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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>&quot;A Samoan Scrapbook&quot; (6824-6825)</th>
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A Samoan Scrapbook.

In the course of giving things the photograph, the late, ill-famed
Hannunian mission to Samoa, and to keep, as be seems, some
attenuated
such musing, commentary as the exhibition of a photograph book
implies.

In all South Sea matters, the question of the missionary leads.

As a first measure in the model, have missions been admitted as
well, affected changes as considerable as been so
locally blamed;
but even the greatest enemies of the moment, appear inclined
to make some exception in favour of the London Mission. Maybe
I have been some time in these islands, I was never had the
pleasure of meeting any English missionary; but in Tahiti, I had
an opportunity of observing a completed work. The pioneers were
gone, like the Romans; while their work remained them in the
form of an autonomous and active native church. The method has
been the same in Tanae; and the success is not doubted; and
the reader can here see for himself: (A) a Protestant church with
some part of its attentive congregation, (B) a grove of Sunday
school children, (C) a view of the school, (D) a group of
principal students in their arduous technical duties and some of
the houses where they live during their term of study, (E) a full
grown, mature, a very worthy fellow, I am told, standing before the
doors of what shall we say? - the vicarage, with his chaplain by his
side, and (F) a general view of the annual conference.

These pastors meet and whether they bring with them their
contribution to the church. If in these few pictures, I think we
may have a very fine and favourable aspect of the whole Samoan
scene. And I think they fully entitle all people to call with a proud
chance.

*Note: The handwriting is quite difficult to read in some parts. The above transcription is an attempt to capture the essence of the text.*
The interview fell again and again on the bare shoulders of the
prominent men of the administations, and day succeed the house,
concluding with shivering gaspens, and must be ceased, declared with coffee and
sent home; yet the world proved without a quizzed; the incredible
renunciation of the Polynesian triumphing even over royal power.

The McKinley of today, Matan'a, was not present on this
memorable visit. By the advice of his niece, Effie, he is a Catholic,
he was holding at the time a position quite apart from politics;
he was in his own place, holding no relations with the rebel Samo-
aans, and as little as he could with Matan'a, the legitimate
king. Effie, Hevi-Me Hevi, the was among seaers, the Hawaiians, to
be made his minority known to the people; and as he was a person of
consequence, it was decided to carry him the Kaimiloa and
visitation in state. Here (J) is a photograph of the meeting, the
three central figures being Matan'a in the white clothes, Mr. Burn in
the death, and the Pope in the hat in his hand.

But the interview was not suffered to proceed without interruption.

We must be fair to the Germans. They contented Samoa; the civil war
was their opportunity; the visit and the policy of this mission from
Hawaii an atoll; and the presence of the king was a significant reminder to the natives, a
sense of their own power, and prestige.

The policy of shelving the German occupation, the suppression
of German influence. And when the Hawaiian left Africa, the
Accordingly when the Kaimiloa left Africa bay, she was followed
by the Pope; and Matan'a was no longer in council with the Hawaiians, than he was summoned by the German officials,
A Samoan Scrapbook.

The reader is asked to glance through the photographic truth of the late illustrious Hawaiian mission to Samoa, and hear, as he goes, a running, after-dinner commentary.

In all South Sea talk, the question of the missionary heads!

Further, also, have Christian missions enjoyed a greater measure of success, or suffered more of what criticism?

The London Mission is one of the most successful from this, and it has had the fortune to be accepted from blame by some of the most unforgiving critics. Though I was something in these waters, I have had the pleasure of meeting many English missionaries; but in India, I had an opportunity of observing that which they had built. The foundations were given by the Romanists; and then small survived them in the form of autonomous and active churches. The method has been the same in Samoa; the success is not doubted; and the reader can see for himself (A) a Protestant church with some form of the ancient congregation; (B) a group of Sunday school children from the school; (C) a view of a part of the seminary for native pastors, showing a few of the students - chiefly students in their summary historical course, and some of the classes where they have during their term of study; (D) a full-fledged native pastor, a very worthy fellow; and (E) a general pastoral view of the annual convention of the church, whose prayer is repeated, and the contributions of the various districts brought together. In these fine pictures we have a very fair and very favourable account of the Samoan Church; for, because they are simply...
simply random photographs taken with a design entirely artistic, for the effect and not the subject; each presented to my view, formable in every feature. The students are not students only; they are liars as they tell the fumes, each in his own suffic, and where and how his term is finished. The best advice one can give to understand the duties of the funciones, it is hoped that each may carry along with him, not alone spiritual guidance, but the example and the methods of productive industry. The busy scene at the convocation testifies to a genuine popular interest in the college. The speeches are listened to with close attention; the long line of members to the church come laden with their gifts of every sort and of every degree of liberality and willingness, drawn as less as a piece of a sack or as even as a single shilling; and there are yet offerings, such as a stone or a leaf out of a tree, which can be received with the rest in the prosecution, only to be regarded as symbolic. They are received here in good part as the evidences of a willing mind and a less dearness. But the function is at least graceful. The Enthusiast's alternative, of simplifying the giving a breath on the church members, as much can be advanced. This is another.

