahead, and we saw Taufa'ähau' s canoe make for one of the villages (Navutoka) on the north-east coast of Tongatapu, and we followed them. That night we spent in this village of Navutoka, and the leading men of the place came together and said, "Let us kill the teacher;" but one of them, a matäpule named Taungula, checked them, saying, "That's no good. The king of Ha'apai would he terribly angry, for he and the missionaries have agreed to take the teacher to Ha'apai."

The next day we sailed again, and the king of Ha'apai's canoe went on ahead to 'Uiha, but we turned in to Mango, and stayed there for the night, for our boat was slow. The people of Mango told Pangia and Holakeituai, "The chiefs of Ha'apai are very angry with you two, for it is you who have persuaded the king of Ha'apai to bring the teacher." One of the crew, named Tüfui (probably the captain), said "Let us go to Fiji."

Pangia replied, "We'll see."

Then we sailed again Holakeituai proposed that we should turn off to Ha'afeva (one of the westward islands of Ha'apai), get provisions, and sail to Fiji. But to this Peter Vï and Pangia objected, "Jehovah and the Tu'i Kanokupolu would be angry. You know that we have come here at the bidding of Taufa'ähau. I don't want to go to Fiji. Let us go on, and see how things are." So we set ourselves a sign, which was if, when we got close to shore, we saw Haveahikule'o (perhaps the name of a priest) sitting in a ragged dress, we would know that the chiefs of Ha'apai were exceedingly angry. When we came near to land (of Lifuka) we saw Tu'uhetoka (a great warrior who was a close friend of Taufa'ähau). And Pangia ordered, "You, Tüfui, and the teacher go ashore, but we'll stay here in the boat, and if things don't look good we'll sail straight off to Fiji." So we went ashore, and saw Taufa'ähau sitting in a small house. He smiled at me, and I said to myself, "That's a good sign." When we had had something to eat, Taufa'ähau said, "The chiefs here seem to be angry, but what is there to be angry about?" He told us to see about a house for me to live in, and meanwhile took me to a house of his own near the bush to live with him, as food was scarce at the time, for pigs and yams and so on were *tapu*, in preparation for the king of Ha'apai's wedding. Taufa'ähau was not yet a Christian, but he was kind to me, and looked after me. We used to hold religious services with Pangia and Tüfui, and a few young men.

There were many heathen temples and priests, and one day Taufa'ähau said to Peter Vï and some others, "Let us go and see the woman in Holopeka, who they say is a priestess." (Holopeka is not far from Taufa'ähau's capital in the island of Lifuka). As we walked along the king broke off a big plantain stem, and went on ahead. And Peter Vï asked him what that was for. He replied, "To smite the devil."

I said, "Don't kill her, and get us a had name."

Then the king broke off the leafy top of the plantain shoot, and we came to the woman's house. She had misgivings, and was afraid; but Taufa'ähau said, "This chap (that is, the god of the priestess) shouldn't be afraid of my nosegay." The woman immediately sat down, and her face became red, and her body trembled (in her state of possession or ecstasy). *kava* was prepared, and attendants were ordered to get a large plantain leaf to make a cup A *pelu*.# for her, so that she might have a big drink. Well had it been for the priestess if she had drunk "with harness on her throat," for as she flung back her head, draining her big cup, Taufa'ähau with the plantain stem smote "her windpipe's dangerous notes," and she sank back unconscious. At once a cry was raised. We had another drink of *kava*, and then left and went home. Ever since the priests heard of this they have been afraid. Their rites have been practiced in secret, and have declined.

On our first Sunday in Ha'apai we had a church service at the place called Ikalahi ('Much' or 'Big Fish'). I preached, and that was the first sermon in Ha'apai. On the week day we went and took the devil's *kava* and *alo* (food offering?), and came home to sleep. What we used to do was to learn to read, and to write on a slate, and we made rapid progress in learning to read, for it was determined that the Lord would use of it for the sake of Tonga.

A thing that inclined Taufa'ähau towards Christianity was a report that the chief of Nomuka was coming to some other chiefs, and that they were going to seize Taufa'ähau, and kill the Christians. When I heard this I wrote it on a slate, and sent it to the king's compound. He was not at home just then, but next day he read it (apparently with the help of a lad). This is what I wrote, "Be it known to thee, O Taufa'ähau, that there is report that the chiefs are coming to seize thee, and slay the friends who are Christians." And Taufa'ähau wept. That day was held a heathen festival (called *Tautau-loto-fonua*) at the entrance of the village. There was boxing and wrestling and so on. The king went to the festival, and called to the people, "Let any who are Christian come and stand here on this side." He gathered them to the place where he lived himself, Pangai, and told them, "Meet here this afternoon, and we shall worship. Now each one go and bake your pig to eat, and cut your cloth for a *vala* (loin cloth). Do nothing else. Let there be no quarrelling." And the Christians went away with glad hearts.

We did not meet that afternoon, but the king was praying in his heart in secret; but the time was to come when he would pray openly. He did not urge anyone to become a Christian, but he said that we had had our own truth in this country in our worship of our heathen gods, and in keeping their behests. There was no anger or repression, but the sacred things of heathen worship went on being done and observed—trees, *kava* bowls, ivory. Yet he burnt the temples that could be burnt, struck down the things that could be struck down, and smashed the things that could be smashed.

One day he said to me, "Let us go for a walk inland." We went to a place where were objects sacred to the sea god Tu'utu'umata, charms and diseases and all kinds of things. He took them and tied them together, and went down to Velata, where there is sugarcane growing. A sea god was hanging there, and we took that too, with what it was hanging on. We brought them all, and made a fire. He made the fire blaze up, and piled on it the gods we had brought.

Then we made our way to the king's house, and on to the sea to bathe, at the place where the hibiscus grow that are good for building houses. We undressed, and swam to where there is an opening in the reef out to the open sea. There he called the names of the fierce and mischievous gods of the sea, and we chanted their names, "Taufa'itahi, ë, Fili-momo-haehae-tahi." He kept this up until he was tired of calling to the sharks. The ferocity of the fish in that place is terrible. Many times he called to them.

One day we were going to Hä‘ano (about ten miles from Lifuka), and as the double canoe was sailing along a big shark came alongside. Taking his iron-tipped spear Taufa‘ähau set himself a sign—if it were the sea-god Taufa‘itahi (‘Taufa of the sea’) his spear would miss, but if it were just a shark he would hit it. He threw the spear, and missed. Then he cast Paul Tapu (a Christian) and me into the sea. We recovered the spear, and swam ashore with it, to a place called Fakakakai (a village near the end of Hä‘ano); but the canoe went on to the middle part of the island. We put plantain leaf about ourselves, and walked along to the central village. As we reached the village we met the king coming away from a *kava* party. Then he saw us he chuckled, and said, “I thought the sea god would have eaten you.”

We slept there that night, and early next morning went to a place where a ship had been wrecked, and tried to recover her anchor. We did not get the anchor, but we found a big pot and a cannon which we brought away with us.

Later, Mr. Thomas came to Ha‘apai, but by then there were only three islands not Christian—Nomuka, ‘Uiha and Tungua.

After Mr. Thomas had arrived Fïnau came from Vava‘u to Ha‘apai with a missionary asked Taufa‘ähau to stop them beating the time for the dance. But the king said to let them alone, and take no notice; they will get tired of it—they are unenlightened people. After one set of dances they stopped, and had no more.

Put the people of Ha‘apai and Vava‘u were dreadfully angry with Peter Vï. One of the chiefs went with a club to the king of Ha‘apai, and said, “I’ve come to ask your permission to take that fellow out and kill him.”

“What fellow?” asked Taufa‘ähau.

“Peter Vï.”

I don’t know what the king of Ha‘apai said to him, but I think he admonished him, for when I went early next morning to the king’s compound he told me, “Last night ‘Ufitu‘a (the name of the chief) came with a great club to murder you, but I talked to him, and he gave up the idea.”

After this Fïnau’s canoes went to Hä‘ano, and a quarrel broke out between Luani and Pangia (a Christian chief of the Tu‘i Tonga family) and Pangia was wounded (or slain). At once word was brought to Lifuka, and in the middle of the night we heard shouting. The people of the village ran together, and we thought there was going to be a fight. But Taufa‘ähau calmed them saying, “Let us sit quietly, and do nothing, for Fïnau knows all about it.” And behold the king was right, and it was as he said.

At the close of Fïnau’s visit he and Taufa‘ähau agreed to build boats, and hold a regatta. So in 1831 Taufa‘ähau sailed for Vava‘u with fourteen canoes, and Peter Vï with him. The first part of Vava‘u that we touched at was the island of Falevai. We spent a Sunday there, and that was the first place in Vava‘u where I preached. Then we went on to Koloa (another island of Vava‘u), and a big festival was held while we were there. At night I took a present to Fïnau, with a letter from the missionaries, and read it to him. As I read a woman came and stood at the door, and shouted, “You’re lying, you there all decked out for festival!”

Then Fïnau had some *tapa* brought me, and I said, “I’m going to my lodging.” He assented, and I went.

When the great day of the regatta came I went first to Fïnau. There had been a night of dances, and the people were coming away from them. I found him sitting alone in front of his house. After we had greeted one another, I said, without further ado, “Our festivities will soon he finished, and I want to know what is your mind about Christianity, for I long that you should

know Jehovah our saviour. Would that you might recognise how we have been deceived by the devil, because we have been living in darkness."

He replied, "I love my land and people."

"Well," I said, "if you become a Christian will your land and people disappear? Won't you still have them? I wish you would turn to Christianity, and the missionary, Mr. Cross, will be sent to you. I hope you will trust in nothing else, but only in Jesus Christ."

I went on explaining to him, and his face wore a pleasant expression, as though his feelings were kindly. Just then a man named Palefau came, and Fïnau said to him, "This chap is telling me some queer stuff. He says forsooth that the gods we worship are false."

I expected that this gentleman would be angry, but he asked Fïnau, "Who is it?"

"Peter Vi," he answered.

Then Palefau said, "Well, what do you think about it? Has our country ever had any wisdom from the priests? No; any ass can go and become a priest." He went on to tell us about a man named Faka'iloatonga who was dying, but I continued my explanations. In the afternoon I said to Fïnau, "I'm going down to the sea; you go on with your preparations for your dances." That night, while the dances were in progress, Faka'iloatonga died, and his body was taken to Makave. Early next morning Taufa'ähau called me, "Come Peter, we'll go to the funeral at Makave."

After the burial we went to weave mats (either for baskets to bring sand from the shore to the grave, or to wall and floor the house on the grave mound). As I was going along I saw a European who lived with Fïnau walking up and down. When he recognised me he beckoned me to him, and led me to a place in the bush by the sea, where Fïnau was waiting. He said, "I sent to find you because I wish to become a Christian, but I don't like to have the missionary from Tonga you spoke of. I want to have a missionary who will come from England to Ha'apai, and then on here."

I replied, "Fïnau, don't think like that. It is not a matter of a missionary of Tonga, but a missionary of all our group of lands. The reason the missionaries are living in Tonga is that their houses are there, and their gardens. Besides, the reason why they have not come her is that they did not know whether you would receive them kindly or not."

He answered, "That will do. You go, and know that I am a Christian; but bring me a missionary from England." So I left him.

After this we went to Koloa (where the fleet had anchored on its arrival), and I was expecting to sail at any moment for Ha'apai in a single outrigger canoe. We were there for two nights, and then Taufa'ähau returned to the mainland of Vava'u for Halaevalu Mata'aho (a very high born lady, who was, first, wife of the Tu'i Ha'ateiho, to whom she bore the Tamahä, Fakahiku-'o-'Uiha, baptised 'Amelia when she became a Christian, and secondly, to the Tu'i Tonga, Laufilitonga, and the mother of a princess from whom is descended Queen Sälote). While he was on the mainland he and Fïnau spoke about their holding a Christian service together on the following Sunday. Straightway Taufa'ähau went and took the *kava* of the sea-god, Taufa'itahi, and mocked it and burnt it. We returned to the mainland and held our service with Fïnau, but Vava'u was in turmoil. They were divided in two. Fïnau was in Neiafu, and Luani in Feletoa, and the people were in two groups with them—the Christians with Fïnau, and the heathen with Lua. It seemed that there would be war.

We returned to Ha'apai, leaving Christians in Vava'u. Fïnau expected that I would he appointed to Vava'u, but Mr. Thomas did not consent to my going, and sent David Fata.

Afterwards Jeremiah Kamoto was brought from Tonga, and sent to Vava‘u. When the news reached Tonga that there were Christians in Vava‘u, and that heathen temples had been burned, it was feared that there would be war. Taufa‘āhau therefore sailed to Tonga, but nothing happened, and he returned to Ha‘apai, where he got a message from Fīnau, urging him to go at once to Vava‘u, where war seemed imminent. I went with Taufa‘āhau, and we anchored at the island of Taunga. Luani was fortifying a place called ‘Ōtea. Two fishing boats came to us, and the crews asked who we were. “Taufa‘āhau from Ha‘apai.”

The fishermen threw up their hands in amazement, exclaiming, “We thought it was a canoe from Fiji.”

Next day we went on to Neiafu where Fīnau was. Immediately the king of Ha‘apai, with his queen, went to ‘Ōtea to attempt conciliation, but the people there mocked and insulted them. After several further attempts at conciliation Fīnau begged Taufa‘āhau to go to Luani in his fortress, and inquire what he wished to do. I went with him. We stood under a *fetulona* (laurel) tree, and Taufa‘āhau said, “I am come at the bidding of Fīnau, to beg you not to yield to the bad advice of your family, out of affection to them.”

And Luani replied, “What sort of men are you, that you have been so unkind to me, and did not come and take me, your father, to Ha‘apai?”

“How is it that you speak thus to me?” replied Taufa‘āhau. “I came and anchored at yonder island, and why was no message brought to me to come and take you to Ha‘apai?”

Luani answered, “Draw near, you unkind man.”

But Taufa‘āhau said, “I would willingly go to you, only you might not be able to protect me from your kinsfolk there.”

So all day long we took messages between Taufa‘āhau and Luani, and at night we slept.

Early next morning word came that there had been a clash between Ha‘apai warriors and men from Luani’s fortress. Then Taufa‘āhau, and I with him, hastened to the scene of the skirmish. Luani’s two fortresses of Feletoa and ‘Ōtea were inland about three or four miles from Neiafu. When we got there Taufa‘āhau ordered, “If anyone wishes to shoot, let him shoot.” Then he said to me, “You go to Neiafu. Let Fīnau and Luani stop arguing with their people. If things don’t go well, let the young men of Neiafu come here to match themselves with the men of the fortress.”

A man named Ngatu called out, “Hey, Taufa‘āhau, bid the men of the isles (Ha‘apai) to go away.”

But Taufa‘āhau answered, “What are you talking about? Giving up? Is this the first time we’ve landed in Vava‘u? Haven’t we been coming here and capturing it, from olden times?”

We went down to Fīnau, and he ordered us to build ramparts to starve ‘Ōtea. So we cut all sorts of timber, and built our ramparts. So there we were, the two sides watching one another. It happened that some Ha‘apai men prowling round outside ‘Ōtea captured a party from the other side. They did not kill them, but bound them alive. Taufa‘āhau was trying to make peace. One day he bade us stay inside our own fort, ordering that nobody should go away, whilst he went and called to Tavake and Mahe‘uli‘uli to come and confer with us. He believed that if they came there would be no fighting. This was done. When the two men came out to Taufa‘āhau he said to them, “You leave your fort and come with me to our fort.” But when our people and their people knew that they had come to us, suddenly our soldiers rushed out and attacked the other fortress. The warriors of Nomuka stormed it, set it on fire, and sacked it; but Taufa‘āhau brought Luani and his chiefs into his own house, and went to find out what were the wishes of Fīnau. Then

Fïnau named several men whom he wished to be put to death, Taufa‘ähau replied, “All right,” and then came and told me Fïnau’s wishes and the names of the men to be killed.

I said to him, “I beseech you do not let them be slain. Let what is done be in accord with our new ways. See, they have surrendered to you and Fïnau.”

He replied, “Well, go to Fïnau.” By now warriors had come with their weapons to do the killing.

So I went immediately to Fïnau, and sat down before him. “Fïnau,” I said. He was standing before me, and I went on, “Grant that I may speak to you. This is not a good time for me to speak to you, but excuse that and permit me to speak. Be mindful of our Lord and Taufa‘ähau. Let no such thing be done, for your own sake and for the sake of Taufa‘ähau also. Let there be no murder done, for it is evil in this religion. Rather take counsel that, if needs be, they may be allowed to sail away to some other island.”

“All right,” replied Fïnau; “you and Taufa‘ähau do as you choose, for you are wise. Yet—how often has Mahe‘uli‘uli -” and just then Taufa‘ähau came in, and said, “What’s this about keeping them alive? Didn’t they make war on Ha‘apai, and I went and brought him with all the courtesy due to a chief?” Then Fïnau went off, and Taufa‘ähau said, “Come on, let us be going,” and went off at once, beckoning to the men to go with him. Five of them followed him. He was ill inclined to these men, but I sat down and pleaded with him, “I beseech you that they may not die; but if they are to die let them die in Fïnau’s country, that you and we may be clear.” Fïnau became angry, and went down to the sea; but they followed my advice to allow the men to go away. Fïnau exclaimed impatiently, “Bring the Lofanga boat for Luani and his people, and the Leimätu‘a boat for the others.” There were a good number of us who were sailing.

Next morning we prepared to embark. The chiefs who had been named to die went and sat down before Fïnau, who angrily told Luani to go and find any place he could to live in with his people. Vava‘u men saw to the sails and rigging of the canoes, but it was Taufa‘ähau who helped them to go on board. So we sailed, but it was found that the rigging of Luani’s boat was cut. They put in at Hunga (in Vava‘u) and repaired it. After calling at Mounga‘one (one of the Ha‘apai islands) they went on to Tonga.

This is the end of Peter Vï’s narrative of the taking of Christianity to Ha‘apai and Vava‘u. The Fïnau, or Fïnau ‘Ulukälala, who was paramount chief in Vava‘u at this time, is the quiet and thoughtful man, described in such engaging terms by Mariner, who succeeded his warlike father just before Mariner left the group.

Taufa‘ähau, when he was formally admitted by baptism to Christianity, took the name of George, presumably after George IV of England. His wife, the beautiful Lupepau‘u, was baptised by the name of Charlotte, in Tongan Sälote, after George III’s queen. Neither she nor her two children lived long. Another Sälote was the (daughter of Taufa‘ähau, borne to him by his wife *Ha‘a-lau-fuli*. She was a remarkable woman, who shared many of the great qualities of her illustrious father. Her grandson, Taufa‘ähau II, succeeded Taufa‘ähau as king towards the close of the nineteenth century. Another wife of Taufa‘ähau, Fusimatalili, was baptised Caroline, or Kalolaine, after the queen of George IV of England. Her granddaughter was the mother of the second Taufa‘ähau.

Taufa‘ähau is said to have to have received his name from the sea god Taufa, who had a temple at a place called ‘Ähau. When he was a child he was seriously ill, but recovered on being taken, with prayer and sacrifice, to the temple of Taufa of ‘Ähau, and henceforth was known as Taufa‘ähau, Taufa of ‘Ähau. Another fairly familiar name of this great man is Maeakafa, ‘Sinnet Rope’, a nickname bestowed in admiration of his strength of body, mind and character.

Often he is known as Tupou, which is not a personal name, but the title of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu which became his in 1845. A grandson of Taufa‘ähau, descended from the king’s wife Pasikole???, a gentleman of fine courtesy and charm, whose friendship I enjoyed and valued, told me that his grandfather, with characteristic candour, confided to him that he embraced Christianity, not only because he was dissatisfied with the Tongan gods, but also because he saw the superiority of foreign steel knives and implements to their Tongan equivalents.

In following Peter Vï to Ha‘apai we have left John Thomas waiting in Tonga for a letter from the Mission Board in England, appointing him to Ha‘apai. The wait was longer than he had expected, and it is said that one day a small box or package was found washed up on the beach. When it was opened the long awaited letter was found inside. It seems that the ship on which the letter was sent was lost at sea, and no trace of her found other than the package containing the letter. Thomas, now that his way was officially cleared, removed to Ha‘apai in January, 1830. He arrived in Lifuka on a Saturday, and on the following day preached to a congregation of 300, from Isaiah, LV, vv.6,7. By this time, as Peter Vï has told us, only the islands of Nomuka, Tungua and ‘Uiha were still heathen in Ha‘apai; but by this he could scarcely mean that all the inhabitants of the remaining islands had become Christian.

(See Gifford, *Tongan Society* p.222 Charles Munkin??? p.97) It is not to belittle and sincerity of Taufa‘ähau’s Christian faith to recognise that with his zeal for proselytism went the clear aim of bringing the whole of Ha‘apai, Vava‘u, and finally Tongatapu under his rule. Doubtless, being a man, he was not unmoved by personal ambitions, but above all, he was a clear-sighted statesman who saw the need of ending the dissensions that had long disturbed the kingdom by the re-establishment of strong central government. The intrusion of white men into the Pacific made this more than ever essential. The Tongan old order was passing, and something political and religious — and the political and religious were inextricably intertwined — that had sustained tranquility and peace, were crumbling. Reception of the white man’s religion, proficiency in his use of reading and writing, were conditions of a peaceful unity that would maintain Tonga, free in the perilous invasion of her sees. To induce, control, even force, the people of ‘Uiha, as of other places, to embrace Christianity went hand in hand with persuading or forcing them to acknowledge his authority. Several guns are in the island of ‘Uiha, in the village which stands in its broad grassy lawn in between the lordly burial places and the sea. None of the *Port au Prince*‘s guns are to be seen in Lifuka where they were landed. Where the ‘Uiha guns came from is not clear. Perhaps Täufa‘ähau took them there, though the stratagem of the pigs in Vava‘u probably made unnecessary their use. That, however, is only a guess. However, they seemed to be good Wesleyan guns, as four of them were stuck at the corners of the ground on which the Wesleyan church stood. Wesleyan possession was not unchallenged, and in my time claims to them were made on behalf of the community as a whole

In 1831 three new missionaries, Peter Turner, James Watkin and a printer named Woon arrived from England. Watkin and Woon were kept in Tonga, and Turner sent to Ha‘apai.

In that same year, 1831, Taufa‘ähau went with his canoes to Vava‘u to hold the regatta he had planned with Fïnau. He brought a message from Thomas to Fïnau that, if he gave up his heathen gods, it would not be long before he got a missionary. So Fïnau determined to test his gods in an experiment much less perilous than Taufa‘ähau’s trial of the shark gods. He brought out seven idols, which may have been rudely carved figures, or clubs, or even bundles with sacred objects in them, and ranged them before him. He addressed the little group, “I’ve brought you out to try you, and I’m telling you straight what is going to be done to make matters clear.” Then to each in turn he said, “If you are a god run away before you are burnt in the fire!” None stirred, and Fïnau ordered the temples, eighteen of them, to be burnt. But the luckless gods were not left without witness. Rain commenced to fall, and poured down so long that the temples could not be burnt.

Fïnau, however, was not deterred, and in three days the temples were consumed. Many of the people, with less hardihood than their chief, held the rain to be a portent, and were afraid because of what was done to their ancient gods and their temples. Nonetheless, temples and gods perished in the flames, and no calamity followed. The people recovered their peace of mind, and concluded that their old gods were false. Unfortunately, Fïnau and Taufa‘ähau, instead of resorting to fire, could not have been expected to say, "We'll pack all these things up, and, when a ship comes in, we'll send them to Sydney for the museum they have just started there a couple of years ago." Obviously Fïnau had long been skeptical about his religion, for it will be remembered that, more than twenty years before, while Mariner was still with him, he had determined to discontinue the offering of first-fruits to the Tu‘i Tonga, observing that when, through war, this expensive ceremony was intermitted, it had made no difference to the crops.

While the Ha‘apai fleet was in Vava‘u her people did their best to pass on to their hosts the knowledge of the new faith, and the Vava‘u people were eager learners. The Ha‘apai canoes took back with them a request from Fïnau that a missionary be sent to Vava‘u. None of the English missionaries was free to go, but two Tongan teachers were sent. Soon hundreds of people were gathering at Christian services. The fortress, which had been built at ‘Ötea as a stronghold of the old faith, was burnt.

Vava‘u was not left long without its missionary. Cross was sent to Vava‘u, Thomas returned to Tonga, and Watkin took his place as Peter Turner's colleague in Ha‘apai. Nathaniel Turner, whose ability and energy had placed the mission on a sound footing, had long been struggling against ill health, continuing his work against his colleagues‘ advice. But he was not able to hold out any longer, nor was it now so necessary that he should try to, and he returned to Australia.

Woon, with his printing-press and supplies, was a most welcome reinforcement to the mission staff. From April, 1831 to February, 1832 he printed 17,000 little reading books of passages from the Scriptures, but then his supply of paper was almost exhausted. As soon as Thomas and his wife had landed in Lifuka they had opened two schools, one, conducted by Mr. Thomas, for men and boys, and the other by Mrs. Thomas for women and girls. As churches were multiplied schools were increased, where young and old eagerly applied themselves to learning to read and write, among them Taufa‘ähau, who learnt with his people this new means of communicating and sharing thought.

In the beginning of 1832 Mr. and Mrs. Cross left Nuku‘alofa to take up the appointment in Vava‘u. With seventy others they boarded a double canoe, laden with personal belongings and equipment for the mission in Vava‘u. Their plan was to reach Nomuka before nightfall, and spend there the following day—a Sunday. They left Nuku‘alofa with a fair wind, but a heavy swell. With this warning of impending tempest it seems strange that they left Nuku‘alofa, for December to March is the season of hurricanes. Did the Englishman's confident eagerness to be at his new work overbear the skill and experience of Tongan mariners? Soon the storm broke upon them. About midday the yardarm snapped, and the mast carried away. As the afternoon wore on the tempest became more violent, and the ship was in danger. Darkness fell, and throughout the night, with no star appearing to show them whither they went, the canoe was driven by the tumult of wind and wave. At daylight land was discerned, and they wondered whether it were in Fiji or Tonga. When they were able to see more clearly they recognised it as one of the islands to the north of Tongatapu, whither they determined now to return. Suddenly the turbulence of the waves ceased, and the wind became a gentle breeze before which they drifted towards the Tongan mainland. They were in the central calm of the hurricane. Before the sun set on the second night they were in sight of the small island of ‘Atatä, off the western end of Tongatapu. Then, with a swift change, the storm burst upon them from the east. Another day ended, and the disabled canoe was swallowed up in darkness and the raging wind and billows.

Presently they were among breakers. The canoe, borne helpless before wind and wave, was cast upon a reef, and her people thrown into the sea. Cross, holding his wife, was swept into the sea, but the waves beat her to death. Still clasping her, his own strength was failing when, almost exhausted, he was seized by a Fijian, who drew him onto a plank, to which he tied the body of Mrs. Cross. Somehow the crew, strong and intrepid sailors and swimmers, managed to lash together some planks to form a raft, on which twenty of them drifted to a little islet, where they moored their raft to an overhanging tree. These twenty gained the shore, and later others joined them. When, towards midday, the wind fell, a canoe came from the western district of the mainland, and took them off. The plank with the body of Mrs. Cross lashed to it disappeared, but later drifted ashore in Hihifo. Besides Mrs. Cross another woman, five children and fourteen men lost their lives.

Cross, thus grievously bereaved, went to Australia for a holiday, but in no long time after his return to Tonga he, with another Tongan missionary, David Cargill, volunteered to serve in Fiji. In 1836 they removed to Fiji where, in 1842, Cross died, "literally tired to death, after eight years of suffering and labour in the Friendly Islands and six in Fiji." (Findlay and Holdsworth, op.cit., p.399).

Chapter 14

At the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the work of the London Missionary Society was directed by the famous John Williams, whose parish or sphere of work was rather loosely defined as the groups of Tahiti. John Williams was a man of tireless energy and wide resourcefulness. The story of the ship he built in Rarotonga, and of the "talking chip" - the scrap of wood on which he sent a message to his wife - was familiar to Australian school children of half a century ago. This ship, the *Messenger of Peace*, carried the London Missionary Society's flag to many islands of the South Pacific, and was the predecessor of a series of vessels which have borne the name of the pioneer of missionary navigation, *John Williams*. Doubtless he found, as did a notable Methodist missionary, Matthew Gilmour, who built, a century later, a fine launch in Papua, that the native men rapidly became skilful and efficient craftsmen. [[NOTE: "To p.125 Esi o Mumui & Nukuʻalofa fortress": (the cathedral of the Wesleyan mission in Tonga.)

The Tongan name of Saione is *Sia o Mumui*, Mound of Mumui, who was Tui Kanokupolu from 1793 to I797. It was not a natural elevation, but was raised by the hand of man, and on it Mumui's house was built. The Sia o Mumui is part both of the ancient and modern Nukuʻalofa, which seems to mean Land of love, or possibly Place of the Tern. One story about the origin of the name says that it was given by shipwrecked Samoans who received food; there. (Gifford, *Tongan Place NamesD, Honolulu, 1923). Mumui was the first Tui Kanokupolu who held Nukuʻalofa. Previously the area belonged to the Tui Haʻatakalaua, and came to Mumui through his marriage to a woman of that house. In the wars with Fïnau the hill was part of the fortress of Nukuʻalofa, and remains of the old fortifications were still there when the church was built.] Williams, having built his Messenger of Peace*, naturally went sailing about in her. In 1830 he attempted to land a missionary named Balfe and eight Tahitian teachers on the island of Niuë; but the people of Niue were as hostile to missionary visitors as they had been to Cook, who in 1774, had given the name of Savage to their island because of their unfriendliness. Wlliams, therefore, bore away westwards, taking with him several young men from Niue, whom he hoped to train as Christian apostles to their own countrymen. In July, 1830 he reached Nukuʻalofa, where the two Tahitians, who had successfully founded a Christian church, were still living. The larger church made necessary by the rapid growth of the Christian congregation in Nukuʻalofa was being built when Williams arrived, By this time the work of Hape and Tafeta was being continued by English Wesleyan missionaries. The new church was built on a hill near the sea, cast up by Mumui in the end of the 18th century to be the site of his house. Remains of the fortifications raised during the wars with Fïnau were still there when the church was built. To the height in its new function a Christian, or Jewish name was given, Saione, Zion, and for a century the church on Saione was the cathedral of Tonga.

Williams had planned to go from Tonga to Fiji and the New Hebrides and thence to Samoa, but, after discussions with the Wesleyan missionaries and others in Tonga, he determined to sail direct to Samoa. In Nukuʻalofa Williams and Balfe discussed with Nathaniel Turner and Cross plans of future work that would avoid overlapping and rivalry between the London and Wesleyan societies. It was agreed that Samoa be left to the London Missionary Society, and Fiji to the Wesleyans. Meanwhile the two Tahitians, Hape and Tafeta, were to go to Fiji to prepare the way for the time when the Wesleyans could undertake a mission there.

From Nuku‘alofa the *Messenger of Peace* sailed to Ha‘apai, where Williams met not only John Thomas and Taufa’ähau, but also Fïnau of Vava‘u. Fïnau had not yet decided to become a Christian, but when Williams asked him if he would accept a Christian teacher in Vava‘u, he replied that he would allow a teacher to settle in his land, give him a place to live in, and see that no harm befell him, but as for himself he would not change his faith. Williams stated that Tahitian teachers had already gone to Vava‘u, but two of them did not prove acceptable apostatizing of Christianity, and one had removed to Nuku‘alofa.

