

THE POLYNESIAN JOURNAL

of

Captain Henry Byam Martin, R.N.



In command of H.M.S. *Grampus* — 50 guns, at Hawaii
and on station in Tahiti and the Society Islands
1846-1847

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Admiral Henry Byam Martin's first command in the British Navy was Captain of the 50-gun frigate, H.M.S. *Grampus*, in the year 1846. He was ordered to sail from Plymouth 'round the Horn to Hawaii for further orders.

Those orders sent him to Tahiti for a full year, the fatal year in which the French subjugated the Tahitians by bloody force, made the island a "Protectorate" of France but allowed the glamorous Queen Pomare to be the titular ruler until they took it over completely, as a colony, in 1880.

This Polynesian portion of Captain Martin's daily *Journal* has lain unnoticed in the depths of the British Museum until this publication. But it still sparkles with wit and with acute observations of the personalities and events of that critical year in the struggle between the French and English for the conquest of the Pacific and the hopeless struggles of the poor islanders to defend their homelands and their freedom. As such it is a fascinating on-the-scene report from the English view. Hitherto all reports have been from the French or from the missionaries who were either bringing the blessings of French civilization or religious salvation.

The *Journal* will also be of keen interest to ethnologists interested in the

(continued on back flap)

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August 1846 to August 1847

*Illustrated with water colors, wash drawings and decorative pen
and ink sketches from the originals by Captain Martin*



Australian National University Press
Canberra

Publisher's Note

This text was typed by Camille O. Dodd from a microfilm of the original handwritten *Journal* in the British Library. Introduction, editing, verifications, and notes are by Edward Dodd with the assistance of Bengt and Marie-Thérèse Danielsson and Pierre Montillier. The research of Maurice Howard and Peggy Leo in London is gratefully acknowledged. Design and production are by Roxana Laughlin. All hands concerned wish to thank the Trustees of the British Library for granting permission to publish.

All hands are especially grateful to the late Ernest Dodge, Director of the Museum, whose enthusiasm for the *Journal* has made its publication possible.

No changes in the author's handwritten text have been made. His spellings of names sometimes vary and deciphering the good Captain's handwriting has not been easy and is, perhaps, not always precisely accurate, especially where it contains French, Tahitian, and technical maritime terms. Where minor idiosyncrasies have occurred, such as his spelling of the French frigate *Sirene* as *Syrene*, we have not corrected him.

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FOREWORD

For many years I have cherished the hope that the Polynesian illustrations of my illustrious forbear, Admiral Henry Byam Martin, might one day be published, together with his journal of events. I am therefore sincerely grateful to the Peabody Museum of Salem, Massachusetts, and to Mr. Edward Dodd, through whose good offices my wish has now been fulfilled. I would also like to express my appreciation of the help of Rubén Padova of Carton y Papel S.A. of Mexico, and my thanks for his fine photographs of the illustrations that adorn this book.

As a Polynesian scholar, Edward Dodd is far better qualified than I to comment on the content of this fine publication. My only purpose therefore, in adding this foreword, is formally to dedicate the book to the memory of my uncle, Colonel Warburton Davies. A gallant soldier, he also made a contribution to history by acquiring the Martin family papers, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity.

Nigel Davies

INTRODUCTION

For nearly 250 years before Captain Wallis in Her Majesty's Ship *Dolphin* discovered Tahiti in 1767, the Spanish, Dutch and even a couple of fellow Englishmen had crossed the vast Pacific. But all of them had plied the islandless, northern area. Wallis was followed by Bougainville in 1768, a true discovery because he had left France before Wallis had reported his find. Then after Cook's first voyage came Boenicia so that, before Tahiti had been known for five years, she became the possession of three great European kings: George of England, Louis of France, and Carlos of Spain. Cook came three times, then Bligh, Vancouver and the London Missionaries. Tahiti seemed destined then, at the end of the century, to become a British possession. The English had befriended a lesser chief of the northern shores where they anchored and based in Matavai Bay. This man, Pomare I, founded a dynasty with the help of European firearms that prevailed over the traditional legendary chiefs of the southern and western parts of the island and thus upset the ancient balance of power and threw the native political system into disequilibrium. Meanwhile the Protestant missionaries brought a new god so that the traditional religious beliefs were also in a state of uneasy unrest.

Ever since the end of the shattering Seven Years War, 1756-1763, the British and the French, with their surplus square-rigged men-of-war, had commenced to seek new lands to conquer in the broad Pacific. England had taken the Australian continent after Cook's discoveries on his first voyage while the Dutch were preoccupied in the East Indies. They had beaten the French to the prize colony of New Zealand by only a matter of months after the treaty of Waitangi in 1840. As a consolation prize they had conceded the Marquesas to the French, but when the impetuous Admiral Dupetit Thouars moved into Tahiti to declare a French Protectorate, the Royal Navy was troubled and Captain Henry Byam Martin, commander of H.M.S. *Grampus*, was dispatched to the scene in 1846.

By then, Queen Pomare, the fourth in her line, had succeeded to the "throne" and, under the influence of the established Protestant missionaries, was begging Queen Victoria to protect her from the Roman Catholic French. Her chiefly personality (or lack of it) was the wobbly pivot upon which events turned during Byam Martin's year and for the thirty remaining years of her queenship. The

8 ♡ descendants of the hereditary Tahitian chiefs were alarmed at the prospect of losing their homelands and their 1000 years of independence to the white intruders from over the seas.

Introduction

So much for a very broad and simplified sketch of the historical background. The events immediately preceding his arrival are succinctly summarized soon after. The first French governor, Bruat, had been installed a year previously and was endeavoring by superior military power to make order out of chaos, but to Captain Martin it seemed that "the protectors had all they could do to protect themselves." The French have written extensively and in detail from Governor Léonce Jore to Père O'Reilly. Captain Martin here presents, for the first time, an on-the-scene British point of view.

