

went back. About three miles away we came upon some 300 people carrying tomahawks, knives, etc. Tirrerewei spoke to them and they were friendly. The chief's name is Namanamara; he is an old man. I gave him tobacco, and wanted him to come back to the Governor and get a shirt, but he wouldn't.

"I went on to a small rise behind the village and saw Galilulu about one and a half miles away, a little to the left looking towards the sea, so that we shall be in the midst of three different tribes who appear to speak the same language. The country from the rise is very pretty, and a brook twenty feet wide ran just under us. We passed through large and well-kept gardens. An old woman was most friendly and put her arms round my neck when she saw my white arms. They all admire size and white skins. We returned about 1 P.M., and in the afternoon I went in the boat in the opposite direction towards Cape Ducie, and called at two or three villages. In Ahago there is a well-kept ground in the centre of the village where they bury their dead. It is twenty-seven feet long by eighteen wide, shingled, and has a low wall round it. There is one peculiar headstone with ugly things carved on it, about three feet high and four feet long.

"We saw very few natives, but those we met were friendly and brought us food. We returned about 4.30. The *Merrie England* was sighted about 5 P.M.

"We slept on shore, and early on Sunday, 27th July, started for Cape Vogel, which we reached about twelve o'clock. Off the coast is a small island, called on the map Ipotete. The chief's name is Ipotete. Soon after

our arrival we went ashore and visited five of the ten villages in the bay. They are small and the houses are poor—having no curios or pigs. The natives are fierce-looking and were shy at first, but soon became more friendly, and a shirt was given to Noe, the chief. He is an elderly man and pleasant. My name is 'Alaberta,' as they cannot pronounce Maclaren either here or in Chad's Bay. Their houses are built on piles about three feet or more from the ground and on the beach. The beach is of sharp coral formation. On my landing from the boat, the native boy Pita tried to carry me on his back to the shore, with the result that I was 'landed' into the water, much to the amusement of some, and to the disgust of other, natives. The scenery is lovely. Goodenough Island towering up about 8,000 feet some ten miles away, and the mainland ranges fifteen or twenty miles inland. There are plenty of coco-nuts and large gardens. Some of the people are good-looking, and their hair is worn in matted ringlets behind. There seems to be a thousand or fifteen hundred people on the cape. The women kept in their houses. The best site for a Mission station would be on a hill further north. It should be in the centre of population.

"On Monday at 6.30 we left for Ipotete Island in a small boat. The island is very small, not more than 400 yards long and less across. It has no land fit for cultivation. The thirty houses on it are built on rocks fifteen feet above the sandy ground. We climbed up native ladders to get to them. They appear to be used as places of defence when the Maisini people come down the north-east coast to attack them. Their

occupants pull up the ladders and throw spears down on their enemies.

"28th July.—About 10.30 we saw from the *Merrie England* a burning mountain ten miles inland. White smoke went up from it to a great height. The scenery is very pretty; there are low woody hills a short distance from the coast, and high hills twenty miles or more inland.

