

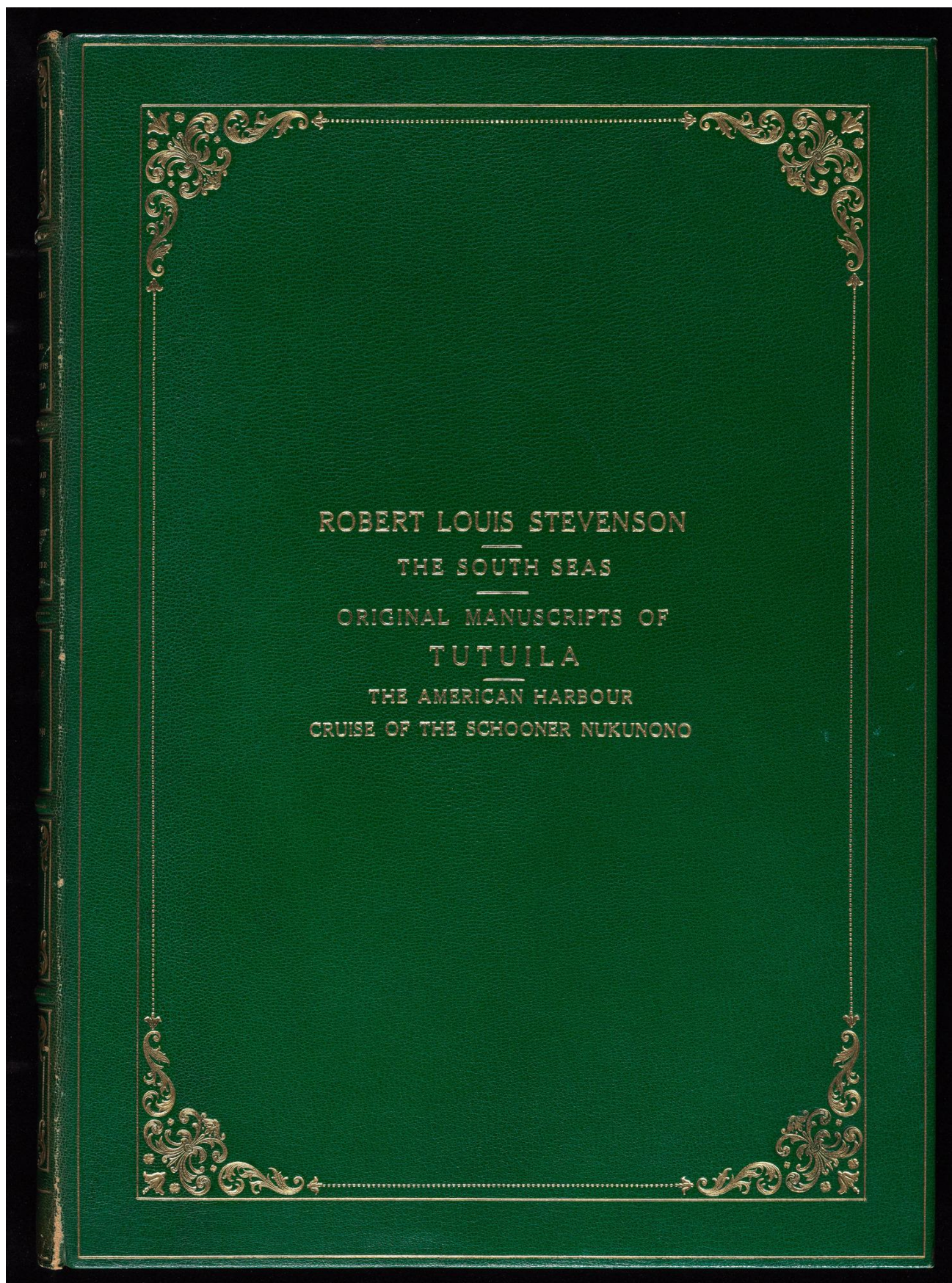


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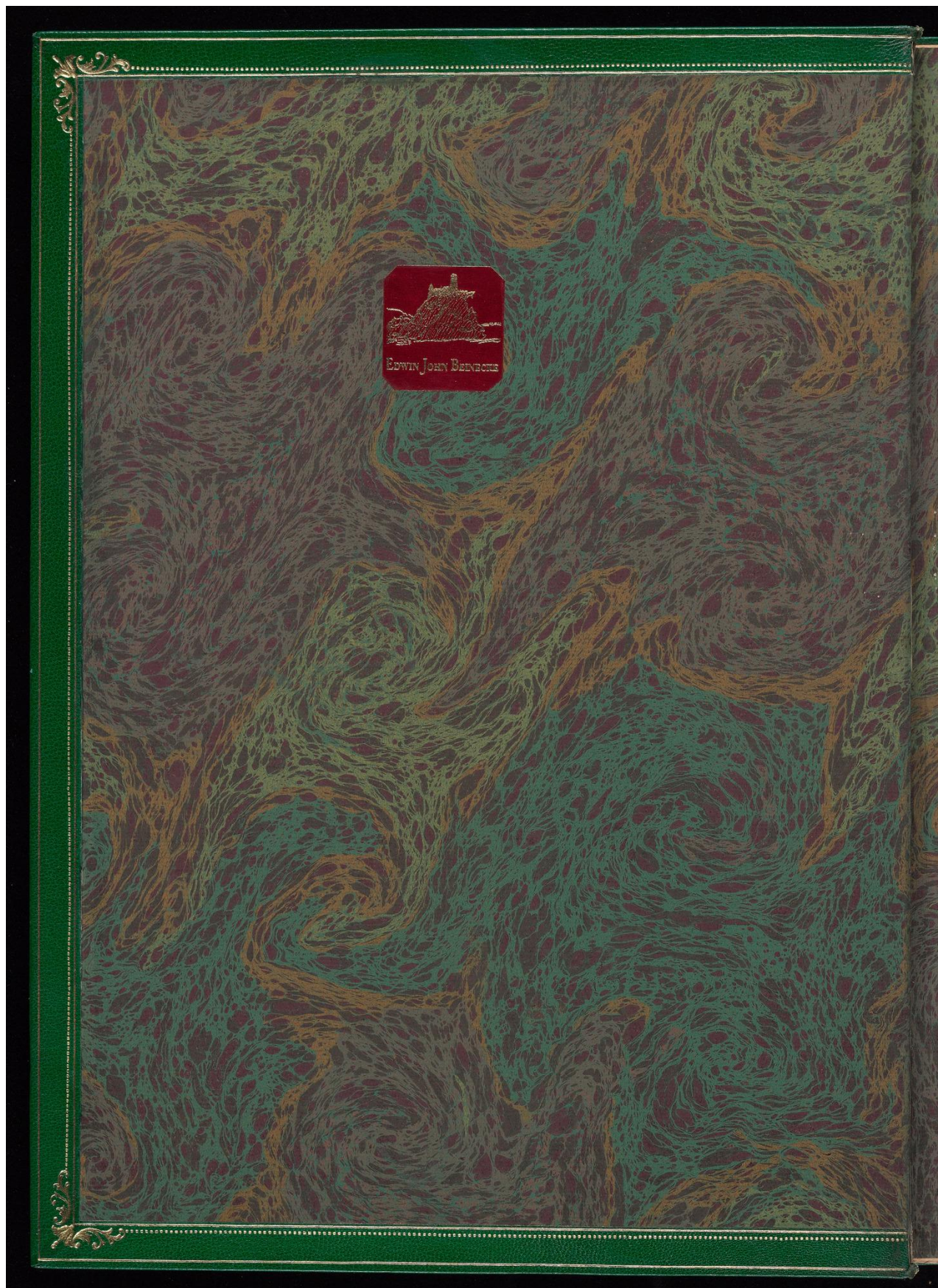
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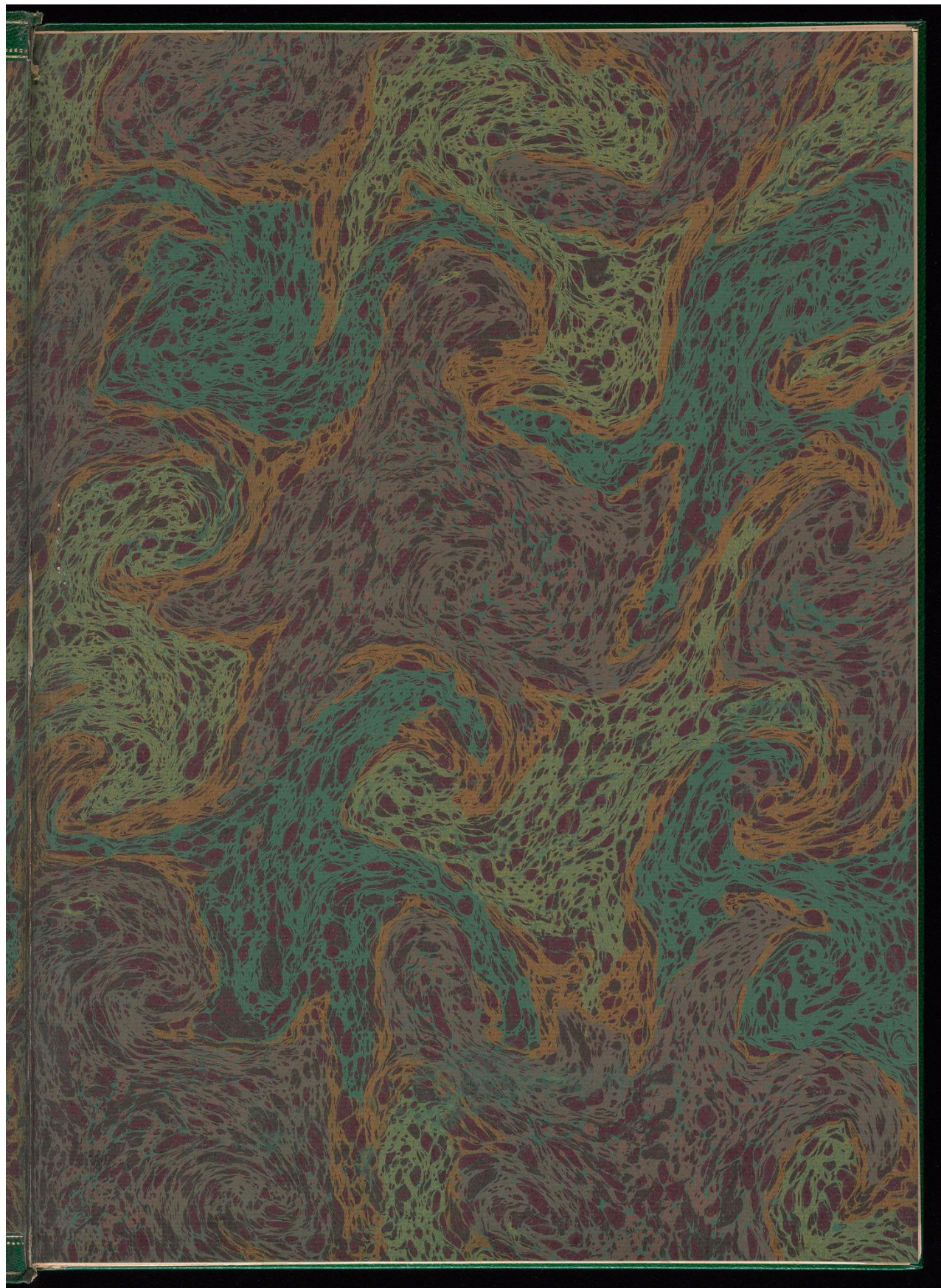
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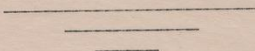


ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The
Original Manuscripts of

TUTUILA: The American Harbour

TUTUILA: The Cruise of the Schooner Nukunono



[1]

Image ID: 10595838

NOTE

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THIS Complete Manuscript of Tutuila: The American Harbour is unpublished. It is evidently the final version prepared by R. L. Stevenson from his diary kept during his South Sea voyaging, and intended for publication in the New York Sun, 1891. It was not printed there, however, but the Bibliophile Society in 1921 published a shorter version, apparently from the diary, in Robert Louis Stevenson Hitherto Unpublished Prose Writings, pp.115-123

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This Complete Manuscript of Tutuila: The Cruise of the Schooner Nukunono was prepared by Stevenson for publication in the New York Sun and appeared in the December 13th issue, 1891. A very small part of this article, and an entirely different version, probably taken from the diary, was published by the Bibliophile Society, in the Hitherto Unpublished Prose Writings, where it is incorporated as part of The American Harbour (p.125...). *(Lacks last page).*

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THESE MANUSCRIPTS were formerly the property of the cousin of S. S. McClure, Mr. Harry H. McClure. When they were obtained from him for the Edwin J. Beinecke Collection he stated that he was in business with S. S. McClure at the time the manuscripts for The South Seas were received from Robert Louis Stevenson, and some of them came into his possession.

S. S. McCCLURE had R. L. Stevenson's permission to edit the material and to cut it wherever it seemed advisable to do so (McClure: My Autobiography, p.195). When the publisher realized that the articles were not being received by the public with the degree of enthusiasm anticipated by him, he took advantage of the author's suggestion and deleted the text at his discretion, which accounts for the omissions in the New York Sun.

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Episodes seen to Stevenson

Tutuila: the American Harbour.

The ~~island~~ ^{island} ~~side~~ of Tutuila is the least visited and the most often seen of the Samoan group. A while ago the liners between San Francisco and the colonies passed by the east end; and several nights off in the month, a halcyon breeze from their guidance on the islet of Anumua. The course is now changed; Anumua is dark throughout the year, and the steamer passes, and the globe trotter has an opportunity to see, West Cape with its rocky islets and the village of Leone with its brown roofs, green broad front trees and black volcanic beach. To see and lose again. It is but a glimpse and away; a tugging cutter receives the mail and a few passengers; the steamer, which has scarce vented, turns again; Samoa sinks in the blue ocean, and the globe trotter returns to land his money in the smoking room or drags over a novel on deck.

On the morning of Tuesday, 2nd March, the Union Company's steamship Wairani drew near the place of call; sighted West Cape and Leone; and instead of heaving immediately to sea, held on along the southern coast, steamed awhile by black broken cliffs, by conical cones, by frequent villages, by flats of lava diversified with sporting blow holes, the gorges of the beach; and at last where the highlands begin to descend abruptly to the sea, turned to the north, entered between two wooded mountains, and was swallowed in the bowels of the ~~mountain~~ island. Half an hour later, she issued forth again, and trimmed her course for Tavea and West Zealand. Her crew was done; she had set on shore in the deep harbor of Pango-pango a quantity of stores and baggage, a reliable Chinese cook, a local surgeon, the American consul-general, Ruman, my nation as the American prelate, and an elderly gentleman of notable tenacity of person called (his own name being unpronounceable by Polynesians) the Writer of Tales: ^{TUSITALA} Tusitala. This is the same person who is now trying, about six o'clock of a sunny morning, and directed by the chirruping of many birds, to string together his unimportant information for the reader's benefit.

The harbor of Pango-pango (written, in Samoan spelling, Pango-pango) cuts nearly through the narrow, steep and crumpled vale. A single ridge divides it from the ^{FANGASÄ} other shore and the bay of Fagasä. A road, which is a good road for Samoa, but degenerates at last into a ladder of roots and rocks, carries you through the midst of forests to the top; twenty feet in front the opposite declivity plunges sheer, it seems you might with a halibut on the neck of the unseen village, at your feet, and through clouds of foliage, the sun shines upon blue water, with

and leaping spray.

The basin, some half mile in width, lies so enclosed with mountains that the breeze is frequently shut out. A draught enters by the sea mouth, squalls burst in at times by the gullies of the mountain, but the main river of the Trade scours that crater-like depression and streams overhead. Day and night, the swirl of trade-wind cloud is muddled across the sky, now in huge continents, now in a thin drift of debris, singular shapes of things protracted and deformed, hearts and trees, and hearts and trees of old mountains, hurried at high speed from hill to hill, and changing, fainting and vanishing as they fly. Below meanwhile the surface of the basin lies below muffled, now of a heavenly blue, now green like a forest floor, highest in the shadows, dark in the midst with the reflected sides of woody mountains, at times a flicker of silver twinkles and disappears on the sunbaked ground; and you might think a wind was tumbling the dark water. But the flickering is that of fishes.