Henry Byam Martin must have been an extraordinary man. He was born in 1804, entered the Royal Naval College at the age of twelve in 1816, rose from Midshipman in 1818 through Lieutenant and Commander to "Post-rank" or Captain in 1827 and took his first command, H.M.S. *Grampus*—50 guns, in 1845, rounded the Horn and spent the next year or so "spying" in the Pacific. He went on later to become Rear Admiral in 1854, Vice Admiral in 1864, and was slated for "Flag rank" when he died at the age of 61 in 1865. It seems startling that a boy who entered a military school at the age of twelve could be as roundly educated as Henry Byam Martin, who was fluent in French, read and quoted Latin and Italian, could assess Samuel Johnson perceptively, was a brilliant sea captain, an eloquent writer, an accomplished artist, and had a fine sense of humor withal. It does seem incredible but we must remember that he was one of the three sons of Sir Thomas Byam Martin, GCB, KSS, Admiral of the Red, hero of the Napoleonic wars, and for many years Comptroller of the Navy and Vice Admiral of the United Kingdom. Incidentally Henry's great uncle, Josiah Martin, was the last British governor of North Carolina before the War of Independence.

The quality of his artistic accomplishments you may see from the water colors and drawings in this book. A British captain's life on such duty in those days must have provided ample leisure time. Well over a hundred of his meticulously executed paintings of Polynesia came very recently to light from the attic of the old English manor house of his family. His holograph *Journal* was located in the recesses of the British Library and now is ready to be read in print for the first time after more than 130 years. The editors believe that the whole reveals a lively, intelligent personality, humorous and wise and loyal to his high vocation. To students of

colonial Tahitian history it will shed many new lights on the events of those turbulent times and especially on the characters of the many varied people who either caused the turbulence or rode out the storm.

The asterisks sprinkled through the text indicate notes keyed to the dates of the *Journal* entries and printed at the end of the text.

This publication was substantially helped by the generous cooperation of Dr. Nigel Davies, a great-grand-nephew of Captain Martin.

If you wish to know how Captain Martin felt about his ship before he sailed, here is the first entry in his *Journal*.

Having received a very unexpected appointment to HMS *Grampus*-50, I commissioned her at Woolwich on 17th November 1845—having been 4 years 217 days on half pay.

This ship was built in 1784—and did not, I believe cut a very conspicuous figure in the battle of the 1st June 1793.*

In 1844 the Surveyor of the Navy thinking she had lived long enough (having nearly reached the 1st grand climacterick) ordered her to be broken up—for that purpose she was sent to Deptford.

On opening her however she proved sound: and the Admty. adopting the partizan view of Woolwich Dock Yard—over looked her unfitness & ordered her to be razed to a 50 gun frigate.

This was done at a cost of £ 15,000.

Hitherto she had rejoiced in the name of “*Tremendous*”—which in her regenerate state was exchanged for the more euphonic appellation of “*Grampus*.”

I had watched the progress of cutting her down—without the most remote idea of ever commanding her; and had from the first, formed but an indifferent opinion of the *Grampus* as a man of war. But the form of her bottom seemed to confirm the good report of her sailing qualities. Such was my opinion of her that when Sir Francis Collier asked me to apply for her—I declined so “because I thought her a bad ship.”

When I joined her on 17th Nov. she was already rigged & supposed to be equipped—but so much remained to be done that she did not leave Woolwich until 10th Jan. 1846.

The *Grampus* has the greatest of faults—a low confined main deck—rendered still more close & dark by the absence of the usual skid gratings. All escape for smoke is thus cut off; whilst wet &

* He is undoubtedly referring to the famous battle of Ushant, 1794 not 1793, in which the *Tremendous* took part. All history books mention it prominently although the British victory has been aptly described as “an action of exceptional but misplaced bravery.” The British admiral was Howe and the French, Villaret.

10 † draining & dirt is made perpetual & incorrigible by gratings under the boats & booms. A light fir deck was laid upon the old diagonal oak planking of the upper deck; and the boards being open & shaky were cased or doubled with teak.

Introduction

To enable the ship to mount 50 guns, she was lengthened $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet by the stern; thus the 2 after Q deck guns are much abreast the stern post and not waterborne— The foremast has not been shifted aft; and as if this class was not already overmasted, her steps were raised 2 feet to give additional height to the lower masts, to add to the spread of sail in fine weather, without considering what we could suffer by it in bad.

To give the ship a fictitious character for stowage—the forehold had been so filled with tanks that no space was left for watering casks and tanks had been so placed in the after hold as to prevent the possibility of working the chain lockers.

The object of the Woolwich people seemed to be how cheaply & not how efficiently they could equip the *Grampus*. They appeared to be ignorant of the wants of a ship—and were sore at having to do much that had been forgotten, & undo much that had been ill done. Of course it was my duty to point out the deficits and omissions, and this gave rise to squabbles disputes & quarrels.

No side train or quarter bolts for the gun bushings or tackles had been fitted; nor was there any means of securing boats or booms. There were no scuffer plates or valves—no rudder chains nor rudder coat—not enough dead eyes for the establishment of riggings; no fresh water pump—no lining to the [?] room—and an infinity of deficiencies. The bill boards had been cased with sheet copper instead of iron plates, so that the first time we attempted to let go an anchor, the palm dug so deep into the copper that the ship was very nearly on shore before the anchor could be prized over the side with capstan bars.

I doubt if any ship so ill equipped has left an English yard for 20 years. But I was glad to leave Woolwich on any terms—even tho' 105 men short of complement.