Chapter 15

Vava‘u and Samoa

In 1833 Fïnau died. As Fïnau sensed the approach of death he designated Taufa‘ähau as his successor. The chiefs approved, and Taufa‘ähau became king of Vava‘u as well as of Ha‘apai. Jione Malia (gives a somewhat different account of this expansion of Taufa‘ähau’s power. He says that Fïnau, whose heir was Matekitonga, a young lad at the time of his father’s death, entrusted him to the tutelage of Taufa‘ähau until he should he old enough to assume authority for himself, but that Taufa‘ähau “was never willing to admit that Matekitonga was old enough to rule, and had himself recognised as chief by Vava‘u which feared him.” [[???NOTE: “Put later.”]] Both accounts may contain some truth, but the distinction has no basis in political reality. Taufa‘ähau, as son of a Tu‘i Kanokupolu and the most powerful chief of the line of Ngata, of which the Tu‘i Kanokupolu was head, would not assume the subordinate title of ‘Ulukälala, who was head of the junior line of Ngata. He did not abolish the title of ‘Ulukälala, or swallow it up in his own lordships, for it still exists today. During these years Taufa‘ähau was paramount chief of both Ha‘apai and Vava‘u, destined in no long time, on the death of his great-uncle Aleamotu‘a in 1845, to be appointed to the office of Tu‘i Kanokupolu and kingship of the whole group.

In 1833 two new missionaries arrived from England, Charles Tucker and David Cargill, who later went to Fiji with William Cross, where, like him, he died. In Ha‘apai and Tonga Christianity went steadily forward, with in the main only the kinds of incident and difficulty which belong to a rapidly expanding enterprise with too few skilled workers and insufficient equipment. In Vava‘u, however, there came, in 1834, an extraordinary wave of religious enthusiasm. The two missionaries Peter Turner and David Cargill (not yet removed to Fiji) agreed with some of the Vava‘u Christians to pray continually for the gift of the Holy Spirit. One Tuesday a Tongan preacher was conducting a service in the village of ‘Utui, when signs of more lively religious conviction and emotion appeared in his congregation. They continued praying till night, and many were converted. On the following Sunday similar phenomena appeared in another village, all of whom, numbering some five hundred, turned to Christianity. The movement spread from district to district, and from island to island. Daily work, even in the schools, was suspended; white people, as well as brown, gave themselves up to prayer. It is estimated that two thousand, or more, converts were won to Christianity, not in Vava‘u only, but throughout the group. Lifuka and other islands of Ha‘apai, and more distant Tonga, felt the power of the movement. Foreign visitors were affected. A ship put in to Vava‘u and a dinghy was sent ashore for water. One of the sailors became separated from his shipmates, who returned to their vessel without him. As the deserted man wandered about he saw a group of Tongans praying and singing, he understood not a word of what they said, but, feeling their warmth and sincerity, knelt and prayed with them. In this year Christianity may be said to have captured the whole of Vava‘u and Ha‘apai. One of the last of the Ha‘apai islands to succumb was ‘Uiha, seat of a cemetery of special importance and sacredness. Taufa‘ähau shed the light of the gospel abroad in ‘Uiha by a stratagem, in which perhaps was a threat of force. He sent off 160 men from ‘Uiha to get pigs for him from Vava‘u. The island, denuded of its fighting men, accepted Christianity, and burnt their temples. It is not improbable that there were political overtones to this story of conversion by guile, and that the nub of the matter was that the people of ‘Uiha were disposed to dispute the authority of Taufa‘ähau, who had deserted the old faith.

Tungua and Nomuka were also tardy in their acceptance of Christianity. That was to be expected of Tungua which, as the island of the Tamahä, had an especial closeness of association with the Tu‘i Tonga and the ancient polity.

In Tonga, or Tongatapu, Christianity spread steadily, but a good number were reluctant to change their religion. This is not hard to understand as Tongatapu was preeminently the head of Tongan society and polity, and of the sanctions with which it was interwoven, and by which it was sustained.

A larger church was required in Lifuka, and in 1835 was erected a building which, it was claimed, was the largest so far constructed in Tonga. It was 108 feet long, and 45 feet wide. Members of the London missionary Society’s party, however, who came to Tonga in 1797, say that they saw in Tongatapu a building 120 feet long, and 54 feet wide. A large Tongan building is beautiful and impressive. Great posts, frequently of ironwood, form gleaming richly brown pillars. Fine roof principals and a network of rafters support the lofty roof and curving gable ends. No nails are used, all timbers are strongly bound with beautiful brown sinnet, arranged with skill and taste, in charming designs. But more than in details the artistic distinction of the structures is in their general harmony and rhythm of proportion. European structures, easier to build and more durable, are elbowing aside the native architecture, and today, if it were desired to erect a large Tongan building, craftsmen would have to be trained afresh before the task could be undertaken. A good-sized church which I saw being built, about 1915, in the island of Foa, in Ha‘apai, has probably been the last big building of native workmanship. To have some part and lot in it I climbed up and did a little of the lashing of the rafters.

In the little church of 1835 beautifully carved spears, heirlooms in the family of Taufa‘ähau, were worked into the altar rail, and two clubs, formerly held sacred as idols, were placed as newels of the balustrade leading up to the pulpit. This church was opened on September 9th, 1835, a day of clear sky and calm seas. From all the islands of Ha‘apai the people gathered to Lifuka, filling the church and overflowing around. But Taufa‘ähau preached the sermon of dedication, and in the afternoon, Rev. Charles Tucker preached, and then baptised twenty adults, completing, it is said, the baptism of the adults of Lifuka, with the exception of one man who was too ill to leave his home.

In the next year a church was destroyed by a hurricane. We are not told precisely where it was, but it was probably this building in Lifuka—a brief life for so fine a piece of work.

Schools increased in number, and flourished. In Ha‘apai were fifty-five schools, with five hundred teachers and three thousand pupils. Pamphlets, containing passages from the Bible, were being printed, and people wished to be able to read them. Scarcely anything so stirs the imagination, and evokes such enthusiastic application, as acquiring the power of entering the boundless realm of books. Taufa‘ähau and his queen, who were leaders in the mission’s work, sat beside their people in the schools, young and old, learning to read and write. Mrs. Tucker, wife of the missionary, first of a line of notable educators in Tonga, was already at work. She added to her schools special instruction classes for women and girls, teaching them to sew and to weave mats. It is hard to see how she could have much increased the skill of women who for centuries had been weaving, not only coarse mats, but also mats of finest texture. They would easily and quickly pick up the notion of shaping their weaving into hats, which were doubtless introduced to enable the women to follow St. Paul’s injunction to cover their heads in church. It is curious how strong and enduring has been the hold of this superstition on Christian women, particularly those of the older and more conventional sects, as the Roman Catholic and Anglican. St. Paul could not quite free himself of the idea, foreign to the Tongans, that women should acknowledge their inferiority to men by covering their heads with long hair and hats. As

is well known he feared the unseemly attentions of invisible spirits, who might be irresistibly excited by unveiled charms. As is well known, spirits are especially active during periods of human crisis, as, for example, times of communion with the divine. Mrs. Tucker's industry has faded into the normal undertakings of commercial enterprise, and stores supply women who want them with cheap and ugly straw hats. Fortunately good taste and commonsense have saved the women from a general disfigurement of their comely heads, but hats are not wholly discarded. They are the badge of a not numerous feminine spiritual elite, especially of leaders of the little groups, or classes, into which, since the days of John Wesley, the membership of the Wesleyan church has been divided. The classes were the core of Wesley's astonishing organization, and the training ground of the founders and leaders of the co-operative and trade union movements. To their ugly little hats the Tongan women leaders—nicknamed angels, have added a red shawl—a bolshevik touch. So much for the uniform, which is cast off as soon as the wearer reaches her home, but the fidelity, humour and kindly wisdom of the women themselves make them as good as we are likely to find human nature anywhere.

Mrs. Tucker

In Mrs. Tucker's elementary school the pupils were taught reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. She gathered half a dozen of the most promising pupils, and taught them English. Then she formed classes for Tonga preachers, where she helped them in their tasks of composing and delivering sermons. By her the preachers were enabled to do their work better, but, more than this, she was taking the first steps in adding something to primary education, and initiating secondary education, which in later years has flowered into entrance to in foreign universities.

Mrs. Tucker, whilst she was teaching English, and much else, was busily increasing the store of Tongan translation. Unhappily this energetic and able woman was not able long to continue her work in Tonga. The health of her husband and of herself failed, and in 1841 they sailed for Australia, calling on the way at Niua Toputapu, Niua Foʻou, ʻUvea and Rotuma.

Local Contributions to the Mission

What money was needed for the church's work was contributed by people in England and Australia. Tongans of the early part of the nineteenth century used little money. John Thomas, in 1835, hit on a plan to enable them to share in the support of their mission. He distributed yam seed whose produce was to used in barter for goods needed by the mission. The plan was successful, and in the following May the mission share of the harvest was six to eight hundred years. This was intelligent adaptation of ancient Tongan custom to the maintenance of the new religion. The most important religious festival of old Tonga was the *ʻInasi*, the presentation of the first-fruits of the yam harvest, usually in or about the month of June, at the tombs of the Tuʻi Tonga in Tongatapu. The presentation of six or eight hundred yams for a religious purpose became easily and not merely an occasion for the gathering of a large concourse of people, and for ceremonious festival. Nature ordained that it must take place at about the same time at which people used to come together for the *Inasi*. This first offering of yams for the Christian mission was held in Vavaʻu where, it will be remembered, Fïnau III had, a quarter of a century before, attempted to shut his people off from participation in the *ʻInasi*. It must have had an effect not unlike that produced in the Greco-Roman world when pagan festivals were adapted to Christian commemorations.

It can hardly have been without effect, as well, in assisting the political revolution that was taking place. The central figure in the presentation of first-fruits at the tombs of the Tuʻi Tonga was the living Tuʻi Tonga. The central figure in the presentation of yams to the Christian mission was Taufaʻähau, king of Haʻapai and Vavaʻu. Taufaʻähau had fought with the Tuʻi

Tonga in Ha‘apai and defeated him. He had taken for himself the beautiful and high-born woman who had been given to the Tu‘i Tonga to bear him a successor. When a second great lady, fitted by birth to be the mother of a Tu‘i Tonga, was to be married to the Tu‘i Tonga, Taufa‘ähau first caused her to be taken to another lord, the Tu‘i Ha‘ateiho, to whom she bore a daughter, Fakahiku-o-‘Uiha Pauline. Then, apparently disqualified to bear a successor to the Tu‘i Tonga, she was taken to him as wife. This was part of the plan that was formed, or was forming, in the mind of Taufa‘ähau to become himself the king of all Tonga, with no kings beside him to share or dispute his authority. That this great man should have lived just when he did was a blessing to Tonga whose magnitude can scarcely be exaggerated. The influence of the Tu‘i Tonga had declined to a point where it was no longer the sufficient centripetal force holding together the people of the widely scattered island group. Taufa‘ähau was a man of wide and generous purpose, but it is not necessary to ascribe to him an inhuman, or superhuman, disinterestedness. Doubtless he, like many another able leader, was ambitious of power. The important thing is to what ends ambition and power are directed. Taufa‘ähau is of the not large class of leaders who have unselfishly devoted remarkable abilities and energies to the welfare of his people. With amazing clarity lie saw the significance of the irruption into the Pacific of the white men with their steel tools, deadly weapons, and unlimited capacity to preserve and communicate knowledge through writing. He saw how helpless were the island peoples before this invasion, and with courage and foresight dedicated himself to preserving the integrity and freedom of his land.

Taufa‘ähau possessed qualities of mind and spirit from which the statesmen of many lands might learn. He loved Tonga and Tongan ways as deeply as any Englishman loves England and English ways, or Frenchman loves France and French ways. He was determined to keep Tonga as the home of Tongan people and their ways, and he saw as clearly as he saw the sun in the heavens that that meant welcoming and using much that the invaders brought with them. He may have taken, or had foisted on him, some bits of the strangers‘ trumpery rubbish, for example, uniforms, but almost always he chose wisely, with the simple clear-sightedness of minds of the highest quality.

He was the son of a Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and the most likely lord to succeed to that title which, alone of the three great kingships, had been growing in stature, in spite of the uncertainties and confusions which had followed the murder of Tuku‘aho. Taufa‘ähau was sincere in his adherence to Christianity, but much history has shown how readily religion becomes, in varying degree, an instrument of state. So in May, 1836, the Christians of Vava‘u are placing their yams, not before the Tu‘i Tonga at the tombs of his ancestors, but before Taufa‘ähau as an offering to the Christian mission.

Following this presentation a step of practical utility was taken. A finance committee was formed to undertake such measures as were possible in support of mission work. In October of the same year, 1836, a collection of idols, weapons, ivory and so on was sold by auction in Ha‘apai for £23 which was given to the church.

Chapter 16

Samoa—a page of mission conflict

The changes that were occurring in Tonga were not slow in becoming known to their neighbours of Samoa. As early as 1828 or 1829 Tongans traveling to Samoa had spoken of the new religion which was capturing their homeland. A Samoan, named Saivaaia, went to Tonga, and was converted to Christianity. After a couple of years in Tonga he returned to his own country, Savai'i, the largest of the Samoan islands. Hence people in Samoa were talking about Christianity, and some even professed the new faith before any Christian mission was established there.

We have already seen that John Williams, sailing about in *Messenger of Peace* decided to go from Tonga to Samoa. To Tonga he took as a passenger a Samoan chief named Fauea, who, after eleven years in Tonga, wished to return to his own country. He had not formally become a Christian, but was accustomed to attend the Christian services, and his wife was a Christian. He promised Williams that if he allowed him to sail in the *Messenger of Peace*, he would do his best to assure a good reception for missionaries and teachers in Samoa, and to induce the people to attend the church services and schools. Fauea was a man of intelligence and energy, and Williams gladly accepted his offer.

In August, 1830, the *Messenger of Peace* dropped anchor in Samoa, and landed eight Tahitian teachers. There were already a few Christians in Samoa, but this may fairly be regarded as the date of the establishment of Christianity among the charming people of that lovely land. Tongan Wesleyans had more or less prepared the way for the emissaries of the London Missionary Society, and in the sequel there were conflicts, always unfortunate, and sometimes absurd, between the two missionary bodies. The eight Tahitians, six of them on 'Upolu and two on Savai'i, were supported and protected by the great chief Malietoa. Tui, the chief of Satupaitea, in 'Upolu, desired a preacher for his district, but Malietoa was not willing to yield him one of his Tahitians. In 1831, therefore, Tui sailed to Tonga and begged the Wesleyans to give him a missionary. The missionaries in Tonga could not do anything about it, but sent Tui's request on to their board in London. When Tui returned to Samoa he strove to build up a Wesleyan church, or, as the Samoans called it, the Tongan religion. So two closely related Protestant denominations secured a foothold in Samoa, and both prospered.

The Wesleyan hoard in London referred Tui's request back to the missionaries in Tonga, telling them to act according to their own judgment, and permitting them, if they thought the circumstances favourable, to transfer one of their number to Samoa. Accordingly in 1834 the Wesleyan missionaries in Tonga again considered the matter of a mission in Samoa, and decided to send a man, designating Peter Turner for the appointment. In the beginning of 1835 Peter Turner sailed for Samoa. On the way he stayed for four months in Niua Toputapu, where there was already a church with three Tongan teachers.

Peter Turner was the first white missionary resident in Samoa, but missionaries from Tahiti used to visit the country. London Missionary Society missionaries from Tahiti visited Samoa in 1832 and 1834, and in 1835, the year that Peter Turner was transferred from Tonga to Samoa, the London Missionary Society appointed two missionaries—Pratt and Wilson—to Samoa. It will be remembered that in 1830, when John Williams visited Tonga, he and the Wesleyans

agreed to leave Samoa to the London Missionary Society. Partisanship has, as often happens, affected memories of the talks in Tonga. The London Missionary Society expected that Samoa would be left to them. The Wesleyan Nathaniel Turner says that they merely discussed the suitability of the Tahitians—apparently in the first place Hape and Tafeta—as teachers for Samoa, as their languages were similar. Evidently there was misunderstanding, and when Pratt and Wilson landed in Samoa in 1835 they were disappointed and annoyed to find Peter Turner already there.

For long centuries Tongans and Samoans had been sailing between one another's countries. People and chiefs of the two groups had intermarried. Tongans valued the dances and poems which they brought back with them from Samoa. No people were better fitted than Tongans to assist in the church's work in Samoa. It would have been well if the London Missionary Society had had the Samoan field to themselves, whatever may have been the precise terms of the discussions or agreements in 1830, whilst drawing freely on Tongan Christian volunteers as teachers and preachers. This, however, became clearer later than it was in 1835, and human beings, brown or white, being what they are, life is seldom arranged in neat and sensible patterns.

Again the question of who was to control missionary work in Samoa was debated in London, this time by a joint meeting of the Wesleyan Mission Board and the directors of the London Missionary Society. In 1837 the joint boards decided to leave Samoa to the London Missionary Society and Fiji to the Wesleyans. So the matter seemed be settled, but the combined wisdom of the London meetings had reckoned without the Samoans. In the first half of the nineteenth century white men had scarcely begun to learn that brown men, who for centuries had successfully governed heir own lives, were not children, docilely accepting what they were told was good for them. By now many Samoans were adherents of the Wesleyan church, or Tongan religion—the figure has been put as high as 13,000. There were two white Wesleyan missionaries, with a number of Tongan assistants. After the decisions were reached in London these Wesleyan missionaries and teachers were ordered to withdraw. So in 1838 they left Samoa, but many of the Samoan Wesleyans refused to join the London Missionary Society's church, and determined to ask Taufa'ähau to send them Tongan teachers. These decisions were taken at a public meeting held before their white missionaries had left. One of the two missionaries advised the Samoans loyally to observe the instructions received from London, but it is said his colleague was far more hesitant in recommending obedience to the district boards. The Wesleyans of Samoa petitioned the missionaries and chiefs of Tonga to write to the Mission Board in London, begging them not to abandon their mission in Samoa.

When their white and Tongan leaders were withdrawn the Samoan Wesleyans carried on their church for themselves. They, however, felt the need of more experienced guidance, and in 1840 a deputation of three chiefs came to Tonga with a petition to Taufa'ähau and the missionaries to send them leaders. The missionaries, bound by the orders from London could not move, but they were little inclined to oppose any action Taufa'ähau might wish to take. The king sent a party of Tongan teachers, who, led by Barnabas 'Ahongalu and Benjamin Lätüselu, went to Samoa in 1841. These men, especially 'Ahongalu and Lätüselu, proved strong and able leaders of the Samoan Wesleyan church. In 1842 after another visit of Samoan chiefs to Taufa'ähau, the king himself sailed to Samoa with ten more teachers. When he returned to Tonga he wrote to the Wesleyan Mission Board in London urging them again to appoint white missionaries for Samoa. "I beg with the utmost urgency," he wrote, "our dear fathers, whom we hold in affectionate respect, to amend the decision you have made, and again send missionaries to Samoa. Our friends in England cannot change the hearts of the people of Tonga and Samoa, and our desire stands firm to adhere to the church which we ourselves shall choose." The

Wesleyan board, in loyalty to its agreement with the London Missionary Society, could not grant this request, and the Samoan church went on with its Tongan leaders.

But the Wesleyan church in Samoa began to fail. Lätüselu, becoming involved in Samoan politics, angered some of his people by the side he took, and many left him for the London Missionary Society. Moreover, the Roman Catholic church had commenced a mission in Samoa, and some dissatisfied Wesleyans turned to them. War, in 1847, and 1848, hastened the Wesleyan decline.

In 1847 Walter Lawry, who in 1822 and 1823 had attempted to found a mission in Tonga, and who was now General Secretary [[NOTE: director]] of the Wesleyan missionary work in the South Pacific, visited Tonga. It happened that at the same time Lätüselu was on a visit to his homeland, and advantage was taken of this coincidence to ordain Lätüselu as a fully-fledged minister of the Wesleyan church. It was made clear, however, that Lätüselu could not he ordained specifically to return to Samoa, but must accept whatever appointment was given him by the church in Tonga. Lätüselu accepted this condition, and was ordained in Nukuʻalofa, the first ordained Tongan minister.

Lätüselu was appointed to Niua Toputapu, but was given permission to go to Samoa to get his wife and family. In August, 1847, he landed in Niua Toputapu, and, a few months later, went to Samoa to bring back his family and possessions. But the Samoan Wesleyans, rejoiced at having an ordained minister among then, especially one whom they knew and trusted, were unwilling to let him go. Lätüselu's own reluctance to leave his Samoan friends was increased by the difficulties in which he saw them involved on account of the war. He stayed on and on, until at last his health was broken, and he returned home to Tonga.

The Samoan Wesleyan church, for all its assistance from Tonga, continued to languish, and it seemed likely that its gradual extinction would bring the long dispute to a painless end. But it was not allowed to die. Up till 1854 the Wesleyan churches in Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific formed a district connected with the British Wesleyan Conference, but in that year the Australasian churches were separated from England and constituted an independent conference, with direction of their own affairs. In 1855 John Thomas, who had long been chairman of the Wesleyan mission in Tonga, visited Sydney. He discussed many things with the church's leaders in Australia, among them the plight of the Wesleyan mission in Samoa, which was still shrinking. Some of its people were joining the London Missionary Society, some the Samoan Catholic church, and yet others were returning to pre-Christian beliefs and practices. So a delegation sailed from Sydney on the ship *John Wesley* to see for themselves what was going on in Samoa. They came back with their report, had correspondence with London, and finally in 1856, the General Conference of the Wesleyan church in Australasia, meeting in Melbourne, resolved, that "This meeting declares that the decision arrived at in 1837 by the committees of the London Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Missionary Society to leave Samoa to the London Missionary Society alone was unwise, and that events have not turned out as was expected when that decision was reached. The Rev. John Thomas has recently visited Samoa and reports that there are serious mischiefs which are likely to continue unless Wesleyan missionaries are sent immediately to Samoa to care for the Wesleyans who live in that island group, as they themselves desire. Therefore this session of the Conference resolves to appoint at once a missionary to Samoa. To resolve, moreover, to report our decision, and the reason for it, to the boards of the London Missionary Society, and of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan Church in London."

The Wesleyan church in Tonga, learning of this decision, immediately acted upon it. Early in 1857 seven teachers began work in Samoa, and, later in the same year, Martin Dyson, with four

additional Tongan assistants, was transferred from Tonga to Samoa. So the two societies, so close in doctrine and practice, exist side by side in Samoa. Those who support the decision of the Wesleyans to reverse the decision taken twenty years previously contend that Samoans have as much right as Englishmen to attend the church of their choice, and that there is practical advantage in having a closely related church as an alternative for those who become disaffected towards something in the church they are attending. Even Christians need safety valves for their resentments.

Fiji

Just as Tongans played a notable part in establishing Christianity in Samoa, so did they in Fiji. In 1835 the white missionaries Cross and Cargill were transferred from Tonga to Fiji. Cargill, indeed, when he left England (or Scotland — he was a Scot) had been appointed to Fiji, but helped in Tonga for a couple of years. With them went a party of Tongans. First they landed in Lakeba, the eastward archipelago of Fiji, between whom and Tonga were centuries of close association. Christian Tongans were already living there. The story of this mission and its sequences belongs, of course, to Fijian history, but amongst the most notable of the pioneers of Christianity in Fiji is the Tongan Joel Pulu. He was a man of outstanding courage and ability. One of his exploits recalls Taufaʻähau's challenge to the shark gods in the seas of Haʻapai. On, the banks of a shark infested river in Fiji he found people who revered the ferocious fish as gods. Pulu, undertaking to prove that these gods were but ordinary sharks, swam out into the middle of the river. Presently one of the voracious brutes darted at him. As it turned over to attack Pulu thrust his arm deep into its throat and seized the root of its tongue. Then, with amazing dexterity and strength, he flung it on his shoulders, and, with the monster's jaws snapping like a steel trap above his head, turned and paddled with one hand towards the shore. Reaching shallow water he suddenly flung the shark down, and swiftly turned to seize its tail and drag it ashore. But the shark was too quick, and escaped into deep water. Pulu's arm which he plunged into the shark's mouth was terribly lacerated, and never recovered its old flexibility and strength, but he had demonstrated, as he set out to do, that these gods, fierce and formidable, were but fish which a strong and intrepid man might meet in their own element.

Chapter 17

Niua Toputapu, Niua Fo‘ou, ‘Uvea

About one hundred and thirty or forty miles northward from Vava‘u is the island of Niua Tongatapu, with a smaller Island, the cone of Tafahi, two thousand feet high, lying two or three miles away. Legend says of Tafahi, as of other lofty peaks situated close to larger neighbours, that once it was the crest of Niua Toputapu, but that mischievous gods came by night to steal it away. Surprised by dawn as they were making off with the stolen mountain top, they dropped it where they were, and fled. Schouten and Lemaire, sailing this way in 1616, saw first the high peak of Tafahi, and afterwards the lower Niua Toputapu. There was some trading between the islanders and the Dutchmen.

One hundred miles westward lies Niua Fo‘ou, also seen by Schouten and Lemaire in 1616. Communication between Schouten's ship and the shore was limited to an exchange of missiles. Niua Fo‘ou, six hundred feet high, is the cast up crater of a still active volcano. In its midst, deep down in the crater, is a lovely lake, bright and gleaming blue under the sun filled tropical sky. To one side a little bay, green and lucent, sparkles like a great emerald. Steep wooded land falls swift from crest to water's edge, and, on one side, to a broad terrace before the final leap down to the surface of the lake. These are most luxurious of waters in which to swim, mild and safe, secure from every ravenous fish of the sea. Lying lazily in a world in which one scarce knew whether I was upborne by the water or suspended in the sky I had the universe to myself save for a wandering seabird that hovered curiously overhead for a few seconds. On another day I paddled about with two companions in a dug-out canoe, landing on the shore of the tiniest bay where the talus formed a sloping bank of warm moist sand, the hatchery of the megapod, a rare long-legged bird, from whose body, little larger than a pigeon's, is laid an egg almost as big as a duck's. The mother birds do not brood on their eggs, but burrow into the talus and lay their eggs—one to each bird—and cover them with the warm sand. Each hen lays her egg beneath the one before her, and the chicks are hatched out from the top. More varieties of birds are found in the forests surrounding the lake than in any other part of the Tonga group. On that day of paddling about on these calm and lovely waters, we landed about midday on a tiny beach where pine trees grew on a little grassy flat. I swam in the lake, then lay on the sand, while the air was sweet with the scent of burning pine needles, baking a lunch of yam and megapod eggs—a breach, not to be commend, of a good law which protects the bird and its eggs. The eggs were delicate and of good flavour, and the cool drink of coconut that finished the feast was a nectar that belonged rightly to the occasion.

Niua Fo‘ou, with its black volcanic sand, is an island of extraordinary fertility. The coconuts are larger than those of any other of the Tongan islands. So rapid is all growth there that the gardener can satisfy his needs from a comparatively small area, and would find it irksome to keep clear of weeds a large allotment. The fine volcanic sand quickly cuts and wears his tools.

The coast is everywhere rocky, with not a bay where a ship may anchor. The only beach is so tiny, and so enshrouded—beautifully—with trees and shrubs that unless you knew just where it was you would not find it. I have seen a small single canoe drawn up on this beach, but no anchorage is here for a sailing canoe or a modern cutter. A heap of scoria which had come tumbling down the slopes and piled up on the sand marked the eruption of 1913. The landing place is at a little cove, barely an indentation in the rough and rocky shore. On one side is narrow

platform of rock on to which you may step as the swell brings the gunwale of your boat level with it. The skill and experience of the Niua Fo‘ou men is needed to keep the boat (alongside this tiny ledge) from being stove in, and to help their visitors to J scramble ashore. If the sea is rough it is impossible to land. About the turn of the 20th century a white sea captain whose son afterwards became well known in the public life of Australia and England, was attempting to land, when a sudden wave caught his boat, and dashed it against the rocks at the head of the cove. He was not killed, but was severely wounded.

Niua Fo‘ou

Today the Union Company’s steamer on its monthly run Auckland, Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, Fiji, Auckland, lies to for half an hour or so as she passes Niua Fo‘ou on the way from Samoa back to Fiji. If there are passengers to land, one of the ship’s boats is hauled out to take them ashore. This does not often happen, but mails are landed and outgoing mails brought on board by swimmers, many of them supported by long poles of light wood under their arms. With these poles, which the people of Niua Fo‘ou call *vaka*, boat, fishermen go far out to sea, fishing for hours serenely indifferent to the sharks. A man will go calmly on with his fishing whilst a shark steals from him fish he has slung over his shoulder. It may be true, as is often asserted, that a white man’s skin attracts the attention of a shark much more quickly than the brown skin of a Pacific islander. Yet smell seems to be the sense that guides the shark to its food, and sharks do attack brown men. In the years of slack trading which followed the disastrous hurricane Ha‘apai early in 1912 a firm of traders tried the export of beche-de-mer as a way to supplement their depleted income. The beche-de-mer was gathered by men who simply dived overboard from small-boats and fossicked about in the rocks. One day a diver was attacked by a shark just as he entered the water. He was terribly mauled, a large part of the back muscles being torn completely away. He was hauled into the boat still living, but died soon after. So sharks do attack brown men; nevertheless Pacific islanders are the most intrepid and skilful swimmers. If the fishermen of Niua Fo‘ou, floating on their poles with only their shoulders above water see a shark, they are more likely to try to catch it than to be scared away to another place. Among the swimmers who surround the steamer as she lies-to off Niua Fo‘ou will be one who pushed before him a sealed petrol tin. This contains Her Majesty’s mails. It is hauled on board, and a similar tin thrown into the sea to be taken ashore with the inward mail. Another tin with fresh food for the two white traders usually accompanies it. For some time the Tongan government issued special stamps for this Tin Can Mail, and allowed Mr. George Quensell, who handled the mails on Niua Fo‘ou, to make a little profit for himself from their sale. George Quensell, whose daughter was a prominent swimmer in New Zealand, thirty or forty years ago, was a Hanoverian whose love for his German fatherland could not make him accept the rightness of the Kaiser’s war of I914-18. He was a likeable chap, the most good natured man one could find.

One of the stores on Niua Fo‘ou belonged to Captain Ross, a wiry grey bearded sea dog of a breed now almost extinct. He used to visit his trading stations in the islands in his schooner *Ysabel*. Sometimes ships managed to anchor without mishap off Niua Fo‘ou, but not seldom when they attempted to lift their anchors they were so entangled in the rocks that they had to be left. If hemp cables were used they were as likely as not to be chafed through. One ship lowered her anchor and everything, cable and all ran out and plunged into the depths of a hole in the sea bottom. One way and another a good many anchors were lost off Niua Fo‘ou. Captain Ross at times used to try his hand at fishing for anchors, rewarded, as is proper to fishermen, rather by the interest of the pursuit than by the magnitude of the catch, though he did get some anchors. In 1921 I was in Niua Fo‘ou at the same time as a good sized three masted schooner was loading copra there. Lading of course was slow. A simple wooden crane with pulley was used to lower the sacks of copra from the flat rock at the landing place into punts which were rowed and towed

and paddled out to the ship lying some few hundred yards off shore. One evening I went for a walk along the high rocky shore overlooking the landing place. A gentle breeze was blowing out to sea. Not far from the shore lay the schooner, ready to make sail at a moment's notice. Below me the last sacks of copra for the day were being put into a punt. In this peaceful scene I met the schooner's captain, pacing up and down in dejection and anxiety and impatience. He had hoped that by now the last of the copra would have been on board. So far his luck had held and a slight breeze had blown steadily from the land, but, if the wind went about, what could save his ship from being blown on the rocks? Doubtless if the wind had changed he would have left the end of his cargo and sailed out to sea. Nonetheless, between the capriciousness of winds and the proper desire to carry out his job thoroughly and take all his cargo, he had good cause for impatience and anxiety. But behind the hazards which skilful seamanship is accustomed to meet and overcome was deeper cause of the captain's gloom. He was on bad terms with his cook, who was proving most difficult. Attempting to comfort the harassed skipper, I said it was a good job it was not the mate. "No it isn't," he retorted; "if anything was wrong with the mate I could do his work, but I can't do the work of the cook." However, the land breeze held, the lading was completed and, the ship got safely away. I saw her later in Niua Toputapu.