A second pleasing feature in these illustrations comes. After so good a sense that we have heard of the missionary, it is pleasant to see there are many people who have exchanged in their conversions. The visitor's simplicity has indeed modestly canceled his hopes; but this was in terms of that one sight, and consummation of a spectator, the camera, and as soon as the photograph was taken, the young lady of the vantage could drop her veil, and disappear in her natural costume of a single petticoat.

Where the missionaries have not reached, their time preaching self-consciousness. It is more than probable they will have succeeded in teaching mercy, the essential. From the nature of the case, native manners persist under Christian forms, and will be only slowly and
only partly satisfied. Conversion can only be complete with faith on both the perfectly impossible. As it is, a great change has been wrought by death; old, pardonable and eliminative institutions have found away; the name and much of the spirit of Christ have been accepted; and yet the sobering and delighting qualities of the race, and the grateful and generous elements of its society, survive under this new condition. Here is a feature in the missionary camp; there is a pledge of honest thought and open minds brought to a tidelweight business.

but only old manners, but (even as at home) old and inconstant superstitions still live on among them. New surroundings, still

with one story born in the South Seas, but home-land of the thing

superstitions, I have not heard a better. In the hills behind Africa, a

long water fall may be seen hanging among woods; sometimes by day, and

sometimes even at night. If the moon be shining, surrounded by a

(par出租 Double A to the hemisphere) rain. In this rain, Mr. Strong

(599) A Friendly Hand has attention

directed by his Samson servant. It means, he was told, that the devil

was coming. In going out to a temple, I have, up there in the

hills, seen a huge stone house standing partly ruined; how the

house was certainly a fine sight, if one had the heart hard to look at it; and

how the (the servant) holds the key, and looks sternly enjoined forever

gushing: for the misanthropic (commitment of the presence of a certain
devil) was dangerous to Samson and failed to those of particular

care. After days of persuasion, (ten bargains and transcendent substi-
tuences, Mr. Strong at last set forth for the devil's house, his servant

guarding him. They met in a little way in the woods, then silence followed

and voice entirely cut

the nature; only last a little further, his revenge planted two altogether.

It was a safe place for a white man, not for a Samson, he justified:

and

he went on where he was. Nothing must continue to his resemble

place. Everyone, at all acquainted with his wild vegetation an
Balinesean foot paths, the end is always short. For hours, it struggled in the thickets; he could hear the flapping continuous thunder of the elephant close by; to come within sight of it was denied him; - 

with his much more, of the devil and the devil's house! And when at last he decided and returned to where he had paused from his guide, the sun had stolen its fleeting rays, and was slipping in the companionship of the moon. By all accounts, his lesson was well-founded. Long ago, when the Torgons were driven from Samnaun, one Torgan chief elected to stay behind in the ascent of the former conquest and recent defeat; so great was his love for Samnaun and its folk, a love ill requited; for his countrymen had sent him just to see before the natives came and slew him. Now seemed the time to be avenged. With his shield on his shoulder and his spear at his side, he approached the town. There stood the Torgons, with their ancestors bound and led. They rose to meet him; they were surprised, prepared. No sooner was he in the town than all was confusion. The houses were overrun, and the Torgons were driven from their homes. He had won the great Torgan chief, that he was changed into a dreadful devil; dwelling in the woods by the mountain water fall, where he could not be seen; only his voice could be heard. By the paths and reaching down with his foot to pick up any passing woman; in sitting close in his cave, and with an arm endlessly extensible, gathering in the fruit from the next mountain top as the wandering passenger from neighboring footpaths. The same convenience served him for his drinking, when he could scoop up water from the gorge of the cascade, filling the air with spray and rainbows. Only by this sign were war-shouts of his continued presence; for it is long since anyone has ventured near; perhaps and it is possible. The house may be now quite obliterated, and the devil himself fallen (according to the old lot of South Sea spirits) into more security and importance. Part of it took house might be, Mr. Pope, the Secretary of the American Legation, gives me some idea. He has described himself as being entirely native guide, on his way to.

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and the legendary spot the Vai Pola la Fee, an House of the Buffalo, but more fortunate than I am, I came to his destination; following an avenue of pillars, the approach of ancient seafarers, etc. It was a house on the Sansan model, the ears standing in columns, the roof rising to a higher point in the midst, but all of durable stone; standing there, its frame decayed. And there was another singularity: facing the approach, a great open archway displayed the interior of the house. Silence. Very well, the principle of the arch, did the cattle flock bring it, with the team which he landed, from the depths of the seas. To go up or to descend, the wall was a flight of steps to the roof, one to the other, in the temple of the unconscious deity. I thought it must not be a thing to behold, but I am not very anxious about it. Three or four steps of old, straining rope on the hearth, enjoyed one glimpse of the gigantic squid, clinging with tentacles, about the central pillar of the dwelling. It came to my mind that I have seen something of the sort in a Japanese drawing. Perhaps of my readers can connect me with it in no way, at least, for taste in objects; but I think it would be more beautiful for a European in the front part of house of which I have seen, in the house of the cattle chapel, with its grand arch and intelligent bulling, at the corner of the cattle rails. That chapel is part of the seaside, where nature is educated for cattleboats, on the same principles of world and study, the church and the book, as the Protestants.