Unfortunately no plans of the *Grampus* exist because, according to the Keeper of the Ships' covers at the Greenwich Maritime Museum Library, she was cut down to a 50-gun frigate from a 74 gunner named *Tremendous*, built in 1784, in active service until 1815, when she was given the Surveyor's order that Martin writes about.

THE JOURNAL

Captain Henry Byam Martin, R.N. set sail in command of Her Majesty's Ship Grampus, 50 guns, on February 16th, 1846 from Plymouth, England bound for a rendezvous by way of Cape Horn to the Hawaiian islands where his regional commanding officer of the Pacific arena, Admiral Sir George Seymour, would give him further orders.

This year-long Polynesian excerpt from Captain Martin's personal, informal, day-to-day, Journal begins on sighting the far away islands of the Pacific which we now call "Hawaii", the 49th U.S. State, but which in those days had been christened by Captain Cook, the "Sandwich Islands" in honor of the Earl of Sandwich, the famous discoverer's patron who presided over the Admiralty in London at the time.

August 1846

12th. I looked at poor little Townshend this morning before he was placed in his coffin. I never saw a countenance more placid in death or more clearly indicating a painless and easy cessation of life. Tho' the doctor is of opinion that he had received an internal injury which proved fatal—he cannot say what the immediate cause of death was. The poor boy being surely dead, it cannot matter except in a medical view what part of the internal structure was vitally hurt, and as many people have a prejudice against dissection—I would not allow the body to be mangled.

It was placed in an oaken coffin & laid in the stern sheets of the Launch, as the great heat made it impossible to keep it below.

13th. At day light the East point of Owhyhee (the Easternmost of the Sandwich islands) was seen. Our chronometers were very correct. No birds or weed or anything indicated our approach to land. At 8 we saw a schooner running for Hilo, or Byam's bay—being the first sail we have seen since Callao—upward of 5000 miles.

All the forenoon we ran along the North shore of Owhyhee, with a moderate N.E. trade, at a distance of about 8 miles.

The higher land was wrapped in dense clouds; and our view was confined to the country near the sea shore; this seems to be arid and uncultivated, gradually sloping to the water—intersected by numerous ravines & thinly dotted with small wood.

12 ♄ Vast numbers of streams dance down the sides of the hills & fall abruptly into the sea. I counted 25 cascades at once.

August 1846 At 1 P.M. the summit of Moona Keah was seen peering over the wall of clouds. This mountain is said to be 13645 ft. high, its crest is round & unpicturesque & without snow.

Books describe forests of great extent in the middle region of this and other mountains in Owhyhee; but the density of the clouds prevented our seeing anything but the base & summit of Moona Keah.

Hawaii or Owhyhee is the largest of the Sandwich islands—being 90 miles long & 75 broad. If Cook was not the discoverer of these islands, he at least first made known their existence.

There is reason to believe that they had been visited by a band of Spanish adventurers more than a century before. On the West side of Owhyhee at Kulakeakua Cook was killed.

The following are the names of the islands as given by Cook and those in present use by the missionaries. I believe the latter comes nearer the native pronounciation and that the difference arose from ignorance of the construction of the language in the discoverers.

COOK	MISSIONARIES
Owhyhee	Hawaii
Mowee	Maui
Tahoorowa	Kadcolawi
Ranai	Lanai
Morotoi	Mololai
Woahoo	Oahu
Atooi	Kanai
Oneekeow	Niihau
Tahousa	Lehua
ManooManoo	

On the island of Owhyhee exists the largest volcano in an active state in the known world.

During the 1st watch we ran past the island of Mowee at the rate of 10 knots.

14th. At daylight the island of Morotoi was in sight — the high land of Ranai showing over it. Before noon we struck into the passage between Morotoi & Woahoo; the former appearing to be an arid

treeless country. The winds freshened continually in this channel. † 13

At 1 P.M. we rounded the East point of Woahoo and at 2 made our number to HMS Collingwood. After I had saluted Sir G. Seymour's flag, he signalized us to anchor East of Collingwood but that placing us in 40 fms we had to make sail again; and after one tack anchored in 29 fms. *August 1846*

The trade wind blew fresh off shore — with a heavy swell and a prodigious surf breaking on the reef which screens the harbour. It is a wild anchorage — deep water coral bottom & $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off shore. The inner harbour is perfectly sheltered but is accessible only to vessels drawing under 19 feet.

Sir G. Seymour received me kindly and expressed himself in terms of great indignation at the American having gone home which he now heard for the first time. He said he was astonished "That a man of family could so disgrace himself for a little money." It must be allowed that with so great probability of an American war, Capt. Gordon has taken a very extraordinary step, for which no doubt he will be called to account.

15th. I am delighted with the view from the anchorage. The volcanic formation of the island of Woahoo is particularly striking in the hills round & behind Honolulu. They remind me a little of the coast of Sicily near Mt. Etna; their outline is sharp and peaked & the colours at certain hours of the day — beautiful. I am agreeably impressed — for I was not prepared for pretty scenery.

The body of poor Townshend was this day committed to its last resting place. The barge pinnace cutter & gig formed the funeral procession from the ship to the shore; where a hearse met us to convey the coffin to the burial ground, 2 miles from Honolulu. An officer 12 marines & 14 seamen preceded the body; 8 cadets as pall bearers walked by its side; and it was followed by 16 seamen 2 Lieutenants the surgeon & 1 ass. surgeon the purser and 6 midshipmen.

An immense concourse of people followed us — and all the consular flags & the standard at the King's palace were lowered half mast. The most perfect order & hospitality prevailed.

Townshend was interred in Genl Miller's plot in the protestant cemetery at the entrance to the valley of Nuuanu.

Sir G. Seymour with his flag Lieut. & Genl Miller (Consul Genl) joined us at the gate. I performed the office of chief mourner and I was a sincere one.