Niua Fo'ou still erupts occasionally. In 1856 or 1857 a stream of lava rolled down from a vent in the slopes of the main crater. Thirty-five years later I rode on horseback over the lava field. In a clear sky the sun glowed with tropical splendour, and burnt up from beneath the horse's feet. From every side the rock, which, to the eye was without cracks, was covered with thousands of young casuarina trees. To a Tongan from one of the southern islands, appointed by the mission to Niua Fo'ou I remarked how beautiful the island was. "H'm, I don't know," he replied, "When the ground begins to mutter and tremble you forget all about the beauty." His doubts were Justified. In 1946 occurred a volcanic outbreak so serious that the Tongan government removed the people to the southern islands, mainly to 'Eua. Since then the people of Niua Fo'ou have commenced to drift back to their old homes, but their land is still but sparsely inhabited. This benevolent and necessary evacuation will interrupt, and perhaps cause the disappearance of some interesting things. Niua Fo'ou seems to have been an important stepping stone of the Tongans in their final settlement of their present home. In old traditions of the migrations occurs the name *Tonga Mama'o*, 'Distant Tonga', which is the name of a locality in Niua Fo'ou. Certain small differences of speech between the people of Niua Fo'ou and their southern neighbours perhaps preserve old form. Even at home in Niua Fo'ou the people, when speaking to visitors were self-conscious about their peculiarities as uncouth provincialisms. A mother rebuked her daughter, who was using Niua Fo'ou forms to me to speak-properly. Now that the Niua Fo'ouans are living amongst populations, and their children attending schools, where they will hear little but conventional Tongan, their dialectical differences will disappear. Some few examples of these have been preserved in papers printed by the Bishop Museum of Honolulu and others.

Niuatoputapu is generally low and flat with a ridge running along one side. Fresh water seeps underground from this hill to the shore. Walking with a man of the island along the beach he suddenly scooped away a few inches of sand from the coral rock and bade me suck a little knob sticking up from it. When I sucked I drew up beautifully cool fresh water. But the pride of the island is its river, a tiny stream five hundred yards long, widening into a pool between rocks 4 or 5 feet high before it drains into the sea. A Niua Toputapu boy asked me if I had seen a stream so large anywhere else. This pool is the bathing place of the village, and the house of multitudes of small fish which are *tapu*, or not to be molested by any but one or two chiefs who have the right, never exercised, to catch them. A huge eel, thick as a man's thigh, is reported to live in a hole in the rocks. One day when I went to the pool for a swim dozens of little fish were feeding in the

water. I jumped in amongst them expecting them to race off in all directions, but they scarcely noticed me.

The chiefs of Niua Toputapu, usually named Mäʻatu, rank high in the Tongan aristocracy. In 1921 Mäʻatu told me of a piece of handy explanation in the ranks of his ancestors. The memory was preserved of a young girl of his family who, many generations before, was given a necklace of beads by a visiting ship's captain. So much did she value her beads that she wore them day and night. She died very young, and as she lay ill asked that her beads should be buried with her. This was done and Mäʻatu of 1921 thought often of this story and decided to open her tomb to see if this tale were true. At last curiosity overcame all scruples, and with several men to assist him the grave was opened. All was done with decorum and reverent affection for the girl whom death had claimed so early. Several skeletons were found, but no necklace. Probably the search was hasty and not thorough, and the ground covered again. The following night was hot, and Mäʻatu lay with his head at the open door of his house-he showed the spot just where we were sitting. As he lay he saw a bright glow from the direction of the cemetery, and a procession of glowing figures slowly approached him. As they drew near he addressed them—"my lords and friends pardon me if I disturbed your rest. I meant no harm, and was filled with love for you when I did what I did." Then the bright ones slowly departed, or faded into the night.

Niua Toputapu is safer, but not much more convenient, for ships. A high tide the sea flows right across one side of the island at a place where small boats can easily anchor, but large vessels have to lie far out, and at low tide an immense stretch of sand is exposed between the shore and an anchored ship, midway across the sand flats a wooden staging has been erected, and when the tide serves much of the loading and unloading is done by boats from the stern of the ship which each make half the journey discharging and loading on board their cargo at their wooden staging.

Let us turn back a hundred years to the early days of the mission. News of the religious changes taking place in the southern parts of the group were not slow in reaching these outlying islands. A early as 1829 the people of Niua Toputapu learnt something of what was happening in Tongatapu, and formed the design of building a temple to the foreign God. This plan, however, was not carried out, but when Vavaʻu turned to Christianity the Niua Toputapu people begged them to send teachers. So from Vavaʻu men and women went to Niua Toputapu and led them in the prayer and worship of the new religion, and taught them to read and write. When, in 1835, the Rev. Peter Turner, on his way from Tonga to Samoa, stayed for four months in Niua Toputapu he found there a living church, which he encouraged and helped and whose structure and administration he was able in some ways to improve. Before Turner visited them the people of Niua Toputapu had sailed to take the news of Christianity to Niua Foʻou. Two double sailing canoes were got ready, and 150 people embarked, including a Christian teacher from Vavaʻu, Ngongo, the principal chief, or king, of Niua Toputapu. Not all, of course, of this large company were Christian evangelists. Some were visiting friends, others were simply tourists, satisfying the human love of travel and novelty.

The voyage was not prosperous. Rough seas and winds opposed them, and at the best of times landing on Niua Foʻou is not easy. So the canoes from Niua Toputapu could do nothing but beat about waiting for wind and sea to grow calmer. For several days they were in full view of Niua Foʻou, but the storm became worse, and, under the assaults of wind and wave, the larger canoe filled and sank. Of the hundred people on board seventy perished, and thirty were saved by the smaller canoe which, now seriously overloaded, gave up the attempt to reach Niua Foʻou, and ran away before the wind. Among those who died was the Vavaʻu teacher, whose body was washed ashore on Niua Foʻou a few days later, his hand still clutching leaves of his New Testament.

After this disaster the people of Niua Toputapu did not at once renew the effort to evangelize Niua Foʻou, but turned their attention to ʻUvea, which, although more distant, was easier to reach with the prevailing winds. Again their zeal met with a check, not this time from nature, but from man. They landed safely on ʻUvea, again accompanied by Ngongo, their king, but a quarrel arose between the visitors and the people of the land, and the ʻUveans, in a sudden attack, slew nearly all the Niua Toputapu men. The women were spared, largely on account of the wife of Ngongo, a beautiful woman whom the king of ʻUvea desired for himself. But, having thus violently commenced his wooing, the king courted her in vain, and at last, to escape his importunities, she fled to the bush, where she contrived to remain hidden for two months. She was found, weak and starving, by a Tongan man, and was taken and cared for, nursed back to health and beauty and the undiminished, but fruitless ardours of the ʻUvean king. Chance solved this struggle of pertinacious and unrequited love. A canoe from Vavaʻu, driven by rough weather off her course, put in at ʻUvea, and the lady made her escape.

Wind and wave, which defeated the first endeavour of the people of Niua Toputapu to take Christian teaching to their neighbours of Niua Foʻou, later became an ally. In 1832 Fïnau of Vavaʻu visited Niua Toputapu on business of state, accompanied by the missionary William Cross. When Fïnau had finished his business seven canoes were made ready to take him and his party back to Vavaʻu. The day of departure was stormy, and three of the canoes did not venture to leave their anchorage, Four sailed into storm and danger. One sank, with sixty or seventy people; one, on which was the king of Niua Toputapu, was driven to Fiji; the third, bearing Fïnau and Cross, made Haʻapai; and the fourth, long buffeted by sea and wind, came at last off Niua Foʻou. On this canoe were a number of Vavaʻu Christians. As they drew close to the island they saw men come down to the shore who seemed to be threatening them. They had guns on board, and fired blank charges to scare the Niua Foʻou men, who fled, but presently returned, making signs of friendship. Going on shore they were well received by the Niua Foʻouans, who begged them to forgive their earlier menaces. The Vavaʻu Christians spoke of their new religion to the people of Niua Foʻou. When the Christians prayed and worshipped they were attentively regarded by the people of the island, who, when the time came for their visitors to depart, begged that one should stay among them as their teacher. So one of the Vavaʻu men, who could read and write, remained with them. Soon the whole of Niua Foʻou was Christian. Ever since, Vavaʻu has been specially interested in the church in Niua Foʻou.

When many years later, in 1886, the Roman Catholics commenced a mission in Niua Foʻou, the island was wholly Protestant. With some acerbity a Roman Catholic writer, a cultured and friendly man who has written a beautiful book, comments, "heresy which has been established in Niua Foʻou for about seventy years (written in 1910) has corrupted the mind of the islanders, by filling it with ideas altogether contrary to the true, the good, the beautiful, to right and justice, and leaving it dominated by the instinct of personal interest and selfishness. We may add that the Catholic mission, which has now been established in this isle for twenty-three years, has been the object of a truly satanic hatred."

ʻUvea

The Christians of Niua Toputapu had tried to take their religion to ʻUvea,. and had failed. The next attempt was made from Tongatapu. Two teachers, with their wives, volunteered to go to ʻUvea. With them went a man bearing a gift from Taufaʻähau to Lavelua, the king of ʻUvea, and a message, urging him to follow the example of the Tongan king, and become a Christian. The little embassy was received, in ʻUvea with all kindness and hospitality, but Lavelua, although some of his people were disposed to embrace the new religion, would not permit the teachers to stay on his island. So they all went home again, leaving behind them, however, some whose interest had been aroused by what they had heard. Among them was Poʻoi, a younger brother of

the king. Desiring to have a missionary in ‘Uvea Po‘oi sailed to Fiji, to see what he could do there. In Fiji he met the Rev. John Waterhouse, chairman of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Waterhouse told him that no white missionary could be spared immediately for ‘Uvea, but appointed a Tongan, John Mahe. Po‘oi, then, with Mahe returned home, and gathered about them a group of people who wished to become Christians, whom Mahe instructed.

Thus matters went on for a little while, until, in 1842, France, extending their influence westwards from Tahiti, appeared in ‘Uvea. French Roman Catholic priests came to ‘Uvea, and succeeded where Wesleyans from Niua Toputapu and Tonga had failed. Lavelua and some of his chiefs became Roman Catholics. ‘Uvea was divided into two, or say two and a half, camps—Po‘oi and his Wesleyans, Lavelua and his Roman Catholics, and those, still a majority, who served their ancestral gods. The good will between the Christian factions was of the kind that has adorned the Christian faith of Europe. On the whole the non Christian group inclined towards their king and his Roman Catholics. The atmosphere of Christian fellowship was warmed by the burning of a Wesleyan church, which, it is said, some of the Roman Catholics called a devil house. No one knew how the fire had started, and mistrust was nourished by rumour and suspicion. The Roman Catholic faction begged the king to declare that the whole island should be Catholic. Lavelua, who had never heard of Theodosius, [The well known edict of the 4th century Roman emperor, Theodosius J, enjoining orthodox Christianity on his subjects, runs, “It is our pleasure that all the nations which are governed by our clemency and our moderation shall steadfastly adhere to the religion which was taught by St. Peter to the Romans, which faithful tradition has preserved, and which is now proposed by the pontiff Damasus and by Peter, bishop of Alexandria, a man of apostolic holiness. According to the disciples of the apostles, and their doctrine of the Gospel, let us believe the sole deity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, under an equal majesty and a holy Trinity. We authorise the followers of this doctrine to assume the title of Catholic Christians; and we judge that all others are estranged madmen. We brand them with the infamous name of heretics, and declare that their conventicles shall no longer usurp the respectable appellation of Churches. Besides the condemnation of Divine justice, they must expect to suffer the severe penalties which our authority, guided by heavenly wisdom, shall think proper to inflict upon them.”] consented, and dived head first into the consequences of an edict that not all his people were disposed to obey. Both sides prepared for war. Lavelua begged his young brother Po‘oi to preserve the peace by becoming a Roman Catholic. Po‘oi yielded, and the king urged the Tongan teacher Mahe to follow his example. Mahe’s response was to go on with his work as pastor and teacher of the Wesleyans. Since the religion of the Wesleyans was proscribed they could no longer worship openly, but met secretly in the bush and in the darkness of night.

Thus matters stood when Mä‘atu, the lord of Niua Toputapu, who had succeeded the slain Ngongo, arrived in ‘Uvea. He was on his way to Niua Fo‘ou, but was driven off his course to ‘Uvea by contrary winds. Mä‘atu, who was a Wesleyan, attempted, unsuccessfully, to mediate between the hostile factions of ‘Uvea. His own life seems to have been in some danger. Then Mä‘atu advised the Wesleyans not to attack the Roman Catholics, but to make for themselves a stronghold where they might live. This was done, but soon open war broke out. In this extremity Po‘oi recanted his conversion of policy, and returned to the Wesleyans as their leader. Mahe, the Tongan teacher was killed in battle. For the next few years the Wesleyans were a persecuted minority, in more or less open conflict with their Roman Catholic and non-Christian fellow-countrymen.

In 1848 two Wesleyan missionaries, West and Davis, visited ‘Uvea from Tonga, in the ship *John Wesley*. After Mahe’s death the Tongan, Eliezer Langi, had been appointed pastor and teacher to the Wesleyan community in ‘Uvea, who were living together in their stronghold, and

where Davis and West visited them. The Wesleyans begged for a white missionary, Po‘oi and another Wesleyan chief, Buli‘uvea, being of opinion that this would be a way of securing peace. West and Davis told them there was nobody whom they could send. Then the Wesleyans asked to be taken to Vava‘u, but Davis and West replied that that could not be done without the consent of Taufa‘ähau, who since 1845, had been Tu‘i Kanokupolu and ruler of the entire Tonga group. Moreover, they could not accommodate in their ship the four hundred who wished to migrate.

After this conference with the ‘Uvean Wesleyans West and Davis, with the Tongan teacher Langi, went to the king Lavelua and told him that Po‘oi and his co-religionists wished to live in peace with him and their fellow ‘Uveans. As they were talking two priests came into the house. The king reaffirmed his decision that all must become Roman Catholics, and the attempt at conciliation failed. An uneasy truce followed, but was soon broken by open struggle, which continued till 1850. In that year Webb, a Wesleyan missionary in Tonga, visited ‘Uvea. The Wesleyans renewed their petition to be taken to Tonga, but were again refused.

But what policy and denominational rivalry would not attempt was essayed by commercial enterprise, assisted by Venus, now an ally and not an adversary, as when Lavelua vainly pursued the beautiful widow of Ngongo. To ‘Uvea came two American ships, owned by a young man who sailed as captain of one of them. The young captain fell in love with the daughter of Po‘oi, and married her. On their voyage to ‘Uvea the Americans had sighted the island of Fanning, which had been discovered in 1798 by another American, Captain Edmund Fanning. The American captain reported that the island was covered with coconut trees, but was without inhabitants. adding that he had taken possession of it for the United States. (It was annexed by Britain in 1888). Here was a way to serve many interests. Let the ‘Uveans who desired to migrate go to Fanning, where they could make coconut oil, which the captain would transport on his ships to the markets of the world. Thus all would be happy and prosperous. There have been worse plans for founding colonies and enterprises, and after full discussions Po‘oi and the Wesleyans agreed to the captain’s proposals.

The plan with all its merits, had one serious flaw. Fanning was without food, and how were the colonists to be fed during the early stages of their settlement? When crops had been sown and had had time to ripen, food would be plentiful, but in the first months the promise of future harvests would stay no one’s hunger. The ‘Uveans, therefore, begged the captain not to sail direct to Fanning, but first go to Vava‘u, and leave there the older and weaker people, whose strength was unequal to the rigours of a scanty diet. Later, when Fanning was producing abundance of food he could return and carry them thither. Po‘oi with his followers, numbering about five hundred, embarked on his son-in-law’s ships, and sailed to Vava‘u. That was the end of the Fanning enterprise. No one was willing to exchange the beauty and fertility of Vava‘u, with its friendly hospitable people, for possible hardship and hunger. The captain’s entreaties, his pictures of future affluence and happiness, could not entice the ‘Uveans back on to his ships. He felt himself cheated, as possibly he was. He appealed to missionaries and church leaders, but they, hearing contradictory accounts from the captain and from the ‘Uveans, refused to take sides, which was in effect, to support the ‘Uveans, leaving them free to enjoy the bounties of Vava‘u. The ‘Uveans at first may have genuinely desired to provide for their frailer folk before facing the stringencies of a new and foodless land, but later considered it gratuitous folly to leave Vava‘u. There may have been real misunderstandings. It is wonderfully easy to tell a girl in a strange tongue that you love her, and want to marry her, but much more difficult to arrange the details of a somewhat complicated enterprise. Wherever the truth may lie—and it often does lie—the ‘Uveans abandoned the plan of winning fortune from the coconuts of Fanning and stayed in Vava‘u. Among them were a few Roman Catholics, some of whom became Wesleyans

in their new home. During the first few years in Vava‘u many died. Time has gone on and the ‘Uvean settlers have become merged in the population of Vava‘u, a considerable portion of them, adherents of the Roman Catholic church. There is no longer a Wesleyan church in ‘Uvea, which has become a principal centre of Roman Catholic missions in the South Pacific. ‘Uvea is a French dependency, attached, since 1887, to the administrative district of New Caledonia. From 1886 to 1917 it was designated a French protectorate, but has since been annexed outright as a colony

One of the ‘Uveans, Jione (John) Kulï, who became a notable minister of the Wesleyan church, lived to be a very old man—no one knew just how old. A Wesleyan missionary, trying to get at his age, asked him how old he was when he left ‘Uvea. “What I remember, Sir,” he replied, “is that I was at an age when I was beginning to take notice of girls.” So it was assumed that he was about eighteen when he migrated to Vava‘u, thereby, in all probability, conceding him several unmarried years. He was a lean and active man, full of dry humour, whom Taufa‘ähau liked to have about him. The king one day sent Kulï to buy some things at a store. He brought the goods to the king and told him what they cost. Taufa‘ähau gave him the money to pay for them, but presently he came back to tell the king that he had made a mistake and wanted more money. The king was annoyed, saying that Kulï had made him appear a fool in the eyes of the European storekeeper. “It was Your Majesty’s own fault,” replied Kulï.

“How could that be?” asked Taufa‘ähau.

“Well,” said Kulï, “you are supposed to be a wise man, and yet you employ a fool to do your business.”

A pig that was kept in the palace grounds at Nuku‘alofa was named after Jione Kulï. One day visitors arrived, and the king sent a matäpule to prepare food for them, adding “You had better kill Jione Kulï.” The astounded and dismayed matäpule left the royal presence, and wandered about the grounds, keeping away from places where he might meet Jione Kulï, “For,” he said, “I was afraid I would have to kill the poor old chap.” At length, feeling that something must be done, he asked a man he happened to meet, “Do you know where Jione Kulï is?”

“which Jione Kulï,” replied the man, “the pig or the person?”

Sudden and comforting light broke upon the matäpule, and the feast was made ready. I have a grateful recollection of Jione Kulä. Addressing a large audience in the Wesleyan church at Nuku‘alofa I told a story that I thought was funny. No joke ever fell flatter, and no speaker was ever more deflated, when I heard loud chuckling behind me and there was Jione Kulï taking my yarn as I had meant it. There must have been something wrong with the substance or the telling of the story, for no one could wish for a more responsive audience than the humorous and bright witted Tongans.

Chapter 17

Tongatapu 1835-1840

By the end of the fourth decade of the nineteenth century all Ha‘apai and Vava‘u were Christian, and were living quietly under the rule of Taufa‘ähau; but in Tongatapu resistance to Christianity was more determined and prolonged. The main southern island was the principal center of kingship, religion and custom which knit the scattered lands in national unity. In the eastern part of Tongatapu, at Lapaha, known simply as Mu‘a, the capital, and further east, were the ancient sites where for nine centuries the Tu‘i Tonga had had their homes and courts and where, at the tombs of their ancestors, chiefs and people gathered for the great national religious festivals. At the other end of the island. Hihifo, the West, was the principal seat of the younger,

but temporally most powerful, king, Tupou, the Tu‘i Kanokupolu. Ata, the chief to whom especially were entrusted the care and preservation of the knowledge and observances proper in the conduct of Tupou and in the relations of others with him, had, on Thomas's first arrival, received him with personal friendliness, and determined rejection of religion. The attempt to found a mission in Hihifo was temporarily abandoned; but a number of Hihifo people desiring to be Christian, went elsewhere, mostly to Nuku‘alofa. Some time in the 1830's Ata died and was succeeded by his son. Since the new Ata permitted religious teaching to be given in his district, the exiles for religion returned home, but he was as determined as is father to have nothing of Christianity for himself. During all this time the importance and influence of Nuku‘alofa were growing. Since the end of the 18th century, it had been a residence of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and was the principal center of Christianity in Tongatapu.

The spread of Christianity was slow in Tongatapu, where acceptance or rejection of the new religion was bound up with divergences of political loyalties which for a few years kept the country trembling on the brink of civil war. Christianity gained a notable convert in Tu‘ivakanö, chief of Nukunuku, on the eastern fringe of Hihifo, but his defection so angered his people that they drove him from their village. The air of Tongatapu was full of fears and rumours. It was bruited abroad that the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Aleamotu‘a, would be deposed. Christians, fearing attack, gathered in Nuku‘alofa and strengthened its defenses. The two missionaries in Nuku‘alofa removed their wives and children to the safety of Vava‘u, and with them the printing-press. Thus it happened that a code of laws introduced by Taufa‘ähau was printed in Vava‘u.

Whilst men were in mutual dread of one another's violence, the impartial destructiveness of a hurricane joined them in common distress, and furnished the occasion of parleys by which the immediate danger of war was postponed by a truce, which, early in 1837, was terminated by open hostilities. Aleamotu‘a appealed to his young kinsman, Taufa‘ähau, who came from Ha‘apai with his warriors, and, after a campaign of two or three months subdued the king's enemies. It is unpleasant to record anything that savours of the spread of Christianity by religious war, but these struggles were mainly political, even, we may say dynastic or had religious overtones. The old order political, social, religious, strove to maintain itself against a new order whose most conspicuous mark and symbol was a foreign religion. Taufa‘ähau's short campaign did, in effect, serve in two ways to extend Christianity. The exhibition of Taufa‘ähau's strength was not lost on those who clung to the old ways. Again, among those who gathered in the fortress of Nuku‘alofa, either seeking refuge in troublous times or espousing the cause of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, were many non-Christians. In Nuku‘alofa they heard much about Christianity which, on their return to their homes, they told to others. Thus new centers were formed from which Christian teaching and worship were mediated. By the end of 1837 well over a thousand members of Christian churches in Tongatapu, and more than a thousand pupils were in schools. The mission in Hihifo, which had been abandoned in 1829 was re-opened by the Rev, Stephen Rabone, whom interest in the study of the language led to compile a Tongan and English vocabulary, which has remained in use ever since its publication. William Mariner's lively and retentive memory had furnished Dr. Martin with a list of five thousand Tongan words for his classic on Tongan life on Tongan life. In 1896 the Rev. Shirley Waldemar Baker added an English-Tongan vocabulary to Rabone's Tongan-English. French Marist Missionaries, in 1890, published a Tongan-French-English dictionary, and in 1955 the Rev. Dr. C.M. Churchward, who had already done important work on Pacific island languages, notably the obscure and puzzling language of Rotuma, completed the grammar and the dictionary which he had been commissioned by the Tongan government to write.

In the late 1830's, Ata allowed the gifted Rabone to live in his district, but he was no more inclined than before to embrace his religion. When the leading man of the island of ʻAtatä, off the north-western tip of Tongatapu became a Christian, Ata immediately ordered him remove himself elsewhere. The surface of the uneasy calm following Taufaʻähau's victories was soon ruffled by dissension. Some of the Christians advised immediate recourse to arms, but were restrained by Aleamotuʻa and the missionaries. Taufaʻähau went to Hihifo on a mission of peace, but his persuasive counsels were underlined by a blunt and threatening reminder of recent events. "Before the war which has just finished had broken out," he said, "I warned Lavaka and his people that those who molested the Christians would be punished. Soon afterwards war began, and now their bones are whitening on the ground. That's what I'm telling you. Give it heed."

The Christian faction was further strengthened about this time by the accession of ʻAhomeʻe, bearer of an ancient title who, on the establishment of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu early in the seventeenth century, had been merged into his retinue of lords.

To the south-east of Tongatapu, separated from the mainland by twelve miles of deep and often rough sea, lies the lofty and beautiful island of ʻEua, long known as the granary of Tonga. Captain Cook had been here, and since his time it had been a favourite port of call for whalers from Europe and America, whose crews supplied something less than the best types of culture contact. The whalers left guns and axes and knives in ʻEua, but they gave the islanders little reason to believe the superior steel implements must be associated with a superior religion. The comparative isolation of ʻEua delayed the introduction among them of the changes that were convulsing their larger neighbour. To ʻEua, as to a haven where men could follow untroubled their familiar ways, fled some who wished to escape the disorders of Tongatapu. But soon Christianity followed them, and they returned to the homes they had left.

Religious and political differences were laid aside in 1839, as all joined in the celebration of the marriage of Sälote Mafileʻo, daughter of Taufaʻähau, to the Tuʻi Pelehake, but early in 1840 open hostilities broke out in two places, in Hihifo, and between Nukuʻalofa and Pea, a fortress on the western shore of the deep bay which runs into the northern coast of Tongatapu. Again Aleamotuʻa appealed to Taufaʻähau, who was promptly on the scene of trouble. First Taufaʻähau went to Hihifo to attempt a peaceful settlement, but Taufaʻähau and Ata could not agree, and Taufaʻähau invested Ata's fortress of Kolovai, in Hihifo. This was an ambiguous struggle. A guardian of the prerogatives of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu and all the ancient rituals and observances of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu was in arms against him. It was a siege in which the defenders had little heart in their task, as indeed they were not likely to have. The heads of the garrison were divided. How could the men of Hihifo, the place where the Tuʻi Kanokupolu was installed, then were buried, fight against their king? Ata's obduracy against Christianity was his loyalty to the Tuʻi Kanokupolu. He Must have seen with distaste the growing preference of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu for Nukuʻalofa as a residence. The king's entanglement with foreign customs and religion must have filled him with anxiety and grief. Here was Taufaʻähau besieging him as the champion of Aleamotuʻa. The faithful Ata, how grievous his dilemma! How can a man defend the prerogatives of his lord by fighting against him? Men cannot fight against their deepest loyalties, and it was clear that Kolovai would soon yield. Taufaʻähau ordered his men that, when the fortress surrendered, there must be no indiscriminate killing, but that as many as possible of the garrison should be taken alive. In the event five hundred prisoners were taken, and immediately released, and allowed to return home, except a few who were sent to Haʻapai and Vavaʻu.

Peace had been made with Hihifo, but the hostility of Pea remained. Allied with Pea was Houma, lying near a beautiful stretch of the southern, or weather, coast. The shore here is rocky

and fairly high, fringed in places with sandy beaches, and a broad flat reef, pierced with myriad holes skirts the land. As the long Pacific swell rolls landward the edge of the reef is laced with silvery spray, and the water, forced through hidden channels and the holes on the face of the rock, leaps and falls in countless fountains, agleam between the blue of sky and sea.

It happened that Pea was to be a place of contact with great world powers. In 1838 the government of the United States of America had sent two ships, commanded by Commodore Wilkes, on a long voyage of exploration. These ships arrived in Tonga in 1840 when the land was uneasy and unpeaceful. Someone or other from among the missionaries appealed to the commodore to pacify the land. Wilkes, apparently, nothing loath to utter the word which would set all right, summoned the leaders of both sides to meet him, and was probably a bit surprised when, at the appointed time and place, no one appeared in obedience to his summons. White men were still far from understanding that great chiefs, descendants of lines who for centuries had been administering their people's affairs in peace and war, are not to be called before ships' captains like sailors who have broken a regulation. Wilkes made his futile gesture, and left. A few weeks later another ship arrived, the British H.M.S. *Favourite*, commanded by Captain Croker. To him two appeals were made. The missionaries Rabone and Tucker begged him to move their families to a place of safety, and Aleamotu'a and Taufa'ähau asked him to attempt a pacification. So off went Captain Croker to Pea to parley with its leaders. With him went a party of armed sailors, lugging three cannon. At Pea the cannon were placed in position. A messenger came from the fort to the captain, and was sent back to tell his chiefs to stop opposing the king, and to make peace. The captain added that when peace was made, both sides should pull down their fortifications, go home and attend to their work, and have no more fighting and dissension—in short, should behave as the English, Scotch and Irish always do. Two white men were living in Pea, one of whom, known as Semi, acted as interpreter and transmitted to the chiefs the fatherly counsels of Croker. The chiefs then invited the captain into fort to talk with them. Croker, accompanied by another officer and two or three sailors was courteously received by the chiefs of Pea inside the fort and had a long, but inconclusive discussion, with the chiefs. They said they could decide nothing until they had conferred with their allies of Houma. This was reasonable, and Captain Croker agreed, but with the preposterous stipulation that he must have an answer in half an hour. At the end of half an hour he stormed the fortress. At the head of his men the gallant ass, sword aglitter in the tropical sunshine, ran on that which comes soon enough to meet every man. Two of his men perished with him. His intervention as a combatant on either side of the conflict had no shadow of right, but Tongans, appreciating his courage, and feeling that he had sacrificed his life in a well-meaning effort to end their war, have erected a memorial to him beside one of the doors of the church on the great mound in Nuku'alofa. When the *Favourite* sailed she took to Vava'u the missionaries' wives and children. The chairman of the mission, the Rev. John Thomas, who was then living in Vava'u, came to Nuku'alofa, and, with one of his colleagues, visited the chiefs who were opposing Aleamotu'a, and urged them to live at peace. Some years of comparative tranquility followed.

To this period of fighting (1840) seems to belong an incident which is remembered as a tragic failure of Taufa'ähau's customary magnanimity. Between Nuku'alofa and Pea were two tiny villages, or forts, Hule and Ngele'ia. They took sides with the enemies of Taufa'ähau, but their weight in either scale was insignificant. They were taken by Taufa'ähau, and then, with a gesture as of sudden impatience, were ruthlessly doomed to utter extinction.

Educational Progress

In 1841 the Rev. John Waterhouse, Secretary of the Wesleyan church's missionary work in the South Pacific, visited Tonga. Members of his family have made the name distinguished in

the religious and intellectual life of Australia, He, too, did what he could to encourage friendly intercourse among the hostile chiefs of Tongatapu.

When he returned to London he advised his committee to undertake technical education in Tonga, and somewhat more advanced training for preachers and church workers. Unfortunately he took away with him on his ship, the *Triton*, the woman who was at that time the most active and far seeing of the educators of the Tongans. Mrs. Tucker and her husband were both sick, and had to leave the group and returned to England. Mrs. Tucker's manuscript and printed papers were invaluable to her successors. The *Triton* touched at Ha'apai, Vava'u, Niua Toputapu, Niua Fo'ou and 'Uvea, where Roman Catholic priests had already landed.

Without waiting for word from England or Australia, the Tongans set to work and built a school for preachers in Vava'u. Stimulated and guided by Taufa'ähau, men cut timbers in the bush, brought them to Neiafu and shaped them for the house. Desks and seats were cut and assembled—an innovation for people who still habitually sit on the floor, though Hape and Tafeta had benches in their church in Nuku'alofa. In one day, 3rd June, 1841, the school in Neiafu was built. In London the committee did its part by appointing Rev. Francis Wilson M.A. as head of the new school. English was taught, and Taufa'ähau, now in the prime of his life, and the most powerful chief in the whole of Tonga, did not disdain, when he was able, to advance his education beside Wilson's pupils. Francis Wilson, was a scholarly man who won the affections of Tongans and foreigners by his gentle and kindly nature. His bodily strength, however, was not equal to his zeal, and in 1846 he died.

For two years the work commenced by Francis Wilson was suspended, but in 1848 Richard Amos arrived. Amos was not a clergyman, but a trained teacher, a graduate of the Glasgow Normal School, famous for the novelty and excellence of the methods of education and teacher training it was introducing. By this time Taufa'ähau was Tu'i Kanokupolu, living in Nuku'alofa as his capital, and Amos, instead of continuing in the school at Neiafu where Wilson had worked, established his school in Nuku'alofa. A large piece of land, twenty acres in extent, was assigned to him. The main school-house was built beside a level grassy space which formed an extensive playing area and place for outdoor gatherings. A pathway, lined on either side with bananas, plantains and pineapples, led into the students' gardens. From this main pathway ran smaller paths, through gardens to the married students' cottages. Beside the main building was a primary school for younger children. The whole was well designed for the purposes it was to serve, and was beautiful to look at. The description of Amos's school and its grounds resembles in important details, though it differs in others equally important, from the Tupou College familiar in Nuku'alofa at the end of the nineteenth century and into the twentieth. The site seems to be the same, with some differences in the placing of buildings and layout of the grounds.