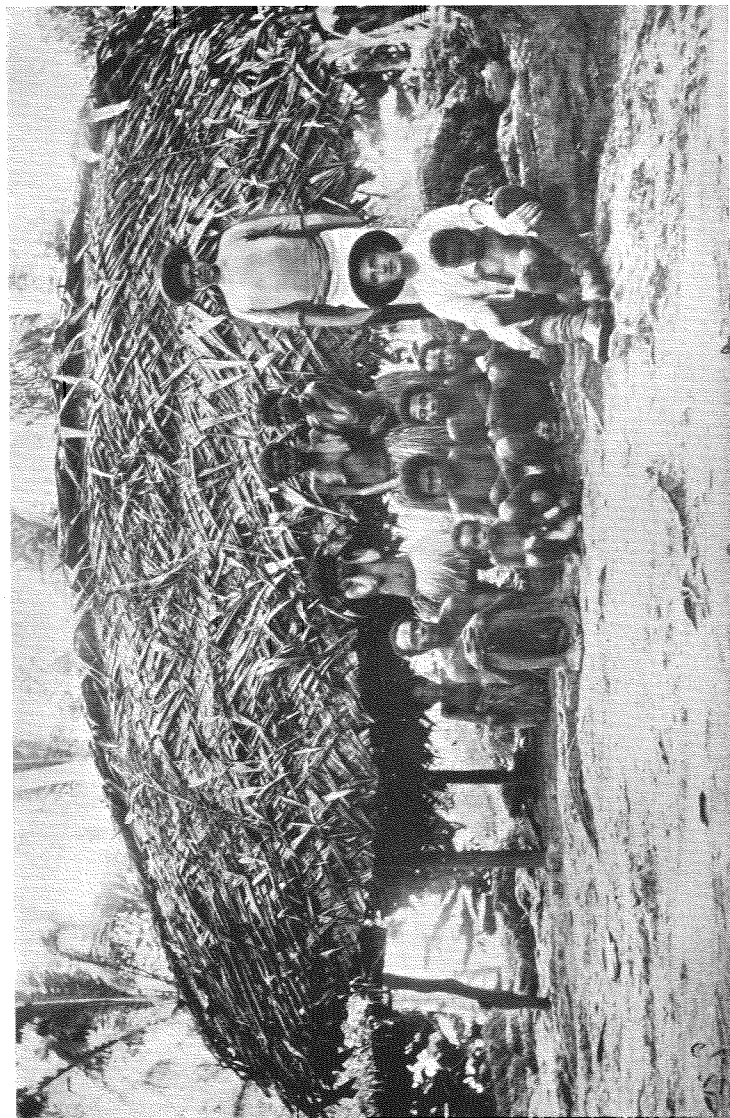
"29th July.—We went to visit in Collingwood Bay. We saw natives on canoes in a small harbour, but they fled at our appearance. We left a bit of Turkey red and came away, and went round the bay to a large village five miles farther on. On our arrival the chief came and smashed a dog to death on the ground as a token of friendship. We made friends with him. The people also had coco-nuts ready for us to drink. We saw eighty or a hundred men but no women. They were very timid at first, but they admired my arms and white skin, looking-glass and spectacles. After staying twenty minutes and purchasing curios with Turkey red and beads, we came away, promising by signs to return the following morning. They pinch the nose and belly as a sign of goodwill.

"Next morning we left at 7 A.M. in a boat drawn by the steam-launch and made visits to six villages. All received us well, especially the fifth. At the first we got some good curios. At the second they were very friendly, as some people from the first village ran along the beach to tell them about us. Here they play the flute with the nose. The next village was also friendly. The fourth was our old one of the night before, where

we were warmly greeted, though they did not care for us to go far into the village. At the fifth we were well received; its people are very poor but kind. At the sixth all ran away, and as we were caught in a storm we made for the first house. Three or four people bundled out of it very quickly, one carrying a baby. We managed to give them two pieces of Turkey red as they went, but they wouldn't remain. When they had gone we looked into the room built on piles, and saw six or seven dogs and a dead pig. We cleared the dogs out and boiled some water on the fire, which was made on the floor. To our surprise a little child was hidden under some palm leaves in the corner of the room. As it thought that we could not see it, we did not disturb it. At last we coaxed a few natives back and made friends. One ran two miles along the beach to the next village to announce our coming, hence we were warmly welcomed by an immense crowd. It is a very large village, with graves in the centre planted with crotons. There must be at least 500 people. It is not more than ten or fifteen miles from the people on Hardy Point. As it is built on a swamp the houses are on high piles, and the village has a fence for protection; we went through a hole to get into it. Here, as we left, a dog was brought to be killed, but the Governor refused it. All along I tried to explain, by putting head to head, and sitting down and pointing out to sea, that I was coming to live with them, and they all seemed pleased. In one village they kissed my hand, and at another I had my nose pulled some twenty times. This is an important bay, and the