Right in the wind's eye a mountain stands conspicuous, designed like an old fort, with walled cliffy sides and a green head. Its bulk divides the dawn; you would say two suns were rising, one to the south, one to the north, of that pale mountain; and after the night is beginning, and columns and shapes at the sea level are already confounded in the progress of the dusk, Pico^A (which is the mountain's name) retains for some time a tinge of rose. It is strange to feel below in the dark basin under midnight stars, to have forgot the day, to look up suddenly in the east, and find that planet glows still lingering. The so-called hurricane that made Somo farmers and hastened the crews of ^{VPOLO} Upolu with the bodies of white sailors, although it spared Pangapango, raged with violence about the summit of Pico; the crews were straggled in the space of one night of all their lodgings; and the mountain stood in the morning as though struck with a sudden autumn. Pico is besides the dispenser of continual rains that drench and make green the ^{*} basin. Squalls congregate upon its head, take new shapes and seem to linger there. Hence they descend suddenly in the form of white veil; the surface of the bay is white foam under the rain, the foam approaches swiftly as the flight of birds. Yet a moment and the walls rattle and the surf resounds under the squall. A moment or two more and the sun smiles again on dripping forests. There are the mouths of Pico, and its height is less than fifteen hundred feet.

One night, which was the night of Easter day, I was well-nigh a little before twelve by the ship's watch ~~that~~ which in fact the shore, inside the bay, and had made

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look but a little further and see the bushes ^{two} stream and the lianas stream on the west cape. A faint stir of human life animates the solitude. Far out on the many tinted shoals, women wash and fish and you may hear them singing at their occupation; an old straggler stands waiting, modelled in her drifting kilt, and as you pass along the causeway, greets you with a salutation and a high pitched laugh. Perhaps a canoe goes by; or two or three broad new outriggers spread their lint-white sails in a race. Or perhaps you encounter on the causeway a procession bearing food, baskets of tans, cooked pig, triced by the feet to a pole and carried on the shoulders of two men, as the spices carried the grapes of Palatine. Or yet again you may be accompanied in your walk by burge young gentlemen, equipped with a bow and arrow to chase fish. The sport is pleasing and humane; the little hunters patter on the margin of the beach, stand at gaze on outlying rocks, or wade in the deepest shallows; the immenseness of the sea is at times discharged and recovered, and the fish seem to wither. Far in this method of chase, the situation is reversed, and the hunter has the exercise, the quarry the sport. Pang-pang's is not popular with gentlemen of the American navy. They ^{say} it is hot, peculiar and dull. The days weigh upon them in this mountain ambience; they prefer even Africa; and are said to long for the grip of Jetter. I may be worse, perhaps effeminate - but I could walk a lifetime on these shores, and if I must descend to any business, let me rather pursue fish and receive helpless arrows.

The town of the land from Swimming Point to Observatory Point is to contain the American establishment. The path runs under trees and rocks, head by the water; you may undress and bathe in the shade of the same tree and play with the lianas as you bathe; the cooves seem private as a chamber. The heat of the afternoon is present, the air still. An isle, Fort Island, where the stars and stripes were first displayed, stands detached from Observatory Point, commands the harbor up and down, has a look to seaward, and enjoys the breeze all day. You clamber round the foot of the low cliff one against the island; and at once the trade strikes you full, the sound of the sea redoubles, the air smells suddenly salt, and you see before you the heads and the open ocean. A beach curves towards the nearer headland, thick with groves of palm; few scattered ^{houses} hamlets, one of them in ruins, mark the site of a decaying hamlet; two and two streams meet the sea, inconsiderable rivulets, easy to be overlooked, such as may reach maturity in so narrow an isle. The place is very desolate and very noisy with the wind and sea. The judge and I were one day joined upon this beach by a boy an old ally and satellite, Mana his name, a slender, shrewd, gentlemanly creature whose present eyes and manners had engaged us first face to face. Proudly, at the far end of the beach, beyond the houses, we sat down; and with the common instinct of

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all ages and races of man, elderly whites and eight year old Samoan boys began to cling among the sand. Mana designed a ship in section. It was an adze, he told us, and presently began to people it with our distinguished party. Here was the judge by the heeler; here the measurer of land; there the writer of Tales. "And where's Mana himself?" we asked. The figure of Mana was added at the mast head, spying for some promised land. I was struck with a profound sense of the unity of man and man's romance and play; how often in fact I had taken part in similar business, and in how many heads of the world a similar sense was then existing. Fate laughed at my conclusions even as I thought. For Mana began presently to model in relief; the human form was his subject, and he expanded his soul as he went on with it to the judge and the writer of Tales. There are some tales out to be written; and the designs of Mana and his comments fall among the number. I understood, and I was the more foolish. But a night or two before I had seen for the first time an indecent Samoan dance. The house was full of spectators, ^{among the best} children of all ages, ~~among the best~~, who soon began to join in the singing and beat time. It was singular to look round on all these shaven heads of children wagging and little hands clapping the tatts; to hear the shrill young laughter rise ill-favoredly; and to remember the part they laughed at was the exposure of their sisters. In such scenes Master Mana had grown up, and such experience made the child secure of sympathy from his elders.

We lingered in Pago Pago with a purpose; we were there indeed to make history, which has always been the end of time. The admirable heeler, one of the few really good woodsteads in the whole extent of the South Seas, was long since cooked to the States; it remained to acquire upon its shores the necessary land for an establishment; and in this, which the judge had come to settle, an unlooked for difficulty rose. Swimming Point is a thicket, projecting into deepish water, clothed in thick brush, and after a common fashion, being the burial place of chieftains. These graves were the stumbling block in the beginning, and remained so till the end. And even after, even when the bargain was made, the land sold, the money counted, counsels were still divided and eloquence still flowed on the question of the ancestral relics.

It was dusk when we came the village of ^{FANGATONGA} Fangatonga to conclude this affair. Lights were in all the houses, the evening hymn was singing, the dinner ready but not yet eaten. The currency was still swarming to raise money: whole dollars and half dollars, English shillings, American heavy cent pieces, the waddening currency of the islands. A hour later, we were summoned to the presence of the chiefs, and went, bearing the price in a bag. A Samoan house is oval in plan, and consists of a high pitched roof of thatch,

9 sustained by an elegant frame of woodwork and supported by many external pillars and one triple support in the midst. The spaces between the external pillars may be closed with rude Venetian blinds, the slats of matting. The floor is of smoothed gravel, the external boundary is demarcated with a casing of considerable stones. The blinds in the house to which we were now led ~~was~~ mostly down, and it was close. The fire had not been lit, and the single petroleum lamp scarce enabled us to see the faces of the four chiefs and the two girls who squatted there upon the mats, passing to and fro ^{to smoke} leaf cigarettes.

Four chiefs - and there should have been five. ~~Two~~ ^{Two} ~~chiefs~~ were dispatched (as so it was pretended) to summon the fifth; he did not come, but you may be sure we were supplied instead with civil excuses. ~~There is~~ ^{We are here in} the homeland of excuses. When one of your boys gets news of the illness of a parent, and calls leave for a day, ^{and} ^{being} ^{led} by the hand, you will see him no more; this is the elaborate Samoan way of giving warning, he is now going to be happy and lie in the floor of a house for months. What the chief might say, or his colleagues say for him, the cautious foreigners could ^{not} ^{make} but one deduction: that ^{the} ^{chief} was unwilling to appear; the suspicious foreigners might ^{not} ^{see} ^{that} suppose ^{that} he did not appear of the sale, or that the whole company was staying fast and home and secretly manufacturing a flaw in the bargain. The money was elaborately counted out by Wesley Foster, the best builder; and the four chiefs, in the assembly plunged into their favorite diversion of public speaking. Solemnly they arrayed their phrases, and repeated their arguments; solemnly they encouraged each other with "lelei" - the Samoan "hear!" The ground ^{of} ^{the} ^{dispute} was not unambiguously. The houses were to be now dug up ^{and} ^{from} Swinburn Point before tradition; but suppose they should ^{not} ^{accept} the purchase money. ~~What~~ ^{was} ^{the} ^{point}, were they not constructively selling the houses of their ancestors? This fine sample prevailed; the bargain was signed, but the money was handed over to a trustee, until the houses should be removed. Then Rara was made, and public speaking resumed in a more playful key; we saw each praised and interpraised by the Oratory Deputes of Fagatunga, each drained one drink ^{more}, was the heavy needles; for the Rara ~~was~~ ^{was} made in the old manner, an offensive process.

the identity, the two instead of four, if you remember their custom consisted of two girls and one interpreter.