In 1849 twenty-four student preachers and teachers were in the school, eight of them with their wives, and four other women students. The timetable of the school adapted the precise tyranny of clocks to the habits of the country. At daybreak the students went to their gardens, except the cook for the day, who stayed to prepare food. Amongst the Tongans, as among the ancient Greeks, much of the cooking is done by men. Aristophanes' question, "Whoever heard of a woman cook?" would sound much point for a Tongan, than for an Australian or English, stage.

From eight o'clock to ten, Mr. Amos, assisted by two of the older students, taught the children in the preparatory school. By then the students had returned from their gardens, and attended classes till two o'clock. Afternoon and evening were free for preparing lessons, getting in food, bathing (a daily essential never omitted by Tongans), devotions, and so on. Amos added to the instruction in the school the collecting of Tongan traditions and tales, which he wrote

down as his students told them. He hoped to make this the basis of a history of Tonga, written in Tongan. Amos's collection of traditions seems to have disappeared, and the projected work, which could have been interesting and valuable, not to have been written.

With education went inevitably the printing of books and pamphlets. Publication had been hampered by the too frequent removals of mission workers who understood the Tongan language, or who could set up and print. Twice the British and foreign Bible Society assisted the mission by gifts of paper, and, despite interruptions, a good deal had been done. In 1847 it was decided to print the whole of the New Testament, and such parts of the Old Testament as had been translated. Also the missionaries resolved to push on and complete the translation of the Old Testament. The printing of the New Testament was too big a task for the mission press, and the British and Foreign Bible Society was asked to undertake the work. In 1853 ten thousand copies of the New Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, were landed in Tonga. Becoming able to read, to wander at will into experience far beyond individual sight and sound, is unforgettably fascinating, though the keen and tenacious memories of those whose powers of remembering have not been enfeebled by dependence upon books excite our wonder and envy. Einstein stressed the need of hard thinking, and said that reading weakened the mind. However, for a people but lately acquainted with books, the arrival of ten thousand New Testaments was an exciting event, and copies were eagerly sought and purchased. One Sunday afternoon a house was burnt whilst its owner, with his Book, was at church. His comment was, "I'm glad my house was burnt when my Book wasn't in it. I can get another house, but it might not be so easy to get another Book." Another man, a poor cripple, was an avid reader of his New Testament. A missionary's wife, who lived near, used to send him food. One day the girl who brought his food asked if he had eaten anything. "Yes," he said.

"What?" queried the girl.

"What have I had? I've eaten the whole of Corinthians."

Taufa'ähau once, preaching in Fiji, asked, "What is the difference between England and Polynesia? Is there anything in the body or mind of England that Polynesia does not have? Evidently not." Then, holding up the Bible, he said, "They have the Book. They have the Book." Taufa'ähau meant more than a trite and pious tribute to the Bible. A reason why some cultures have developed slowly, or even lost elements they once had, is that they have never had, or have forgotten, the art of writing.

Chapter 18

Roman Catholics in Tonga

Already in the early 1830's Polynesians were receiving first lessons in the unity of Christians who loved and trusted the one saviour. Had not Tongans themselves planted their own small sprig of Christian harmony in the vineyard of Samoa? But the lessons in sectarianism given by Wesleyans and the London Missionary Society were rudimentary and their perfection was marred by much mutual good-will and toleration. This branch of Christian education was advanced a long step by the appearance of the ancient sect of Rome, whose agents practiced their faith with ritual and creed far different from those of the Wesleyans and London Missionary Society, and were Europeans who spoke a tongue other than that of the Wesleyan Englishmen. For the unhappy divisions between their countries in the early part of the nineteenth century Englishmen were at least as deeply to blame as Frenchmen, but it was no part of charity or commonsense to transplant into the Pacific dissensions whose root and historical reason was in Europe. Of political and religious distractions Tonga had enough and to spare, and, to a considerable degree, the new sect flowed into the cracks of Tongan differences, perhaps, in one view, providing useful alternatives of choice for the people, or, on another, widening the rifts which had to be closed, or at least bridged. Different observers will hold different opinions, and it is impossible to be quite without bias, yet if one should hazard an opinion, mine is that the intrusion of French Romanism hindered the healing processes of conciliation, and delayed the recovery of the land from the strife which began with the assassination of Tuku‘aho in 1799. The more ornate ritual of Rome had little to add to the cultural heritage of a people, who, in their own dances, ceremonies and oratory, possessed deep and living springs of cultural gaiety and dignity,

Towards the end of 1837 a vessel, bearing the Roman Catholic bishop Pompallier and three priests, arrived in Vava‘u from New Zealand. Taufa‘ähau was in Vava‘u, and was waited upon by the bishop. John Thomas, chairman of the Wesleyan mission, was also in Vava‘u, and was present at the interview of the bishop with the king—a circumstance which probably did not make the way of the bishop any easier. The bishop asked Taufa‘ähau to permit two, perhaps three priests to live in Vava‘u. When this was refused the bishop begged that they be allowed to remain two or three months, to learn the Tongan language. To this the king replied, “What is the use of a short stay like that? If it is a matter of only two or three months it is better for the priests to go away by the ship they came in.” Pompallier pressed his request, but the king was determined to have no priests, saying that he and his people were satisfied to be Wesleyans. At last the bishop desisted, and as he left, Thomas suggested that he go to islands where there were as yet no Christian missions, mentioning Fiji, Samoa, Niua Toputapu, Niua Fo‘ou, Rotuma and ‘Uvea as lands where the Wesleyans had established missions.

Four years later, in December, 1841, a French war vessel put in at Vava‘u, and an officer went ashore bearing, as he said, a message from the king of France to Taufa‘ähau. It happened that Taufa‘ähau was not then in Vava‘u, so the officer invited several chiefs to go on board his ship, accompanied by an interpreter, who, he stipulated, must not be a Wesleyan missionary. The next day the chiefs went on board the French ship, taking with them as interpreter a Portuguese, who had been a Roman Catholic but had turned Wesleyan. The captain received them pleasantly, and asked why they had not permitted the priests to stay in their country. They

had allowed Protestant missionaries to settle in their country, he said, and that was well; but it was fitting that the same privilege should be granted to the French Catholics. Civilised countries did not discriminate against the citizens of any nation, but allowed all to land on their shores. The man-‘o-war went away, but soon a small schooner arrived in Vava‘u, with Bishop Pompallier back again. He went on shore with a priest and a Frenchman who had deserted from Dumont D‘Urville’s *Astrolabe*, in 1827. (Perhaps it is unjust to say that he had deserted, for his accusation was that he had been held a prisoner on shore, and was unable to rejoin the ship before she left). Taufa‘ähau was still not in Vava‘u, but again the chiefs refused the bishop permission to start a Roman Catholic mission. When the schooner sailed she left two letters for Taufa‘ähau, one in English and one in French, complaining of the refusal to receive priests in Vava‘u. This was represented as unfriendly to France. Already a number of foreigners had settled in Tonga, and Frenchmen, too, should be permitted to live in the country, to trade or follow whatever occupation they chose. Frenchmen could, of course, settle in the country—there was, for example, the deserter from the *Astrolabe* who acted as interpreter for Bishop Pomallier.

So far, then, efforts to establish a Roman Catholic mission in some part or other of the Tonga group had failed, but not for long. Europe was for centuries familiar with national—or governmental—rivalries intertwined with religious struggles between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Something of this pattern of strife was transplanted to Tonga, and grafted on to a home-grown contest of the sane general sort. In Tongatapu were centres of opposition to Christianity, and to

the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Aleamotu‘a, and his formidable ally, Taufa‘ähau. It is impossible to disentangle all the political and religious factors and say precisely how strong and important each was in the web of contention. There was dislike to Christianity, a new and foreign religion, which was threatening to engulf the ancient religion of Tonga, and the whole social and political structure with it. Aleamotu‘a and Taufa‘ähau supported Christianity. Aleamotu‘a, moreover, was Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and was almost certain to be succeeded by Taufa‘ähau, and the power and influence of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu were overshadowing the Tu‘i Tonga, the heart of the traditional religion and society. This Taufa‘ähau, too, was a man so masterful and strong. His herculean frame was matched by a mind and character to which nothing seemed impossible. If he were not stopped where might he not end? In Tongatapu were troubled waters in which the Roman Catholics could fish.

A notable centre of opposition to Aleamotu‘a and his religion was the fortress of Pea, on the shore of the lagoon a few miles from Nuku‘alofa. It was not entirely opposed to Christianity, for a few Wesleyans were within the fortress, but they seemed less enthusiastic than the neophytes of most Christian groups. Rumours, too, reached them that even if they wished to be Christian, they need not be Wesleyan, for another variant of Christianity had penetrated to neighbouring islands, and was seeking entry into Tonga. An influential woman in Pea, Lataihöleva, was a Wesleyan, but she disliked the cult, and was further dissatisfied that the missionaries had not given her medicines she desired for her little daughter. The missionaries‘ side of this story is not recorded, but doubtless they had good reasons for whatever it was they did or refused to do.

In 1842 Fifita‘ila, son of one of the most important chiefs of Pea, was in Fiji, where he met the Roman Catholic bishop Pompallier, who had already made his unsuccessful attempts to establish a Mission in Vava‘u. Fifita‘ila begged him to send a priest to Pea, and the bishop, having cautiously done his best to ascertain that the priest would be well received, consented. The priest selected for the appointment was Father Chevron, who was long to be known to the Tongans as Pätele Sevelo. Roman Catholicism was by this time established in ‘Uvea and Futuna, and with Father Chevron sailed the bishop, the king of ‘Uvea, some ‘Uveans, and a little

group of Tongans who had become Catholics in ‘Uvea. They sailed in an English ship, of which a Tongan Catholic, writing about 1860, said that it “was on a pleasure cruise, but it is the habit of Englishmen to go and see what is going on in various countries.” This comment on English habits was translated by Bishop Blanc in his beautifully written and lively *Chez les Meridionaux du Pacifique*. With much written by, Bishop Blanc I disagree, but he has the soul of a poet and the hand of an artist. On June 30, 1842, the English ship with its Catholic passengers, cast anchor off Pangaimotu, and sent messengers to Pea to enquire whether it would be possible to commence a Roman Catholic mission there. After a day or two the messengers returned with a favourable answer. The French bishop and priest and their party landed on Pangaimotu on the first Sunday in July, and Bishop Blanc tells us, “in the shade of a great *fetau* tree the holy sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time, on 2nd July, 1842. On that day, whilst the mainland was still sleeping in the deathly shadow of paganism and of heresy, the angels descended to adore the God of the Eucharist, and the blessed souls of Isaiah and of Malachi must have entered into transports of delight at the sight of this new fulfillment of their prophecies.” It happened that a French sailor, one of the crew of Dumont D‘Urville’s *Astrolabe*, which touched here in 1827, had been killed in a skirmish with the Tongans, and hurled in this islet of Pangaimotu. Bishop Blanc continues, “Is it not touching to think that, to give His eucharistic blood to this pagan land, the Saviour chose the piece of around where French blood first flowed!”

From Pangaimotu the bishop and the priest went first to near-by Nuku‘alofa, where they met Aleamotu‘a. The Tu‘i Kanokupolu, whilst refusing to allow the new sect to be planted in Nuku‘alofa, seems to have given some degree of approval to its being taken to mainly non-Christian parts of his land. “There’s a religion here,” he said, “that we belong to, so go to the bush and the people who live there.” Bishop Pompallier and Father Chevron passed on to Pea, where they were welcomed, and celebrated the mass in a Tongan house, using a European bed as an altar. So Father Chevron entered on his forty-two years‘ mission, which ended with his life, a gracious and saintly man who won the affections of many outside his own denomination. With the coming of French Catholics a spice of foreign sectarianism was added to the embroilments of Tongan politics, and behind the struggle for Tongan peace and unity was the threatening shadow of a second foreign power.

When Bishop Pompallier and the king of ‘Uvea had got Father Chevron more or less settled they sent off again, leaving with him a French lay brother, Brother Attale, who was transferred from ‘Uvea to Tonga, and soon he was joined by another priest. Brother Attale was a simple and faithful man, who gave himself without stint to the religious observances and visitations of the mission, and to labours to provide food and shelter for his superiors and himself. He died in 1847.

Pea, then, became the first centre of Roman Catholicism in Tonga. Here, in 1843, a large church was dedicated, unfortunately burnt down during war in 1852. From Pea efforts were made to extend the church’s work, especially to Mu‘a, the capital of the Tu‘i Tonga. For long the Tu‘i Tonga, Laufilitonga, refused to desert the ancient faith, whose head he was, for either Wesleyanism or Papacy. Meanwhile a foothold towards Mu‘a was gained by a group of ‘Uvean Catholics living in Holonga, where they built a church. After a time Laufilitonga so far relented towards the Roman Catholics as to allow them to build a small residence, but not a church, in Mu‘a; but in 1847 the church in Holonga was destroyed by fire, and the Tu‘i Tonga then permitted the Catholics to build a church in his capital. They bought a large house, which they transported to Mu‘a, and erected on the site granted them, an eminence from which the cross that crowned the building could he seen out at sea. A year later, in September, 1848, the big prize fell to the Roman Catholics, and Laufilitonga declared himself an adherent of their church.

In that same month a British corvette, with the un-military name of *Maryann*, arrived in Tonga with news of the revolutionary events of 1848 in Europe. This, states a French Roman Catholic writer, was an occasion "for the Wesleyans to redouble their lying. They announced that the sovereign Pontiff and the king of France had fled to England where they had become Protestants; that papacy was ruined for ever, and that there were no 'popes' left anywhere in the world except in 'Uvea and Tonga." The picture of the Pope as a Protestant refugee in England is more than a little intriguing, and it is disappointing that one of two Wesleyan missionaries charged with responsibility for these entertaining rumours disappeared, and the other 'nia effronte/ment.'

In March, 1851, the Roman Catholic bishop visited Tonga, and baptised Laufilitonga into the church. Since there were two Christian sects-in Tonga it was perhaps inevitable that the Tu'i Tonga, when he succumbed to the pressure of the new religion, should join the division of it which was not that of Taufa'ähau. Behind Taufa'ähau, whose power overshadowed that of every other chief, was the Wesleyan church and Britain, and behind Laufilitonga the Roman Catholic church and France. Laufilitonga, whose ancestor nine hundred years before came down from heaven, and with a mortal woman began a line of kings, human and divine—'king and god,' as a fragment of an old dirge has it, source of their country's well-being and fertility, that through him, in the words of the English coronation service, his people may "continually enjoy peace, plenty and prosperity." has become simply the neophyte of a foreign cult, whether in its Roman or Wesleyan form matters little.

It might have been expected that the accession of the Tu'i Tonga would have made the Roman Catholic church, with its ceremonial bright colours, and ritual in which religion is acted out *la mimique*, the predominant form of Christianity among people whose own great religious festivals were full of dramatic action. But nothing of the sort happened. The influence of Taufa'ähau, and of other great chiefs, as well as of missionaries who had long been trusted, was supported by the penetrating ironic wisdom of Tongans, who, as probably most peoples who have been long in intimate contact with nature, feel that the truth of man's being, which religion strives to reach, demands far other efforts than those which a French writer translated from a Tongan script as 'la mimique.'

Be that as it may in the years following the conversion of the Tu'i Tonga Roman Catholicism spread throughout the group, and to Niua Toputapu and Niua Fo'ou, and fairly soon numbered two thousand adherents, and then climbing to four thousand, represented a proportion of the population from which it has not greatly diverged.

Pea continued to be an important centre of the Roman Catholic mission, with, for a time, two priests living there. Mu'a was a separate parish, in charge of the pioneer, Father Chevron. But it was Ma'ofanga, an area contiguous to Nuku'alofa, that became the principal Tongan centre of the Roman Catholic mission. For many centuries Ma'ofanga had been a sacred place. It will be recalled that Fïnau II sacrificed here, at the tombs of his ancestors, before commencing his battles against Tongatapu. One of the most famous sanctuaries, where the fugitive was safe from his pursuer, was here. From the 1850s onwards, when the number of Roman Catholics increased fairly rapidly, Ma'ofanga gradually became the head of their mission, and, when Tonga became a separate bishopric, the site of the episcopal residence. A brass band formed by a musical priest, had its home in Ma'ofanga, and was a valuable attraction to the music-loving Tongans, as well as furnishing an excellent accompaniment for many parts of the ritual and cult. In Ma'ofanga a convent was built where nuns taught girl pupils, and helped to nurse the people in their sicknesses. For many years the superior of the convent, known to everybody simply as Ma Me\re, was the trusted friend to whom mothers of every persuasion brought their sick children for a skill and care that were never lacking.

It was not unnatural that when the Roman Catholics first tried to get a footing in Tonga, they were not welcomed by the Wesleyans who had preceded then. Equally it was natural that Roman Catholics, believing that any other type of Christianity but theirs was a pernicious heresy, should be anxious to introduce the true faith to the pagans and heretics. But, in spite of religious differences, human life goes on. The beneficent relations of family affection are too wide and deep for the hateful mischievousness of rancorous sectarianism to flourish among the Tongans. The foreign communities, of many lands and faiths, are almost uniformly friendly among themselves. On my first Christmas in Ha‘apai visits were exchanged between the French priest and myself, and later I borrowed books from the bishop in Ma‘ofanga. Even the bitternesses of the 1914-18 war left unimpaired the friendships of Britons and Germans, many of whom had inter-married. Occasionally run-of-the-mill relations were diversified by more lively encounters. It Is reported that in the 1860’s a Wesleyan Missionary, who had a splendid black horse, rode through the middle of a Roman Catholic procession in the street of Ma‘ofanga. This missionary is reputed to have been a man of fiery and impetuous temper, but one hopes that this story is not true, or is at least exaggerated of misunderstood. Another rencontre was innocent and amusing. A priest, despising the scholarship of his Wesleyan brother, tore a page from a Hebrew Bible, and sent it by a Tongan messenger to the Protestant missionary, asking him translate it. The Protestant was no Hebraist, but luck was on the side of heresy. It happened that the Wesleyan had a copy of Pitman’s Shorthand, then new and not widely known. He tore a page from the Shorthand, and bade the Tongan tell the priest to translate that, and then he would translate the Hebrew.

Groups of people, sitting and chatting and drinking *kava*, sometimes fell into discussions of religious differences. Newly arrived in Ha‘apai in 1911 I saw the last phase and fruit of a notable Catholic and Protestant controversy which had occurred just before. In a little group one evening were the Wesleyan chief Tu‘itavake, a big genial man, and a Roman Catholic priest, a slight, black-bearded Frenchman, courteous and friendly. Unfortunately the conversation became an argument between Tu‘itavake and the priest about religion, each of the disputants, of course, being unconvinced by the arguments of the other. Finally a test of the validity of the Wesleyan and Roman faith was agreed upon. A horse was to be brought, and offered a bunch of bananas (an irresistible delicacy to a horse) and a bucket of water, whilst a crucifix was held before his eyes. If the horse ate the bananas and drank the water without bowing to the crucifix, the priest would join the Wesleyan church. But if the animal first bowed to the crucifix before eating and drinking, Tu‘itavake would follow the horse into the true faith. Certainly the priest took the greater risk.

Beside the Roman Catholic church and school and presbytery in Lifuka is a is a large open grassy apace, set about with beautiful trees—the ancient *mala‘e* of kings and communal meeting place. In front runs a road, traversing the length of the island from west to east, then, between road and beach of white coral sand, a narrow grassy strip, with trees and the friendly signs of human life. Beyond is the sea—a snug boat harbour within the protecting reefs, where the long lazy rollers break in gleaming silver. Inland the ground rises gently to the houses of the village—Tu‘itavake’s among them—set among trees. A lovely setting for a trial of faith.

On the day of the trial—a mild sunny day—all the people gathered on the green. Around the corner of the Roman Catholic compound came a procession of school-children singing hymns, two or three nuns, Catholic lay leaders, and the priest bearing the crucifix. The priest, holding aloft the crucifix, took his stand before a tree where a hunch of bananas was hanging, with a bucket of water beneath it on the ground. The horse was brought—a Wesleyan horse belonging to Tu‘itavake—and with spontaneous and heretical haste set to on the bananas. No movements of the horse’s head called for subtlety of interpretation or the arbitration of an umpire. The

hungry and thirsty animal cared nothing for Catholic claims or Wesleyan ownership—he just ate and drank. Later, Roger Page, the chairman of the Wesleyan mission, visiting Haʻapai from Nukuʻalofa, reprimanded Tuʻitavake for getting mixed up in such a silly business. Tuʻitavake grinned like a mischievous schoolboy. "It was all right, sir," he said, "I took no risks. I had the horse tied up for two or three days without food or drink." The priest, however, could not smile it off like a boy's prank. There was much negotiation before a way was found to absolve him from his foolish pledge. It was said that the matter was finally referred to Rome. Anyway, the condition of release was that the priest should build a church.

Before the task was begun the fair face of the land was wrecked. For a day or two at the end of January the air was menacingly still. Dark cloud covered the sky, the sea was motionless and the colour of lead. No breezes moved, not a leaf stirred on a tree. Then, the wind awoke and raged with a deep, threatening roar, the sea heaved and swelled. Afterwards, the hurricane broke over sea and land. Trees were uprooted, great branches torn off, houses flattened, sheets of iron blown about like paper, cement blocks in which were set the piles of a little jetty strewn along the beach. Three times the sea was drawn back from the land, leaving the reefs standing up like walls, to rush back far beyond the limits of the highest tides. A boat borne far inshore was left bottom upwards, and the next inrush of the waters brought another boat, and snapped it like a stick over the upturned keel. Rain and spray swept horizontally across the island, ruining drinking: water where tanks and roofs were still standing. Salt rime stuck everywhere on houses and trees that were not overthrown.

After the fury of the storm followed long months of living with desolation. Hurricanes, like horses, care nothing for religious differences. All denominations lost buildings, and had to repair or build anew. Then it was that the priest built his church. For many weeks there was no rain, and day after day, and month after month, he sweated and toiled with his helpers beneath the burning sun, grimed with dust. Often I saw him bringing dray-loads of coral from the reef, and marveled at the endurance of a man who looked neither tough nor muscular. I never asked him whether in truth the building of the church was a sort of penance, but in any case the task in his hands became fine and noble, and the building he raised a worthy memorial of a strong and devoted heart.[[A note indicates that a page 301a was to be inserted here, but there was no such page in the MS.]]

Seventh Day Adventists and Mormons came much later to add their variety to the religious scene. They did not attract many converts, but their schools, whose staffs contained a higher proportion of white teachers than those of other bodies were popular with those who wished to learn English—which was nearly everybody. The Mormons were served by a group of young men, numerous in proportion to the size of their mission, who after three years or so returned borne to the United States, qualified by their foreign service for an advance of status in their church.

Early in the twentieth century the Church of England established a small mission, mainly to minister to Europeans. The founding of this mission was, in part, a ripple set in motion by a larger event—the annexation of Hawaiʻi by the United States, which was officially carried out in 1898, but did not become fully effective till the middle of 1900. In the Anglican church in Honolulu was Bishop Willis, an Englishman who, after the annexation, desired to go somewhere else. In Nukuʻalofa was a doctor who had known Bishop Willis in Honolulu, and who at this juncture, with the support of some other Europeans and one or two Tongan families, suggested to him that he come to Tonga and establish a branch of the Church of England. So the bishop came, and for long a tall, thin, white-bearded figure who amazed everybody by his activity, and by his not using glasses, either for reading and writing or for distant vision, When the weakness of age finally overtook him he continued undauntedly at his work, and the last

time I saw him he was going on board a steamer, climbing the gangway almost on his hands and knees. To this good old man I owe thanks for kindness and the loan of books. His wife at one time kept guinea-pigs, whose fecundity enabled her to indulge her delight in giving things away by supplying other families with pets.

The bishop was assisted by a Chinese curate, a slight little man whom everyone liked. He probably had a Chinese name, but was always known by what seems to have seen an ecclesiastical name, Sang Mark. He was good-humoured and pleasant, extraordinarily versatile and capable. There seemed to be few things to which he could not turn his hand, and few situations in which he had not a wise suggestion to offer. In the hungry months which followed the Haʻapai hurricane at the beginning of 1912, the food supply recovered more quickly because people followed Sang Mark's advice to plant sweet potatoes at once, although it was not the time for planting them. In a deal which he made during the 1914-18 war I'm afraid he may have burnt his fingers. A European trader in Vavaʻu gave a motor launch to my friend and colleague A.M. Sanders—a valuable gift, though the boat was not new, and her engine needed repairs. It happened soon afterwards that we had a holiday in Vavaʻu. Neither Sanders nor I had ever driven a motor launch, but for about a fortnight we enjoyed ourselves in her on the lovely harbour. Starting was always a trouble, and a wooden plug that had been used instead of a metal cap to close a pipe, used to thoroughly smoke, but, instead of bursting into flames would, blow out like a cork from a ginger-beer bottle. Although the launch did not catch fire, our outings often ended in our lying in ignominious helplessness in the middle of the harbour until someone towed us home. We did not wait idly for help, but always tried to paddle ourselves back to shore, a slow progression usually cut short by a friendly tow. We felt, however, that the purpose of the trader's gift was not to furnish a pleasure yacht to the missionary, but a donation to the mission, and that the best thing was to turn the boat into money. Here Sang Mark came into the picture with an offer to buy that was almost immediately accepted. It is certain that Sang Mark possessed the knowledge and skill to do everything necessary to put the launch into good order, but her engine was no longer being made, and it was difficult to get spare parts. The 1914-18 war was on, and turned the difficulty into a practical impossibility. For months the launch lay in Vavaʻu harbour, waiting for parts that never came, we hoped that our friend Sang Mark would come well out of his deal, but how it all ended I do not know. I discussed the White Australia policy with Sang Mark. His view was that any government is justified in refusing entrance to foreigners who are criminals or for other reasons are manifestly unsuitable immigrants, but that no one should be rejected on such grounds as the colour of his skin. Any population would be the better for the addition to it of a man of such varied excellence as Sang Mark himself.

A.M. Sanders—the M in whose initials stood for his grandfather MacMillan, the Scottish blacksmith who invented the bicycle—was late president of the Methodist Conference in New South Wales, the highest office which any state of Australia can bestow on a Methodist minister. He had a beautiful voice for singing and speaking and is one of the finest—probably the finest—orators I have listened to.

Chapter 19

War in Pea

On the 18th November, 1845, the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Aleamotu‘a, died. He was a big handsome man, who looked the part of king and leader. He is remembered as a kindly father of his people, but was, in fact, unequal to leadership of the difficult times in which his rule was cast. He was succeeded by Taufa‘ähau, long the acknowledged king or governor of Ha‘apai and Vava‘u, and the virtual leader of a11 Tonga. Aleamotu‘a had repeatedly summoned him to his aid. Taufa‘ähau, who was living in Vava‘u, removed, with his queen, Sälote, or Lupepau‘u, and their young son Vuna, to Nuku‘alofa. His formal installation took place on 4th December, 1845, when on the *mala‘e* in Hihifo he turned his back to the *koka* tree, and received the cup of *kava* designated for Tupou, the title of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu. Hihifo is still reverenced as the ancestral centre of the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and special functions of great Hihifo chiefs in relation to him live on in unimpaired vigour, but with Taufa‘ähau was completed the process, begun with Mumui half a century before, of the transformation of Nuku‘alofa into the political, and commercial, capital of the kingdom. Mu‘a continued as the capital of the Tu‘i Tonga, and the home of the ancient sanctities.

The new king lived in Nuku‘alofa, but made frequent visits to the northern parts of his kingdom. In 1847 he went to Ha‘apai, leaving the care of Tongatapu to Lavaka, of Pea and Ma‘afu, two chiefs who had not deserted the ancient paganism for Christianity in either its Wesleyan or Roman form. They saw with distaste and apprehension the growing power of Taufa‘ähau, and aroused suspicions by the way in which they used the opportunity of his absence. They commenced to build or strengthen fortifications, and rumours spread that they were plotting to overthrow Taufa‘ähau, and set up some other king in his stead. Tupou, hearing these reports, returned to Tongatapu, and stilled uneasiness by his presence. Lavaka and Ma‘afu denied that they had plotted against their king. Tupou was satisfied, and all seemed calm and peaceful. In 1850 Taufa‘ähau went again to Ha‘apai, but no sooner was he gone than suspicious movements began in Pea and Houma, a few miles southward, on the *liku*, or weather coast. In Pea were two French priests, and on the tiny stage of Tonga was to be played a drama in many essential respects like the struggles of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or the later conflict in China between Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek. As they were to do in China, so in Tonga the Roman Catholic priests opposed the rising power of the new leader. They shared with the champions of Tonga’s old order dislike of the influence of Taufa‘ähau, and encouraged those who fought against him. It is impossible to entirely disentangle political and religious motives. The Tu‘i Tonga had become a Catholic, whilst remaining head and source of the sanctity of ancient religion and society. Taufa‘ähau, with his new order, was a heretic, as Mao Tse-tung, with his, was an atheist. Both therefore, in Catholic eyes, were bloodthirsty tyrants.

The two sides lived on in uneasy truce, during which an important accession of influence came to Taufa‘ähau and the Protestants. It will be recalled that in the fifteenth century the Tu‘i Tonga had created the title and office of Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, to be vice-regents or executive kings. The last Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, Mulikiha‘amea fell in battle at the end of the eighteenth century. But after him no Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua was appointed, chiefs who were heirs to the title lived on. The lord who would have been Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, had one been installed, was Fatu,

with whom Walter Lawry lived in 1822 and 1823. Taufa'ähau seems quite clearly to have determined that of the three great titles, Tu'i Tonga, Tu'i Ha'atakalaua and Tu'i Kanokupolu, in all of which the word *Tu'i*, King, appears, only one would be suffered ultimately to survive, Tu'i Kanokupolu, which he himself bore. He forestalled any inclination to revive the Tu'i Ha'atakalaua as a rival to himself and his line, by creating for the heirs to that office a new title, Tungï, in which the word Tu'i does not appear. The first Tungï was the son of Walter Lawry's friend Fatu. in 1849 Tungï was living in 'Eua, and was under strong pressure from three sides. The Tu'i Tonga had allowed the priests to build a church in Mu'a, and had himself become a Catholic. The Wesleyans urged Tungï to allow them to establish themselves in his part of Mu'a. The adherents of the old faith besought him not to desert them, rightly feeling that his defection would remove one of the last regaining bastions of the ancient religion and polity. The French priests hopefully held before him the example of the Tu'i Tonga, and of many another of the chiefs and people Mu'a. Any man might well pause in anxious uncertainty amid the persuasions and arguments with which Tungï was beset, but when he declared himself it was on the side of the Wesleyans, whom he allowed to send a missionary to his territory in 1849, and in the next year, with many of his people, he became a Wesleyan. Father Chevron, the Catholic priest in Mu'a, who had often tried to win him (Tungï) to the true faith, when he heard that Tungï was on the point of leaving the gods of the island to enroll himself under the symbol of Wesley, he "delivered himself with picturesque fervour." He went and presented himself suddenly before him: "God," he told him, "will one day bring me to account for your soul. They assure me that you are thinking of giving yourself to a cult which He hates and which will destroy you; I come on His behalf to forbid you, and to say to you that His order is that you become Catholic. I have done my duty: it is for you to do yours."