people are big and strong though poor. They have plenty of stone axes and clubs. The latter they refused to part with. At night we camped on the beach near a mangrove swamp; the mosquitoes and sand-flies were very bad. The views from this bay are lovely, Mount Suckling 11,000 feet high is a magnificent range, but it is seldom free from clouds. Between Mount Suckling and Mount Victory an immense tract of pure white woolly cloud floated over the land so that it could not be seen, and gave it the appearance of being snow-clad. Mount Victory is lofty and seems to have been disturbed recently. It is volcanic, and smoke and steam were clearly seen rising out of it some distance from the top. It is covered with fir-trees in parts, and in other places is bare and of a dark brown tint. A large plain covered with grass slopes down from the bottom of the mountain to the sea. It looks as if it had been made by water rushing down from the mountain on to it. Mount Trafalgar is separated from Mount Victory by a slight valley. It is about the same height as Mount Victory, but longer, and not so abrupt in its rise. Between us and the mountain there must be a considerable population, as we saw people issuing from several places, and we distinctly heard the beat of the drums, whether for war, or not, we know not.

"31st July.—Our camp was fairly comfortable, but our clothes were damp. We landed at nine on a small sand-bank to await the SS. *Merrie England*. When a match was struck here the sudden clearance of all the natives was very funny, not one remained. Then we got them



REV. A. A. MACLAREN, WITH NATIVE CHILD, CAPE VOGEL.

back and they were gradually convinced that matches were useful, and wanted some. Others, who had never seen a white man before, pointed to the skies and thought we must have come down therefrom.

"We got on board the SS. *Merrie England* at 12.15 and steamed for Hardy Point. We reached a small bay near Nelson Point about four. The coast from Hardy Point up to Nelson Point is a succession of lovely harbours, about the middle of which a splendid mission station was selected. It is to be called after me. Soon after we anchored we set off in the boat to make friends with the natives, but in vain. We saw some canoes with natives on board, but they fled for their lives into the bush. We hauled alongside a canoe and put some Turkey red, beads and a bit of hoop iron on board. Then we went round into the adjoining bay, and I saw one native running through his garden. We landed and put the same as above in his hut. Later in the evening we saw some natives on the hill above us and hailed them, but they refused to come. Next morning (Friday, 1st August) we started about 7 A.M. and steamed along the coast from Cape Nelson towards Hardy Point. Soon after we saw a canoe and steered for it, but the natives made for the scrub and cleared. We went after the canoe and put presents in it as before. On our way towards Hardy Point we saw several canoes, but could not get them to stop. At last in the bay in which the Mission site is chosen we managed to get one or two to wait for us and gave them some Turkey red. Then I jumped out of the boat and waded in water up to my waist over coral, and was soon surrounded by

forty or fifty who admired my white hands and neck, and motioned me to show my legs and arms which I did. They stroked them, and were pleased and shouted. We made purchases, and just before leaving the old chief came up. I gave him a plane iron, and in return he took off his necklace and gave it to me. He was an old man. Most of the natives wore nothing. Their hair was arranged differently from what I had seen before, like a bonnet overhanging in front made of feathers. They are fine-looking and not wanting in self-confidence. I liked them. There were a few young boys who were very shy. After we had gone we saw some more canoes, but they wouldn't come near. We stopped for lunch on a sandy beach. Soon after ten or more came up and made friends. We gave them braid, beads and two jam and meat tins; our food they would not touch for a long time. At last one helped himself out of my plate to a little of what I was eating, and smacked his lips and said something I couldn't make out. They brought us ten sugar canes and water. We left soon after for the *Merrie England* and arrived at 4.30. The day was fearfully hot and I was badly burnt. It is a fine place for a Mission station. There must be 2,000 natives here, but they live on the hills a short distance inland. With a good American whaleboat Collingwood Bay could easily be worked from here and could be joined to the mission at Cape Vogel. It is necessary to take up prominent points at once. I must go to England and get men to work here.