For the Catholics, I fear, are not so successful, and I have heard reasons why they fail. But, still, it is only in the Kingdom of Hawaii that Catholic missions can be said to prosper wholly; elsewhere elsewhere (in my observation)
Far be it from the audacity at least; and with all the will in the
world, I ever keep no longer clear of Germany. This is the photograph
both of the Kaiser's entry, and politics come naturally in. The
host has not changed; nor have adventurous souls, if it must be told. I shall not misrepresent King Kamehameha and his
cousin, if I describe them as men deeply interested in
the Polynesian race, conscious of its capabilities of self-government, and regarding
an equal franchise quite unimpaired, but continual efforting up of
South Sea islands by European powers. more or less civilized. Samoas
are still independent, but she had been fallen (as had been indulged)
her civil war; Germany, if she had not anticipated, at least was
methodical and meddled in the business. It seemed a fitting moment for a morning of the
same race and tongue, to intervene between Samoans and Americans
an American. But entry was accordingly despised, and
followed by the Kamehameha, the first and last chief of the Hawaiian
race. How she is (much) at her meetings in Apeia Bay. And would you not
support the photographs of some political design? For the day is the
20th June, 1862; and landed the Kamehameha, trimmed for the Queen's
visiting felucca and西侧ing herself with the snubs of a salute; while the
German war ship, Adler, in the background, lies silent and undrafted;
"The camera cannot lie, Joseph;" but men are even more insidiously
employed."

The mission arrived (and indeed departed) in the days of the
late Meliton (H), was a prisoner in the Marshall Islands and
Literary.
serious charge of not appreciating German influence. An agreement was reached between the King and Mr. Burch, Hawaiian minister; a deed of indenture was prepared and signed; and the signature was celebrated in the new house of the Hawaiian embassy, with some original ceremonies. Malietoa, attended by his ministers, two gun armed guards, six native policemen, each with a cane, and several hundred of his leading chiefs, entered the house. Then the coming, as it is described to me, resembled some well-ordered pageant on the stage. It went without wine, for every pot was bare; and with no confusion or delay, for each man knew his hereditary place, and had anytm exactly foreseen. The six policemen were dressed in goryal and all of them held red sticks, many of which were inscribed with the principles of precedence. It was announced to me to be entertained in the royal room of Hawaii. Some of the elements of closest and white wine punch, and hard strong drink, in a bottle laid against the wall; in front of this, two members of the council, stood fainting, sword in hand, seat things, some amount of the fencing, selected, covered the swords and the hatchets, sat young ladies upon the swords, sword hand on the sugar, and yet the spirit burning.

As the evening wore on, the scene of ceremonious drinking; and then

long, original performances flowed on.

The council met in deep silence. Till the sugar was all turned into the punch, and the completion of the scene with clapping bands and hurrahs, one person in precedence then stood up, and named the guests in the order of their rank, such as he had named, twice clapping bands and standing forward for his place. It is to be feared the punch was often liberal conception; and for the proceedings than became less regular. Malietoa, who was a gentleman and pacific gentleman, took an early opportunity to embrace high chiefs fell to dancing, a thing incredibly beneath their station
and

strictly the presumptions, they found the house
completed with splendid grandees. It must be serve
shrouded with coffee and sent home. Yet the court, jummed
with a grand: the incredible mass-maturity of the
royal
Persian triumph evaded our funds.

We present Malaita, Matanpa, was not present by
the time this point (he too is a Catholic) he was holding
at that time a position quite apart from politics; and
having six living in his own place, living as relations with
Tamaraese the whole, and as letters as usual he mixed with
Malaita the legitimate King. But Matanpa was a man
of consequence and the Hawaiian mission, knowing when it
was right which was never to break the words of umiehine
missionaries, decided to carry down the Hawaiian and visit the
chief in state. Here (J) is a photograph of the interview, the

It is well, too, for the Germans. They wanted Samoa;
and the

the civil war was their opportunity; the amount of this mission
was not nearly
from Hawaii. The most important circumstance that had
happened, the “white shirt” flag was a significant
reminder to the natives, how some of their own race had
suffered and
to attain a status among civilized nations; the policy pursued
enduring
was committed to German interests. Accordingly when the

these figures in the midst being Matanpa himself, the white

the shirt

cloth, Mr. Bush, and Mr. Crow. But the interview was not
suffered to proceed without interruption.

Macmillan left Apia Bay, she was followed by the Adler; and

Matanpa was summoned to come in council with the Hawaiians,
then he was summoned by two German officers. He came,

The hearing of friendly invitations, to carry the chief on board the
After the death of Matsudaira, his younger brother, the 18th Earl, had come to Japan to visit his relatives. He was accompanied by his two children, who were educated in Europe. The Earl was a peace-loving gentleman and was interested in the arts and sciences. He was a great admirer of European culture and was known for his love of nature. He often went on long walks in the countryside, accompanied by his two children. He was a very kind and gentle man, and all those who knew him admired his wisdom and kindness. He was also a great lover of music and often played the piano for his children. He was a very popular figure in Japanese society and was respected by everyone. He was a great friend of the Emperor and was often invited to royal banquets and ceremonies. He was also a great philanthropist and contributed to the building of many public facilities in Tokyo. He was a true gentleman and a great friend to all those who knew him.
Yet that was precisely what befell. Tamasea found means to
communicate with the Hawaiians, to express his aspirations after
peace, flight on the Kaimuu and a return to the neighborhood
of Honolulu: a private station in a foreign land offering in
the wider a better destiny, than to continue to reign over a disbelieving
rebellion, and he resigned even in time to the iron hand of
Brandes. Not gentleman, not even by a superannuated white
Jeremiah, was in fact the hand of Germany, holding the reins of
inducements of war.