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Titilla: the cruise of the schooner *Nukunono*.

The business season was just scarcely at an end; and thus lay at anchor in that deep cove of the mountain, where ^{she} had enjoyed a holiday of months, a certain ugly schooner by the name of the *Nukunono*. She was bluff in the bows, aback in the body and undermasted. Before the wind was allowed to be her best point of sailing, and to look at her lines and spar was to believe it. Yet the *Nukunono* had accommodations: a flesh deck not much hampered, and a good sized, airy cabin with three berths, a table and a bench. This ship the judge chartered with a design on the three islands of Manna a sixty miles to windward; on stores were disposed in the hold; and a scratch crew was raised in Fongatonga: Swedish captain, Nova Scotian mate, black French cook from Bonabon, one Niue boy and one Tongan half-caste; no Saman, for the Saman of South Sea islanders is useless at sea: The measure of Land was left behind; his place was taken by Loria and a half-caste Saman interpreter; the judge, the mate of Tales and the Chinese boat made up the various company: ten souls in all. I do not count the catamarans; they were too many to be counted. Some line was pulled from a locker as I sat in the cabin; there came forth along with it so great a cluster of these misshapen lutes that the floor was sprinkled with them; and in the hold they made about wadd of our provisions and potatoes.

We weighed anchor, on this hopeful expedition, Monday April 3rd, about nine of the morning. It was a day of splendid sun, excellent blue-ness of the sky and water, excellent greenness of the impending woods; but the air in the narrow discharge were light and fickle. We were a long while before we cleared great island; a long while in the outer bay, flying to and fro across the great, oily swells, and the great, cool, languid gusts of air that entered by the bottom-mouth. The fairway is here obstructed by a coral reef called the *Whale Rock*. It lies in three fathoms water; no deep ^{that} all but the greatest of ships and waves pass unharmed above, like a hammer over a fence. In all the time of our lingering about the anchorage, *Whale Rock* had given no sign, but lain close in its blue ambush and coral pillars had debauched its position. It was to give us a salute for our departure. We were on the starboard tack, heading about S E, when a very heavy swell was seen to heave up. Perhaps a cable's length ahead of the *Nukunono*, it tripped its submarine skirts upon the reef and toppled in a gust of foam. The mountains echoed the report, the sea rose like the sides of a bowl: the frigate's gun was fired. When a pound, as before it was over an underken, rolling flows of blue that we pursued our way.

The breeze carried us outside, and veined a little, but still held; the blue holes

I

along the coast were spouting high, the spray hung in air and blew up the mountains like a mist; and we had made an offing of some six or seven miles, before we were startled by that ominous sound of flapping canvass. Pica and ^{MATAFAO} Matafao, the deep harbours and the whole curled into one weaving a space of weather of their own; Tutuila stood curled in winds and cross winds, the aspiration of valleys, the action of sunny hills. But all that it was, the sea the air shuddered utterly. The clouds stood round the horizon in long wild rows of pillars, hills and statues, changeless as rock; the sun flamed instead out of a tract of empty azure; the leaves chattered, the canvass flapped, the schooner soared and dived without disaction; and heat and seasickness ruled upon the narrow deck. We could suffer beyond what I had previously thought possible in a man; the interpreter was sturdier silent; the judge - but let me respect the crime. Lira and the Whites of Tales were thenceforth cork and steamed; the rest of the excursion party quite crazed.

For awhile the face of the ocean was enlivened by shoals of birds and great flights of birds, contending in air and water for their common prey. These also vanished. The day drew out ^{like a thing} interminable, the sun set, the night fell, and no land breeze came to our relief. The island lay clean and sharp along the starry heaven; only Matafao and Pica, the two chief peaks, retained as renewed all night their coils of cloud.

~~Darkness~~ It rained more dumbly; chattered; it blew; perhaps thundered also, for now and then the clouds were lighted up from within like paper lanterns and showed a pattern of shadows like the tracery of the mountains on the moon. All night I was up and down; I had yams with the mate in the middle watch; in the morning, with the captain and I pledged each other in tile tea; and still it was the same senseless tale - the leaves chattered, the canvass flapped, the schooner was put from the one tack to the other and made nothing. The moon rose very late, a ragged end of a moon, brown on the one side like burned paper. Presently after the day broke, the sun rose; and there was Tutuila belated with a succession of fine rain showers; and the mouth of Pango-pango vomiting vapours like the doorway of a burning chamber; and the sea bearing under the same unmitigated blaze of day, and surrounded along the horizon by the same series of windless clouds.

All morning the schooner was heaving just upon the other tack, and making no light. All morning we sagged heavily westward. The set of the tide is easterly, men say; there was ~~not~~ no set for us. The mouth of Pango-pango closed; Matafao ~~stuffed~~ ^{stuffed} ~~incredibly~~ ^{incredibly} ~~stuffed~~ ^{stuffed} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~coconut~~ ^{coconut} ~~gives~~ ^{gives}, and the barrels and the bladders on the deck ~~stuffed~~ ^{stuffed} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~coconut~~ ^{coconut} ~~gives~~ ^{gives}.

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By noon, we had been seven and twenty hours upon the voyage, and were ten miles farther from our destination. Despair began to fall in ^{the} ship's company. The giddy, aimless plunges of the schooner, the blaze of the sun, the idle chatter of calms as bated to the sea-farer, the sickness of those who were sick, the unmeaning tasks that fell on those who were not, were all elements in our decision. And the MulKamoo was kept away - if there were anything to keep her away from - in the return to Pango Pango.

Had better to admire the constancy of the pilot; I was now to wonder at the hopefulness of the captain. We made some casting indeed, and recovered our original place opposite the harbor mouth and looking in. But all efforts to draw near were vain. The tide set forward in crystal, like a clock under a case, was clear from end to end, was wearing a shiff of cloud: her own world of weather, in whose margin we hung and tossed defying our approach. When eight bells came round again, & it was decided to evacuate the MulKamoo. The shiff (which was not much longer than a garden tunnel) was steered overboard by strength of arm; two hands manned it; the cork (for whose life we had begun to entertain fears) was tumbled after and lay in the stern sheets like a broken doll. The shiff dwindled slowly to a spot, the spot suddenly faded in the waste of the blue sea; and we lay, and bobbed, and clattered, and were now-crowed on the dirty deck, and watched the changeless peaks of the island and the changeful peaks of the clouds.

The sun went down at last, an alleviation anxiously expected. It sank with much pomp of colour. Strange aurors of blue radiated from the place of setting like the spots of some vast, tireless wheel. At first they were many; one by one they faded and disappeared; but the last lingered long behind its fellows, and grew more darkly blue upon a sky of richer crimson. The sea heaved multicoloured, flecked with fire and azure. The outline of the isle was extraordinary sharp and slender in the fading sky: like a scroll punched from sheet iron. Behind it three came at intervals, incredible, tall, isolated clouds: candle-bowl characters, Punch and Judy, rampant heraldic monsters, perforated minarets: shapes absurd and awful, a puppet show for gods, displayed in that solemn and bright theatre of the end of day. No sensible wind accompanied these changes; but the new and huge shapes of cloud smelted silently into being without apparent cause, and seemed to come and go with the colours of the sunset.