Encouraged by the accession of Tungï the Wesleyans renewed the attempt, but unsuccessfully, to secure a foothold in 'Eua and Houma. Lavaka and Ma'afu met all persuasions with the reply that their two *päteles*, priests, were all the missionaries they needed or desired. The Wesleyans, however, obtained a smaller, but still considerable prize in Hafoka, a chief of Houma who had been one of the most determined opponents of Christianity. In 1851 his heart began to change, and he went to live with a Christian friend in Vava'u. What he saw and heard had decided him, and he became a Wesleyan. Although no longer young, he set himself to learn to read and write. The news of Hafoka's conversion aroused angry consternation, and Houma's leading men sent a message insisting that he return. When he replied that he would return if he were allowed to worship in Houma, the chiefs sent men to capture him and bring him by force. Warned in time of his danger (Tonga has never been a good place to keep secrets in), Hafoka hid until the wrath of his Houma fellow citizens should subside, which, quite characteristically, it soon did. Then once more he went on openly with his worship and learning to read and write. When the tale of Hafoka was told to Tupou he gave him a piece of land in Tongatapu, between Nuku'alofa and Hihifo. Here Hafoka was joined by his wife and other of his relatives and friends, and they formed the little village of Fatai, about a mile from Nafualu, where, in 1921, the Wesleyans established a college. This is in an area famous in tradition as the home of the *legendary* law giver Lo'au.

Early in 1851 Taufa'ähau, again in Ha'apai, heard reports of fresh fortifications being built in Pea and Houma. About the middle of the year he returned to Tongatapu, and ordered the people of Pea and Houma to desist from their warlike preparations. They disregarded him, however, and went on fortifying their villages. In this they were encouraged by the French priests, who, towards the end of the year, were joined by a French priest who came from Fiji, with a Roman Catholic companion, apparently a Fijian. About this time Vaea, the chief of Houma, died, and was succeeded by his son. The former Vaea had continued non-Christian to the end of his life, but had wished to live at peace with the Christians. His son was of more active

temper. To the Wesleyan missionary Thomas West, who went to him on an errand of conciliation, he said, “You see us, we have taken up arms not because we wish to fight, but because of the wrath of Tupou. He is preparing war against us, and wishes to force us to become Christians; but we would sooner fight and die.”

West, replied, “With your weapons I have nothing to do. But I tell you that Tupou has no wish to use force against you because of religion. In the matter of religion you can please yourselves what you do. But what the king says is that you must obey the laws of the country, and be loyal to your oath to respect his authority. You can see the proof of what I say; the Christian villages that are scattered here and there, they are not fortified, and their men are not under arms. Go to the king, and visit him as it is your duty to do; observe the laws, and cease these warlike preparations, and I assure you that certainly all will be well, and there will be peace.” Hafoka was with West, and added his entreaties, but to no avail. Then they want to Pea, with no better result.

Weeks went on in uneasy balance between peace and war. People gathered from small hamlets into larger villages. Nukuʻalofa was fortified, and arms distributed to the warriors living there. Ranged with Tupou were Nukuʻalofa and Hihifo, with some of the more central villages. Tungï and many in the east also supported him. The Tuʻi Tonga withdrew into the neutrality of Vainï, an unfortified non-Christian village. The people of Pea and Houma were non Christian or Roman Catholic, and included the French priests, but the lines of division were not entirely sectarian, as some heathens and Catholics sided with Tupou and the Wesleyans. Tupou, who brought warriors from Haʻapai and Vavaʻu, was able to muster many more men than his opponents.

In March, 1852, the Wesleyan missionary Webb died in Nukuʻalofa, and was buried in the cemetery of the Tuʻi Kanokupolu there. In the same month soldiers from Hihifo were involved in a clash with Houma, in which a Houma man was killed and several wounded. Two days later an ambush of Houma men lay alongside the road from Nukuʻalofa to Hihifo, sworn to avenge their fallen comrade on the first person who passed on the road. The first person who came was Thomas West. A gun was raised to shoot him, but prudence counseled the men not to become entangled in the death of an Englishman. The next to pass was a woman named Caroline, who was on an errand of mercy, helping Webb’s newly widowed wife to make preparations to leave the country. She was the victim laid on the altar of the slain Houma man.

In skirmishes about Pea, and in a sortie from Houma, men were killed and wounded. On April 5th the Wesleyan mission ship *John Wesley* arrived off Nukuʻalofa. She had on board new missionaries whom she was taking to Fiji. The annual Synod of the Wesleyan mission was being held in Nukuʻalofa, and the *John Wesley* had called at Vavaʻu to take on board Tongan and European representatives to the Synod. Although in the earlier stages Christianity had made slow progress in Tongatapu, its later development had been much more rapid, and now the number of Wesleyans in Tongatapu was equal to that in either of the northern parts of the group. The Synod determined that all their men should remain at their posts, so as to be able to take advantage of any peace making opportunity that should present itself. A week later the Synod dispersed. The John *Wesley* returned the northern representatives to their homes, and continued on her way to Fiji. Before the *John Wesley* left Tongatapu, a French vessel arrived, with the Roman Catholic bishop on board. The French captain told Tupou that he had been sent by the Governor of Tahiti to see the position of the Catholic church in Tonga. If the priests were in danger he would offer them a passage to Tahiti, if they wished to go. The king explained that he had given orders to assure the safety of the priests, and the captain was satisfied. “If they wish to leave,” he said, “I’ll take them to Tahiti; if they stay, it will be their own decision. You have done what, as king, you should do to protect them. If by some chance they should fall, well,

honour to them, falling at their posts in the course of their duties. There is no government in the world that would blame them, or condemn you." The day following this conversation the bishop visited Pea. He refused Tupou's offer of a guard with a flag of truce, preferring the escort of the French captain and his sailors. The road to Pea was guarded by Tupou's men, who were warned that no harm must be suffered to befall the Frenchmen.

Houma and Pea were both invested by the armies of Tupou, who in May attempted to detach Houma from Pea by offers of peace. Thomas West volunteered to be the king's envoy to Houma, but before anything was attempted, reports came that the men of Houma had decided to kill anyone who should approach them from Tupou, no matter who it was. So the tactic of conciliation was postponed, and the siege went on. Minor skirmishes were fought, but no large battles, Thomas West relates that on the last Sunday in June he was conducting a service in the village of Te'ekiu. Just as he commenced his sermon the sound of firing was heard. At once the able bodied men left the church to take their arms, leaving the preacher with the women and older men.

The priests did not accept the French captain's offer of a passage to Tahiti, but stayed at their posts. One of their number, however, did go with the ship when she sailed, giving rise to rumours that he had gone to seek the aid of a French man-'o-war for Houma and Pea. Of the two fortresses Houma first showed signs of yielding, not only because of the hardships of the siege, but also because of dissensions among her chiefs, some of whom wished to surrender to Tupou. This, of course, suited the king, who, with Houma off his hands would be able more effectively to invest Pea. The leaders of Houma at this point besought the good offices of an outside chief, Tu'i Vakanö, to discuss terms of peace with Tupou, who promised that, if the fortress surrendered, no one would he harmed. So on July 12, 1852, Houma capitulated. There was a general amnesty. No one was killed, no prisoners were taken, no chief was deposed, no one lost house or property. On the following Sunday a Wesleyan preacher conducted a service in Houma, which became, and has continued to be, mainly Protestant.

The whole of Tupou's army was now brought to the siege of Pea. Rumour flew from mouth to mouth that a French war vessel would come to its relief. Tupou was resolved, for his part, that if a ship came in sight he would assault the place at once. On the 6th August a ship was sighted, but before an attack was launched, she was found to be not the expected Frenchman, but the British man-'o-war *Calliope*, under the command of Sir Everard Home, who had been in Tonga before, and already had some acquaintance with Taufa'ähau. The British captain asked Tupou to try again to make peace with Pea, which he did—about his sixth attempt at conciliation. His terms were surrender and destruction of the fortifications, but immunity for all the people. At the same time the captain wrote to the two priests who were in Pea, pointing out the probability that, if the king's terms were not accepted, the place would be stormed, and offering them the safety of his ship. The priests thanked the captain, but bravely chose to stay at their posts.

This time Tupou's offers were accepted. The leaders of Pea, Lavaka and Ma'afu, came out to the king's camp, to negotiate the capitulation. He kept them there for a night. The next morning Lavaka and Ma'afu had just agreed with Tupou on the terms of surrender, when there was a sudden uproar whose origin has never been clearly explained. One account is that a party of Vava'u warriors, seeing an unguarded gate, rushed in. People inside, meeting them, cried out, hereupon the Vava'u soldiers raised a war cry. Others outside heard the tumult, and ran into the town. All was confusion. Some commenced to burn and pillage. The king, who, it is said, had sat down to dinner, ran into the fort to quell the uproar and quench the fires, Especially he strove to protect the priests and their property, and save their church. Close on the heels of Tupou followed Sir Everard Home and two Wesleyan missionaries who had come from Nuku'alofa.

The church was burnt, but the fittings and decorations necessary for the practice of the Roman Catholic cult were saved, and later placed in the church at Mu‘a.

No lives were lost in this confused, and tumultuous end to siege and negotiation. A little poem of farewell of Vava‘u warriors as they left home for the war sings—

> Hill of Talau, and mound of Kafoa
> Now I bid you farewell, and depart.
> Should it hap that I come no more
> Of Tongatapu will my dust he singled.

In the skirmishes of the earlier stages of the investment of Houma and Pea, some Vava‘u men may have left their bodies to mingle with the dust of Tongatapu, but none in the final tumult at Pea. The surrender was on 10th August, 1852, and on the following day Tupou called a public assembly, where he ordered the fortifications to be burnt to the ground, and the people who had gathered into Pea from other places to return home, and attend to their gardens and peaceful works. That was the end of organised resistance to Taufa‘ähau, and the end of the civil wars that for more than half a century had intermittently scourged the country. Few things that man does leave their traces longer than the holes he digs or the mounds he raises, and as you wander in Pea today there you see nothing except old ramparts and trenches to remind you that in this quiet and pleasant little village was the last futile stand against what, in all the circumstances, it was best should prevail.

One lasting effect of the long period of dangers and disturbances was an alteration in the distribution of the population. Early voyagers speak of the beautiful cultivation of the country, with gardens and plantations, in which were the cottages of the people, extending one after the other, intersected by grassy roads and paths. The Tongans call this period of their country the *Fanongonongo Tokoto*, calling out news or commands lying down, that is, that a man could pass on orders or information to his neighbour without leaving his home. With the exception of Mu‘a, where the residences of the Tu‘i Tonga, Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua, Tu‘i Kanokupolu, and of their courts and attendants, formed a delightful town, there was scarcely a village. For the most part people lived in their gardens. But during the long years of disturbance they gathered into places that could be fortified, or just collected together for mutual protection and help. These villages have remained as the dwelling places of the people, who go from there out to their gardens. The word for a fort, *kolo*, has become the ordinary word for a village. Today, under the influence of Tungï, the late consort of the queen, this process is to some extent being reviewed.

Before Sir Everard Home left Tonga he wrote a letter to the king, dated 18 August, 1852, on board H.M.S. *Calliope*: —

Dear Tupou,

I was very glad to be with you yesterday, and to see that Your Majesty obtained peaceful possession of your fortress of Pea. I congratulate you as it has been long in the possession of a faction disobedient to you, as I myself saw when I was in Tonga eight years ago

You have been merciful to them in their surrender, and your glory has been that of a Christian king. Your people should thank God that they have a king who is just and merciful.

I was greatly pleased when I was in Vava‘u in 1844 to see your zeal and wisdom on behalf of all your people. I shall inform the government of Her Majesty the Queen of England of these things, as also of your care that no harm should befall the two Catholic priests who were living in Pea, as I myself saw. You did your utmost to prevent damage to the Catholic Church and its fittings, and to the possessions of those two gentlemen. Apparently many of these things were burnt in spite of your efforts.

This is my word of farewell: I am about to leave. I trust that if I come back again I shall find you in good health, and without any difficulties in your rule.

I am

Your true Friend

J. Everard Home

Captain of the *Calliope*.

To George Tupou

The King of Tonga

The expected French war-vessel did not arrive until November, bringing back with her the priest who had gone to Tahiti. The ship was sent by the Governor of Tahiti to inquire into conditions in Pea, and in particular to see if the Roman Catholic mission had suffered any damage. The governor thought that if it had, Tupou should pay compensation. The king went on board the Frenchman, and conferred with the captain, who was well satisfied with Tupou's account. Later he said of Taufaʻähau, "Tell him that I have met many chiefs in the various lands of the South Pacific, and have observed their characters, but there is not one whom I have met who is his equal. The French Government ordered me to and discuss with him the affairs of Tonga, whereby it is clear that the French Government recognises Taufaʻähau as that supreme ruler of Tonga. Let him exercise his lordship to protect all the foreigners who live in his country and to allow his own people freedom of worship, but they must all obey the laws of the land. And tell the King that if there is a Frenchman who obstructs his rule, and if documents are sent to the government of France indubitably establishing this, that man will be expelled from the country or otherwise punished."

It was the siege of Pea which brought Tupou met closely into contact with the government of France, and a sequel of his personal and written communications with the French captain was a treaty between France and Tonga. In January, 1855, François du Bouzet, governor of Tahiti, and of the French possessions in the South Pacific, and Tupou ratified a treaty of Tupou, the King of the Tonga islands, and François du Bouzet, supreme ruler and governor of the French possessions in the South Pacific ocean, acting in the name of His Majesty, Napoleon III, King of France.

Let there be perpetual peace and friendship between Tupou, King of Tonga and His Majesty Napoleon III, King of France.

II

The Catholic religion shall be free in the lands subject to the King of the Tonga Islands. Catholics and Protestants shall enjoy the same privileges,

III

If there are any Tongans who have been expelled from their holdings because of religion, or from whom possessions have been taken because of religion, they shall be allowed to return to their holdings, and their land shall be restored to them, and they shall be allowed freely to cultivate them.

IV

Any Frenchman who comes to live in Tonga, no matter what occupation he comes to follow, and in general all people who are come to live here, they and their possessions shall be protected by Tupou.

French ships and their crews shall be protected. A pilot shall not be refused to a ship who wants one. If a vessel goes aground she shall be helped by the chiefs and people, and nothing shall be stolen from her. After a vessel in distress has been assisted there shall be a proper inquiry into the cost that should be paid for the help. If there is disagreement the matter shall be decided by judges chosen by the two sides, namely the Tongan chiefs and the crew of the ship.

VI

French ships shall not pay higher fees for pilots or higher harbour dues than those paid by the ships of other countries.

The privileges of French people who live in Tonga shall be the same as those of the people of Tupou who live in French countries.

VIII

This treaty shall be made known to all the chiefs and people of Tonga. It was made and attested by both parties in Nuku‘alofa, and has been made in the two languages, French and Tongan, on the 9th of January, 1855.

Chapter 20

Taufa‘ähau and Fiji

Fiji is the meeting place of tall, copper-coloured Polynesians and shorter, darker Melanesians. From Samoan legend emerges, indistinct and scarce visible, the outline of a maritime empire of long ago, extending over Samoa, Tonga and Fiji. The name Fiji, or Viti, came with the last great Polynesian migration in the south-west Pacific, a thousand years ago. The distribution and stratification of population in Fiji is not yet completely worked out; but probably about a thousand years ago Polynesian migrants spread west from Samoa over Tonga and Fiji, submerging the eastern islands, but halted in the larger islands to the west, many of whose people were driven into the hills. The invaders gave their name to one of the two largest of the more westerly islands, Viti Levu, ‘Great Fiji’, and the most distinctively Polynesian part of Fiji is the Lau group, in the east, whose largest island is called Lakeba by the Fijians, and Lakepa by the Tongans. Its associations with Tonga have always been frequent and close, and from it have come some of the great lines of Tongan chiefs, notably the Tu‘ilakepa, one of the august lords who could legally marry the Female Tu‘i Tonga and be the father of the Tamahä.

During the long period of peace in Tonga, whose happy fruits Cook saw, restless young Tongan chiefs not seldom went with their bands of followers, to mingle in the wars of Fiji. Not all visits, however, were for war. People everywhere are interested in seeing other countries, and take home with them foreign articles—mementos of travel which add something to the possessions and culture of their own lands. Thus, Fijian pottery was superior to anything which was made in Tonga, if indeed there was a native Tongan pottery at all. Colours and designs in cloth printing were exchanged. Above all, the seafaring Tongans were drawn to Lau by its timber, and by the splendid double canoes constructed by its skilled ship-builders. For their best canoes—and the best were extremely good—parties of Tongans went to Lau, joining their labour arid skill with that of the expert native craftsmen.

Long before the Tu‘i Kanokupolu Aleamotu‘a died in 1845 there was never any serious question about who should succeed him. His grand-nephew Taufa‘ähau was already titular head, under the Tu‘i Tonga and Tu‘i Kanokupolu, of Ha‘apai and Vava‘u, and had long been the foremost leader in the whole group. He was son of Tupouto‘a, Aleamotu‘a’s predecessor as Tu‘i Kanokupolu, grandson of Tuku‘aho, and so on back to, the beginning. Taufa‘ähau was in the prime of his splendid manhood, a leader and statesman of proved strength, sagacity and magnanimity. None but he alone was likely to give the land the peace it needed, and to hold it together in the face of the threat to independence that came to all the island peoples with the white invasion of the Pacific. But Aleamotu‘a left a son Ma‘afu, a young man of intelligence and spirit. For all Taufa‘ähau’s descent in the direct line of kings, the son of a king who has just died has claims which cannot be disregarded. In any land the indubitably just pretensions of two princes to a vacant throne may all too easily flame into civil war.. A. solution was proposed which preserved the peace of Tonga, but had little regard for the peace of Fiji. Ma‘afu’s friends counseled him to carve for himself a kingdom among his neighbours. This, naturally, was approved by Taufa‘ähau. Any king holding his title from the king before last would be glad to see the son of his immediate predecessor embark on foreign adventures. So Ma‘afu, with the blessing of everybody but the Fijians, sailed for Lau. Perhaps in the event he did not much disturb the peace of Fiji. He want to Lau, where he would scarcely be felt as a foreigner, in 1848,

and ruled there till his death in 1881. He was an able and energetic man whose influence extended far beyond his domain of Lau, and his ambitions carried his arms farther west.

At this time. the middle of the nineteenth century, the most powerful chief in Fiji was Thakobau, the lord of Bau, a tiny islet off the south-east coast of Viti Levu, whose social, religious and political importance was out of all proportion to its diminutive area of twenty-one acres. In 1853 Taufa'ähau sailed for Sydney on board the mission ship *John Wesley*. On the way they called at Fiji, where Tupou met Thakobau, who gave him a large double canoe, named *Ra Marama*. Tupou left the *Ra Marama* in Fiji, saying be would come for it when he returned from Sydney. Up till now Thakobau, whose appetite for human flesh is recorded with wondering horror, had resisted all missionary persuasions to turn to Christianity. In 1854 Tupou, who was back in Tonga after his visit to Sydney, wrote to Thakobau urging him to become a Christian. This reinforcement of admonition had the desired effect. Thakobau became an adherent of the Wesleyan church, and, having introduced appropriate reforms in his kitchen, a much safer and pleasanter man to have as neighbour. (My mother, newly arrived in Fiji, met Thakobau in 1881. She greeted him, "Ni yandra Saka," at the time almost her entire Fijian vocabulary, and was a little taken aback when he responded, "Good morning, Mrs. Collocott." Later my mother spoke Fijian fluently, but how much English Thakobau had I have never heard).

In 1855 Tupou, having decided to go to Fiji for the boat Thakobau had given him, prepared a fleet of thirty or forty canoes—certainly a formidable armada for a social call. A missionary in Fiji wrote to a colleague in Tonga urging him to persuade Tupou to reduce the number of his ships lest he give the appearance of coming with a fleet for war, Tupou replied, "Let no one suppose that my large fleet is a threat of war: I am going on a peaceful. errand, and I wish we could go with but few ships. But we know Fiji and its ways. I must visit Thakobau as we have agreed, but it wouldn't be sensible to go with a few ships. There is unrest in Fiji, and if we are weak we shall be but dead men. I am taking a large fleet to Fiji, not with warlike intent, for heaven knows I have no wish to be mixed in their quarrels, but so that my people and I may be safe."

So Tupou sailed with his fleet, and on 21st March, 1855, moored off the islet of Motuliki, near Bau. Motuliki means 'Little Island', and is a scrap of land smaller than Bau itself. Here the Fijian chiefs begged him to wait for five days, whilst they made their preparations to receive him and his people. When they had been a couple of days in Motuliki, Tupou sent a canoe, with a crew of about twenty men, to Levuka, to bear his greetings to its chief, and to deliver letters which he had brought from the Catholic priests in Tonga to their brethren in Levuka. The town of Levuka is beautifully situated, climbing from a narrow flat strip near the shore up a steep mountain side. There can be no cleaner clearer sea in the world. The bottom of a large ship can be seen is though she were drawn up on land. As the Tongan canoe, however, approached, approached Levuka its crew had little leisure to admire the beauties of sea and coast. A large party of Fijians came to the shore and without ado opened fire on the Tongan, wounding the chief Tavake and one other man. The Tongans would have returned the fire, but were restrained by their captain. Fortunately, at that moment, the chief of Levuka appeared, and sent his men packing. When the boat returned to Motuliki the wounded chief Tavake died, Taufa'ähau waited no longer at Motuliki, but at once removed his fleet to Bau, cutting short by two days the time he had been asked to stay.

There had long been turmoil in this part of Fiji. Bau had fought with Rewa, a large district on the south-east coast of Viti Levu. That war was finished, but now Bau was fighting with Kamba, a near-by fortress over which the lords of Bau claimed rule. When the Tongans tried to find out why the men of Levuka had fired upon their boat, suspicion fell upon Mara, the chief of Kamba, who, they said, had advised the men of the various districts to fire on the Tongans if they came

near their shores. The Tongan chiefs wished Tupou to question Mara, and, if possible, get reparation from him for the Levuka attack. But first Tupou laid the whole matter before Thakobau, who said, “You won’t be able to get any reparation for the death of your chief. You came here in peace, but now you had better join me in my war.” Tupou tried to reconcile Mara and Thakobau, who were brothers, but, failing as peace-maker, he joined Thakobau as his ally. This accession of strength was in part offset by the resentment it caused among the opponents of Thakobau and neutrals. “The prospect of this foreign interference so incensed the people that tribes which had hitherto taken no part in the struggle threw in their lot with the rebels, and every one who opposed Christianity, or had anything to fear from Bau, joined the enemy.”

On the 7th April, 1855, the fleets of Thakobau and Taufa‘ähau approached Kamba. They were greeted with a volley of musketry, but brought their canoes to shore, and the Tongans landed. Tupou decided to invest the fortress, and sent men to cut trees to build a stockade around it. Whilst this work was being done smoke was seen rising from the town. The place was on fire. Tupou was away with the wood-cutters, and, without waiting for orders, the men on the spot, led apparently by the warriors of Vava‘u, stormed Kamba and took it. Some fifteen to twenty Tongans were killed, and thirty wounded. The Fijian losses were much heavier—one hundred and fifty to two hundred killed, mostly, it seems, by Fijians in Thakobau’s army, who were not in the first assault on the town, but in the subsequent fighting or slaughter vented the hostility of their civil feud.

The victory of Kamba was decisive. The fleets of Thakobau and Tupou, about 140 sail, went to other points of opposition, but resistance crumbled at the mere sight of this formidable armada. Freed of the constraints of war the Tongan and Fijian leaders continued their cruise as a sight-seeing excursion. When Taufa‘ähau returned to Tonga he took with him an 86 ton schooner which Thakobau gave him. in place, it would seem, of the *Ra Marama*.

The defeat of Mara marked the end, not only of opposition to Thakobau, but of resistance to Christianity, and was followed by the adherence of large numbers of Fijians to the new religion. The opportunities of missionaries and their assistants in Fiji were suddenly widened and their labours increased, and they turned for aid to their Tongan allies. In the Tongan fleet were eighty lay preachers and active assistants in mission work. The Fijian missionaries appealed to the Tongans to leave some of their number in Fiji to help them. The appeal was supported by the influence and eloquence of Tupou, but only two of the eighty were willing thus summarily to exchange the service of the god of battles for that of the prince of peace. This was probably just as well. Armed resistance to innovations, which included a new religion, was so intertwined with efforts to maintain the old structure of state, society and faith, that the line which separated promulgation by persuasion of the gospel of peace from its propagation by the sword, appeared wavering and uncertain. It would, however, be unjust to chiefs and missionaries to suggest that the wars in Tonga and Fiji were other than political in origin and purpose.

The meagre and disappointing response of two Tongan volunteers only who consented to remain in Fiji as mission workers evoked damaging reflections about the lukewarmness of modern men as compared with the zeal of the good old days. At some time in this joint military enterprise of Thakobau and Taufa‘ähau—before the assault on Kamba—the unresolved paradox of the methods of war being used by those pledged to the ethics of Jesus, had caused uneasiness to some in the combined armada, who claimed exemption from military service on the ground of Christian faith. This assertion of the rights of conscience was somewhat weakened by appeals of missionaries to save them from persecution. No honest man, aware of his own frailty, would care to judge what course should be followed in a situation so much mere perilous and terrible than any he has himself been called to face.

The savage conflicts of white men in the first half of the twentieth century have posed serious problems for brown men so lately exhorted to lay down the weapons of war, and to show to all men the peaceful dispositions of Christian brothers. When war broke out in Europe in 1914 Tongans were amazed and puzzled. “We could understand this,” they said, “if it had been amongst us in the bad old days, but the nations of Europe, the people who brought us Christianity!” Among the women evacuated from New Guinea and Papua when the Pacific phase of the 1939-1945 war opened, was the young wife of an Australian missionary—one of the eight Methodist missionaries lost when the *Montevideo Maru*, taking British prisoners to Japan, was sunk by Allied planes. This young wife was a woman of remarkable vivacity and intelligence, who so won the hearts and confidence of her Papuan people that they allowed her to see, and make drawings of a men’s dance from which women were rigidly excluded. Her brown friends were amazed at the carnage in Europe. “Don’t they know of the love of Jesus?” they asked. “Has nobody ever been to tell them?” And in their meetings they prayed that God would send missionaries to Europe, to tell the people there of the love of Christ. To these completely just questionings white missionaries and administrators must find better answers than enrolling brown youths in Western armies, and using their lands as convenient battle-grounds to be desecrated and destroyed in the enmities of the whites.

We cannot complain of Tongan half-heartedness because only two of Tupou’s fleet volunteered to retrain in Fiji. From the beginning until today Tongans, Samoans, Fijians have been zealous missionaries in the lands to the north.

The good old days can have produced few finer men and women and those I met half a century after the war in Kamba. During my time in Tonga a notable missionary to the Solomons, Sëmisi (James) now returned home. The Chief and people of Ontong Java in the Solomons had always resisted any attempt of Christian teachers to land on the island. Sëmisi now with two or three companions approached the islands and evoked the usual hostility. Drawing off out of range they just lay there—for three months. At the end of that time the chief relented and allowed them to land. Under Sëmisi’s leadership these people all turned to Christianity.

Sëmisi was a most warm hearted preacher. In his fervour he would grasp the pulpit chair by its back and rattle it about with a clatter that vastly amused the young people of the congregation

Another Tongan missionary in the Solomons of the first quarter of the 20th century died just as he was about to leave on furlough. His widow made all preparations to return to Tonga. From the island where she lived she had to travel a considerable distance to a small boat to the point where the steamer called. Every boat in the island went with her, filled with people grieved by the impending separation. So moved was the Tongan woman that she went back with her people to their island to continue her husband’s work till a successor should be appointed. To fill the place of this Tongan man and woman a white man and his wife were sent.

In their turn the darker Melanesian, and the Aborigines of Australia, have added to the numbers of those whose devotion and ability have made them, not only leaders in Christian missions, but outstanding artists, musicians, medical men. In the early part of this century one of the leading surgeons in the South-west Pacific was a Tongan, trained in the excellent school for native medical practitioners in Suva.

Taufa‘ähau and his men returned to Tonga, but Thakobau had other troubles on his hands besides those of Rewa and Kamba. A few years before in 1849, the house of the American consul in Fiji had been burnt down. The consul, who it seemed, disliked Thakobau, demanded of him restitution for the loss of the house. There is no evidence that Thakobau was in any way accountable for the fire. The conviviality and fireworks of 4th July seem rather to have been responsible. The consul, desiring his government to intervene in the affairs of Fiji, added other

complaints to the demand for reparation. In 1855 an American war-vessel visited Fiji and ordered Thakobau to pay a sum of £9000, which apparently was to cover some other matters besides being compensation for the consul's house. To ask Thakobau to pay £9000 was either a humourless absurdity, or a plan to get control of him and his lands, Thakobau, of course. could not pay, and in 1858 the Americans presented their bill again. By now Thakobau was caught between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand were the Americans and their preposterous bill, and on the other the Tongan Ma'afu, who, since his landing in Lau in 1848, had been steadily extending his power to the west, and by 1848 was on the fringe of Thakobau's lands. Thakobau had not the money or the forces to meet either threat, and in his helplessness turned to the British consul, who advised him to cede the country to Britain, who in return would make him king of Fiji, or give him the title of king of Fiji. This proposal was doubly unjust. Thakobau was the most powerful Fijian chief, but the parts of his chieftainship in which it might he argued that he had the right to cede land were far from including the whole of Fiji. Indeed, it cannot be maintained that chieftainship confers on its title holder the right to cede tribal land to foreigners. Kings and chiefs bold their rank and the title in their lands from their own tribes and people, be it in Europe or Polynesia, and the only legal cession is back into the hands of the people. Thakobau was king of Bau and some adjoining territory, and the British government had no more right to make him king of Fiji than to appoint a president of the United States or a king of France. A post-script to the consul's suggestions was that, if Thakobau made an outright gift of 200,000 acres of land to the British government, they would pay his bill of £9000. Practically to buy 200,000 acres of the rich and fertile land of Fiji for £9000—the proposal is incredible and outrageous. The plan fell to the ground, not because British ministers were shocked at its inequity, but because at the time they had too much on their hands with the Maoris of New Zealand, and were disinclined for further speculative adventure in faraway corners of the Pacific.

So the years went by, with Thakobau tossing uneasily on the waves of foreign embarrassments. From year to year the number of white residents in Fiji increased, which, on the one hand, aggravated Thakobau's worries, and, on the other, was a check to Ma'afu. By 1869 there were almost two thousand whites in the country, which was virtually all Christian. Change was in the air, with the obvious need to establish a government that could meet the needs of the new times. In 1871 Thakobau was installed king of Fiji. Two houses of parliament were elected, and ministers appointed. In the election of the parliament the Fijians, whose country it was, did not vote, but only the white foreigners. Nobody was satisfied, and in 1874 the British persuaded the chiefs to cede the country, lock, stock and barrel to Britain. Sir Arthur Gordon, afterwards Lord Stanmore, was first governor. In the beginning some show was made of Britain holding the country as a protectorate. Thakobau lived in Bau, which he ruled, observing himself, and urging the chiefs to observe, their undertakings with Britain. Ma'afu died in 1881, and the next year Thakobau followed him to the grave. That was the end of the pretence of Britain protecting a country administered by Fijian king and chiefs, and Fiji became a crown colony.

Chapter 21

The long revolution completed

Law does not commence with a written code. no people can go on for centuries of thriving life without acknowledged rights or privileges with their complementary obligations. When Hammurabi wrote his code he notched in stone accepted customs of his people, but doubtless made more precise some provisions or have others added deliberate amendments. A thousand years later (?) the Hebrews wrote laws strikingly similar to his, perhaps adopting his code, or drawing on common Semitic customs, adding theological rules and adapting some laws in ways that detracted from the humanisms of the older code. British law or Constitutions have grown from ancient customs with their reworking of successive rulings and interpretations of responsible judges. Other countries, e.g. the United States of America and Australia have commenced with a skeleton of basic laws or a constitution - to which all later legislation and judicial ruling must conform. In all countries long remembered rights and customs are tenaciously held even though they are not supported by written law or judicial decision.