Tamasea in the room. An old man, very exacting, the head
of the German trading company; in some employment. Mr. Brandes
first landed in Samoa as a clerk. They tell me, he was a poor
clerk; but the right place was found for the right man when he
was deported to Tamasea’s village, where he drilled the troops,
the ministry and the King himself, enacting purifications, kept
the threat of diplomacy, and procured himself a valuable servant;
and made himself a dandled monarch.

Behind the back of Mr. Brandes, Tamasea and his cabinet
intimated with the Hawaiians, and came to an arrangement
that a personal interview was desired for a particular day. Mr.
Pen and Mr. String landed in the rebel country; and while the
secretary comforted himself, according to agreement, in the outlying
house of an English settler, the photographer, bent of course upon
setting but photography, entered Tamasea’s village. It was a gala
day; three hundred recruits had come in, a welcome reinforcement;
and a feast in Polynesian style was being made for their reception.
Here (K) is the presentation of the food, while Mr. String was delighting
every to have a chance of photographing. He was more so pleased
when he came to the house of Tamasea, to find Mr. Brandes’
very wide and not so unkind, from the occasion, by the German
Mr. Nicotren, Herr Sonnenstchein. The whole party may be seen here (a) in front of the rebel palace, Tassasse seated on a chair between his wife and amanuensis, and the other ministry officials standing respectfully at his back. Herr Sonnenstchein, with a withering look, held his cigarette in his mouth, and the amanuensis (of whom even the camera seems to have been afraid) composing his report in silence.

A report arrived to which it is difficult to do justice under the circumstances. In the main, it says:

The Pope, in the presence of certain officials (one of whom was accused of having written the letter), and Mr. String, himself, in a most annoying fashion, Mr. String, it should be said, speaks German fluently, a fact he had never before revealed; indeed, he seemed more affected and annoyed than embarrassed, as he sat that night in the house of Tassasse, to be able to follow the arguments, the discussions, and the references of his opponents. First, the String himself was missing, and this was a false alarm. That he was not in the building, and was in conference with the Pope, great, there came certain ministry orders that two of the cabinet had triumphed and were at the Syriacian's house; thereafter (in spite of Tassasse, who tried to defend the independence of his cabinet) the Syriacian premier collected a band of criminals, marched out of the village, arrested the cabinet-premier, trampled them, and clapped them in the dungeon of curfewed iron, which served for jail. It seems the Syriacian premier claims that the event was public and that the Syrian interpreter...
S. Thomas a Becket.

It is a great source of comfort to me, as I have already named St. Thomas, that he, (M.) is a shining example to the people. In his face, the reader will perceive legible marks of courage and capacity; over his brow, the mark of one out of many wounds that told the story of his fierce encounters; and round his neck, a golden necklace. At his breast was a medallion with the bust of the last battle of the Germans, and the portrait, on it, of St. Thomas, with the sword in his hand, lying above it. For the rest, a word of explanation is required.

It was an arrangement in the paintings of the Stairs of St. Thomas, that the landing of St. Thomas, the son of a rich patron, was not for his wealth to wear it; and if an artist, at the cost of a great expenditure of elegance, was persuaded him to wear it, they considered, for his portrait, the poor fellow (who was killed in the last battle with the Germans) had an anticipation of publicity.

At an early stage of his career, St. Thomas had already with drawn his sword.
bers, had been arrested; and then being no further need to affect secrecy, he procured himself to the village to demand the presence. He gave an order in force; but the blows were given during followings: at their head, marched Sixtimo, a fine Sancho, five later, bringing his long knife; his Tannen's men followed, and the mayor's, paralyzed by the feeling of divided and differing councils at headquarters; and the Pena executed, without serious resistance, the house of Amunao, now he demanded and succeeded in effecting the release of the interpreter. He was not long there; however, before the Branderis arrived, and the scenes that followed ranged from melodrama, as when a priest was put to the wall called in operation to the very highest style of comedy, as when a group suddenly discharged his pistol in the group. The may be said to have concluded in a mimic followed, when the Pena was carried off by an armed man and stabbed in the congested inner yard, and soon be the judgment of the cabinet which had been a little while before, withdrawn from their grave functions. But this was not an after-piece, and has melodrama a requited revenge. Below, a who was killed only by the injury in the head of the tree, and in whose face the reader can perceive legible inscriptions of both courage and capacity, most clearly contradicted the whole tale at an early stage of the contention. Among the indifferent feelings, as soon as different populations across the line of Tannen's march, he collected a body of armed men, returned with these under cover of night, demolished the congregated one-yard, and eliminated the Hawaiian secretary and the men of the rebel cabinet. They, from fellows, confessed they were in a situation very difficult; the fear of Branderis was strong from there, stronger than
The love of office; the Hawaiian boat removed them from their native district, and they "became chiefs" on the side of Malietoa.