The dusk began to fall, and we ran up a light in the fore-rigging. From the fore-
 away coast, lights appeared like ^{responded} ~~responsive~~ signals: a few transient lights of fishers;

survivor, the American consul-general, known among natives as the American

judge, and an elderly man of the name of Tutuila (his name being unpronounceable by Polynesians) the writer of Tales; Tutuila

This is the name of the person who is now trying, about six o'clock of a sunny day

The island of Tutuila is the least visited and the most often seen of the Samoan group. A while ago the liners between San Francisco and the colonies passed by the east end; and several nights in the month, a bonfire burned for their guidance on the islet of Aunun. The course is now changed; Aunun is dark throughout the year, and the steamer passes, and the globetrotter has an opportunity to see, West Cape with its nobly islets and the village of Leone with its brown roofs, green breadfruit trees and black volcanic beach. To see and lose again. It is but a glimpse away; a tossing cutter receives the mail and a few passengers; the screw, which has scarce rested, turns again; Samoa sinks in the blue ocean, and the globetrotter returns to lose his money in the smokingroom or doze over a novel on deck.

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Right in the wind's eye a mountain stands conspicuous, designed like an old fort, with naked cliffy sides and a green head. Its bulk divides the dawn; you would say two suns were rising, one to the south, one to the north, of that pale mountain; and after the night is beginning, and colours and shapes at the sea level are already confounded in the greyness of the dusk, Pico (which is the mountain's name) retains for some time a tinge of rose. It is strange to ply below in the dark harbour under midnight stars, to have forgot the day, to look up suddenly in the east, and find that phantom glow still lingering. The so-called hurricane that made Samoa famous and bestrewed the coasts of Upolu with the bodies of white sailors, although it spared Pangopango, raged with violence about the summit of Pico; the woods were stripped in the space of one night of all their foliage; and the mountain stood in the morning as though struck with a sudden autumn. Pico is besides the dispenser of continual rains that drench and make green the harbour. Squalls congregate upon its head, take new shapes and seem to linger there. Thence they descend suddenly in the form of a white veil; the surface of the bay is seen to foam under the rain, the foaming approaches swiftly as the flight of birds. Yet a moment and the walls rattle and the roof resounds under the squall. A moment or two more and the sun smiles again on dripping forests. These are the works of Pico, and its height is less than fifteen hundred feet.

One night, which was the night of Saturday, I was wakened a little before twelve by the ship-rats which infest the shore, invade the houses, and had made a nursery of the room in which I tried to sleep. I strolled to the water's edge

the ripple lapped at my feet; from the far shore which is opposite the harbour mouth, a sullen plunge of surf was audible. Nowhere in the isles of the Pacific, not even in this sheltered creek, shall a man escape entirely out of hearing of the trepidation of the deep. The moon rode close at the zenith, "excellently bright," but continually overwhelmed by the vast continental "carry" of the Trade. Flashing from dusk to silver, and thrusting forth strange horns and promontaries, the clouds sped with so impetuous a motion that the ear wondered they should pass in silence. Their level was not so high as seemed; the Trade, although so strong in current is a shallow stream. Even as I gazed, a cloud grounded on the summit of Pioa; it seemed to hang and gather there, and darken as it hung; and I was scarce fled to shelter, ere the rain struck and roared about the house. As the squall declined, I was aware of a sound, familiar but unexpected at that place and time: that of a church bell ringing slowly at a distance. I had not thought there was such an instrument on Tutuila; but I made no doubt it was some holyday not observed by Protestants, and that the bell was ringing in the dark from the farside of the harbour, whence the Catholic missionary looks across upon his Mormon rivals from Salt Lake. I had a sharp mental picture of the church all lighted up, the priest in his robes, and a scanty flock gathered for the nocturnal celebration. All night the squalls succeeded; with the decline of each, the bell began to sound again from the same distance; till I perceived at last it was no more than an eavesdrop falling, closely by my ear, on a tin pan. The morning dawned, mist was on the hills, a fresh accumulation of rain imminent on Pioa, and the whole harbour gray and serious like a Scottish loch. As I sat and wrote in my diary, the beat of the wooden drum from the next village told me the protestants were gathering to worship, and I smiled at my last

escaped labour is half miraculous. There were five in number who had grown
 night's illusion. "A bell on Tuituila! What an idea!" I was thinking; when a
 weary of good usage; under cloud of night they imagined a raft out of the
 bell began indeed. For some while it rang from the far shore, and boats were
 bar on the beach, and put to sea without food or compass. It must have been
 seen to pass the harbour in the showers; then it ceased, the congregation was
 from the leeward, for the course of their wanderings lay due east; and the
 within, the mass begun, and I was left to reflect upon the war of creeds. The
 raft was cast in shore near by the mouth of Apurupupu harbour. The bell of
 their landing, the refugees had a letter from the Gilberts of great sig-
 catholics. To the catholics the wooden drum is an offense, something barbaric,
 ture and courage; as long as he lived, they maintained a fierce trust and
 idolatrous, perhaps unclean; they will not use it themselves, they wish to have
 of the inhabited islands, but so soon as he was gone, the rest of the country
 others prevented; and the politics of Samoa were not long since convulsed on
 ing off the maid of a village, the survivors struck into the forest, there in
 this question of the paté. How various must be the message of the bell in such
 a place: to the natives, a loud outlandish thing, of a money value scarce to be
 occasionally goods from their woods to steel weapons; in all times, a
 computed; in the ears of the priests, calling up memories of French and Flemish
 the seats of the Gilbert Islanders they are quite harmless; but the fact of their
 cities; in those of my Mormon neighbours sounding with a voice from Utah; in
 is not the least stated.
 mine, talking of the grey metropolis of the north, of vanished faces and silent
 Long ago (say the natives) the houses were contiguous round the harbour
 tongues. And there were yet others within hearing, high up on the wooded mount-
 They are now shrunk into five hamlets; at night it is only here and there that a
 ain's harbour certain melancholy warriors; labour-- (we do not say slaves)--
 light twinkles, in the morning only here and there that the smoke of cooking
 from different westerly and northerly islands. They say they are very well used;
 drifts and dispersed in the forest, each strikes the whole shore a wide
 but it seems they do not like good usage, or not that kind. The woods of Upolu,
 enough causeway, which falls if you will upon its margin, but makes passage
 our chief island, are filled with runaways; much of my land was cleared by their
 The year will climb abruptly, making a path of leaves upon the soil, and
 hands; a round dozen were arrested on my property; and often, when I take my
 walks in the bush, a pair of bright eyes will be watching me from the thicket.
 as if follows on by promontory and recess, now plunges you in treacherous
 now brings you forth in a broad descent of air. From the hottest corner of some
 Sometimes their rude hamlets are found in remote places of the forest, sometimes
 patch of cane, you may look a little way uphill and see palms shivering in
 their plantations; and occasional disappearances and the occasional discovery of
 breeze; from the bottom of some cave where the path is overhung with roots and
 bones, keep alive in the minds of the native, a profound terror of these black
 follows, you may look but a little farther and see the bushes torn and
 skinned and cannibal alien refugees. And on Upolu, round the great establish-
 stream on the west coast. A faint stir of human life animated the mountains,
 ments of the German firm, the thing is natural; here, on Upolu, the presence of
 out on the many tinted shoals, woven mats and fish and you may hear the
 at their occupation; as one strolls shorewards, stands waiting, beckoned in
 dripping gill, and as you pass along the causeway, smiles you with a

escaped labour is half miraculous. There were five in number who had grown weary of good usage; under cloud of night, they fashioned a raft out of timber on the beach, and put to sea without food or compass. It must have blown from the leeward, for the course of their random voyage lay due east; and the raft was cast on shore near by the mouth of Pangopango harbour. At the time of their landing, the refugees had a leader, a man from the Gilberts of great stature and courage; as long as he lived, they maintained a fierce front and raided the inhabited lowlands; but so soon as he was shot down, in the act of carrying off the maid of a village, the survivors shrank into the forest. There, in the rains, in the rude thickets, they await age and death. Stress of hunger occasionally goads them from their woods to steal bananas; in all else, since the death of the Gilbert Islander, they are quite harmless; but the fear of them is not the least abated.