And thus closed poor little Townshend's short career!

14 †
August
1846

Honolulu the capital & seat of government of the Sandwich islands is a large straggling village whose streets are lanes and houses huts. Bethel and other chapels—temperance houses and rival grog shops—the King's palace with a few consular and merchants dwellings are conspicuous among the native huts which closely resemble haystacks.

Mr. Janion, an English merchant, sent a horse to meet me at the cemetery, but I was in no humour for riding, and returned on board.

At the Admiral's desire I saluted the Hawaiian flag with 21 guns. When I sent to announce it to Hikuanoa the governor—he asked if I would like him to salute first, a bit of primitive politeness to which one is but little accustomed.

I met General Miller at dinner on board the Collingwood. He is an old friend of William's* for whom he inquired with much warmth.

The Collingwood is said to be in fair order—and I should think she is, but certainly she exhibits nothing crack within or without.

The channel through the reef is narrow—and on account of the surf dangerous—and not to be attempted by a stranger after dark; therefore I did not land in the evening. The water is gradually shoaling on the reef—but whether from the growth of coral, or from the increasing elevation of the land, or receding of the sea, I know not.

The keeping the entrance of the port of Honolulu clear is well worth the attention of the Sandwich Is. government.—whatever may be their fate & whoever may be its future possessors it must eventually become a place of importance. They are on the high road from Mexico, California & Oregon on one side; Japan, China, Philippine islands & Russian territory on the other; and even now they are the principal rendezvous of the 400 American whalers who infest these seas.

And Sir G. S. tells me he has *seen* the American flag flying at Monterey in California. If they continue to hold that country of which I entertain no doubt, the United States must be at no very distant period the preponderating power in the N. Pacific and the Sandwich Is. will be entirely under their influence if not actually in their possession. Whilst the Americans are amusing Ld Aberdeen with the Oregon affair they are admittedly preparing to step into a most valuable country with a seaboard of near 1000 miles on the Pacific, and tho' it is a sore blow to England, one cannot but give them credit for skill in the management of the affair.

August
1846

16th. Sunday. Mr. Lang being ill I read prayers. At 1 P.M. the Admiral made my signal. He asked my opinion as to his withdrawing an inaccurate statement he had made on the authority of Genl Miller, impugning the sobriety of a Mr. Pilly—agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at Honolulu. Genl Miller will not retract & cannot confirm what he said—and therefore Sir G. S. is left in the lurch. I advised him to exact from Genl Miller whether he is prepared to substantiate the gross charge he made against W. Pilly—and if he is not—That he (Sir G. S.) should at once make an amende as is due.

The case is simply this, I think. Genl Miller influenced by personal feelings, made a very strong report of Mr. Pilly's drunken habits to Sir G. Seymour. Sir G. S. too readily adopted & too hastily acted upon Genl M's statement; and now that Mr. Pilly complains of the injury, Sir G. S. instead of making a full explanation, is only striving to escape from the dilemma with the smallest possible measure of apology.

The Admiral wishes me to read all his correspondence with the Admiralty, as I should step into his shoes if anything happened to him; and as I shall probably be detached it is right I should know his sentiments on all important points.

At Genl Miller's I met at dinner Sir G. S. Mr. Hooper the American consul & Commander Broadhead.

Sunday is kept strictly here as in Glasgow. Grog shops are closed—no sailors are allowed on shore & no shore boats permitted to go off to the ships.

The pure natives (who rejoice in the euphonious appellation of *Kanaka*—which means *Man*) are as ugly a generation as I ever beheld—There is however a hybrid—a cross between white men and native women—which is not so intolerably hideous as the aboriginal stock. The people seem civil & good humoured. The place is over run by Americans.

17th. Sir G. Seymour inspected the ship. After the ship's crew had been mustered one broadside was fired at a target at 1000 yards. No shot struck but all were fair. The first was fired in 5 minutes from beating to quarters; then fire quarters, boarders—boats armed—and an inspection of my order book blacklist and punishments. I gave leave to 140 men, having previously at the Admiral's desire acquainted Hikuanoa the governor that they were coming. Hikuanoa is a stout tall good countenanced fellow, almost black;

16 † he pretends to speak English—but to me the only intelligible words were “yes” and “by-um-by.” After dining with Genl Miller
August I rode with him to “little Greenwich”—a very praiseworthy at-
1846 tempt at a naval hospital. It is a cheerful cottage, 2 miles from Honolulu—maintained for seamen of all nations by the private bounty of a Mr. Brown an Englishman. It is said to be a compromise with his conscience by way of expiation for certain bottle offenses to which he is seduced by a frail nature & a love of conviviality. On our ride we met Mr. Dudoit soi disant consul de France—who had called upon me in the morning. It is the fashion to associate with him tho’ he has been denounced by an English officer as a smuggler, robber and pirate. He is an English subject, a native of Mauritius.

18th. All day I was occupied in reading the Admiral’s letter books—I dined with him and afterward landed to attend Madame Dudoit’s party, where I saw some of the ladies of Honolulu. She is daughter of an English skipper who traded to these islands some years ago. She is a well looking woman, but in manners rather strong of London docks. Dudoit—pirate tho’ he may be, seems to have the pleasantest house in the place.

In a wretched hole called the Commercial Hotel I stretched my weary limbs on a bed. Sleep I knew not. I was devoured by flies, fleas—bugs—mosquitoes—ants—earwigs & cockroaches.

Near the entrance to the inner port there is an enclosed space called a fort and on its sea front a battery; quite useless for purposes of defense; but it serves for saluting—adds an inch to the heels of the King’s boots & gratifies the harmless vanity of his Kanaka subjects.