Thus is a question that Joseph Scherfstein and Franklin failed to escape as not the least fortunate episode of that dramatic night. Heinrich was gained; Tomasea had not. Scherfstein encountered the Hawaiianians; his notion of their martial features was dulled, as it was in the case of his friend. When the gentleman demanded explanations, the next day, from the German consulate, he was informed that Germany had nothing to do with it. "You have been repeatedly warned not to trust yourself among these savages," said the consul, and it was only anxiety and despair that left the one who was within, though he thought the worst. Knowledge of German, to the whole memory of the night's proceeding, the reply must have been strangely disagreeing. As a matter of fact, the German, who shares some of that astonishing "savage" Polynesian blood, was a great deal safer among Samoans than you and I in the good city of London.

The end was sure to come, and it came. The presence of the Kamehameha was acknowledged a cause belle by the Germans present, as Hawaiian custom with them, and then was the end of the matter. The people both and of my article. But I must add, the consideration for the first time.

(1) A famous point launching into the business of elaboration, which introduces the idea is often an irregular form of war, as (of by nature) in previous methods, our own hands are not so long involved, that we can afford any extravagant festival of self-complacency. The Germans, in this case, are our junior; they will soon learn better: only one should help them to learn.
Since I have lost, since you have won.
In the miles along the road she went.
A Samoan Scrapbook

The reader is asked to glance through the photograph book of the late ill-starred Hawaiian mission to Samoa, and hear, as he goes in a running, after-dinner commentary. In all South Sea talk, the question of the missionary leads. Nowhere else have Christian missions enjoyed a greater measure of immemorial success, or suffered, and perhaps deserved, as much unfair criticism. The London Mission is one of the most conspicuous success, and has had the fortune to be excused from blame by some of the most unfeeling critics. Though I was many months in these waters, I never had the pleasure of meeting any English missionary; but in Tahiti, I had an opportunity of observing that which they had built. The founders were gone, like the Romans; and their work survived them in the form of an autonomous and active native church. The method has been the same in Samoa: the success is not doubted; and the reader can see for himself (A) a Protestant church with some part of the attentive congregation; (B) a group of Sunday School children fresh from school; (C) a view of a part of the seminary for native pastors, showing a few of the students - divinity students - in their summary tropical attire, and some of the houses where they live during their course of study; (D) a full-fledged native pastor, a very worthy fellow, I am told, standing before the door of - what shall we say - the vihiga; and (E) a partial view of the annual convocation of the church, where progress is reported, zeal refreshed, and the contributions of the various districts brought together. In these five pictures, we have a fair and very favourable account of the Samoan church; fair, because they are simply random photographs taken with a design entirely artistic, for the effect and not the subject; and to my view, favourable in every feature. The students are not students only; they till the ground each in his own support; and when their term is finished and they go abroad to undertake the duties of the pastorate, it is hoped that each may bring along with him, not alone spiritual guidance, but the example and methods of productive industry. The busy scene at the convocation testifies to a genuine interest in the church; the long line of subscribers to the church come laden with their gifts of every sort and of every degree of liberality and meanness, down as low as a piece of rare wood or even a single banana; and there are yet other offerings, such as a stove or the branch of a tree, which can only be regarded as symbolical. These are carried with the rest in the procession and received in good part as evidences of a willing mind and open treasury. And the praise is at least grateful. For our European alternative of surreptitiously foisting a button on the churchwarden, not so much can be advanced. There is another pleasing feature in these illustrations. After so much that we have heard of the missionary, it is good to see these people unashamed in their own costume. The pastor's daughter has indeed modestly concealed her breasts; but this was in honour of that one-eyed and unfamiliar spectator, the camera; and as soon as the photograph was taken, the young lady of the vihiga would drop her veil, and reappear in her natural costume of a simple petticoat.