The relations which one sees today between chiefs and people have probably always held. The chief calls his people his *käinga*, friends or relations, and seems to regard them and himself as forming a large family. Nevertheless, distinctions of rank and privilege were also important. One distinction concerned Pulotu, Paradise, the land of departed souls, rather than this world, *mämani* this light. The higher orders of men and women had souls which, after death, went to Pulotu. Death for the lower orders was simple extinction - a right good unending sleep, undisturbed by dreams, good or bad. The difference was marked in the construction of graves. People of the higher orders were buried in graves which were filled in with clean white sand from the beaches. Sand was heaped over the grave, or over the stone vaults of the most exalted men or women, forming a sepulchral mound, adorned with pebbles carefully chosen, cleaned and oiled. The lowest orders were buried in graves which were filled in with the earth dug from them. Sometimes these plebeian graves were in the houses where the dead had lived, which was then abandoned. Since the introduction of Christianity with its teaching of he intrinsic equality of all human souls and personalities, everybody, even the lowliest born, is buried in a public cemetery, and the grave filled in with sand from the bright coral beaches.

This division of the people into those with souls and those without is not so simple and clear cut as it may seem. I was never able to discover how the line was drawn. Probably that was a metaphysic in which few cared to be too precise, or in fact could be precise. It has been computed that in a considerable population - of the order of a thousand times that of Tonga - everyone is related within fourteen generations. If this estimate, or anything approaching it, is correct, few Tongans can have been without some drop of ennobling blood. An attractive girl, because humbly born, could always hope to bear a child to a man of higher rank, and, more rarely, a handsome but humbly born man might be received as lover by a woman of noble birth. Some seed of immortality must have seeped into every chink of Tonga society.

Theoretically the power of chiefs over their own people was absolute, and lesser lords obeyed greater chiefs. The structure was not unlike that of a school, with its pupils, teachers of higher or less influence, vice principal and principal, or of a regiment with its privates and officers of various ranks. But all lived within a system in which rights were balanced by recognised obligations and duties. The people owed service to the chiefs, but he owed them

sustenance and care. Chiefs and people felt the pervasive influence of custom, the obligation of acting as men and women with a regard for seemly behaviour had always done. The pressure to preserve canons of conduct which had long been accepted and obeyed were in effect ethical or civil rules or laws.

Rights of succession to kingship and chieftainships were well understood and obeyed, as were the religious duties of service to the gods. The knowledge of these things was preserved from generation to generation by men and women whose memories were capable of prodigious feats which astound us whose powers of memory are weakened by reliance on written records. *Matäpule*s were repositories of customary lore. A duty of Ata, the great chief of Hihifo, was to transmit unimpaired to the Tu'i Kanokupolu at his installation recitals of his duties in respect of the harvests of land and sea. We have seen the prestige of Finau's friend Fünaki, and how high was the value placed upon her knowledge of sacred ancient custom.

Chiefs consulted together, and with their *matäpule*s. People were called to public assembly on the *mala'e*, primarily to hear decisions and receive instructions, but it can hardly be thought that in the assembly, *fono*, signs of dissatisfactions would be lost on chiefs and *matäpule*s who attempted to lay upon their people burdens not sanctioned by recognised custom Public works were effected by chiefs imposing the appropriate *fatongia*, the requisition of goods or services. For a great festival, e.g. the marriage of a king's son or daughter, the people were summoned and told what they had to do. When the feasting was over the land was given time to recover by the placing of restrictions, *tapu*, on certain articles of food.

When Tongans learnt to write it became inevitable that sooner or later the law of remembered custom would be replaced by a written code. And since the gift of writing was brought by English missionaries it was extremely probable, at least, that into the code would be written many of the conceptions of right of an English town and of the ancient Hebrew lawgivers whose Bible was the first text-book of the Tongans. Written law has two great advantages over remembered custom as the guide of a community's life. It can be made far more generally available for inspection and criticism than customs stored in the minds of a few authoritative officials. Secondly, it is far more flexible and progressive. Society is static when the only appeal is to what has always been done. Those who write laws and their critics can make new ones.

As early as 1835 Taufa'ähau was contemplating the development of a new and more responsible type of citizen, and in that year enacted in Ha'apai and Vava'u what has since been known as the freeing of the people. This important first step in actually establishing the conception of law which all, kings, chiefs and people, must equally observe was doubtless written, but does not seem to have been printed. In 1839 followed a code of laws which was printed in Vava'u where the printing press had been removed to because of disturbances in Tongatapu.

Taufa'ähau was as yet king, or paramount chief, only of Ha'apai and Vava'u. His code carried more weight in Vava'u than in Ha'apai where people, attached to the Tu'i Tonga, were more resistant to new ideas or practices. In Vava'u four important officials were appointed — the Governor, a judge and two magistrates. To each was given a printed copy of the new code. Chiefs were still to control their own people, but had no authority over others. They were bidden to treat their people with kindness, but to see that they did their work, so that all might have the means to do their share in supporting the work of administration. Chiefs were ordered to apportion lands to their people. Every man could maintain his wife and children, and discharge his obligations to church and state. The importance of good gardening was stressed, and the responsibility of every man to see that his pigs did not destroy his neighbour's garden. Let each man build a sty to keep his pig in. If a pig was found rooting in his neighbour's garden the

animal's owner was to be informed, but if he neglected to come and take it away the owner of the garden might kill the pig and keep it as compensation for the damage done. (Animal lovers may be reassured — the freedom of pigs has not been seriously curtailed). These laws relate to matters which had long been familiar in Tongan life. Other enactments tried to control a blessing newly introduced with Europeans — strong Greek — kava papälangi — foreign kava. Strong liquor was prohibited, and a money fine of $35 was laid upon anyone found with it in his possession.

Years afterwards, when the British government appointed a Governor of Fiji who was also a commissioner to the South Pacific, this law was modified, under a regulation of the South Pacific Commission all Pacific Islanders and Indians (brought into Fiji as indentured labourers) were prohibited from drinking strong liquor. Permits to drink are given to selected Tongans, which means in effect that chiefs and officials are exposed to a temptation from which their white brethren are exempt.

Prohibition

This method of discrimination is not very satisfactory either to the teetotalers or the lovers of strong waters. After the first war the New Zealand government imposed total prohibition on its recently acquired territory of Western Samoa. Officials in Samoa who disliked this new regulation administered it so zealously as to arouse a good deal of public pressure against, it even among those who were not unsympathetic to the idea that, if they were to live in the brown man's land, they should abstain from those things which might cause the brown man to stumble. Then, for instance, the bottle of wine ordered by a doctor for a white woman patient could not be obtained, prohibition in Samoa was doomed. In Tonga some of us watched the Samoan experiment with much interest, and determined to try to get prohibition in Tonga. A petition to this end was drawn up for presentation to the parliament, and a good, many signatures obtained. For some years I had been living in Nuku'alofa, but happened to visit Ha'apai about this time. I spoke about the prohibition petition to some of' my old trader friends in Ha'apai, and one of them undertook, if a copy were sent to him, to get signatures in Ha'apai. So it was done. The canvasser for prohibition took his petition and went the rounds. In each store he entered question and answer ran something like this - "What's this?" asked the trader.

"Colocott's petition," answered the canvasser.

"Give it here, I'll sign it."

He signed, and then, "What will you have?"

It was usually whisky. Everybody signed, but the temperance worker was only just able to complete his visits.

It is not quite clear what coins are meant by the dollars of which the drinkers of strong waters had to pay 25. The Tongan word *pa'anga*, a flat round these, was applied to money in general and dollars in particular. For a long time the confusing motley of coins, many from South America, was in circulation, but finally British coins alone were declared legal tender, but finally British coins alone were declared legal tender, and the dollar for British shillings. Now (1967) Tonga is introducing her own decimal coinage.

In 1865 the Tu'i Tonga died, and the final step was taken in the transfer of supreme authority to the Tu'i Kanokupolu. Since Laufilitonga no Tu'i Tonga had been appointed, and the chiefs whose office it was conveyed to Taufa'ähau the insignia of the Tu'i Tonga, in especial the words properly to be used in speaking of, or to, the Tu'i Tonga. A clause in the Constitution, adopted in 1875, further emphasised the supremacy of the Tu'i Kanokupolu by stating that the land belongs to the king. The office of Tu'i Tonga has disappeared, but the present rulers of

Tonga share fully the semi-divine lineage of ‘Aho‘eitu as a titular Tu‘i Tonga could do. To cite but one example, the present Queen, her Majesty Queen Sälote, is a direct descendant of both the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, Taufa‘ähau, and of his kinsman, the Tu‘i Tonga Laufilitonga.

The constitutional statement that the land is the King’s means, of course, that the nation’s land is vested in him as its representative. Under him large hereditary estates are held by certain great chiefs — all the rest is Crown land. Consequently every Tongan lives either on Crown land or on a chief’s land, but in either case all adult males, that is, those who reach the age of 16 years, are entitled to a garden holding of 8 1/4 acres, and a village home side of half an acre. These holdings pass from father to son, and, by a fairly recent amendment, to daughters who need the land and where it has not already passed to a male heir. A rental of two shillings a year — later increased to four shillings — can be charged by chiefs for these tenancies, but few, if any, chiefs collect this trifling impost. No wonder, King, chief or commoner, can sell a foot of land. Foreigners may lease land with government approval but no lease would be sanctioned unless it were clear that the lessor chief had ample land left to meet the needs of his people. Chiefs are encouraged to meet the requests of their people who desire to rent larger holdings, and have shown themselves able to make good use of them. Energetic men, able cultivators who love to make gardens and plantations, or who are impelled by the care of large families, often obtain additional land. About 1920 the great chief Tungï, late consort of Queen Sälote, made the trial of reversing the process thereby the people have gathered into villages from which they travel, sometimes several miles, to their gardens. He had one of his estates surveyed and laid out in ten acre blocks, so arranged that each block could be easily enlarged by taking in half of its neighbouring block. Instead of the statutory eight and a quarter acres Tungï gave his people each ten acres to start with, but whoever, instead of living in a village, lived on his farm, had at once fifteen acres. Tungï, a wise - big-hearted man, was deeply interested in his garden city, where most of his tenants soon were living. The idea has proved popular, and has been taken up by other chiefs.

Tongans are strongly attached to their land, to the districts where they and their forebears have been born and lived, and where they wish to die and be buried. They are great travellers, loving to move about from island to island, and to get on steamers to go at least as far afield as Samoa and Fiji. Many make much longer voyages. But the traveller’s heart always turns back to his own land, which is not Tonga in general, but the spot where his fathers’ ashes lie. If he becomes sick he longs for his home place, where he may recover health amid the dear familiar surroundings, or, if the time for death has come, be laid to rest among his people. This attachment at times hampers government efforts to improve the lot of those who live in areas which have become straitened for room. A few miles away may be an island with ample space, but people are reluctant to leave their family neighbourhood.

To their wise and humane land laws, which owe something to the advice of the missionaries Thomas West and Shirley W. Baker, and to their family system, which leaves no man or woman, young or old, without friends and helpers, the Tongans owe their happiness. They are a people of small independent farmers. Much of their cultivation is sustenance farming. The produce of their holdings supplies their food, and the sea and reefs add fish and shellfish. But beyond sustenance there is something over to sell. Coconut is used in cooking, but most of the nuts are dried and sold as copra. Bananas, cooked before they are completely ripe, are a staple vegetable, but plenty of bananas are left to sell. The main difficulties in the way of maintaining a satisfactory export trade in bananas is that the itineraries of ships are so arranged that bananas from Fiji arrive in Auckland in better condition than those from Tonga, and Australia protects its local growers. Many other fruits, for example, pineapples, oranges, limes, lemons, mangoes, pawpaws, and so on, grow easily and bear profusely.

Since land cannot be sold the people are secured from the miseries which have crushed so many millions of Africa who have been crowded off their lands. In New Guinea and Papua the Australian government has entered upon perilous courses in encouraging white settlers to take up land, and permitting a form of indentured labour which breaks up the social life of villages. Although at present there may be sufficient land for foreigners to settle beside the native the hope of the Australian administrators should be that in no long time the native population will have greatly increased. The temptation for foreign intruders to keep native populations as source of cheap labour is, as much history shows, almost irresistible. Fair-skinned religiosity often finds a sanction, disallowed by science, for the determination to oppress darker fellow-humans in a piece of ancient Hebrew folk-lore recorded in the Old Testament. (Genesis 9: 20 -29). Too often the government of a metropolitan country pays more regard to the immediate interests of its colonists than to those of the native peoples of a dependency.

One exception has been made to the rule that no land of Tonga may be alienated. In the centre of Nuku'alofa is a niece of land, one acre in extent, which the government has given to the foreign residents for social and recreational purposes. The Europeans, mostly British and German, built there a hall which they named after Queen Victoria, and made tennis courts in the grounds. Each year a committee was elected to look after this property, and to deal with matters that especially affected the Europeans. I remember a year when the attendance at the annual general meeting was so small that it was one short of a quorum. Someone went out to find another foreigner, and presently returned with a Fijian, and so the meeting was legally constituted.

In addition to the trifling rental, seldom collected, which an adult Tongan male may be called on to pay for his land, he pays a poll tax of nine shillings a quarter. The law says that property of those in arrears with their taxes may be sold to pay what is owing. Such sales must be almost unknown. The obligations of kingship would help a man out of his difficulties long before he came to that pass. Actually defaulters are usually fined four shillings. A stranger passing a court house when the court is sitting might conclude, from the crowd of malefactors he would see awaiting trial, that Tongans are particularly lawless, but on inquiry he would learn that most of them were there because they have not paid their taxes - not from anti-social disregard of obligations to the community, but from a casualness, not unknown elsewhere, that defers paying is long as possible. These cases are quickly disposed of. “He hasn't paid his tax,” “One dollar fine. Next case.”

So many are fined that the foreigner might almost suppose that the Tongan is so warm a patriot that he likes to have his tax increased.

Crime is remarkably rare. Theft is virtually unknown, and in the thirteen years I lived in the country I remember only one serious crime - the murder of a young man by his rival in the affections of a girl. Of the things a man may do for the love of a woman the Tongans say, ‘Vale he valeanga’, that is, foolish in the thing to be foolish about; but so grave an outcome of the jealousy of frustrated passion is almost unheard of.

In 1875 the country was given a written constitution, t which, among other things, limited legally recognised descent to children born within the bounds of the newly established monogamy. Thus some high-born chiefs were deprived of privileges which would have been theirs in the less constrained days of their fathers, and mothers.

Chief and Princess

Legal monogamy, with written registration of marriages and births, makes easier the tasks of the genealogist, but sometimes less simple the mating of men and women. A high-born girl fresh from a leading girl's boarding school in an overseas country, who, in the old dispensation

would, without complicating considerations, have doubtless borne children to suitably noble partners, was faced with the more difficult question of marriage in the new conditions. One chief, knowing that his birth made him a suitable aspirant for the maiden's hand, decided to offer himself for the honour. With conscientious care he kept himself fro a entanglements with other women. He was given an important appointment in an island distant from his own home. When he arrived in his new appointment the girls of the place, desiring to make his stay among them as pleasant as possible, used to visit him in the evening, but he incontinently - or continently - sent then packing. Several girls, more pertinacious than their sisters, or perhaps unable to take seriously what seemed a transgression against nature, were removed by the policeman. The high-born little lady for whom all this asceticism was practised was gay and laughter-loving and when he offered himself as her husband she refused him. He did not deserve her, for he sought her as wife, not through inclination and love, but out of regard for her social rank and his. He must have been a solemn and ponderous wooer. Another chief, much older than the girl, became her suitor. For a while all seemed to be going well, but with sudden revulsion she dismissed him, saying his children by other women were as old as she. A third sought her, a serious Him, too, she rejected, saying that being married to sort of man much older than herself. Him too she rejected, saying that being married to him would be like being married to an old person, adding, "If it were a young person, it wouldn't be so bad, but an old person! The girl was never wed. She was gay and pretty, but Clotho with the abhorred shears was waiting upon her and all too soon cut the thread of sweet and lovely life. As the years have gone on there have, of course, been additions and amendments to the laws. In 1879 the parliament advised by the Wesleyan missionary Baker, collected and printed the laws so far passed. An edition of the law book printed in 1890 included an English translation. By 1880 the distribution of crown lands and chiefs' lands was much what it is now. The king is assisted by a privy council and cabinet, to which belong all ministers, of whom a few are Europeans, and the governors of Ha'apai, Vava'u, Niua Fo'ou Fo'ou and Niua Toputapu. The parliament is a single chamber house in which equal numbers of chiefs and representatives elected by the people sit together. Parliament is elected for five years, and must meet every two years. Not all chiefs are members of parliament, but the king may decide has many are to have this responsibility. In practice the number has settled at thirty-two. To designate these parliamentary chiefs a new order, or rank, was instituted, for whom the English word ”noble" was borrowed. "Noble" in English becomes "nopele" in Tongan, indistinguishable in pronunciation from "no-belly". A missionary's wife, newly arrived, was sitting with some Tongans in a house, when a stout man came in, and was greeted with manifest respect, The white woman was startled when a Tongan girl, who was acting as her guide and counsellor, whispered to her that the newcomer was nopele. She looked at him in surprised commiseration, wondering what hidden affliction, so flagrantly contradicted by appearances, was consuming his vitals. Some of the nobles are among the holders of hereditary estates others not.

The familiar trappings of foreign kingship were added to this essay in constitutional monarchy, largely at the instigation of Baker. In 1869 a national flag was unfurled in the pacific breezes, and a royal standard shortly after. Uniformed guards for a while kept trespassers at bay, but, in spite of the usefulness of dragons, disappeared from the scene. The centuries old tree in Pangai, in Hihifo, where the Tui Kanokupolu used to be installed, was cut down in 1877, and a plank from it built into the throne which stands in the Palace in Nuku'alofa. Tongan usage and custom are so dignified that they had little or nothing to gain from foreign embellishments. Mr. - or as he is usually known, Dr. - Baker started as a Wesleyan missionary, and then became premier. His zeal for trappings strayed into some extravagances, but the fine intelligence and sense of values of Tupou and his successors have preserved the ancient majesty in its new relations.

Chapter 22

The Skies Are Open

For many centuries Tongans had been sailing about the seas stretching from Samoa to Fiji. Ancient sagas, obscure and hard to interpret, hint at longer voyages, among lands far to the north-west and south to the Antarctic snow and ice. They spoke of the line where sea met sky, but these intrepid and skilful mariners must have suspected that the horizon kept retreating as one sailed on. Yet they dreamed of a tree standing on the rim of sky and sea, and that a boat might burst through to the beyond, mysterious and shadowy, where perhaps was Pulotu, abode of the blest, paradise of immortal gods, and of great ones whom death had taken from the earth. But the veil between this world of light and the unknown beyond had been pierced from the other side, and from far-off seas strangers had come to them, *papälangi*, which perhaps means those who burst through the sky, or those who tread the sky. These *papälangi* were not godlike. In strength and manly beauty they were generally inferior to the natives. Except for a great chief like Tute (Captain Cook), the manners of many were uncouth, and their ways strangely awkward. But they built good ships, and had knowledge, instruments and stores that enabled them to keep longer at sea, and make much more distant voyages than the best double canoes. They brought cloths that were bright and pretty, and it was easier to get a piece of cloth by handling a bunch of plantains up to the deck of a ship than by the long toil of preparing and beating out the bark of the paper mulberry. Their beads were bright and shining—worth a cocoanut or two. They brought diseases with them, too, and girls trading with the currency known to women of all times and places, too often found that they had paid for their gewgaws with horrible disfigurement and suffering. The complaisance of the women was not all mercenary. Very much was simple kindness and friendliness. But above all it was iron that the islanders sought—iron fashioned in all shapes and for all purposes—nails, axes, knives, spades, and guns that could kill more surely and at longer distances than the best arrows or spears. For iron they filled the strangers‘ ships with food—fruit, yams, coconuts, pigs, fowls. They would have entertained their visitors any way, and lavished gifts upon them, for that is the *anga faka-Tonga*, Tonga way. Still they regard it as only courteous—who wouldn't?- that guests who have received so much should make some gifts in return. So they got steel tools and guns from them. As they came to know the strangers better there were other things they valued. For long Tongan surgeons had been performing difficult operations with a slither of sharp bamboo, a shell or shark's tooth. Their wise women, and some men, gathered healing barks and plants from the hush. Strains and aches were relieved by skilled pressures and rubbing; women were tended in labour by clever midwives. But the *papälangi* seem to know more about all this than we do, the Tongans might have said, and to be able to cure when we cannot; their instruments certainly are better, and their drugs perhaps more effective. And when those white sheets that the *papälangi* make marks on. We can send simple messages with fern leaves; we have heard of people like ourselves who tie strings and knots to show how the stars are placed; our most experienced sailors know lots about the stars, and our bards tell us many things that happened long ago. But the *papälangi* can send long messages everywhere; they can find in their books whatever they want to know, about the stars, about distant lands, about things of today and events long past. The poems of their bards are there for all to hear and learn. Nothing is lost or forgotten. We must learn how to do this, and they set themselves with zeal to learn to read and write. The *papälangi* have been strange creatures. When our canoes have gone alongside their

ships we have not known whether they would be friendly and exchange gifts with us, or be scared and fire at us. Some of us, too, have been afraid of them. and wanted to attack and drive them away. But most have said, No, we'll give them what they want, and get what we want from them.

And the *papälangi* ships did not always just come and go with all their people still on board. Some stayed; at first one or two who ran away from their ships; then others who did not run away, but with the intention of staying. They were given homes by the chiefs. They came to teach us things we want to know; they brought us many things we wish to have. They tell us strange things. They say that our gods are false; that they know the true god, and will teach us about him, out of a book, their sacred book Tohitapu. They tell us many beautiful things about a God so loving that we cannot but wish to love him; that for us all—common men and women as well as chiefs and gentry—the joys of Pulotu are open after we die. Yet back of it all is something menacing and terrible—the threat of a punishment too awful to imagine if we don't worship the true god. In any event we cannot withstand these *papälangi*. If we should say that we shall drive them out or kill them before they overturn our old life, even though that should mean not learning the things we wish to know, or having so little of the new things we want, what can we do? Behind them are ships with deadly guns. In some such ways must have run the thoughts of minds that, when all is said and done, were attracted by the strangers, more ready for friendship than distrust, remembering rather the kindnesses than the severities and treacheries of their visitors. In any case the heavens were irrevocably rent, and over the horizon came these pale-faced men, individually insignificant, but collectively irresistible. Ancient kingdoms toppled before them. None saw more clearly than Taufa'ähau the meaning of the secret revealed from the bounds of sea and sky. He restored his distracted land to an ordered peacefulness that gave no pretext to marauding benevolence to dispossess him or his chiefs. With a mixture of religious conviction and intelligent appreciation of foreign knowledge, foreign tools and equipment, he welcomed the missionaries and embraced Christianity. After the conclusion of the war in Pea, and the ending of the half-century of strife, he made a treaty with France. So far so good. Tupou was fashioning his group of islands into a kingdom of internal harmony and cohesion which was recognised by one of the European great powers. Tonga was a political unity, and Tupou a king with whom foreign governments made treaties. Britain and Germany were also hovering in the neighbourhood. During the 1860's there had come to Tonga a Wesleyan missionary named Shirley Waldemar Baker, a man of strong and masterful personality, and much skill in political tactics. He admired and liked Germany, whose language he spoke. Although he was British he apparently believed, not without reason, that it might be to the advantage of Tonga to play off Germany against Britain. Fortunately for the Tongans their islands are small, and not supplied with gold or coal, or other of the riches that make great powers solicitous to save small nations by annexing them. The one possession which a great power might covet was the harbour of Vava'u, which, besides being surpassingly beautiful, is in a capacious expanse of deep and sheltered water. Vava'u seemed desirable to Germany as a coaling-station for naval vessels. Guided by Baker, who acted as interpreter, Tupou, in 1877, made a treaty of friendship with Germany, represented by the captain of the German man-'o-war *Hertha*. It was a short treaty, with not many more clauses than the treaty with France. There was to be lasting peace between Germany and Tonga. Germans, who wished to do so, could live in freedom and security in Tonga, as could Tongans in Germany. Germans in Tonga and Tongans in Germany, were free to worship as their consciences dictated. Tongans and Germans were permitted to take their cargoes from one country to the other, with full rights of entry to one another's harbours. Equal liberties were allowed to their passenger ships and war vessels. The Tongan government permits Germany to lease a piece of land in Vava'u for the purpose of establishing a coaling station for German warships. (The ironically amiable

reciprocity of the other clauses stumbled here) nevertheless, Germans in Tonga, and Tongans in Germany may travel in the country as they wish, and carry out their various labours—trading, gardening and so forth—without let or hindrance. No taxes or charges would be exacted of Germans in Tonga which were not levied upon the Tongans, and, likewise, Tongans living in Germany would pay the same imposts as Germans. The German government would not pass any law to the detriment of Tongans living in Germany, nor would the government of Tonga pass laws to the detriment of Germans in Tonga. Some matters, for example the marriage of Germans in Tonga, or of Tongans in Germany, were left for future discussion and agreement. So, too, was the question of the mutual representation of the two governments. Neither government would conclude a treaty with a third government which would give its nationals an advantage over Germans in their relations with Tonga, or over Tongans in their relations with Germany. This treaty was to come into force on the day it was signed by the representatives of the two governments, but would lapse if it were not ratified by the German government within a year from that date.

It was signed on board the *Hertha*, in Nuku'alofa harbour, by the captain of the ship and the German consul, and by the Tongan premier, William Tungï, and Shirley Baker, on 1st November, 1876, and ratified by the German government on 30th. October, 1877.

There is no record of Tongan ships discharging their cargoes in Bremen, whilst their passengers went sight-seeing whithersoever they chose, or settling in Germany to conduct businesses and cultivate farms, nor did the Germans do much about the coaling-station in Vava'u, but the treaty was valuable to Tonga. It was another step in the security given by the recognition that great powers negotiated and made treaties with Tupou's government.

Britain, into whose lap Fiji had just fallen, followed France and Germany, and in 1879 made a treaty of friendship with Tonga, which was revised in 1888. Britons and Tongans are welcomed into one another's lands, and the king of Tonga will grant no privileges to the nationals of other countries which are not shared by the subjects of Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria, apparently, can do what she likes about that, and grant favours where she will. The greater part of the treaty is taken up with arrangements for the trial of British citizens living in Tonga, who offend against the laws of Tonga, or against the laws of Britain. The treaty between Britain and Tonga provided in many cases for the trial of British subjects in the Tongan courts, whilst others were reserved for the jurisdiction of the British Commissioner, whose seat is in Suva. In practice this usually means trial in the British consular court in Nuku'alofa.

A similar treaty of friendship between Tonga and the United States of America was concluded in 1888.

In 1900, a few years after Taufa'ähau had been succeeded by his great-grandson Tupou Taufa'ähau II, the special position of Britain as the representative of Europeans in Tonga, and as the representative and protector of Tonga in the outside world, was confirmed.

So, before the close of the nineteenth century, the kingship of Taufa'ähau in his cluster of scattered islands was recognised by the four powers who were concerning themselves in the affairs of the South Pacific. But these Powers were not agreed among themselves about their possessions, and in 1899 they met (or three of them did, France was not there) to parcel out the South-west Pacific. (No Tongan or Samoan or Fijian was there, to guide the *papälangi*, or to utter any Polynesian protest or preference). Much of the discussion centered about Samoa. Christian missions, commencing in 1830, were followed by the appointment of commercial agents. By 1860 Britain, Germany and the United States of America were thus represented in 'Apia. The numbers of British, German and American residents grew. In 1872 an American naval commander secured for his government the right to establish a naval coaling-station in the

magnificent harbour of Pangopango, in Tutu‘ila???, one of the eastern islands of Samoa. In the western part, ‘Upolu, second largest of the Samoan islands, was the centre of native politics and of foreign interference. At ‘Apia, the principal port of ‘Upolu, were the headquarters of foreign trade and consular representation.

In 1878, at about the time when Tupou was obtaining treaties with Germany and Britain, the Samoan chiefs, through their representative Mamea???, concluded a treaty of friendship with the United States of America which formally conceded to the United States the right to establish a coaling-station in the harbour of Pangopango. The United States also undertook to use her good offices to try and bring about a satisfactory settlement should any dispute occur between Samoa and another government. Germany and Britain followed the United States in making treaties with Samoa.

The history of Samoa throws into vivid relief the greatness of the work Taufa‘ähau did for Tonga. He was so indubitably the king of the whole group that foreign governments had no plausible alternative to dealing with him as the king of Tonga. In Samoa two, and sometimes three, chiefs advancing rival claims to kingship, became more or less involved in the emulations of foreign governments. British and Americans on the whole took sides together against the Germans in their relations with one another, and in their support of Samoan chief s.

On 15th March, 1889, one British, three American and three German war-vessels were in ‘Apia harbour, which is only an open roadstead. During the day a hurricane blew up, arid when the next day dawned one ship alone was left afloat, the British *Calliope*, which, with superb seamanship, backed by excellent coal, put to sea in the teeth of the storm. Samoan men, joining hands, formed living cables to bring in whom they could of the sailors struggling in the raging sea. The German ship *Adler* was left lying on her side, high and dry on the reef. Soon afterwards, in June of that same year, the three powers agreed to the independence of Samoa, naming Malietoa??? as king. A supreme court was to be established with a Chief judge chosen by the three powers, or, if they could not agree, by the king of Norway and Sweden The Samoans accepted this, but there was delay in setting up the court and appointing the judge. Germans on the one hand, and British and Americans on the other, were not getting on well together, and the Samoans were not unanimous in accepting the king proposed for them. Civil war broke out, with the three big foreigners as wavering and uncertain as the chances of battle, but by 1898 the chief Mata‘afa seemed to be on the point of successfully asserting his claim to be king. The foreign consuls on the spot conceded to him a provisional recognition, but later, after the arrival of an American war-vessel with an admiral on board, the recognition was withdrawn.

Near the sea-front of ‘Apia is a little cemetery, with neat headstones commemorating four American and two British officers and sailors, killed in 1899 when a party was landed to burn Samoan villages. Thereafter a commission of the three powers was sent to Samoa, whose errand was, in effect, to annex the group, and depose Malietoa, their own alternative to Mata‘afa. In ‘Apia and in London, in 1899, the three powers concluded their bargaining. It was a piece of horse-trading which took little account of the wishes of the peoples most nearly concerned. Britain succeeded to German pretensions in part of the Solomon islands, and resigned, to Germany in the west and to the United States in the east, any claims in Samoa. At the same time Germany and the United States recognised Fiji and Tonga as an exclusively British sphere of influence. The Americans had their base at Pangopango in the eastern part of the group, and the Germans turned the eastern islands into a colony. German notices guided the visitor seeing the sights in and around ‘Apia. Here were the headquarters of the great South Pacific trading firm, the Deutsche Handels und Planytagen Gesellschaft, familiarly known as the D.H.P.G, or simply as the German Firm. This firm, after fluctuating fortunes as a private enterprise under other names, was set on its feet by the purchase of half its shares by the German government. Its

trading stations were widely spread in Samoa and other groups. It was the last stronghold in the South Pacific of a method of labour recruitment which was virtual black-birding. It was an excellent business, good for everybody except the ‘boys’ from the northern Melanesian islands on whose cheap labour its prosperity was founded. The general manager had great political, as well as social and business, influence in ‘Apia, and it was said that the governor did little without his approval. People called him the second governor. The firm ceased operations during the 1914-18 war, when the New Zealand government took over the German section of Samoa.

While the wretched wrangling and bargaining was going on over Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson came to end his life in Samoa, and to win the love of the Samoans. *Tusitala* the Story-teller, as the Samoans called Stevenson, built himself a large two storey wooden house, *Vailima*, ‘Five waters’, at the foot of Mount Vaea, behind ‘Apia. The road, rising gently through ‘Apia and out towards Mount Vaea, leads among the trees to a delightful little stream, near which Vailima stands. Stevenson’s house has now been bought by the New Zealand government, and turned into the governor’s residence.

when Stevenson died his Samoan friends cut a path through the jungle and forest to the top of Mount Vaea—*O le Ala o le Loto Alafa,* ‘The Way of the Loving Heart’—and bore his body to the concrete tomb, on the side of which is carved the well know Requiem:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did live and gladly die.
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Stevenson’s spirit broods over the place, or did when I was first there in 1911. As the ship lay in the roadstead the passengers seemed all immersed in a Stevenson book. Anyone who had a Stevenson book, or a book with references to Stevenson, walked about, the deck with it in his, or her, hand. The shore curved before us in a wide crescent, with Mount Vaea behind. An American corvette, rolling in the swell from the open sea, lay on our left. She was one of the last of a beautiful race, tall slender mats and yards and graceful hull, her engine an auxiliary to sail. Further inshore, on the right, the shell of the *Adler* was lying, just as I had often seen her in an old scrap-book of my father’s. Along the shore was strung the town, on either hand a little stream running from the higher around down to the sea. Each rivulet was crossed by a bridge that was part of the main thoroughfare through the town. The stream on the left is *Vai Singano*, ‘Brook of Hibiscus Flowers’, the lovely sounding name with a beautiful meaning. Surely no more musical speech was ever on the tongue of man than Samoan, with its liquid syllables, lilting rhythms and rising tone at the ends of words. The gay and gentle voices of women, selling baskets and knickknacks in the shade of a building by the little jetty, are as musical as song.