On the day of my arrival 2 natives were hung for murder outside the land gate of the fort. This execution was considered a great effort of civilization.

19th. I finished reading the Admls letters which I did not find so interesting as I expected.

Sir G. Seymour—his flag Lt () Genl Miller—Capt Smart & Commander Broadhead dined with me; and apropos the material for the table is not very bad here. I afterward landed & rode to the Eastward of the town, and in spite of last night’s warning again attempted to sleep at the Commercial Hotel, and met with the same treatment.

August
1846

Honolulu is, as I have before said, a scattered rambling village. The houses (or rather the huts) are sufficiently primitive; being wooden frames—lighter or stouter according to the size & thatched from the ground upward, with a door at the gable end & *sometimes* a window on the side. Those of the chiefs are generally somewhat larger and with a number of smaller ones, are usually enclosed by a wide brick wall. They look like a group of haystacks.

The *most* that can be said of the people is that they are in the very earliest stages of dawning civilization; & savage life seems more congenial to their tastes and habits. The simple shirt that has been adopted to cover the nakedness of nature is an incumbrance which neither sex ever scruples to throw off or lift up when a hunt for a flea, or a comfortable scratch makes it necessary to do so. I saw a black fellow dancing last night with the tail of his shirt pinned up behind, to allow the breeze to blow freely over his derriere. I lament the innovation of the shirt. There may be some dignity in a naked savage, there can be none whatever in a dirty shirt.

In 1778 Cook estimated the population of the Sandwich Islands at 400,000. It is possible that his estimate was far too high—take it at half; now the whole island does not contain more than 140,000. This remarkable diminution is I believe attributed principally to the prevailing crime of infanticide. Women destroy their offspring to avoid the expense and trouble of raising them, as well as to get rid of an incumbrance which might impose some restraint upon the indulgence of their passions—The missionaries say the people show a disposition to improve, but it will take long to root out habits which custom has rendered so familiar that they are not looked upon as crimes or even as vices.*

The people throughout *Polynesia* (the name given to the Sandwich Society Marquesan & neighboring groups) are supposed to be of Malay origin.

21st. I went early on board and was too much occupied to land again. We manage to get 50 tons of water a day tho' the casks have to be rolled up 200 yards to the well, and the distance from the ship to the land is near 2 miles. I dined with Sir G. Seymour.

22nd. After a long discourse with the Admiral on the Society islands and the ulterior designs of the French in these areas I landed with him.

Having dined with Genl Miller, we rode to the house of an old

18 † Scottsman (Alexander Adams) about 3 miles from Honolulu. He was many years in the navy and 3 years with Admiral Curzon in the Elizabeth. He deserted from a whaler that touched here and August 1846 was long the principal pilot of the port until dismissed for incorrigible drunkenness. He now farms a small plot of land, and as he declares he has been sober for 12 months — there are still some hopes that he will do well. He has a comfortable house and a garden well stocked with tropical fruits and vegetables.

In the evening Beauchamp Seymour induced me into going to a dance at the house of one Mr. Reynolds — an old Yankee who has a ramshackle menage. As a practical philanthopist he has undertaken the office of amateur schoolmaster to about a dozen young girls — from 12 to 20 years of age — children of white men by native women.

Of course such an establishment could not exist without a certain quantity of scandal, but he has persisted, & in spite of appearances, seems to be respected. The outward man betrays something of the original. His ball costume consisted of a huge dickey a brown holl and dressing gown — striped cotton trousers & a pair of slippers. How can I better show my sense of his politeness to me, than by drawing his portrait? & here it is.



August
1846

The young ladies danced as if their whole hearts and souls were embarked in the cause — not a breath of wind stirred — the night was sultry, and as the dusky beauties warmed and moistened the effluvia became intolerable, so I retired. I was afterwards told that if I had waited half an hour I should have seen refreshments handed round — *cake onions* and *water*.

The kanakas have so completely adopted “man of war” to express a Capt’n R. N. — that they have coined a similar sound in their own language. A captain is a “manua.”

22nd. I did violence to my feelings this morning by turning out at 5 a.m. with the intention of riding to the Pare — a spot 6 miles from Honolulu from which there is said to be a striking view. But it rained so hard that I once more resigned myself to the house of Murphy.

The lasso is in common use here and it amuses me to watch the fiercest bullocks brought in for slaughter by 2 ill mounted horse-men. One leads or pulls the animal on by a rope round the horns — whilst another holds him back by another rope — till they reach the post where the beast is to be secured. The leading horseman having passed on one side of the post suddenly whirls round and the 2 crossing with their ropes in opposite directions, make a round turn round the post & thus the bullock is firmly fastened. The operation is simple & executed without the smallest effort or trouble.

“Government printing office” is a curious establishment to find in such a place as Woahoo. The person who conducts it, Mr. Jarvis is a delicious specimen of a Yankee. I sat sometime with Hikuanoa the governor, at his house in the post. He seems a good natured, jolly fellow, but he being rather short of English and I of Hawaiian, we did not benefit by each others discourse.

23rd. Sunday. Sir. G. S. made my signal immediately after church, and rather took me by surprise by asking me some questions on the treaty between Great Britain and the Sandwich Islands. I had never even heard that such a treaty existed. All treaties are vague and empty things and though the 1st article generally declares perpetual peace & amity — they are only made to meet the emergency of a moment and are intended to be broken at the caprice or conscience of the strongest party. I did not altogether agree with Sir G. S. on the point under consideration and I had scarcely got back to my ship when he sent me a private note desiring to have

20 † my "opinion in writing as to the interpretation of the 2nd article of the treaty between England & the Sandwich Isl." I repeated in my answer what I had before said to him, but as I did not see his motive for committing me *in writing*, of course I was very guarded — (Vide private letter book). He was pleased to be satisfied with my opinion.