Where the missionaries have not wasted their time preaching self-consciousness, it is more than probable they will have succeeded in teaching the essential. From the nature of the case, native manners persist under Christian forms, and will be only slowly and only partially modified. Conversion can only be complete with fools or with the perfectly immoral. As it is, a great change has been wrought; old, cumbersome and abominable institutions have passed away; the name
and much of the spirit of Christ has been accepted; and yet the steril-
ing and delightful qualities of the race, and the graceful and gen-
erous character of their society, survive under the new conditions.
Here is a feather in the missionary cap, here is a pledge of honest
thought and open minds brought to a ticklish business.
Not only old menials but (such as at home) old and incongruous
superstitions still live on among their new surroundings. I will
here relate one story: in all the South Seas, that home-land of
thrilling superstitions, I have not heard a better. In the hills be-
hind Apia, a long waterfall may be seen hanging among woods; some-
times by day, and sometimes even at night, if the moon be shining, sur-
mounted by a rainbow. To this rainbow, Mr. Strong (an artist at-
ached to the Hawaiian mission) had his attention directed by his Samoan
servant: it meant, he was told, that the devil was drinking. Inquiry
elicited a tangled tale: how, up in the woods, there was a huge stone
house, standing partly ruined; how the house was certainly a fine
sight, if one had the hardihood to visit it; and how he (the servant)
knew the story, but had steadily refrained from going; for the neigh-
borhood (because of the presence of a certain devil) was dangerous to
Samoans and fatal to those of a particular clan. After days of per-
suasion, broken bargains and transparent abettings, Mr. Strong at
last set forth for their devil’s house, his servant guiding him. They
were but a little way into the woods, when silence fell upon the na-
tive; but a little farther, his courage had bowed entirely out. It
was safe enough for a white man, not for a Samoan, he protested; he
would stay where he was and Mr. Strong must continue his researches
alone. Not only old menials but (such as at home) old and Polynesian
footpaths, the end is already plain. For many many hours, Mr.
Strong struggled in the thickets; he could hear the continuous thunder
of the cataract clearly; to come within sight of it was denied him;
how much more, of the devil or the devil’s house! And when at last
he desisted and returned to where he had parted from his guide, the
poor trembler had fled long since and was safe in the companionship of
many other men. By all accounts, his terror was well-founded. Long
time when the Tongans were driven from Samoa, one Tongan chief elected
to stay behind in the scene of their famous conquest and recent defeat:
so great was his love for Samoa and its folk, a love ill-requited;
his countrymen had sooner put to sea before the natives rose and
slew him. There seemed no doubt in the mind of the Samoans that in this
deed their ancestors had sinned; there can be none that they were sur-
prisingly punished. No sooner was the good Tongan dead than he was
changed into a dreadful devil; dwellling in the woods by the mountain
waterfall, where no doubt his dwelling had been; perching in tree tops
and reaching down with his foot to pick up any passing woman; or sit-
ting close in his den, and, with an arm endlessly extensible, gather-
ing in the fruit from the next mountain top or the unwary passerby from
neighbouring footpaths. The same conveniences served him for his drink-
ing, when he would scoop up water from the gorge of the cascades, and
filling the air with spray and rainbows. Only by this sign are we as-
sured of his continued presence; for it is long since anyone has ven-
tured near; and perhaps the house may be now quite obliterated, and
the devil himself fallen (according to the sad lot of South Sea spirits)
into mere senility and impotence. But of what the house might be,
Mr. Poor, secretary of the Hawaiian legation, gives me some idea. He
was deserted by another trembling native guide, on his way to get yet
another legendary spot, the Palê o le Fëe or House of the Cuttlefish;
but more fortunate than Mr. Strong, came to his destination, follow-
ing an avenue of pillars, the approach of ancient worshippers. It was
a house on the Samoan model, the eaves resting on pillars, the roof
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rising to a higher pillar in the midst; but all of durable stone; standing there in its desolation undecayed. And there was another irregularity: facing the approach, a great open archway displayed the interior of the house. Whence, we may ask, the principle of the arch? did the cuttlefish bring it with him (when he landed) from the depths of the sea? It is a point that may be left in silence, but as to the purpose of this aperture, however constructed, clear native testimony was received. The cuttlefish (it appears) was a deity whom it was good to behold, but perhaps not very anxious to approach; and it was through the arch that worshippers of old, drawing near with their offerings, enjoyed one glimpse of the gigantic squid clinging, with hateful arms, about the centre pillar of this dwelling. It runs in my mind I have seen something of the sort in a Japanese drawing; perhaps one of my readers can correct me. There is no accounting, at least, for taste in deities; but I think it would be more homely for a European in the protestant house of worship already figured, as in the Roman Catholic chapel (F) with its gaudy altar and intelligent looking priest at the corner of the altar rail. This chapel is part of the seminary, where natives are educated for catechists, on much the same principles of work and study, the schoolbook and the book, as with the protestants. The catholics, I hear, are not so successful, and I have heard reasons offered. But indeed, out of all Polynesia, it is only in the Kingdom of Hawaii that catholic missions can be said to prosper wholly; elsewhere (in my observation) they scarce appear to hold their own: in Hawaii, they triumph. For this, too, cause might be adduced; but it would carry us beyond the limits of a paper like the present. It is more to the purpose that the Samoan missionaries seem to be English when they are Protestant, and French when they are Catholic. German activity in the group is confined to a little coffee and a great deal of sympathy.

In the world, I can keep no longer clear of Germany. This is the photograph book of the Hawaiian embassy, and politics come naturally in. The history of that embassy, inside and out, is both interesting and dull, if it could be told. I shall not misrepresent King Kekaulike and his late premier, Mr. Gibson, if I describe them as men deeply interested in the Polynesian race, conceiving it capable of self-government, and regarding as an evil almost unmixed, the continual snapping up of South Sea islands by European powers, more or less civilized. Germany, if she had not originated, at least was meddling in the troubles; and it seemed a fitting moment for a power of the same race and tongue, to intervene between Samoans. An embassy was accordingly despatched, and followed by the Kaimiloa, the first and last ship of the Hawaiian navy. Here she is (G) at her moorings in Apia bay. And would you not suspect the photographer of some political design? For the date is the 20th June, 1867; and behold the Kaimiloa, Kaimiloa trimm'd for the Queen's Jubilee and velling herself with the smoked of a salute; while the German war-ship Adler, in the background, lies silent and undisposed, "The camera cannot lie, Joseph," but was one ever more insidiously employed?