Long ago (say the natives) the houses were continuous round the harbour. They are now shrunk into five hamlets; at night it is only here and there that a light twinkles, in the morning only here and there that the smoke of cookery drifts and dispenses in the forest. A path girdles the whole shore, a rude enough causeway, which falls if you sit upon its margin, but makes passage easy. The near hill climbs abruptly, making a profile of leaves upon the sky. The path, as it follows on by promontary and recess, now plunges you in breathless heat, now brings you forth in a broad draught of air. From the hottest corner of some patch of cane, you may look a little way uphill and see palms whirling in the breeze; from the bottom of some cove where the path is overhung with rocks and foliage, you may look but a little forth and see the bushes toss and the lianas stream on the next cape. A faint stir of human life animated the solitude. Far out on the many tinted shoals, women wade and fish and you may hear them singing at their occupation; as one strolls shoreward-- stands waiting, modelled in her dripping kilt, and as you pass along the causeway, hails you with a salutation

and a high pitched laugh. Perhaps a canoe goes by; or two or three brand new whaleboats spread their lint-white sails in a race. Or perhaps you encounter on the causeway a procession bearing food, baskets of taro, cooked pig triced by the feet to a pole and carried on the shoulders of two men, as the spied carried the grapes of Palestine. Or yet again you may be accompanied in your walk by bronze young gentlemen, equipped with a bow and arrow to chase fish. The sport is pleasing and humane; the little hunters patter on the margin of the beach, stand and gaze on outlying rocks, or wade in the bright shallows; the innocuous arrow is at times discharged and recovered, and the fish scorns to withdraw. For in this method of chase, the situation is reversed, and the hunter has the exercise, the quarry the sport. Fangopango is not popular with gentlemen of the American Navy. They say it is hot, feverish and dull. The days weigh upon them in this mountain anchorage; they prefer even Apia; and are said to languish for the joys of poker. I may be morose, perhaps effeminate-- but I could walk a lifetime on these shores, and if I must condescend to any pastime, let me rather pursue fish and recover bloodless arrows.

The turn of the land from Swimming Point to Observatory Point is to contain the American establishment. The path runs under trees and rocks, hard by the water; you may undress and bathe in the shade of the same tree and play with the lianas as you bathe; the coves seem private as a chamber, the heat of the afternoon is fervent, the air still. An isle, Goat Island, where the stars and stripes were first displayed stands detached from Observatory Point, commands the harbour up and down, has a look to seaward, and enjoys the breeze all day. You clamber round the foot of the low cliff over against the island; and at once the trade strikes you full, the sound of the sea redoubles, the air smells suddenly salt,

and you see before you the heads and the open ocean. A beach curves toward the nearer headland, bordered by groves of palm; four scattered houses, one of them in ruins, mark the site of a decaying hamlet; and two streams meet the sea, inconsiderable runnels, easy to be overleaped, such as may reach maturity in so narrow an isle. The place is very desolate and very noisy with the wind and sea. The judge and I were one day joined upon this beach by a boy, an old ally and satellite, Maua his name, a slender, shrewd, gentlemanly creature whose pleasant eyes and manners had engaged us heretofore. Presently, at the far end of the beach, beyond the houses, we sat down; and with the common instinct of all ages and races of man, elderly whites and eight year old Samoan boy began to dig among the sand. Maua designed a ship in sections. It was our ship, he told us; and presently began to people it with our distinguished party. There was the judge by the helm; here the Measurer of Land; there the Writer of Tales. "And where is Maua himself?" we asked. The figure of Maua was added at the masthead, spying for some promised land. I was struck with a profound sense of the unity of man and man's romance and play; how often in past I had taken part in similar business, and on how many beaches of the world a similar scene was then enacting. Fate laughed at my conclusions even as I thought. For Maua began presently to model in relief, the human form was his subject, and he expounded his work as he went on with it to the Judge and the Writer of Tales. There are some tales not to be written; and the doings of Maua and his comments fall among the number. I wondered, and I was the more foolish. But a night or two before I had seen for the first time an indecent Samoan dance. The house was full of spectators, among the rest children of all ages, who began to join in the singing and beat time. It was singular to look round on all those shaven heads of children wagging and lit-

the hands clapping the tattoo; to hear the shrill young laughter rise ill-favouredly; and to remember the jest they laughed at was the exposure of their sisters. In such scenes Master Maua had grown up, and such experiences made the child secure of sympathy from his elders.

We lingered in Pangopango with a purpose; we were there indeed to make history, which has always been the work of time. The admirable harbour, one of the few really good roadsteads in the whole extent of the South Seas, was long since ceded to the States; it remained to acquire upon its shores the necessary land for an establishment; and in this, which the Judge had come to settle, an unlooked-for difficulty rose. Swimming Point is a knoll, projecting into deepish water, clothed in thick bush, and after a common fashion, long the burial place of chieftans. These graves were the stumbling block in the beginning, and remained so till the end. And even after, even when the bargain was made, the land sold, the money counted, counsels were still divided and eloquence still flowed on the question of the ancestral relics.

It was dusk when we came to the village of Fangatonga to conclude this affair. Lights were in all the houses, the evening hymn was singing, the dinner ready but not yet eaten. An emissary was still scouring to raise money: Chile dollars and half dollars, English shillings, American twenty cent pieces, the maddening currency of the Islands. An hour later, we were summoned to the presence of the chiefs, and went, bearing the price in a bag. A samoan house is oval in plan, and consists of a high-pitched roof of thatch, sustained by an elegant frame of breadfruit and supported by many external pillars and on triple roof-post in the midst. The spaces between the external pillars may be closed with rude Venetian blinds, the slats of matting. The floor is of smoothed gravel,

the external boundary is demarked with a coaming of considerable stones. The blinds in the house to which we were now led were mostly down, and it was close. The fire had not been lit, and the dingle petroleum lamp scarce enabled us to see the faces of the four chiefs and the two girls who squatted there upon the mats, passing to and fro banana leaf cigarettes.

Four chiefs-- and these should have been five. Messengers were despatched (or so it was pretended* to summon the fifth; he did not come, but you may be sure we were supplied instead with civil excuses. We are here in the homeland of excuses. When one of your boys gets news of the illness of a parent and asks leave for a day, wring him by the hand, you will see him no more; this is the elaborate Samoan way of giving warning, he is now going to be happy and lie on the floor of a house for months. Whatever the chief might say, or his colleagues say for him, the cautious foreigner could make but one deduction: the chief was unwilling to appear: the suspicious foreigner was free to suppose that he did not approve of the sale, or that the whole company was playing fast and loose and secretly manufacturing a flaw in the bargain. The money was elaborately counted out by Wenley Forster, the boat builder; and the four chiefs plunged in the meanwhile into their favourite diversion of public speaking. Solemnly they arrayed their phrases, and repeated their arguments; solemnly they encouraged each other with "belel"-- the Samoan "Hear!", the solemnity was indeed laughable if you remember their audience consisted of two girls and one interpreter. The ground of the dispute was noteworthy. The bones were to be dug up from Swimming Point before tradition; but suppose they should now accept the purchase money, were they not constructively selling the bones of their ancestors? This fine scruple prevailed; the bargain was signed, but the money was handed over to a trustee, until

the bones should be removed. Then kava was made, and public speaking resumed in a more playful key; we were each praised and introduced by the Chauncey Depew of Fangatonga, each drained one bowl bravely. Nor was this bravery needless; for the kava had-been made in the old manner, an offensive process.