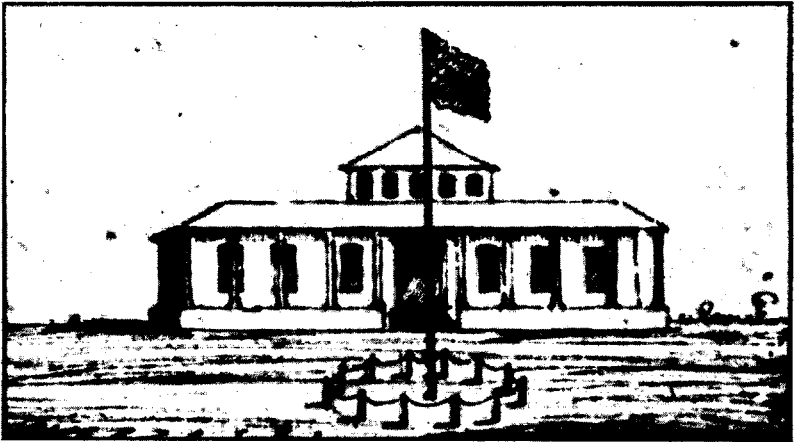
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The American schooner "Glide" a trader between Mexico and China arrived from S. Blas—bringing the important news that the Oregon question is adjusted to the 49th parallel; & the Columbia river open to both parties untill the expiration of the Hudson's Bay company's charter. — also that Genl Taylor is marching on the city of Mexico with 50000 men! I met Sir G. S. at dinner in the Collingwood's wardroom.

24th. I landed with Sir G. Seymour and went to Genl Miller's where Dr. Judd (finance and prime minister soon after came to call upon the Admiral. His nasal twang & tobacco chewing habits at once betray his American birth & education. Sir G. S. & his flag Lt & Secretary—Genl Miller Capt Smart & myself—with the illustrious Judd as a guide & master of the ceremonies—paid a visit to the King by appointment.

A heavy shower accompanied us & when we reached the royal presence we were all in a state that would not have been considered presentable at any other court than that of the Sandwich Islands.

The palace (!) is an airy house of moderate size & no pretension, well adapted to the climate, & sufficient for the wants and means



of the occupant. The absence of all show or display in his residence impressed me with a favorable idea of the King's sense. It stands in the midst of a naked and neglected garden—surrounded by a wall of crude brick. The adjoining scribble from recollection gives an idea of the sort of thing

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The Hawaiian standard flies in front of the royal residence; and outside the door a guard, consisting of an officer in red, a drummer in white, a sergeant and 3 corporals in blue & no privates presented arms to the Admiral.

The King standing in the midst of his chiefs received us in a very habitable room—matted—sofas all round, plenty of chairs & a table, prints of Victoria & Albert & 2 oil portraits—one of Liholiho & the other of his wife Kahouamanu.

Liholiho's portrait amused me. It is in dress—the sitting posture & all save the countenance, a facsimile of one of Leamen's best pictures of George 4th—from which engravings have been published. (I think it was a cabinet picture, said to have been painted for Lady Conyngham). Oh! if the finished & exquisite George 4th could peep from his grave & see his face polished with a blacking brush to make him resemble a nigger King! Liholiho died in England in 1824.

On a round table in the center of the room stood a handsomely bound Bible. On its outside was printed in gilt letters "From Elizabeth Fry to Kamehameha 3rd."

His Hawaiian majesty—King Kamehameha 3rd is in colour one degree from black. He sports an indifferent mustache, and a shabby stunted ill grown beard. His pictures show the Malay origin, but his countenance is far from bad, expressing indolence and good nature rather than bad qualities. His address is inoffensive and I thought his manner to Sir G. Seymour, who came on no friendly errand was courteous & gentlemanlike & exhibited more dignity and self possession than one could have been expected in "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Sir George Seymour after some commonplace civilities made a long address to the King which was translated paragraph by paragraph. It contained advice which will be disregarded—unpalatable suggestions which will not be attended to & expressions of dissatisfaction which will not be heeded, because the King and his ministers know full well that the vague menaces with which the address concluded will never be executed.

There was something quite oriental in the perfect apathy &

22 † distinct indifference with which his majesty listened, but still it was apparent that Sir G. S.'s dictatorial language was not agreeable.

August I do not know much of our relations with the Sandwich islands—
1846 except that they were offered to Great Britain through Lt. G. Paulet & that Ld Aberdeen foolishly disavowed the transaction, but it did appear to me that Sir G. S. assumed a sort of right to interfere with their affairs which our present relations do not warrant and put forward pretentions which *unfortunately* we no longer possess. After the address had been read to the King & Sir G. S. retired to another room with Mr. Richards (minister of public instructions) as interpreter, to talk over the matter. Dr. Judd—Mr. Wylie (minister for foreign affairs)—John Young, *the Premier*—the immense Paki—Wm Pitt the 2nd—John Ti—Hikuanoa the governor & several others remained in the room with us.

After a long and sanguinary civil war in which a naval battle (of course between canoes) took place the present dynasty was established in 1795 by Kamehameha 1st who has been termed "a quiet & a good savage." He was ably assisted in the war by John Young the father of the Premier who had been left on Owhyhee by the American trader Eleanore in 1790; and the King is said to have been so elated with his success & so confident of his power as to have meditated the conquest of the *Society Islands*.

Kamehameha was succeeded by Liholiho—a vicious debauchee & drunkard of the lowest class who united the worst voices of civilization to the natural instincts of a savage. At one time he was a Christian and foreswore strong drink—then quarreling with the missionaries he got very drunk and declared himself a heathen—and for many years after he was alternately a Christian teetotaler or a pagan drunkard.