The mission arrived (and indeed departed) in the days of the late Malietoa (H), now a prisoner on the Marshall Islands on a serious charge of not appreciating German influence. An agreement was reached between the King and Mr. Bush, Hawaiian minister; a deed of confederation prepared and signed; and the signature celebrated in the new house of the Hawaiian embassy, with some original ceremonies. Malietoa arrived, attended by his ministry, two of his armed guards, six native policemen, each with a ramrod, and several hundred of his leading chiefs. Their coming, as it is described to me, resembled
some well-ordered pageant on the stage. It went without noise, for every foot was bare; and without confusion or delay, for each man knew his hereditary place, and had any presumed, the six policemen were exactly versed in genealogy and stood prepared to vindicate the principles of due process, so it was announced they were to be entertained with "the royal Kava of Hawaii." Some of the elements of a claret and white wine punch had been prepared in a bathtub against the wall; in front of this, two members of the embassy stood forth, sword in hand; went through some ornamental fencing, saluted, crossed the swords over the bathtub, set sugarloaves upon the sword, poured brandy on the sugar, and set the spirit burning. The Samoans are themselves a race of ceremonious drinkers; and this original performance pleased them hugely. The watch in kept silence till the sugar was all burned into the punch, and hailed the completion of the brew with clapping hands and hurrahs. One verse in precedent then stood up, and named the guests in order of their rank; and as he was named, twice clapping hands, and standing forward for his glass. It is to be feared the punch was of a liberal conception; for the proceedings now became less regular. Malietoa, who was a gentle and pacific sovereign, took an early opportunity to escape; high chiefs fell to dancing, a thing incredibly beneath their station; shielders of the presumptuous; and day found the house carpeted with slumbering grandees, who must be roused, doctored with coffee and sent home. Yet the whole passed without a quarrel; the incredible mansuétude of the Polynesian triumphing over royal punch.

The present Malietoa, Mataafa, was not young, by the advice of his priest (for he is a Catholic) he was holding at that time a position quite apart from politics; living in his own place, holding no relations with Temaea the rebel, and as little as he could with Mataafa the legitimate king. But Mataafa was a man of consequence; and the Hawaiian mission, pursuing its policy which was to heal the wounds of interminable strife, decided — at his request to carry down the Kaimiloa and visit the chief in state. Here (a) is a photograph of the meeting, the three figures in the midst being Mataafa himself, in the white clothes, Mr. Bush in the dark, and Mr. Poor with his hat in his hand; while the interview was not interrupted without interruption. It is well to be fair to the Germans. They wanted Samoa; the civil war was their opportunity; the mission from Hawaii a most unlucky circumstance. The mere sight of the flag was a significant reminder to the natives, how some of their own race had managed to attain a footing among civilized powers; and the policy pursued by the mission was fatal to the German interests. Accordingly when the Kaimiloa left Apia bay, she was followed by the Adler; and Mataafa was no sooner set down in council with the Hawaiians, than he was summoned by two German officers. They came bearing an invitation to carry the chief on board the Adler. If you consider that Mataafa was then entertaining the ambassador of a sovereign power, who had come on purpose to visit him, and bear in mind the Kaimiloa lay close on shore in his own bay, and the Adler (owing to her greater draft) seven miles to seaward, the impudence of the proposition appears almost silly. It points at least, in very lively colours, the annoyance of the Samoans. Doubtless, when you feel the German empire at your back, it is difficult to look on without impatience while a power of the powerlessness of Hawaii profits by her independence, flaunts her flag under your eyes upon her single war ship, and sends a gentleman undoubtedly entitled to the style of an ambassador to compose those differences which you have been laboriously fomenting. And remember it was no easy business to foment them. Temaea the rebel was even then weary of rebellion; his ministry as weary as himself. He, poor
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gentleman, is still figuring as a German puppet, by all accounts, with the same ill-disguised reluctance; but of those who then sat in his cabinet, three are at this hour in the woods with Mataafai, among them the premier, Amatuanae. To have the Hawaiians tampering with the doubtful Mataafai was bad enough; that they should come in communication with Tamasese, the grudging centerpiece of the whole Samoa policy, was not to be endured.

And yet that was precisely what befell. Makauomalele Tamasese found means to communicate with the Hawaiians, and to express his aspirations after peace, flight on the Kaimiloa, and a house in the neighborhood of Honolulu; a private station in a foreign land appearing on the whole a better destiny, than to continue to reign over a dwindling rebellion, and be reignited over in turn by the iron Mr. Brandeis. That gentleman, ostensibly a supernumerary white premier, was in fact the hand of Germany holding the nose of Tamasese to the grindstone of the war. Or let us say, more exactly, the hand of the German trading company; in whose employment Mr. Brandeis first landed in Samoa as a clerk. They tell me, he was a poor clerk; but the right place was found for the right man when he was sent to Tamasese’s village, where he drilled the troops, the ministry and the King himself, erected fortifications, kept the threads of diplomacy, proved himself a valuable servant; and made himself a dreading master.

Behind the back of Mr. Brandeis, Tamasese and his cabinet intrigued with the Hawaiians, and came so near to an agreement that a personal interview was decided for a particular day. Mr. Poor and Mr. Strong landed in the rebel country; and while the secretary concealed himself, according to agreement, in the antipodes outlying house of an English settler, the photographer, bent of course upon nothing but photography, entered Tamasese’s village. It was a gala day; three hundred recruits had come in, a welcome reinforcement; and a feast in Polynesian style was being made for their reception. Here (K) is the presentation of the feast, which Mr. Strong was doubtless glad to have a chance of photographing. Now he was scarce so pleased, when he came to the house of Tamasese, to find Mr. Brandeis very wide awake and backed, for the occasion, by the German Vice-Counsel, Mr. Sonnenschein. The whole party may be seen here (K) in front of the rebel palace, Tamasese seated on a mat between his wife and Amatuanae, another of the ministry standing respectfully at his back, Mr. Sonnenschein, quite a dashing and buccaneer-like figure in his dark sash, and Mr. Brandeis (of whom even the camera seems to have been afraid) composing his spirits with tobacco.