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Another draft, an entirely different version, was published by the Bibliophile Society in Robert Louis Stevenson Hitherto Unpublished Prose Writings.

and water, excellent greenness of the lapping woods; but the air in the narrow anchorage were light and flickle. We were a long while before we cleared the bay. The air was so light and flickle that we were a long while before we cleared the bay. The air was so light and flickle that we were a long while before we cleared the bay.

ed Goat: TUTULLA: The Cruise of the Schooner Nukunono. and fro across the great, oily swells, and the great, cool, languid gush of air that entered by the harbourmouth. The fairway is here obstructed by a certain infamous reef called the Whale Hook. It lies in three fathom water; and there lay at anchor in that deep crack of the mountains, where she had enjoyed a holiday of months, the greatest of ships and waves pass unscathed above, like a hunter over a fence, a certain ugly schooner by the name of Nukunono. She was bluff in the bows, short in the body and undersailed. Before the wind was allowed to be her best point of sailing, and to look at her lines and spars was to believe it. Yet the Nukunono had recommendations: a flush deck not much hampered, and a good-sized, airy cabin with three berths, a table and a bench. This ship the judge chartered with a design on the three islands of Manu a sixty miles to windward; our stores were disposed in the hold; and a scratch crew was raised in Fangatonga: sea rose like the sides of a bowl; the farewell gun was fired; thence forward Swedish captain, Nova-Scotian mate, black French Cook from Bourbon, one Mien boy and one Tongan half-caste: no Samoan, for the Samoan alone of South Sea Islanders is useless on the sea: The Measurer of Land was left behind; his place was taken by Loia and a half-caste Samoan interpreter; the judge, the writer of Tales and the Chinese cook made up the various company: ten souls in all. I do not count the cockroaches; they were too many to be counted. Some line was pulled from a locker as I sat in the cabin, there came forth along with it so great a cluster of these noisome brutes that the floor was sprinkled with them; and in the hold they made short work of our onions and potatoes.

We weighed anchor, on the hopeful expedition, Thursday April 3rd, about nine of the morning. It was a day of splendid sun, excellent blueness of the sky of a tract of empty azure; the booms clattered, the canvas flapped, the masts

soared and dived without direction; and heat and seasickness ruled upon the and water, excellent greenness of the impending woods; but the airs in the narrow anchorage were light and fickle. We were a long while before we cleared Goat Island; a long while in the outer bay, plying to and fro across the great, oily swells, and the great, cool, languid gush of air that entered by the harbourmouth. The fairway is here obstructed by a certain infamous reef called the Whale Rock. It lies in three fathom water; so deep that all but the greatest of ships and waves pass unharmed above, like a hunter over a fence. In all the time of our lingering about the anchorage, Whale Rock had given no sign, but lain close in its blue ambush and rival pilots had debated its position. It was to give us a salute for our departure. We were on the starboard tack, heading about S E, when a very heavy swell was seen to heave up. Perhaps a cable's length ahead of the Nukunono, it tripped its submarine skirts upon the reef and toppled in a gush of foam. The mountains echoed the report, the sea rose like the sides of a bowl: the farewell gun was fired, thence forward as before it was over an unbroken, rolling floor of blue that we pursued our way. The breeze carried us outside, and varied a little, but still held; the boom clattered, the canvas flapped, the schooner was put from the one tack to the other and made nothing. The moon rose very late, a perfect end of a moon, up the mountains like a mist, and we had made an offing of some six or seven miles, before we were startled by that ominous sound of flapping canvas. Ploa and Matafeo, the deep harbour and the whole crooked isle were weaving a space of weather of their own; Tutuila stood enrobed in winds and cross winds, the ex- and the sea heaving under the same unmitigated blaze of day, and surrounded along piration of valleys, the suction of sunny hills. But all about it on the sea the air slumbered utterly. The clouds stood round the horizon in long cold rows of pillars, hills and statues, changeless as rock; the sun falmed overhead out of a tract of empty azure; the booms clattered, the canvas flapped, the schooner

soared and dived without direction; and heat and seasickness ruled upon the narrow deck. The cook suffered beyond what I had previously thought possible in a man; the interpreter was stricken silent; the judge-- but let me respect the ermine. Loia and the Writer of Tales were thenceforth cook and steward: the rest of the excursion party quite erased.

For a while the face of the ocean was enlivened by shoals of bonito and great flights of birds, contending in air and water for their common prey, these also vanished. The day drew out like a thing interminable, the sun set, the night fell, and no land breeze came to our relief. The island lay clean and sharp along the starry heaven; only Matafao and Picoa, the two chief peaks, retained or renewed all night their cowls of cloud. It rained there doubtless; doubtless it blew; perhaps thundered also, for now and then the clouds were lighted up from within like paper lanterns and showed a pattern of shadows like the tracery of the mountains on the moon. All night I was up and down; I had yarns with the mate in the middle of the watch; in the morning watch the captain and I pledged each other in vile tea; and still it was the same senseless tale-- the booms clattered, the canvas flapped, the Nukunono was put from the one tack to the other and made nothing. The moon rose very late, a ragged end of a moon, brown on the one side like burned paper. Presently after the day broke, the sun rose; and there was Tutuila blurred with a succession of fine rain showers; and the mouth of Pangopango vomiting vapours like the doorway of a burning chamber; and the sea heaving under the same unmitigated blaze of day, and surrounded along the horizon by the same series of windless clouds.

All morning the schooner was being put upon the other tack, and making nought. All morning we sagged heavily westward. The set of the tide is east-

erly, men say; there was no set for us. The mouth of Pangopango closed, Matafao insensibly slipped by; and the cocoanut groves, and the hamlets and the blowholes on the beach slipped by. By noon, we had been seven and twenty hours upon the voyage, and were ten miles farther from our destination. Despair began to fall on the ship's company. The giddy, aimless plunges of the schooner, the blaze of the sun, the idle clatter of calms so hateful to the seafarer, the sickness of those who were sick, the unwelcome tasks that fell on those who were not, were all elements in our decision. And the Nukunono was kept away-- if there were anything to keep her away from-- on the return to Pangopango.

I had hitherto admired the constance of the judge; I was now to wonder at the hopefulness of the captain. We made some easting indeed, and recovered our original place opposite the harbour mouth and looking in. But all efforts to draw near were vain. The isle sat framed in crystal, like a clock under a case, now clear from end to end, now wearing a whiff of cloud: her own world of weather, on whose margin we hung and tossed defying our approach. When eight bells came round again, it was decided to evacuate the Nukunono. The skiff (which was not much larger than a garden barrow) was tossed overboard by strength of arm; two hands manned it; the cook (for whose life we had begun to entertain fears) was tumbled after and lay in the stern sheets like a broken doll. The skiff dwindled slowly to a spot, the spot suddenly faded in the waste of blue sea; and we lay, and bobbed, and clattered, and were sun-cured on the dirty deck, and watched the changeless peaks of the island and the changeless peaks of the clouds.

The sun went down at last, an alleviation anxiously expected. It sank with

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much pomp of colour. Strange arrows of blue radiated from the place of setting like the spokes of some vast, tireless wheel. At first they were many; one by one they faded and disappeared; but the last lingered long behind its fellows, and grew more darkly blue upon a sky of a richer crimson. The sea heaved multicoloured, flecked with fire and azure. The outline of the isle was extraordinary sharp and slender on the fading sky: like a scroll punched from sheet iron. Behind it there arose at intervals, incredible, tall isolated clouds: cardboard characters, Punch and Judy, rampant heraldic monsters, perforated minarets: shapes absurd and awful, a puppet show for gods, displayed in that solemn and bright theatre of the end of day. No sensible wind accompanied these changes; but the new and huge shapes of cloud swelled silently into being without apparent cause, and seemed to come and go with the colours of the sunset.