"*Note.*—I had heard so much of the wild savage state of the people here that I was surprised to find quite the

reverse to be the case. Possibly the *Merrie England* impressed them. Still we went off in a small boat and I was unarmed. A steam yacht is a necessity, as there is often no wind and dead calms.

"*Saturday, 2nd August.*—Left Hennessey Harbour at 7.30. Passing along the coast near Nelson Point and Spear Island we saw immense clumps of coco-nuts. There must be a large native population. There are splendid grassy slopes stretching five or six miles inland. The view of Mount Trafalgar and Mount Victory is magnificent; the latter is covered with steam which oozes out from it.

"We steamed along the coast of Dyke Acland Bay, but saw no village till we came to Lena Bay. Here we arrived about 4.15 and rowed to the village in the bay. Some months ago a Señor Loria, an Italian traveller, came and entered the village, his small ship being anchored in the bay. The natives cleared out, and he proceeded to take all the curios, fishing-nets, clubs and spears from their houses, and left in exchange beads and Turkey red. He also attempted to dig up a corpse, but did not succeed. When Sir William heard of it he claimed the curios, and to-day we landed them and took them to a house, tied Turkey red and a plane iron to the posts and came away. Not a soul was visible. All had cleared into the scrub; we saw them running away as we approached in the boat, supposing, we presume, that our advent was of the same character as that of Loria. How pleased they will be to get their old goods again! As we rowed away we saw them returning, and in the adjoining village we heard shouting

Cape Vogel, where our boat anchored until Wednesday morning. I found my old friends had not forgotten me and they received me kindly. They brought us coco-nuts. I visited all the villages, thirteen in number, and made friends with the chiefs, giving them presents and purchasing food from them. We pulled round to a village about four miles distant in Collingwood Bay and stayed there for the night. The inhabitants complained bitterly of the Maisini tribe in Collingwood Bay who had come down and killed some of them and stole their pigs. I told them that the Governor would come by-and-by and punish their enemies. During my stay at Cape Vogel I obtained 500 words of the language, which is distinct from that of Wedau. On our return we visited nearly every village in Good-enough Bay, and were kindly received in most places, though in more than six villages the inhabitants had never seen a white man. In two or three villages skulls were hanging from the trees with masses of human hair above them. These I got them to bury. Our chiefs tell me that they are all cannibals and always eat their victims in time of war. In two places I was in some danger, and in one place they went for their spears, but their deadly weapon is the sling and stone. With it they never miss. I always landed alone, as I did not wish to run the risk of more than one being attacked.

"Great care will have to be taken in approaching the villages at the head of the bay, and I fear that it will be some time before they learn to trust us in the way the people do among whom we are living. We

also visited a large group of villages in and around Boianai and had a pig given to us. Altogether it was a very interesting voyage and I think it will do good. I cannot speak too highly of Peter the boatman and his care in taking the boat in and out among the coral reefs and rocks along the coast. To send him away at the end of six months would be the greatest mistake, and for the best interests of the Mission I cannot agree to the suggestion of the Hon. Secretary to dismiss him at the end of his agreement. Whether he is willing to remain longer is another matter. We arrived back at Dogura on Friday just before midnight, and we were glad to get a good night's rest on a softer bed than the planks of our boat.

"Early on Sunday morning news was brought that the people of Radava had killed the chief of Boianai, and after the early Communion I started in one of the native canoes for Boianai, being accompanied by the chiefs of Wedau and Wamira, and forty natives of the two villages in other canoes. We reached our destination at 4 P.M., and went at once to mourn at the grave of the chief. It was a sad sight, the whole village was in mourning. Many of them had cut their hair off, while more had painted their faces black. His poor widow and children were in a terrible state. He was killed early on Saturday morning, just as he was about to start for Dogura on a visit to us. The origin of the fight I cannot ascertain. The Radava people attacked with stones and slings, and many of the men have terrible wounds on their heads and bodies. I did all I could to comfort them, and gave them presents