Off to the ship came long boats—very long boats—manned by thirty or more rowers, active muscular men, with tattooed breeches whose marking showed above and below their loin-cloths, their handsome golden-brown skins gleaming in the sun. All was cheerfulness and charm. Rambling about ashore you find everywhere lovely hills and trees, brightly coloured shrubs, delightful streams, open-sided, gracefully shaped and cool houses, pleasant, courteous people—many beautiful girls, whose elders, alas, show how hard it is for women to keep the fatty layers down to the right proportions and distributed in the right places. One of the most physically perfect human beings I have ever seen was a tall muscular and graceful girl, half Samoan and half European.

Ships sailing between Sydney and Auckland take on board in Suva men to load and unload the cargo—strong, quick-moving young men, who, a sea captain told me, were the best labour in the world for this work. At night, when work is finished, they bathe, put on clean loin-cloths, and perhaps shirts, and sit on decks and hatchways, and sing. On a calm clear tropical night in ‘Apia road-stead they sang and sang, while passengers hung over the rail enchanted by the full rich tones and melodies, and a junior officer was so moved that he could no longer restrain himself, but sat among the singers and joined his voice with theirs. In the soft depths of the night sky the stars, so much closer than in cooler latitudes, gazed down with quiet eyes on golden lights and waves of ribbons which were born of them in the sea beneath.

When we went on deck in the morning a little steamer, the *Dawn*, was alongside. Both the *Dawn* and her captain were personalities of the South Pacific. It was said, perhaps libelously, that so hard was it for the *Dawn's* boilers to raise a good head of steam that she could not blow her whistle and lift her anchor at the same time. In any case the *Dawn* was a doughty little ship who traded for many years in these seas, where she and her captain were everywhere known. But this morning a diver was hanging over the side, a young half caste, reputed to be the best diver in that part of the Pacific. But as he was raised to the deck of the *Dawn* he had been struck by the paralysis which afflicts divers when their bodies do not quickly enough react to changes of pressure as they are brought up from deep water. So he was lowered again, and was floating, clad in his diving dress, slumped limply beneath the surface of the clear water. For a couple of hours he hung there, until the *Dawn* went away, and later we heard that he had not recovered.

Western Samoa was a German colony until the 1914-18 war. For long after the Queensland government had forbidden blackbirding to supply workers for the sugar plantations, the German Firm worked its plantations in Samoa, and stores in Samoa and Tonga, with young men from New Guinea and the Solomons. Nominally they were indentured workmen, but practically their recruitment differed little from the Australian blackbirding, and that was not much different from the capture of slaves in Africa for the West Indies and America. The German Firm owned a little schooner, the *Elfriede*, whose commander, Captain Andersen, was a genial Dane, short, broad-shouldered and very powerful. The *Elfriede* used to do much of the carrying for the German Firm between its many trading stations, and periodically would make longer voyages to the north, and return with fresh labourers. For a good while after the outbreak of the 1914-18 war nobody seemed to worry about the *Elfriede*, but at last she was taken lying off one of the islands of Fiji. Her capture was reported in the press—‘Capture of the last German ship in the Pacific’—almost as though a mortal blow had been struck at the imperial navy.

Besides Melanesians the Germans also brought Chinese indentured workers into Samoa. The system of indentured labour is almost entirely evil, but the introduction of Chinese into Samoa was not without social and ethnographical interest. When their time of indenture was finished they stayed on in Samoa as free workers or business men. They made kind and considerate husbands, and Samoan girls were glad to become their wives. Not a few of the Chinese, by their industry and honesty, became prosperous storekeepers or plantation owners. Their wives and children shared in their prosperity and benefited by their care. On the deck of the ship passing through Nuku‘alofa on her way to Auckland I saw a group of Samoan-Chinese children going to school in New Zealand. They were beautiful children, bright, good-looking, well-nourished, obviously the children of affectionate and intelligent care, from homes of comfort, perhaps in some cases of affluence. War is the collapse of civilised relations between nations, and the 1914 and 1939 wars have been full of frightful barbarism. Still, people do like to be courteous and thoughtful to one another. Before the War Zealanders took Western Samoa in 1914, and deported the German governor, but when it was no longer possible to send ordinary mails, the governor, meeting the chairman of the Wesleyan mission, an Australian, said to him, “Your

wife's people will he anxious about her, and want to know how she is. Tell her that if she writes to them, I'll see that her letters go in my mailbag." This governor was interested in the Samoan people and their customs, and concerned for their welfare. Before he was deported by the New Zealanders he called the Samoan chiefs together, and told them, "We have been peaceful and happy together. Now I shall have to go, but your part will he to co-operate peacefully with the new administration as you have with me. If we win the war I may come back. I don't know; that will be decided on the battlefields of Europe, and all you have to do is to live peacefully with the new government."

The London Missionary Society in Samoa, as the Methodist Missionary Society in the Solomons, employed German as well as British missionaries. After the New Zealand occupation of Western Samoa an English missionary of the London Missionary Society, traveling to New Zealand, for a holiday, was embarrassed at finding himself a first-class passenger on a ship on which a German friend and colleague was being taken to New Zealand as a prisoner in the steerage, He was able, however, quite freely to visit his unfortunate friend. Soon after the New Zealand occupation of Samoa the German cruisers *Scharn*horst and *Gneisenau* put in at ʻApia, and sent word ashore that at noon they would bombard the town. A New Zealand soldier describes his feelings as he walked along the waterfront road, and over the little wooden bridge of *Vai singano*, when the ships were lying in the roadstead. "As I walked along," he said, "and especially when I was on the bridge, every gun on the two ships seemed to be pointing straight at me." However, the *Scharahorst* and *Gneisenau* went away without bombarding ʻApia and did not return. The Australian cruiser *Australia,* of higher speed and greater gun power than the *Scharn*horst and *Gneisenau*, as an uncomfortable neighbour for them in the Pacific, and in 1915 they escaped into the *Atlantic* where they were sunk in the battle of the Falkland Islands.

Neither of the two great wars of our century left many dregs of civilised behaviour between the belligerents, but we were grateful that the *Scharn*horst and *Gneienau*, whilst they were in the Pacific, did not cut off our monthly steamer from Sydney and Auckland, as they might easily have done.

After the 1914-18 war Western Samoa became a mandated territory of the League of Nations, administered by New Zealand. Now it seems to be well on the way to self-government. Eastern Samoa is controlled by the United States of America, who have a naval base at Pangopango. The Americans have taken good care of their Samoan protoge/s, and at a time when, in many groups, native populations were declining, the people of Eastern Samoa were healthfully increasing. During the dreadful influenza epidemic of late 1918 and early 1919, in which thousands perished in Western Samoa, Fiji and Tonga, the Americans kept the scourge out of Eastern Samoa.

Well, much of this perhaps has been digression, but when the heavens were opened the *papälangi* came streaming into the Pacific, and everywhere things happened like those which happened in Fiji and Samoa. Ancient kings were deposed, and proud peoples, who loved their lands, with their customs and traditions, saw themselves ruled, not by their own chiefs, but by pale-faced strangers—everywhere, that is, but in Tonga, where Taufaʻähau recognised by France, Germany, Britain and the United States, was Tupou among his people, free on their own land, and honouring chiefs who were their own. The protectorate arrangement with Britain has worked out well. The Tongan king undertook not to enter into any agreement for his country to be annexed, or for his own royal prerogatives to be curtailed, by any other power. Britain, on her side, contracted to protect Tonga from foreign attack. A Tongan agreement to allow Britain to establish a coaling-station on her soil, with the necessary store houses, workshops, shipbuilding: yards and fortifications has never been used.

The representative of the British government in Tonga, officially Her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul, in everyday English the Consul, *Ko e Konisela* in Tongan, is an official of the British Colonial Office, whose superior is the British High Commissioner in the South-west Pacific, with headquarters in Fiji, of which he is also governor. He does not interfere in the internal affairs of Tonga, except where British citizens or foreigners are concerned. He has the right of approving the estimates and the appointment of foreigners and of Tongans on higher salaries to government positions, but these financial prerogatives may be cancelled by the Tongan government at any time it desires. Civil and criminal actions brought against British citizens or other foreigners are tried, with some exceptions, in the British Consular Court, and the Tongan government, if requested by the Consul, shall assist him by arresting people or seizing goods if this is necessary to the carrying out of his judicial functions. The German government handed over to Britain by treaty the representation and control of German citizens.

Much depends on the personality of the Consuls, who have been, in the main, men of commonsense and moderation, interested in the national independence and well-being of the Tongans. The loyalty and love of the Tongans for their own country, and for their king or queen and chiefs, is happily combined with regard for Britain, and friendliness for foreigners who have respected their chiefs and not edged them off their land. Economically the results have been good. Free men, working on their own holdings for the comfort of their wives and children produce more than hired labourers working for foreign corporations or landlords.

Early in the present century there was some danger of annexation by Britain. The treasury was empty and finances in disorder. Authority to annex the country was actually given by the British government to the High Commissioner in Suva. Fortunately the High Commissioner at this time was Sir Everard Im Thurn, who, as his writings have shown, was a man interested in the cultures and well-being of the peoples among whom he served. Neither he, nor the Consul in Nuku'alofa, desired to put this authority into effect. Instead, an able officer was sent from Suva to Tonga, who, in a few months, put the finances straight, and suggested methods for future working which would keep the Treasury out of trouble.

Chapter 23

James Egan Moulton

In the 1860's two unusual men came to work as missionaries in Tonga. One, Shirley Waldemar Baker, was eventually led by his inclinations and ambitions to exchange the work of a missionary for the office of premier of the kingdom. The other, James Egan Moulton, was one of four brothers whose gifts have enriched the world of thought and scholarship. One, Lord John Moulton, who has been called the Englishman with the greatest brain of his generation, was the leading authority on probate law in England; another, Wilfrid, was a noted Cambridge Greek scholar; the third, Richard, emigrated to the United States, where he was professor of English in the University of Chicago, and widely known as lecturer and writer beyond the university; the fourth, James Egan, as richly endowed as his brothers, became a missionary, whose life's work was associated with Tonga. The genius of this unusual family was continued in the next generation, who sustained, or even enhanced the lustre of their name.

When the young James Egan Moulton volunteered to become a missionary the British Wesleyan church almost decided to send him to China, but a request from the Australian Wesleyan church altered his destination to Fiji. In June, 1863, he arrived in Sydney, not, as events turned out, on his way to Fiji. The Wesleyan church in New South Wales had just established Newington College, not at the present site in Stanmore, but on the Parramatta River. Everything was ready for the college to start work, except that there was no head master, when Moulton dropped out of the sky like an answer to prayer. The Sydney Wesleyans, who had written to their colleagues in England asking them to send a headmaster for their college, gratefully laid their hands on Moulton and Newington College was opened. The Australian mission board, who might justifiably have resisted the expropriation of their man, connived at this ecclesiastical and academic piracy. The head-mastership of Newington College was congenial to young Moulton, and he gave the school a good start on its way to influence and importance in the educational life of New South Wales; but his heart was set on carrying through the plan of going to Fiji. Some churches employ dedicated celibate men and women as their missionary agents. Others, including the Methodist or Wesleyan, although they employ single women as nurses and teachers, believe it is best for men to be accompanied by their wives. The mission board told Moulton that he could go to Fiji if he got married. Getting a wife could never have been difficult for this young man of overflowing vitality, with his flashing eye, and striking, handsome features. In later life, when he had a flowing beard, he was not unlike General Booth. However, finding a wife was not a task to be commenced *ab initio*. Back in England he had left a girl, Mary Knight, who had agreed to follow him to the antipodes. She came to Sydney in 1864, and they were married.

Even now Moulton, assured of the companionship of a wife, was not to book his passage to Fiji. Taufa'ähau, following perhaps the rather snobbish English precedent of schools for young gentlemen and young ladies, projected a school for young chiefs. Someone who knew about Moulton advised the king to try to obtain him for headmaster. In 1865 a letter was received by the Wesleyan church in Sydney, asking that Moulton be appointed to the new school in Tonga. He was released from his duties in Newington, and in May, 1865, landed in Nuku'alofa.

The school which Moulton established was attended by youths of the highest rank and by anyone else who wished. The title "school for young chiefs" has not since been heard of.

Moulton continued the work begun by Mrs. Tucker and carried forward by Richard Amos, who aimed at training young men as preachers and teachers, and at preparing them for posts in government and commerce. Moulton's plans, however, were wider than theirs. He was confident that what a white man could learn and do a brown man could, an opinion not so generally held in the middle of the nineteenth century as since. The scientific studies which confirm it had scarcely begun. Moulton's faith was reflected in the curriculum he introduced into the college he founded in 1866, and to which the king gave as name his royal title of Tupou, entering his grandson Ngü among the earliest pupils. The first student enrolled was Tëvita (David) Tonga, who was afterwards the first Tongan tutor. David Tonga's mind was keen and alert and his personality strong and sincere. He became a trusted leader among his own people, and, during lengthy visits to Australia and England, well known outside his own country. Moulton, in his early days before he was fluent in the Tongan language depended much in his teaching on David Tonga. When he introduced new studies to his classes he explained as best he could until he saw the light of understanding in David's face. Then he handed over to him to share with his fellow pupils what he had grasped. With David Tonga is always remembered his charming and clever wife Rachel, whose equally charming sister, the tall and handsome Sara, was married to the king's grandson, Mateialona, for whom in the latter part of his was invested with the title of Tupouto‘a.

Moulton's intellectual energy and vivid personality won for him the sort of devotion and the measure of criticism which are accorded only to the great. His emphasis in education was said by his critics to lie too heavily on ‘academic’ and ‘literary’ subjects, instead of on ‘practical’ things, useful for ‘natives’, such as gardening and carpentry, in which the general run of Tongan men were more expert anyway than Moulton could ever hope to be. The respective roles of literary, scientific and technical training in the perfect scheme of education is an open field of polemics anywhere in the world today, Moulton, founding his Tupou College just after the middle of the nineteenth century, acted on the belief that the widening of liberal and artistic interests, and discipline of exact thought, which are good for white men are equally good for brown men. On the whole, arguments which are plausible in Australia or England do not need much modification to be applicable to Tonga, except that here are found much more widely diffused manual skill and perceptiveness of nature than are found in a city of the Western culture. The culture of the brown peoples had become static, and needed fresh influences to stimulate them to new creativeness. Nevertheless, it was, and has remained, important that the brown men should learn, not only to build and manage motor launches and steamers, electric power installations and so on, but that churches and schools should be run by native pastors and teachers, his hospitals by native doctors and nurses, his courts by native lawyers and judges, his government, in its internal and external relations, by trained and competent men and women. For the brown man to take and hold his place in this world that has shattered the isolation of centuries he needs, whatever else may be requisite, a general education as good as the white man's. This seed Moulton—Dr. Moulton as he afterwards became, and as he is generally known—set himself to supply. Into his Tupou College he introduced much the same sort of curriculum as would be found is an advanced school in England, barring the teaching of ancient and modern European languages, excepting English. As he went on he employed the same kinds of insignia to mark success as European institutions used. Young men, and later young women, who successfully completed the college course and passed the final examinations, were distinguished by the right to wear mortar boards. The tutors were, for ceremonial occasions, put into gowns. After some years, in order to preserve habits of study once formed, and to facilitate the introduction of new subject, a company or society of past students of the college was enrolled, who, when representatives of the church from all parts of the group were gathered together for the annual synod, received a course of lectures. Later again, in the time of

Moulton's successors, an old collegians' union brought together past students in the ways that have proved so pleasant and valuable in Australian and English schools.

Moulton's plans were received with criticism, even derision, outside of Tonga. It was objected, with of course some justice, that much of this learning was sketchy and superficial. Yet after all, its thoroughness did not suffer by comparison with the digests and radio and television talks that are the mental fare of many mid-twentieth century white men and women, nor did it make less demands on the attention and thought of learners and listeners. The most that can be justly urged is that what Moulton sought to do might conceivably have been done in other ways, less imitative of foreign models; but in what ways no one revealed. Succeeding many years later to the principalship of Tupou College, I leant by direct and personal experience how noble was the fruit of his work.

Above all, Moulton's pupils had the inspiration, whose influence they never lost, of contact with a great man, and the broad wisdom communicated by a first-rate mind. Many years after Dr, Moulton's death I was talking to one of his pupils, an elderly Wesleyan minister, about some matter of Biblical interpretation involving modern critical theories. Some thing I said I was afraid would shock him, as it would have shocked many of his Australian contemporaries. With perfect composure he said, "Oh, yes, I know. Dr. Moulton told us that." More than the facts of knowledge is the mental attitude caught from fine and discriminating scholarship.

The critics of Moulton sometimes compounded with his mortar-boards another detail of dress, which was not his responsibility, but was inherited from his predecessors—black trousers and jackets, in which pastors preached and performed their official duties. It was an unsightly and inappropriate dress out of which the unfortunate wearers were glad to get on a hot day. On my first Sunday in Ha'apai I went after the morning service with the preacher to the meal—somewhat of a feast—always prepared for a preacher. Scarcely had we left the church when he peeled off his coat. He had a sun helmet, which he carried under his arm. Arrived at out host's home he sat down and took off his boots and socks, then rolled up his pants. For the rest he simply endured. Rev. Lorimer Fison, of Fiji—afterwards Dr. Fison, well known in Melbourne journalism, and for his ethnological writings on the Fijians and the Aboriginal people of Australia—wrote a witty parody, left in the obscurity of his manuscript, of Poe's *Raven*, in which the raven is a black-clad Tongan pastor.

Dr. Moulton died in 1909 without seeing the vindication of his faith in his vision of achievement for the brown man. [[Seems to be some text missing.]]

[[THIS IS CROSSED OUT BUT SECOND NUMBERING SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT HE INTENDED IT TO BE INCLUDED: He lived in Auckland, and when be visited Ha'apai to audit his firm's accounts would run three fingers rapidly up the row. Turning over the pages of a book of accounts as quickly as a more ordinary person might glance at a hook of pictures he would suddenly dart an accusing finger at a figure, saying, "That's wrong." This phenomenal accountant was a lay preacher, familiarly, though, not unkindly known behind his back as Holy Joe. On Sundays he used to gather the traders together and conduct a service for them in English.

Love and talent for music were shared by J.E. Moulton with other members of his richly gifted family. Tongans, too, are music lovers. Cook and other early visitors were enchanted by the choral singing that accompanied the dances. Bards trained choirs to sing their compositions, sometimes in competition with one another. Choral singing has gone straight on through the changes wrought by Western intrusion and the introduction of Christianity. Songs are composed for local and national festivals, and performed by bands of singers. The *pö hiva*, 'night concert', described by Cook has continued as a sacred concert, called *pö lotu*, 'night of

worship', where half a dozen or more choirs sing in turns—a long performance interspersed with speeches, dripping with good nature and sweat, and, in its later, stages, with drowsiness. [[NOTE: 'Ikani Taliai's special 376a. MISSING.]] The coming of Christianity brought new themes and tunes, but much of the old modes has persisted. In the early days of the Catholic mission one of the priests formed a band, loved of the people. Later there was a Wesleyan, and a Government band. But none widened the horizons of music for the Tongans more than Moulton.

Tongan choral singing is unaccompanied, apart from the beating of time for dances, and Moulton, setting about the formation of a choir at his college, decided that the tonic sol-fa notation would be the most effective aid to the learning of new tunes. At the outset he met a curious difficulty. In Tongan conversation it is not mannerly to talk about one's body and its members—an admirable convention (which inhibits long descriptions of sicknesses and operations (to which Westerners are too prone). If you must mention a part of your body you do so apologetically, with a deprecatory *Tapu mo koe*, 'saving your presence'. "My head, *tapu mo koe*, was racked with pain," or "My arm, *tapu mo koe*, had a large cut on it."

It was still early days for Moulton when he started training his choir in the tonic sol-fa. At his first practice he saw that something was wrong. His singers seemed half-hearted and embarrassed, and he was glad when the practice came to an end, and he was able to seek from David Tonga the reason of his failure. The explanation was simple. The first two notes in the tonic sol-fa formed a word which even the most deprecating *Tapu mo koe* would not have excused in decorous company. David Tonga told Moulton, "Oh, Mr. Moulton, that will never do: it contains all the swear words in our language!" This difficulty was simply and ingeniously overcome. Moulton adapted the tonic sol-fa notation by using the numerals from 3 to 9 for full tones, with 1/2 for half-tones, and dots below or above the numbers to indicate position on the scale. This numeric [[Collocott had 'figure'.]] notation proved a most effective instrument in the training of choirs. I have seen a young man, a gifted son of John Havea, glance through a new piece of music, humming it as he went, then, write it in numerals [[Ditto]] on a blackboard and quickly teach it to a group of youths.

A whole new field of music was suddenly opened by the numeric notation. Hymn tunes, canticles, chants, anthems, oratorios—music loved of Europe passed into the hearts and through, the lips of Tonga. One of most fruitful culture contacts between Polynesia and the West has been in music. Polynesian composers, retaining, the spirit and genius of the ancient music, have been refreshed and quickened to a wider range of melodic expression and power, and something of Polynesia has passed into certain Western airs. Some modern songs, rather sentimental, and sometimes with the touch of the meretricious that everywhere creeps into what is made for tourists, have become popular among Westerners as a nostalgic vehicle of the romance of tropic isles. They are, however, often a tuneful mating of Western and Polynesian modes.

With his tunes Moulton introduced poems to sing to them. Translations and original writing for their people are inevitable tasks of missionaries. From the beginning of the mission in Tonga until now, able men, some like C.P. Walkden-Brown, A.H. Wood and C.E. Moore with marked musical gifts, have written and translated for the Tongans. But this man Moulton had genius. He steeped himself in the life of the people and the poems of their bards, until he could feel as they felt in their little islands separated by the wide expanses of ever changing and restless ocean. The silvery spray, the deep murmur and thunderous roar of rollers on the reefs, the rhythm of the sea and of the patient paddling of the sailor, the scudding winds, the dark hazards of storm, the home-seeking birds, the peace of the haven. The dear delights of life with friends, the beauties of sea and land in the sunshine, in the mists of morn and even, the fragrance of flowers—all the

things, which fill the hearts of the people and the poems of their bards, Moulton felt even as the Tongans do, and in his hands a poem true to the life and dear to the hearts Englishmen became a poem true to the life and dear to the hearts of Tongans. His hymns are full of rhythms and images of haunting beauty. They are sung to the tunes and repeat the themes of English originals, but they are born of the spirit of Tongan life and poetry.

In the stream of books that Moulton poured out he not only widened the horizons of knowledge for the Tongan people, but added to the resources of their language. Tongans are admirable story-tellers and orators, masters of the pithy phrase, but Moulton gave to them long passages of limpid prose, a joy to read for its own sake, adding the indefinable touch of his own great powers to the excellent work of earlier translators. His translation of the Bible is the chief monument to his talent. Before Moulton came to Tonga the whole Bible was translated. A succession of missionaries had produced a workmanlike and useful translation, but in 1876 the Tongan Wesleyan Synod, affirming their confidence in Moulton's skill in the Hebrew, Greek and Tongan and Tongan languages, appointed him to make a new translation of the Bible. 1877 he sailed for England, accompanied by his friend and helper, David Tonga. At that time the English Revised Version was being made. Two companies of British scholars were at work, one on the Old and the other on the New Testament. One of Moulton's brothers was a member of the English New Testament company, and the Tongan translation gained by consultations between the two brothers. In less than three years the Tongan version of the New Testament was completed, and arrangements were made for its printing. The earlier translation of the Bible into Tongan had been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose charter, since amended, rather narrowly limited the sources from which translations, whose publications they were authorised to undertake, could be made. Moulton, using all the manuscript and other material available to him, went beyond the terms of the Bible Society's Charter, and had arranged with a commercial firm to do the printing. William Clowes and Sons did the work.

Moulton returned to Tonga with his New Testament, to receive the congratulations and thanks of the Wesleyan Synod, and went on to the Old Testament, which took much longer, both because there is more of it, and because he was no longer able to devote his whole time to it. Twenty-two years later, in 1902, he completed the Old Testament in Sydney. Moulton's Tongan Translation of the Bible is on any count a great book. It has the fidelity of scholarship, and the diverse vigour and beauty of genius. History and folklore, narrative and short-story, the splendours of prophetic imagery, the lilting cadences of psalms, where Tongan and Hebrew modes sometimes almost meet, flow and gleam and lift their majestic voices in Moulton's pages. In no tongue has the Bible been more grandly rendered.

Chapter 24

Strange interlude.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the Australasian colonies were advancing fast into a new stage of self-government. With the loosening of political dependence upon the British Government went a loosening of the dependence of the Australasian Wesleyan church upon the British Wesleyan Conference. Until 1855 the Wesleyan church in Australasia was controlled by the British Conference, and the missionary churches of the South Pacific by the Mission Board in London. In I855 the Wesleyan churches of Australasia were separated from the parent British conference, and undertook their own care and management, with an Australasian General Conference, of which, until 1910, New Zealand was a member, meeting at first biennially and later every three years. The church in each individual colony was directly administered by an annual conference. With these changes went the transfer of the mission districts of the South Pacific to the control of a newly formed Board of Missions, which was a department or agency of the General Conference. The practice has been and still is, for the people of Australia and New Zealand to contribute funds for the maintenance of missionary work, and as the island churches became able they, too, assisted the finance of the Board of Missions. Naturally, as the numbers of Pacific island Christians grew, and as commerce increased in their lands, their share of the money raised for missionary purposes became proportionately and absolutely larger.

Quite early in its history the Tongan church was raising money. We have seen that weapons, cloth and mats were collected and sold for the mission. The Rev. Walter Lawry, visiting Tonga in 1847 as General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in New Zealand and Visitor of the Missions in Fiji and the Friendly Islands, took back with him to New Zealand a valuable collection of weapons and other articles to be sold for church building in Auckland. It is to be hoped that most, if not all, of these things have found their way into the safe custody of museums. Gradually in Tonga more regular methods of contribution were introduced. Coconut oil and whale oil were given to the mission and sold for its work. In the grounds of the mission house in Lifuka was a large iron cauldron standing on short legs, a relic of the days when oil was rendered down and sold by the mission. Tongans don't hoard. Many foods cannot be kept long in a tropical climate without ice. Native houses have little room for storage. An ordinary *vala* has no pockets. Though more voluminous coverings, especially of the women, might be folded at the waist to form a pocket, like the *kolpos* of the ancient Greeks. Among the Tongans neither climate, dwellings, dress nor social habits encouraged hoarding. One food—the fermented bread fruit—is stored in pits in the ground, both as a stage in its fermentation and as a method of storage; but that is about all. The people get what they need for present use, and for things beyond the capacity of one, or very few persons to provide, they join together in larger group.

Logically, therefore, as the question of assisting in the running of their church came more to the fore, the need was met, not by weekly contributions, but by large annual efforts, which with flowers and feasting and good-natured competition, became festal occasions. As traders multiplied, the people, instead of bringing oil to be sold by the mission, took their copra or what not, and turned it into money, through the ordinary commercial agencies. The money raised was not spent locally in Tonga, but was sent to the Missions Board in Sydney, who allocated it to the various fields. Tongans are most open-hearted and generous folk, and by the 1870's they were not only contributing enough for the support of their own church, but supplying a surplus, which

the Mission Board used for their work in other lands. No taxation without representation is a sound, principle, with a wide compass of just analogy. Tongans began to say, “Since we are finding more than enough money for the maintenance of our church, why shouldn’t we keep all the money here, and spend it at our own discretion. Questions like these are likely, sooner or later, to arise, and that they arose as soon as they did in Tonga is a mark of the people’s energy and liberality. Behind it all, too, was the consciousness of their country’s political independence. Neither Tongans nor their white leaders were forgetful of the earliest stages when all the money needed for their church’s work was donated by the people of Britain, Australia and New Zealand, nor were they unwilling to support the missionary enterprise in other lands. Their claims, in short, were just and reasonable—an encouraging sign of development, but, not for the first time in history, a good cause was distorted by human frailties into a source of bitterness

A fist step towards the autonomy that could not be long delayed was made in 1874. The money received towards the end of the year in the big annual collections was sent to the Mission Board in Sydney. This practice continued, but a second and smaller collection in June was added, to be used in Tonga for the benefit of Tongan pastors and local churches. None of it was to be spent on white missionaries or their homes.

For a time this sufficed, and 1876 the king secured their properties to the mission by a lease of ninety-nine years. The main question, however, was still unanswered—it was not as yet being asked in any coherent way. In 1877 Moulton went to England to commence his work of revising the Bible. Between him and Tupou was warm and cordial friendship, but when nearly three years later he returned with his New Testament, he found the king cool and distant. This change was caused by the intrigues of his missionary colleague, Shirley Waldemar Baker, who, desiring that the king’s confidence should be principally in himself, used the opportunity of Moulton’s absence to instill suspicions in Tupou’s mind. He hinted to the king that Moulton, while in England, would advise the British Government to annex Tonga. The recent annexation of Fiji, and the wrangling of the USA over Tanoa abetted Baker in arousing the king’s misgivings. Little wonder that Baker was able to work on the fears of Tupou, now about eighty-eight years of age, lest his own splendid life’s work should fall in ruins. The king’s doubts were baseless. What had happened in Fiji was as little to the taste of Moulton as of Tupou or Baker. But the whispering served his purpose of arousing mistrust of Moulton in the mind of the King and making himself almost the king. Baker was an able administrator and organiser, fertile of ideas of ideas, prompt and firm in execution in execution. He introduced and carried through measures beneficial to the Tongans, but as time went on his fine qualities were more and more corrupted to the service of personal ambition. The alienation of Tupou from Moulton was a step towards the attainment of the sort of power that Baker desired for himself. Baker, who, was now chairman of the Wesleyan mission in Tonga, ran into some troubles of his own. Complaints came, through the British High Commissioner in Fiji, to the Mission Board in Sydney, apparently about Baker’s methods of collecting money. In 1880 the Wesleyan Conference in Sydney thought fit to transfer him to New South Wales, but he sought, and obtained, permission to reside for a year in New Zealand without appointment. There he resigned his position as a Wesleyan missionary, and, returning to Tonga just a the position of premier became vacant by the death of Ngü, induced Tupou to appoint him to the post. The question of the relation of the Tongan church to the Mission Board in Australia, whose headquarters were in Sydney, was raised with more insistence, and with an acerbity added by the fact that the New South Wales Conference had wished to remove Baker from Tonga. One proposal, cabled by Baker from New Zealand was the establishment of a Tongan church affiliated with New Zealand. Tupou requested that the Tongan church be removed completely from the oversight of the Mission Board, and become a district associated with the New South

Wales Conference, on the same footing as one of the districts of New South Wales. He desired that no more money be sent to the Mission Board, but that the Tongan church should bear all its own responsibilities, and control its own affairs.