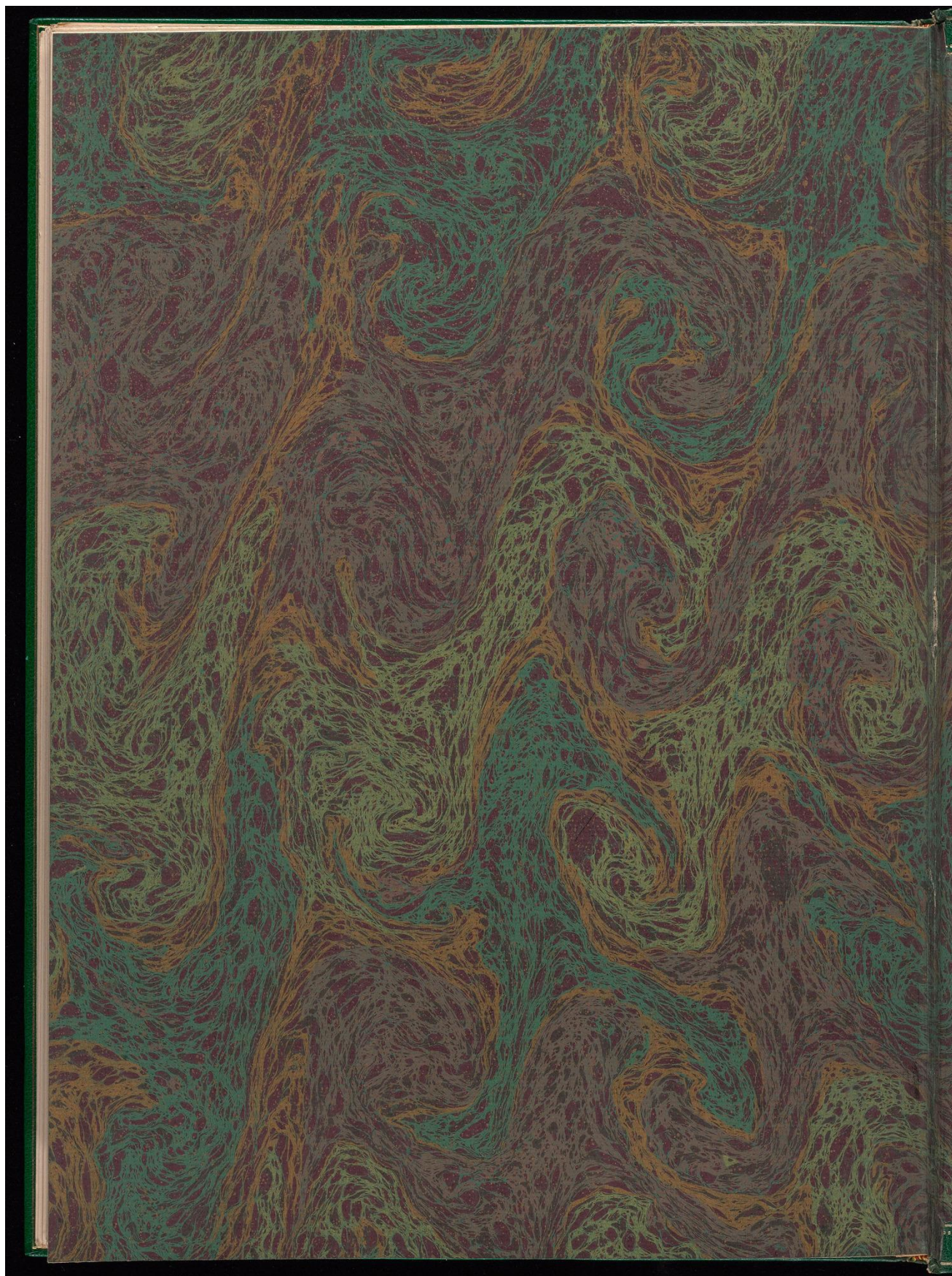
The dusk began to fall, and we ran up a light in the fore rigging. From the far-away coast, lights appeared like responded signals: a few transient lights of fishers

(Rest of the manuscript-- probably one page-- missing).

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Another draft of this same article, an entirely different version, published by the Bibliophile Society in Robert Louis Stevenson Hitherto Unpublished Prose Writings.

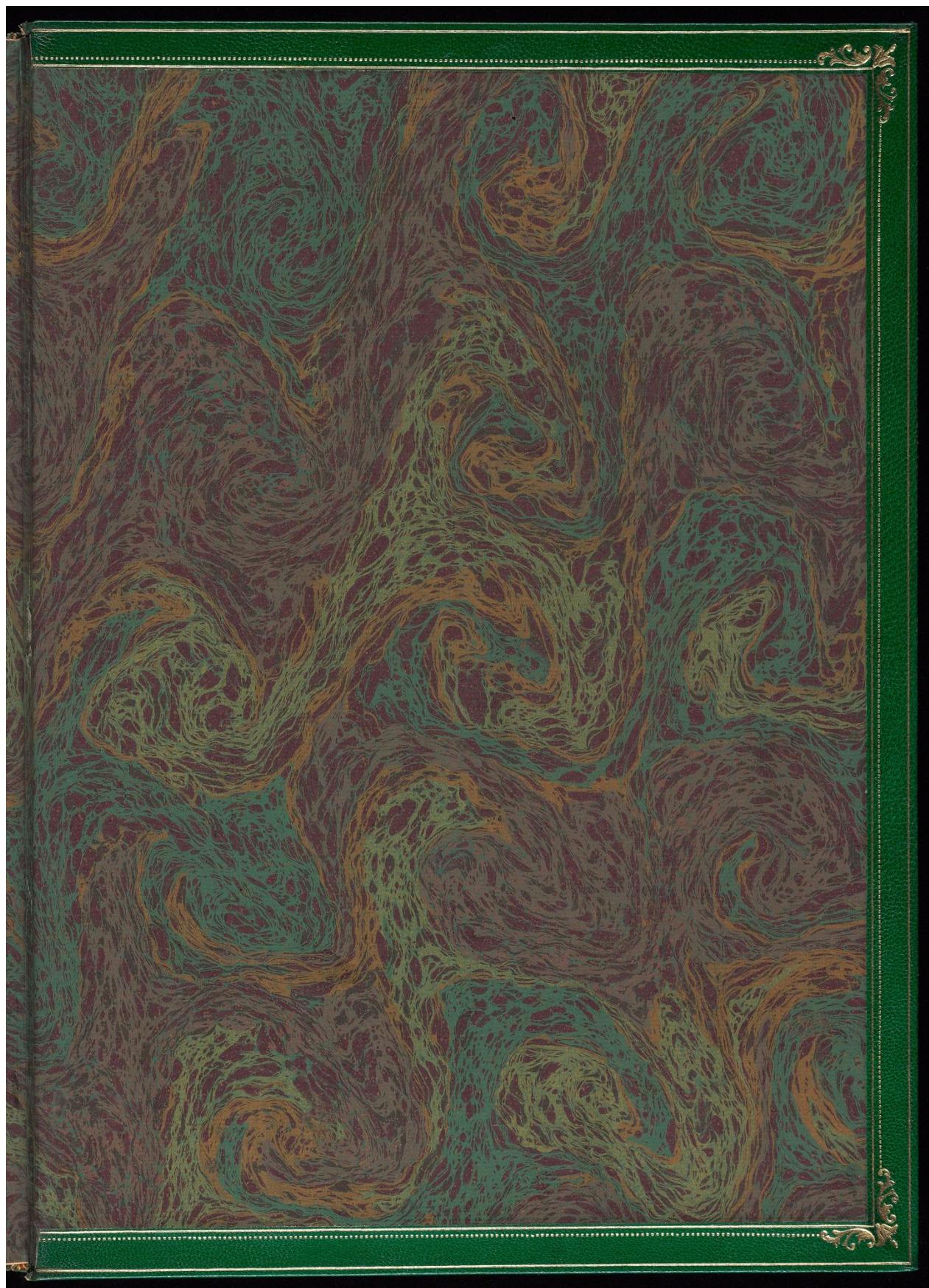
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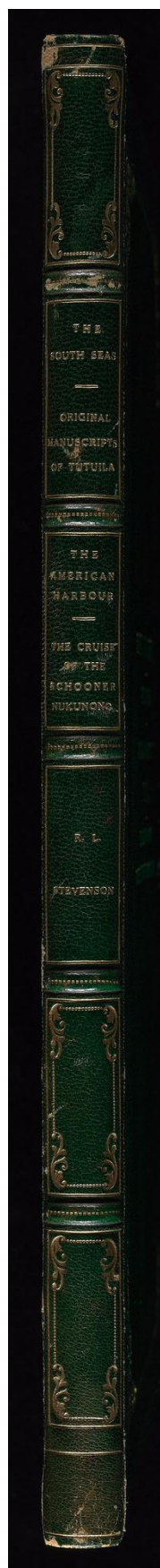
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