This man went to England and died there—I believe in 1824. His remains and those of his wife were brought back by the Blonde. The present King is brother to Liholiho & is 34 years old—but he looks more.

Frequent intercourse with European & American traders had already paved the way for the abolition of the heathen rites, when in 1820 the first missionaries arrived from the U. States. They seem to have found the people generally docile & well disposed to the introduction of Christianity. Since that period there have been occasional interruptions to their progress; upon the whole however the advance of Christianity has been steady & as rapid as could be expected.

At the present time I am told there are 30,000 professed Christians, besides those who have dropped the ancient religion without taking to the new one — and not counting many thousand children receiving Christian education.

The Sandwich Islands produce arrow root — banana — yam — cocoa nut — breadfruit — sugar — coffee — ginger — strawberries — raspberries — ohia (a tasteless apple) — melons — chinmoyas — lemons & oranges — guavas — pines — grapes — peaches — figs — tamarinds — potatoes & in some parts wheat. Formerly a great deal of wood grew here; but Liholiho cut all the young trees for present profit & thus destroyed that article of trade.

The principal food used by all classes of natives is *Poi* — made from the kalo (taro) plant. The roots are baked & pounded or mashed; then mixed with water & stirred to the consistency of thick paste. It looks like starch — and tho' highly nutritious is not tempting in appearance.

The highest Hawaian compliment is to offer to change names, thus when Vancouver was here, King Kamehameha sent word that he would take the name of George if George 3rd would adopt that of Kamehameha; and at the same time Karaimaku sent his name to Mr. Pitt and thence forward called himself William Pitt.

Fat is an emblem of nobility and nearly all the chiefs have this stamp of their order decidedly marked. John Young the premier is by far the most intelligent & gentlemanlike of all and shows more blood than could be expected from the son of the Eleanor's boatswain.

The Premier is a sort of 1st Lieut. or native prime minister associated with the King in the government. Neither can act without the other. The office has generally been filled by a woman. John Young is acting for a girl 7 years old. The succession to this office as well as to the throne is so little intelligible to me, that I do not venture to describe it.

Let us view his Majesty's ministers for a moment.

Dr. Judd — finance and prime minister, first came to Woahoo as surgeon to the American mission. He was brought up as an attorney & has successively practiced law, divinity & physic and now appears on the stage as a chancellor of the exchequer. Though contemptible in appearance and vulgar in his address and probably not of any great talent, Judd is a sharp, shrewd fellow, admirably calculated for the situation he holds.

His influence over the King — though apparently exercised with kindness — is complete; and is a remarkable instance of the triumph

24 † of education over barbarism. Van Ausburg never held one of his
August beasts in more entire subjection. Judd appears to be quite con-
1846 scious of his power, & makes no effort to either conceal or display
it. He seems to look with great indifference on the present inquiry—
and to be laughing in his sleeve at the whole proceeding.

Mr. Wyllie—minister for foreign affairs is a clever impudent
Scotch attorney who came to the islands as General Miller's clerk.
Having quarreled with the Genl.—he adroitly profited by a sort
of consequence he had acquired from being in the English consul
general's office and eventually worked himself into his present
berth—from which he derives a house & £600 a year.

Mr. Richards—minister of public instruction, is an American
methodist missionary. His appearance is respectable and his man-
ners are inoffensive; and he has more the air of a gentleman than
any of his colleagues.

Mr. Ricord—attorney general or 2nd Chancellor—is generally
supposed to be a Canadian convict—transported for his share in
the Papenean rebellion.

These are the low adventurers who have taken charge of Kame-
hameha's government. Perhaps after all they perform its function
better than better men could. Oh that Punch could but peep into
the cabinet.

Most of these ministers & some of the chiefs wore a red ribband
(like the G.C.B.)—and a small embroidered star—which perhaps
is preliminary to the institution of an order of St. Mungo.* I must
do the King & Judd the justice to say that they wore neither star nor
ribband. Considering that the whole population of the Sandwich
Islands desired English protection—I think it is much to be la-
mented that Lord George Paulet's treaty was disavowed. We should
have derived advantage from the possession of the Sandwich islands,
and at that time no one would have opposed our title.

The French have been for many years coquetting in these seas
and at one time a controversy with the Hawaian govt. concerning
the introduction of Romanism—seemed to give them an open-
ing here. However the possession of the Society—Marquesan &
Gambier groups has satisfied them for the present—and M. Guizot
has removed all fear of English rivalry in this part of the globe, by
signing an agreement with Ld. Aberdeen that neither England nor
France shall make any attempt on the Sandwich Islands.

The necessary consequence must be that eventually they will fall
into the hands of the United States.

After an hour's conference the King and Sir G. Seymour returned to the room where we had waited, and at last this tedious visit came to an end.

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We visited the school where the children of the chiefs are educated in the Christian religion, and in those things most useful in common life. Amongst 9 boys and 7 girls were 4 sons of Kinau the late regent — Moses, Lot, Alexander & William.

The King being married to a woman who is not a chief, his children by her — if he had any — would not succeed him. He has therefore adopted Alexander the 3rd of Kinau's sons, as his heir, and his choice has been approved by the chiefs.

Alexander is a sprightly lad & shows as much intelligence as most boys of his age.

The pedagogue examined his pupils for our edification and gave us an idea of their proficiency in mental arithmetic. The eldest were desired to multiply 3567 by 4825 without the aid of slate or paper. They did it very quickly — 6 quite right and 2 slightly wrong. They also answered some very difficult questions in fractions without hesitation. No doubt a good deal of this was got up for the occasion — but I saw enough to impress me very much.

Genl. Miller — Seymour Lambert & others dined with me.

25th. I accompanied Sir G. S. to the King's house, to assist at an inquiry whether certain signatures to a deed which assigned a plot of land to Mr. Charlton, late English consul — were genuine.