At this point, 1881, another Wesleyan missionary, Jabez Watkin, whose father, James Watkin, had been a missionary in Tonga from 1831 to 1837 comes into the focus of controversy. Watkin, a supporter of Baker, succeeded him as chairman of the mission, and was chairman of the meeting of synod which recorded its admiration and thanks to Moulton when he returned from England with his translation of the New Testament. The same New South Wales Conference of 1881 which received Baker's resignation, decided to appoint Moulton chairman of the Tongan church, and to remove Watkin to Australia. The attempt to transfer Watkin as well as Baker angered the king. Moulton became chairman, but advised the New South Wales Conference to leave Watkin in Tonga. Tupou's request that his Tongan church be no longer controlled by the Mission Board, but become a district of the New South Wales Conference, was approved by them, ratified by the General Conference of Australasia, which by good fortune happened to be meeting in that same year, 1881, and put into effect in 1882. This was a reasonable arrangement which should have closed the controversy, but Baker had ceased to be reasonable, and was dissatisfied with a proposal which left Moulton as head of the church. As premier Baker continued to irritate the king's mind with distrust of Moulton, who, he said, was secretly plotting for the annexation of Tonga by Britain. Moulton's son and biographer writes that he had never been in such love with the changes that had taken place in Fiji, for instance, that he could wish for the introduction of similar policy in the island to which he was so devoted. It was furthest from his thought, and was the one thing especially that he was working to prevent."

One of Baker's first measures as premier was to establish a national system of education, with government run schools—a salutary innovation which brought assistance to the missions in a task too big for them to fulfill single-handed. The next meeting of the General Conference was in 1884, and it appointed three of its members a commission to go to Tonga and investigate on the spot the church's difficulties and discomforts. Before the commissioners arrived Baker, brought off a master stroke. A new church was to be built in Ha'apai, in that part of the island of Lifuka where Tupou had one of his residences and held his court, and which for half a century had been the centre of mission work in Ha'apai. Baker persuaded the king to dedicate this church, not to the work of the Wesleyan mission, but to a new and independent Free Church thereby established. Tupou was by now between 85 and 90 years of age, but preserved unusual vigour of body and mind. No king in history deserved more than he to enjoy a serene and peaceful old age among the people to whom he had been shepherd and friend. Yet here he was with old friendships disturbed by a man who, with all his ability and many fine qualities, was an ambitious and unscrupulous adventurer. Baker gained a curious influence over the clear-minded old king.

So the Free Church was set up, with Watkin as its president. On Tupou rested the aura of nine centuries of kings. He was a prince whose people were bound to him by deep and deserved affection and loyalty. Most of the chiefs and people followed the king into his new church, but an influential minority could not be drawn from their allegiance to the Wesleyan church. Attempts to cajole or force the remaining Wesleyans into the Free Church filled the next few years with bitterness and distress. Adherence to the Wesleyan church was regarded as *talangata'a*, i.e. disobedient to the king, or alternatively, failure to assert the freedom of a patriotic Tongan. [[NOTE: "TOP 400" The Wesleyans were nicknamed *Fakaongo* obedient or subservient, that is, to foreign, *papälangi*, control.]] Baker, premier and minister of this and that, was for a time almost the whole of the Tongan government. Laws imposing restrictions on

the Wesleyans, and laying upon them burdens almost impossible to be borne, had the effect of reducing, their numbers to a nucleus of the strongest and ablest of the pastors and their people, who, desirous as they were of obeying the wishes of the king, stoutly maintained their right to worship as they choose, and saw that their oppressor was not Tupou but his obstinate and ambitious prime minister. Moulton and his son and their Tongan associates were unwearied in carrying out unreasonable regulations imposed by their opponent with the design of hopelessly crippling the Wesleyans. A young Englishman, Ernest Crosby, appointed to the mission in 1884, lent invaluable and somewhat comical aid. Hurrying from island to island wherever trouble threatened he was nicknamed Tavake, the tropic bird, which turns up when there is a storm, or Tolopï, the spray at the bow of a boat. He embarrassed Baker, or tried to—it is not clear whether anything could embarrass that tough campaigner—by appearing at meetings when he was addressing the people, ostentatiously busy with notebook and pencil.

Ministers of the Free Church received higher salaries than their Wesleyan brethren, but neither this, nor persuasion and coercion could dissolve the hard core of resistance. Soon Baker went on to less reputable measures of persecution, let loose by a criminal attempt upon his life. Four men who had escaped from prison lay in wait for the premier, hidden by bushes beside a road on the skirts of Nuku‘alofa. Presently Baker came driving along, accompanied by a son and daughter. One of the men fired. The son was wounded, but Baker was unhurt. His daughter, Beatrice—Biti to Tongan and foreigner—saw in time the leveled gun, and threw herself in front of her father, receiving the charge intended for him. The courageous young woman was seriously wounded, and the horse taking fright, was thrown to the ground and received further injuries. Happily she recovered, and later went to live in Ha‘apai, where she ended her days with two of her sisters, one of whom was, like herself, an excellent nurse. No political and religious rancour could ever dim the affection and trust of white man and brown for this slight gentle women. She and her nurse sister, always known by the nickname Coo, who had worked in New Zealand with Dr. Truby King before his name became world famous tended Tongan and foreigner in their need and sickness with a devotion and skill which made their little island a scene of high human fulfilment.

The attempt on Baker’s life was made in 1887. He was too good a showman not to see and use its possibilities. Troops were mustered as though there were war. Not unnaturally Baker tried to fasten the guilt of the attack upon those he wished to coerce. The students of Tupou College were chosen for reprisal, though no evidence was brought that the would be assassins came from among their number. At one point a group of Baker’s men invaded the college grounds and commenced to sack the place. Moulton, going from one to the other of the intruders, writing their names on a piece of paper, caused them to delay and hesitate long enough for word to be sent to the British Consul, who came and, claiming that the college, as an institution whose headquarters were in a British country, was under British protection, hoisted the Union Jack over it. The college was saved and the attackers withdrew.

When the charges against the college students were examined they were absolved of all complicity in the plot against Baker, but his revenge was ample and tyrannical. Thirty men were arrested and tried. Six were condemned and taken to the little island of Malinoa, few miles out to sea north of Nuku‘alofa. Here they were made to dig their graves and were shot into them, an excessive retribution, to say least, for an attempted murder in which no one was killed. The remaining prisoners were held, not knowing whether their destiny would be the grave or release. An Englishman named Hanslip, who was outspoken in his defense of the persecuted Wesleyans and his condemnation of the Malinoa executions, might well, had he been a Tongan subject, have paid with his life for his honest hardihood. He was arrested and tried, being an Englishman, in the High Commissioner’s court, and acquitted. Hanslip, an old Charterhouse boy, who spoke

with the clipped vowels of many educated Englishmen, was an interesting man—a trim and compact little figure, with well cut head and face and a short Vandyke beard. He liked the Tongans, and knew a great deal of their customs and history. [[NOTE: Insert 390a]] Unfortunately after his death some of his most valuable papers were destroyed.

Baker was losing his nerve, and doing more and more silly things. Now he tried what exile would do, and gave orders that the Wesleyans must leave the country. They did not all go, but sixty or seventy of them did, sailing on a schooner to Fiji, where they were well received and granted the island of Koro to live on. Among them was Tupou's daughter Sälote, an able and popular woman of much influence among the Tongans, who was said to resemble most closely of all the king's children her august father in the vigour of her mind and character. It is said that the king wished to name her as his successor, but whether this be so or not, the introduction of legal monogamy placed her outside the line of succession. Of the Wesleyans who did not go to Fiji some were sent to remote islands in the Tonga group. One of the surest ways to strengthen a cause, especially a religious cause, is to provide it with martyrs, and Baker's efforts at conversion had no better success than they deserved, more direct violence was tried. Men were beaten with clubs and rifle butts, women thrashed with whips, and became a little more Wesleyan than they were before. From London came orders to the High Commissioner in Fiji, Sir Charles Mitchell, to visit Tonga and see what was going on. He came to Tonga in March, 1887, and stayed till about the end of April. In his report to the British Government he said that things were being done that violated the Tongan Constitution. The king and his prime minister were acting without consulting parliament and cabinet. The religious freedom guaranteed to the people by the Constitution was not being observed. Troops were assembled in Mu'a without justification since there was no war. Soldiers and chiefs were pillaging the people's property, and the king and premier were doing nothing to prevent it. Altogether a pretty formidable indictment, and it is no wonder that Sir Charles Mitchell closed—or not quite closed—his report with the opinion that Baker should be deported. But Baker was a more astute man than Mitchell, and persuaded him that he was indispensable to the king and his kingdom. So the report ended that although Baker ought to be deported, he (Sir Charles) hesitated to take that step, as the king needed him to administer the country. Baker, having bluffed Sir Charles stayed on, and even now if he had exercised self-restraint and prudence he might have had years of work happy for himself and beneficial to Tonga; but he just put his head down like an angry bull and went blundering on.

In 1888 the Wesleyan General Conference held sessions in Melbourne, and, with Moulton's concurrence, decided that he should return to Sydney, and that the Rev. (later Dr.) George Brown should go to Tonga as a commissioner from the conference, and temporary chairman of the mission. Brown, a Yorkshire man, friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and of other immortals of letters and learning, is of all Englishmen who have sailed the Pacific probably the one who is most fitted to stand beside his fellow a Yorkshire man, James Cook. Short, spare and wiry, with short stubborn hair standing up on his head, and rather closely clipped beard he was a man of boundless charm and attractiveness, and amazing versatility—sailor, explorer, raconteur (Stevenson reckoned him the best story-teller he knew), naturalist, anthropologist, writer and administrator, he probably knew the Pacific islands peoples as none before him had known them, and as none will ever be able to know them again. He understood and spoke many of their languages. Between August 1886 and November 1290 he lived in Tonga for several short periods with long breaks when he was in Australia, New Zealand, and New Guinea, amounting in all to twelve months. If there were any subsequent visits they were few and brief; yet visiting Tonga in 1915, at the age of eighty, he addressed audiences in fluent Tongan, as on his way there he had spoken to Fijians in Fijian, and, passing on to Samoa, where many years before he had lived for fourteen years, he spoke Samoan as easily as his native English. His gentle and

courteous manner reflected a sincere and kindly nature, which was all compounded of dauntless courage, inflexible determination and penetrating sagacity. In 1875 he was on board a ship lying off an island in New Britain where he had come to start a mission, The beach in front of them was filled with armed men, and the crew nervously begged Brown not to land, but to sail away with them. He, however, had no intention of leaving without doing what he had come to do, but before he left the ship a sailor named Jack Holmes insisted on landing with him. Jack Holmes, unknown to Brown or the Captain, smuggled into the boat that was to take then ashore a supply of tools and other useful articles. So the two of them were left among these armed and dangerous looking men, and the ship sailed off. I asked Brown what it felt like. "There was nothing in it," he said. "I just picked out the man who seemed to be their chief, walked up to him and shook his hand, and made him understand that I had come to stay." "But," he added "once I thought I was done for in Hew Guinea. One day I got to an island before dawn, and, as it was too early to do anything, I lay down beside a canoe to have a little sleep. When I woke I saw a man standing over me with a raised club in his hand. Keeping my eyes fixed on his I gradually raised myself till I was on my feet. There we were, staring at one another. After a while he lowered his hand and let the club fall to his side."

This was the man who, as General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, arrived in Tonga in August, 1888. Moulton left by the ship which brought him. Brown set himself to conciliate the factions in Tonga. He endeavoured to strengthen and cheer the Wesleyans, and at the same time to maintain friendly relations with the king, Baker and Watkin. At this time the king was proposing that his Free Church should have its own conference with a status like that of the conference of New Zealand or the colonies of Australia, affiliated with the General Conference of Australasia. This could have been arranged, but Baker went on his headstrong way, unwilling to admit any compromise. He was soon to overreach himself. He spread the report that the High Commissioner's court, in acquitting Hanslip, had acted unjustly. This was bad enough—an affront not easy to overlook, but Baker went on to acts of folly that were strange lapses for so shrewd a man. He asserted that the late British Consul (Mr. Symonds, who had married a daughter of Moulton's, and had recently died), and his secretary, Mr. Hahn, were involved in the attempt on his life. Baker was so imprudent as not only to say these things, but to write them, and to circulate the written statement among leading representatives of the Wesleyan church in Australia. Then he turned his attention to Brown.

A few years previously, while Brown was living in New Ireland, a party of New Ireland natives attacked a mission station and killed a Samoan woman, wife of a Samoan teacher. Brown, fearing other, perhaps more serious disturbances, resolved on a display of force. He led a band of armed men through part of the island, and burnt a village. No lives were lost, and whether there was or not any danger of further outrages, Brown's action was in fact followed by peace. Inevitably the news of this unmissionary like action was greeted by loud outcries and wrangling in Australia. Some church leaders defended Brown maintaining that his prompt action had saved lives, others roundly condemned him as having acted in a way utterly unworthy of a Christian missionary. The captains of warships, British and German, who visited New Ireland, and the High Commissioner in Fiji, evaluating Brown's adventure by more worldly criteria, uninhibited by any need for harmony with the calling of a Christian missionary, were unequivocal in their support and praise. Baker revived this old incident in an effort to discredit Brown. He wrote to Brown saying that, if justice had been done in the New Ireland affair, he would have been imprisoned. This letter, defamatory both of Brown and of the High Commissioner's administration of justice, was an extraordinary indiscretion for a man of Baker's experience. It was his undoing. In Fiji was a new high commissioner. Sir Charles Mitchell had gone, and in his place was Sir John Thurston, an old friend of Brown's, with whom he was in constant communication. Baker was given the choice between prosecution for

defamation, or apology to Brown and the High Commissioner. Wisely choosing not to be tried by one of the plaintiffs in his own court, Baker apologised. Even with this warning Baker did nothing to clean up the mess he had made. Unfair regulations which bore hardly on the Wesleyans were left unrepealed. People who had been sent off to Koro, in Fiji, or Tofua, in Ha'apai were still not allowed to return home. Prisoners detained for no good reason were not released. Baker, in disfavour with the British High Commissioner resumed his old flirtation with Germany. Since 1877 Germany had had the right to lease ground for a coaling station in Vava'u, and Baker was negotiating with Germany about a site for a second coaling station. in Nuku'alofa. Thurston, convinced that little improvement in the condition of Tonga could be hoped for as long as Baker was there, and not amused by the encouragement to Germany to enlarge her influence, decided to remove Baker from the scene. He sailed to Nuku'alofa and ordered Baker to leave Tonga and stay away for two years. It seemed high handed and arbitrary, with little regard for the right of the accused to be heard in his own defense, applying to Baker methods like those he himself had used with the Tongans.

Baker's departure was felt by the Tongans as release from a terrible incubus. Tupou thanked Sir John by an obeisance such as he probably made to no other man in all his long life. Bowing before him he placed his own hand on the back of his head. Thousands of people gathered in Nuku'alofa to present gifts to the High Commissioner. The king's herald, *matäpule*, thanked him for "freeing Tonga from tyranny and the devil; so that Tonga—oh, happy day!—is again a free land, and breathes and lives." A little child, the grandson of Tungï, was carried to Thurston, bearing a club in his hand. Thurston accepted the club from the child, who was in effect also being offered to the High Commissioner to do as he pleased with him. The child was afterwards Tungï, the consort of Queen Sälote. A group of high-born ladies, led by her would have been the Female Tu'i Tonga if one had still been appointed, placed about Sir John Thurston's neck a garland of a kind that could be worn only by the Tu'i Tonga, and that on special occasions. Gratitude and reverence could go no further.

Wrongfully detained prisoners were released, stolen property restored, exiles returned to their homes, worship became free. The Tongans in Koro, on their way back home, went first to Suva, where Tupou's daughter Sälote and the women of the party were entertained by Lady Thurston. Sälote gave their hostess a large piece of native cloth, saying, "This was given me by my niece as we were leaving Tonga, not expecting ever to see our homes again. It was for my burial, so that, buried in a foreign land, my body might be wrapped in something of Tonga. I know it is of no use to you, but I wish you to takes it, as I have nothing else to give."

Sir Charles Mitchell had been deterred from deporting Baker by the fear that without him the administration would suffer, and that there would be nobody left able to do all the clearing up that needed to be done. Sir John Thurston met this difficulty by lending to the Tongan government a clever young man from the Colonial Office staff in Fiji, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Basil Thomson who came to Tonga as acting premier for a year, and did all that was required of him. He straightened out the affairs of the government, and wrote a good book about Tonga. He became well known as a writer on Fiji and Tonga. Later he was head of Scotland Yard in London, where, during the 1914-18 war he brought gales of criticism blowing about his head by too trustfully eating and distributing chocolates sent to him through the post.

Brown was not in Tonga when Thurston ejected Baker. He was in New Guinea, but got word of what had happened when he was in Cooktown on his way south. He paid a short visit to Tonga, and when next the General Conference met was relieved of the now unnecessary post of Special Commissioner. His policy of quiet and friendly workings of the Wesleyan beside the Free Church was continued, and in 1924 the two sections of the Wesleyan Church were reunited.

In 1891 Moulton visited Tonga and resumed the old, and broken, friendship with the king. Two years later Tupou died. One of his grandsons, Mateialona (later Tupouto‘a), a delightful man, of salty humour and a fine courtesy whose tang and flavour came from many generations of high breeding and civilisation, told me that the king carried his more than ninety years with strong and unbowed step. His walking stick, long enough to reach almost to the

[[NOTE: “iNSERT 398a”]]

Chapter 25

When Taufa‘ähau I died in February, 1893, his life, had almost spanned the nineteenth century. He had achieved a remarkable life’s work, preserving intact and handing on unimpaired his kingdom. It is said that at one point, probably in the middle of the century, when he felt that his country’s freedom might be threatened by the French, he had thought of ceding the kingdom to Britain. This thought, if he ever entertained it, did not ripen into a definite design. Six months after the king’s death Peter Vï, his old friend of the early Christian days, followed him to the grave.

Taufa‘ähau had his full share of personal sorrow. The beautiful Lupepau‘u ‘Mischievous Pigeon’, whom he had ravished from the Tu‘i Tonga, bore him two sons, who both died in childhood. Lupepau‘u herself did not live long. The Constitution, which established legal monogamy, defined the line of succession through Tupou’s wife Fusimatalili, who was baptised Kalolaine, Caroline. Lupepau‘u’s baptismal name was Sälote, ‘Charlotte’, and a daughter of Tupou, she who threw in her lot with the Wesleyans who went to the island of Koro, in Fiji, was also named Sälote. Tupou apparently regarded her as the strongest and most capable of his children, but her mother was not a great chieftainess, and constitutions and monogamy left her on one aide, as *matäpule*s learned in genealogy would probably have done in an earlier generation.

Tupou’s legal heir was his son ‘Unga, who was premier of the country; but he died long before his father. [[DELETED BUT SEEMS TO BELONG AT BEGINNING OF 404]] It happened that ‘Unga died when on a visit to New Zealand, and that Baker, too, was in New Zealand at the time. Baker exerted himself to induce the German]]

arm-pit of an ordinary sized man, was slung jauntily under his arm. Microscopic germs may strike a more deadly blow than the club of warriors. Man’s common enemy, influenza struck the king, and, assisted by his refusal to forgo his early morning swim, slew him. He died on 17 February 1893. There is no record of the date of his birth, but he seems to have been about nine or ten years old when the *Port-au-Prince* was cut out in Ha‘apai in December, 1806, and would therefore be somewhere about 95 to 97 years old when he died. He is buried in a large mausoleum in Nuku‘alofa. Death had taken the heirs of two generations before him, and he was succeeded by his great grandson, also named Taufa‘ähau and baptised George, and, of course, bearing the Tu‘i Kanokupolu title, Tupou.

Baker lived in New Zealand till about the turn of the century, and then went back to Tonga. The Free Church had its own conference, not affiliated with any outside body, with Watkin as its president. To him Baker preferred the request that he might be received as a minister of the Free Church, Watkin, alarmed at the prospect of having as a colleague a man more likely to be master than assistant, appealed to the young king to sign a letter saying that it was not in the best interests of the nation for Baker to be a minister of the Free Church. Rebuffed by the church he had created, Baker turned to Bishop Willis, who had lately arrived from Honolulu to establish a branch of the Church of England in Tonga. Willis, shrewdly supposing that if he ordained Baker priest he himself would soon be the curate and Baker the bishop, refused to admit him. Baker then made his home in Lifuka, of Ha‘apai, where he established a branch of the Church of England, affiliated, it is said with the Church of England in Victoria, a colony of Australia always more lenient towards him than the New South Wales. He had considerable medical

knowledge and skill, and this beneficent side of his versatile genius he continued to use for the benefit of the people, and passed on much of his lore to his daughter Biti. He died in Lifuka, and is buried in a grave marked by a large and well-kept burial mound in the little foreign cemetery—a quiet and lovely spot set about with trees. A few yards away the sea, calm within its sheltering reefs, sings tranquilly to the clean white coral sand. A sweet and peaceful haven after a stormy self-willed life.

Chapter 26

Convalescence and Recovery

After the feverish years of negotiation without settlement, of intrigue and violence, the little kingdom began to get its breath again. Moulton was in Sydney and Baker in Auckland. Of the white protagonists in the long struggle Watkin alone was left in Tonga as president of the Free Church. At first the Wesleyan Free Church was suggested as a name, but ‘Wesleyan’ was dropped, to reappear some forty years later, when plans for reunion began to take practical shape. By far the greater part of the Tongan people were members of the Free Church. ‘Free’ was a word rightly dear to their hearts. Their land was free, governed by Tupou and his chiefs. This new church was the church of Tupou, and it was fitting that it, too, should be free, directed by no one outside the kingdom. Those who adhered to the Wesleyan church, affiliated to the Wesleyan conference in Sydney, were derisively perhaps resentfully, nicknamed *Kau Fakaongo*, ‘obedient people’, submissive to the foreigner. The *Fakaongo*, never numbering more than about four thousand, did in effect enjoy complete self-government. Nominally their status was that of a district of the Wesleyan church of New South Wales, actually the resolutions of their synod were carried into effect without waiting for confirmation by the conference in Sydney, which followed as a matter of course, Financially the Tongan Wesleyan church was self-supporting and independent. So the Wesleyan remnant had all, or somewhat more than all the freedom that the king desired in the early days of dissension. Had it not been for Baker’s influence the changes could have been brought about without cleavage of church and country. Moreover, the Wesleyan remnant possessed a strange vitality. Persecution had performed its usual function of leaving an elite. The handful of Wesleyans had the stimulating experience of continuing what had been begun in the first days of Christian missions, sending pastors, teachers and medical men to other lands of the Pacific. The connection with Australia gave the broadening consciousness of belonging to a whole far greater than the little part in Tonga and brought to them a succession of white men and women whose influence helped to heal the wounds of dissension. Notably in 1908 Rodger C.C. Page, member of a well-known family of Grafton, in New South Wales, followed the gifted musician and linguist, C.P. Walkden Brown, as chairman of the Wesleyan Mission. Thenceforward, until his retirement in 1956, Rodger Page was a trusted leader, adviser and friend of brown man and white, within and without the limits of his own church. His mind was quick, penetrating and comprehensive, rapidly seizing the total of a situation, and seeing clearly the relations of its parts. Mental strength was enlivened and given human warmth by spontaneous friendliness and unfailing humour. Without cynicism or without being diverted from essentials he saw and chuckled over the grotesqueries of human behaviour. He was full of energy, and did many things rapidly and well. No man was ever freer of self-seeking. Men and women of all degrees sought his counsel and valued his friendship. All trusted him, and many loved him. In any evaluation of the history of Tonga during the first half of the twentieth century the advent of Roger Page must he reckoned an event of first importance.

The Free Church shut itself off from these vivifying contacts. Several attempts to secure white colleagues for Watkin, proved unsatisfactory, until, in 1910, Edwin S. Harkness was appointed to the Free church in Ha‘apai. Harkness belonged to a prominent family of manufacturers of mining machinery in Bendigo, Victoria, and his skill with boats and engines was invaluable in a part of the group where you cannot go far without crossing a stretch of open

ocean. He was a cheerful man and, with his kindly wife, two pretty little girls and son born in Ha‘apai, helped in the creation of the atmosphere in which the wounds were healed. After some fourteen or fifteen years in Ha‘apai he removed to Now Zealand, and entered the ministry of the Methodist church.

We must go back thirty years to the establishment by Baker of a state system of education. As part of it went the foundation of the Government college, for the training of young men as government officials and teachers. When, in 1885, the Free church was commenced, the government naturally became the institution where its ministers were trained. The new college was opened in 1832. Its first principal, John Hartley Roberts, came from the Victorian Department of Education, and was charged with the oversight of all government schools. He was a clever versatile man, of wide and varied knowledge, and vital and interesting personality. He was an excellent linguist, who included Chinese among the languages he spoke. His reason for learning Chinese does credit to his heart and sense of justice. Many Chinese were working on the Victorian gold diggings when Roberts was a young man. Dissatisfied with their treatment, and especially with their representation in the courts when they were charged with offences against the mining laws, he learnt their language that he might be their interpreter and friend. The same type of curriculum was introduced into the Government college as in Tupou college, and the staff were put into gowns and mortar-hoards. The head Tongan tutor with Roberts was Pauliasi Taumoepeau, an able young man, destined to live long and become one of the most influential of Free church ministers.

Like others before him and since, Roberts was soon busily writing books for his classes, and songs and hymns for the people to sing. His biographer, his son, Rev. S.C. Roberts (*Tamai of Tonga*, Sydney, Methodist Book Depot, 1924), obviously unacquainted with the long rhyming compositions of ancient and modern Tongan bards, with admirable *pietas* ascribes to his father undeserved achievements in adding to the resources of the Tongan language, but remarks truly that better than provide things for the Tongans is to start them on using their language in new ways. Then, in illustration, he pays unwitting tribute to Moulton’s talent. Quoting seven lines of what he believed to be a composition of one of the Government college students, he commented, “This, like English into Tongan, will hardly ever bear translation... the local colouring is such that hardly any but a native would have conceived it.” The lines are from one of Dr. Moulton’s hymns, printed as number 122 in his *Tohi Himi*, evidently produced by memory by a student.

Roberts, who was musically gifted, used the number adaptation of the tonic sol-fa notation to introduce new tunes to his students, and formed a brass band. He was a shorthand writer, and adapted and taught Pitman’s shorthand. His adaptation, the *Fonokalafi ‘a Misa Löpeti*, ‘phonography of Mr. Roberts’ is still in use, and has proved especially valuable in government and commercial offices.

At the time when the Government College was established, and J.H. Roberts became its first principal, the new Free Church was not yet started. Roberts was a member and lay preacher of the Wesleyan Church, and on Sunday mornings he used to march his boys, two hundred or so of them, to the service in the church on the hill Zion. But feeling, rightly or wrongly, that his welcome in the Nuku‘alofa Wesleyan church was but tepid, if not cool, he applied to have his college hall recognised as a preaching-place, so that he might hold services there instead of attending the town church. After some delay in which nothing was decided Roberts took the matter into his own hands, and conducted services for his boys in his college hall.

The wives and families of Moulton and Roberts were friendly, and used to visit one another and go on outings together. In each family was a girl named Emma. Moulton’s daughter being a

girl of fourteen and Roberts's a young woman four years older. Within a few months occurred two sad drownings—Emma Moulton whilst trying to land in a heavy surf at ‘Eua, and Emma Roberts at a picnic with her brothers and sisters and the Moulton young people.

Then, in I885, the split came between the Tongan Free Church and the Wesleyan conference in Australia. Roberts whole-heartedly supported the secession. To him it seemed a removal of the church from the control of a distant outside body, and the assertion of an independence that was a proper accompaniment of political independence. For the Government College it was unfortunate that Roberts did not have a long term of continuous service. He was principal for the first seven years of the college's life, then went to Australia, and later returned to Tonga for another—shorter—term as principal of the college. There have been some notable principals of the Government College. The well-known Cambridge anthropologist, A.R. Brown, who has filled a succession of important professorial chairs, was for a time head master. Another was Sir Hagbad Hein, nephew of the Norwegian Antarctic explorer Amundsen, who has for a long time been chief justice Fiji. Other masters who have not become so widely known were loyal and skilful educators. As with Tupou College there were periods when no white man was available to give his exclusive attention to the work of education, but Tongan tutors ably filled the gaps. The new college throve. The king and most of the chiefs withdrew their support from the Tupou College to the Government College. Free Church youths, far more numerous than the Wesleyans went to the Government College, whose students numbered two to three hundred, double the number of Wesleyan boys and girls who remained for the Tupou College.

The two colleges have been good for one another. Each was a spur to the other to raise and maintain standards. In sport they made possible competitions which one institution could not have had by itself. About 1921 a shield was given for annual competition in games and athletics extending over a whole year—cricket, football, tennis and track events. Competition has been keen and friendly. Both sides have recorded many good performances, and have had a fair share of the custody of the shield. The arrival in Tonga in 1908 of Rodger Page as chairman of the Wesleyan church—in Australia the Wesleyan and other churches derived from Wesley's revival had by now united as the Methodist Church, an event of great importance. His skilful administration and initiative steered his church through some exceedingly difficult days, not only consolidating the Wesleyan remnant, but permitting some expansion and new ventures. Above all his conciliatory and friendly spirit, his wisdom and complete honesty of purpose quickly won the confidence of the king, chiefs and people of whatever religious persuasion. In 1917 the princess Sälote Mafile‘o Veiongo, daughter of the king Taufa‘ähau II, married Tungï, who succeeded his grandfather Tungï (his father, Tuku‘aho, had been killed by a fall from his horse) in the title which Tupou I had created to take the place of Tu‘i Ha‘atakalaua. The following year Taufa‘ähau II died, and Sälote became queen. Sälote belonged to the Free Church and Tungï to the Wesleyan. Both were wise and tolerant people, and in a few years conditions were ripe for a re-union of the churches. Feelings of kinship among the Tongans are widespread and lively, and overcame the differences of religious cleavage. For long Free Church and Wesleyan—Roman Catholic and other sects too—had been sharing and helping in one another's religious festivals. In 1924 the forty years‘ breach between Wesleyan and Free Church was healed by a reunion, the united church being known as the Free Wesleyan church, with its own conference, associated with the Australasian General Conference. After one term of a Tongan minister, Taumoepeau whom we have already met as tutor of the Government College, as president, Rodger Page was elected president, and retained the position until his retirement.

An immediate effect of church union was seen in the section of Tupou College which had been removed to the plantation at Nafualu in 1921. The original intention of keeping the

numbers at Nafualu down to fifty was swamped by an influx of youths which brought the school population up to 350. By this time Dr. Wood had succeeded me as principal. This, the main boys‘ secondary school, was later transferred from Nafualu to a place in the eastern district of Tongatapu, named Toloa, which means, or may mean, ‘Pelted’, famous in folklore. Here a great bird, flying from ‘Eua across the strait, pelted by the culture hero Maui with boulders, still to be seen, far beyond the strength of ordinary men to lift and hurl. Here the main building of Tupou College was re-erected as the school hall of the new college. The Government College property in Nuku‘alofa has been turned by the Crown Prince, Taufa‘ähau, who, after his father's death-in 1941, succeeded to the title Tungï, into a high school, whose staff come on loan from the New Zealand Department of Education. In the large building erected for them over sixty years ago, now renovated and improved, secondary school girls are housed, holding their classes in a fine new brick and concrete building near by. The main hall of the old Government College was taken out to a site of two hundred acres in the country, to be used in the agricultural training of Tongan youths.

Church sites, too, have suffered a sea change. The artificial mount in Nuku‘alofa, once part of its fortification, and then for a century known as Saione, ‘Zion’, and crowned with the Wesleyan church, has reverted to its early name, ‘Esi ‘o Mumui, ‘Mound of Mumui’, and to the Tu‘i Kanokupolu, whose present representative is Queen Sälote. The church which long stood on the crest of the historic mound has been brought down on to the level ground which formed the *mala‘e*, or open grassy sports ground of Tupou College, and turned into a preparatory school for Nuku‘alofa children. Across a grassy private road in front of the Wesleyan mission house in Nuku‘alofa is a piece of ground given by Tupou to the mission at the time of the jubilee in 1876, to serve as a site for a church. No church was built here until the Free Church was established in 1885. Then the large Nuku‘alofa Free church was built on the site. Since reunion the biggest church in the group, a European style concrete structure has been erected here.

The ‘Esi o Mumui is being kept as a public reserve, and it is intended to plant gardens there, and build a public library.