A night ensued to which it is difficult to do justice under several chapters. The dramas Personas included Mr. Poor in the Englishman’s house, impatiently awaiting the conspirators; Tamasese and his cabinet, blocked in the village, and no less impatiently striving to escape to their appointment; Messrs. Brandeis and Sonnenschein, with impatience of a different description, straining every nerve to keep the parties separate; and Mr. Strong himself in a most anomalous position in the midst. Mr. Strong, it should be said, speaks German fluently, a fact he had not yet disclosed; and he was scarcely more amused than embarrassed, as he sat that night in the house of Tamasese, to be able to follow the annoyance, the discussions, and the changing designs of his opponents. First, the King himself was missing, and there was a false alarm that he had run the blockside and was in conference with Mr. Poor. Next, there came certain news that two of the ministry had indeed escaped and were at the Englishman’s house; whereupon, (in spite of Tamasese,
who tried to defend the independence of his cabinet) the German premier collected a band of warriors, marched out of the village, attacked the delinquents, brough them back, and clapped them in the shanty of corrugated iron which served for gaol. It was now plain that the conspiracy was public; the Hawaiian interpreter, besides, had been arrested; and there being no further need to affect secrecy, Mr. Poor came himself to the village to demand the prisoner.

The gates were held in force; but the boat’s crew were daring fellows; at their head, marched Sikeoni, a true Samoan fire-eater, swinging his long knife; Tamasene’s men were besides paralysed by the feeling of divided and indeed opposing counsels at headquarters; and Mr. Poor reached, without serious resistance, the house of Amatuanas, where he demanded and succeeded in affecting the release of the interpreter. He was not long there, however, before Mr. Brandis arrived, and the scenes that followed ranged from melodrama - as when a pistol was not very wisely called in operation - to the very highest style of comedy, as when Mr. Strong suddenly disclosed his proficiency in German. They may be said to have concluded in a mixed genus, when Mr. Poor was carried off by an armed mob and clapped in the corrugated iron gaol, along with that proportion of the cabinet which had been a little while before, withdrawn from their grave functions. But there was yet an after-piece, and here melodrama reigned supreme. Among the indifferent or semi-indifferent population beyond Paremata and Tamasene’s marches, he [Sikeoni] collected a body of armed men, returned with these under cloud of night, demolished the corrugated iron gaol, and extricated the Hawaiian secretary and the rump of the rebel cabinet. They, poor fellows, confessed they were in situation very difficult; the fear of Brandis was strong with them, stronger than the love of office; the Hawaiian boat removed them from their native district, and they "became chiefs" on the side of Malietoa.

There is no question but Messrs. Sonnenschien and Brandis hailed this escape as not the least fortunate episode of that dramatic night. Their end was gained; Tamasene had not encountered the Hawaiians; his notion of German watchfulness was doubtless raised; and Mr. Poor was at the best an awkward prisoner. When that gentleman demanded explanations, the next day, from the German consul, he was informed that Germany had nothing to do with it. "You have been repeatedly warned not to trust yourself among these savages," said the consul. And it was nearly said. But to one who was privy, through Mr. Strong's knowledge of German, to the whole inwards of the night's proceeding, the replay might have been pungently amusing. As matter of fact, Mr. Poor, who shares some of that astonishingly "savage" Polynesian blood, was a great deal safer among Samoans than you and I in the good city of London.

The end was sure to come, and it came. The presence of the Kauliloa was declared a genus belli by the Samoan government; the Hawaiian embassy withdrew; and there was the end of the photograph book - and of my article. But I may be allowed to add two considerations. (1) A power launching for the first time into the business of colonization, which at the best is only an insidious form of war, recur, as if by nature, to the pristine methods. Our own hands are not so long washed, that we can afford any extravagant festival of self-complacency. The Germans, in this career, are our juniors; they will soon learn better; only we should help them to learn.
I have already named Sikeoni; here (M) is a drawing of the man. In his face, the reader will perceive legible marks of courage and capacity; over his brow, the scar of one out of many wounds that told the story of his prowess; around his neck, a princely necklace. For this last, a word of explanation is required. It was an ornament in the possession of Mr. Strong; Sikeoni, in that land of strict precedence, was not of a fit rank to wear it; and if our artist, at the cost of a great expenditure of eloquence, over-persuaded him to put it on and sit, thus accoutered, for his portrait, the poor fellow (who was killed in the last battle with the Germans) had no anticipation of publicity. At an early stage of the contention, Sikeoni had cleverly withdrawn the boat's crew.
This is draft of a text to go with Joe Strong's photographs of the Hawaiian embassy to Samoa, of which a condensed form appears in A Footnote to History. On internal evidence it was written, either in Honolulu or during the Equator voyage, before Stevenson first saw Samoa. Honolulu is likelier. (Otherwise he could not have written that he had yet personally to meet a British missionary in the islands - Clarke of the London mission was one of his first acquaintances on landing in Apia). The change of tone toward Gibson, Kalakaua and the embassy between this text and the Footnote is marked; it may mean that most of his information came from Poor rather than Strong.

JCF