After we had been received in the same formal manner as yesterday, we adjourned to a long table in an adjoining room.

The King with John Young on his right, and Judd on his left, took one end. The Admiral with Genl. Miller on his left & me on his right occupied the other — the intermediate space being filled by Capt. Smart, the Secty & flag Lt., Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Richards, Paki & John Iii.

Nothing could be more dull, dry & uninteresting than this inquiry. Genl. Miller & Mr. Wyllie were much disposed to quarrel & lost no opportunity of snapping at each other.

The arrival of Kikuanoki — granddaughter of Kamehameha 1st and 1st cousin of the present King — was a treat. She sailed into the room with all the pomp and majesty of Q. Elizabeth. Her dress — evidently got up for the occasion — was a very transparent muslin shirt — through which those parts of her person which in most countries are covered were very visible. A green crape shawl — and

26 † a band of red & yellow (the royal colours) round her head completed her costume.

August 1846 The King and all the chiefs smoked, & I should like to have joined them. Dr. Judd did not smoke but chewed most assiduously. Refreshments consisting of water toast & water & more water were on the table—but as the King is a teetoteller nothing better is to be had in his house.

After dining with Genl. Miller I rode with him and the Admiral up to the valley of Nuau.

At night there was a dance at the house of Mr. Jannion—where all the aristocracy of Honolulu were assembled in spite of the rain. I cannot say much for the display.

26th. Again I was up at 5, to ride to the Pare, my horse was ready so was I—but a night of incipient rain which still continued made it impracticable.

There is a tavern which rejoices in the name of the “Mansion House”—where I breakfasted—after which I accompanied Sir G. Seymour & Genl. Miller to the King’s house to resume the discussion on the validity of Mr. Charlton’s title.

The King administered an oath to John Young the Premier, that he would speak the truth—“I swear upon the holy Evangelists etc. etc.” and then John Young administered the same oath to each successive witness, and I must say that I never saw any magistrate or other person administer an oath with more grace or propriety. A great deal of evidence was received, all worthless because every one present had made up his mind as to the point under discussion. There can be no doubt that Sir George Seymour’s object was to place the matter on an honest and just footing; but the pertinacity with which he as well as Genl. Miller & Mr. Wyllie dwelt upon the most ridiculous trifles seemed to make the prospect of a conclusion hopeless and of course the object of the King’s ministers was to mystify and confuse a simple case by a mass of extraneous and irrelevant testimony. I longed for a cigar to relieve the tedium of this procrastinated bore, and would gladly have resigned my seat at the board to have joined the chiefs who sat like wall flowers round the room smoking.

27th. I am told that the soil in the arable parts of these islands is generally good, but requires much water. If the last 2 days are a specimen of the moisture of the climate the rain will supply abun-

dance for all the purposes of irrigation. The climate is good, the temperature even, and the tropical heat is mitigated by a fresh & almost constant trade wind.

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Earthquakes are not uncommon & have been severe.

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At 5 A.M. I landed to see the marines of Collingwood and Grampus received by Capt. Land of the latter ship. They performed very creditably.

The brigantine Spy arrived from Monterey, but brings no news.

The interminable Charlton question was renewed at the King's house — and after 5 more weary hours at the long table, we did not seem to have made an inch of progress.

I feel persuaded that the signatures are genuine; and therefore that Mr. Charlton's title is good in law. How those signatures were procured is another point — and it is painful to see the British government through their Admiral pressing a claim of such doubtful honesty.

After dining with Genl. Miller I rode with him to Waikiki — a village near Point Diamond 5 miles from Honolulu, off which both Cook & Vancouver anchored. It is a wild looking anchorage with a heavy surf beating on the beach.

The port of Honolulu was not known until 1794.

In the evening the Juno arrived from S. Blas bringing London papers to 1st June — by which we see that Q. Victoria has another daughter — that the Corn bill has passed the H. of Lords & that Sully has won both Derby & Oaks —

The canoes of Oahoo are wretched things — merely trees hollowed out generally from 20 to 30 feet in length & capable of holding from 2 to 8 persons — they seldom exceed 11½ foot in breadth & to give them stability 2 spars are rigged out on one side, with a third across. They are frequently upset but the people are almost amphibious & care little for such accidents.



28th. Juno went into the inner harbour & as I am ordered to sea the Adml excused me from further attendance at the Charlton affair.

After an hour's chat with Blake I went off to dine with Sir G. Seymour and in the evening had a long conversation with him about Tahiti.

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He gives me a difficult and uncompromising task to execute, and if I go to work in the temper which he exhibits toward M. Bruat and the French authorities — a quarrel is inevitable. As Tahiti is so little out of his way to Valparaiso I wonder Sir G. S. does not himself clear up the difficulties; but probably he has reason even more powerful than his anxiety to receive his letters.

To me personally nothing can be more agreeable than going to the Society Islands — for I had made up my mind to a trip to the coast of Mexico during the rainy season. It is remarkable that at this critical moment we have only a brig (Frolic) collecting money on the coast of Mexico — when we have such interests at stake.

29th. I was to have sailed at daylight — but the Admiral desired me to wait. He thought we could take a *leetle* more provision & 2 boat loads were sent to us — and then there was another overhaul at the State & condition, the result of which was some more rum — and when I thought I had a chance of a start, he thought we could still take a little more & a little more was accordingly sent. It was 4 p.m. before we were under way. The steerage is filled with slops — the after cockpit with bread & 2 bags to each mess & 75 casks of provisions on the lower deck. The ship is *very* deep.

Soon after we made sail — the ship going 10 knots — it was found impossible to get in the bucklers [?] or lee bow ports; — there were 2 feet water on the lee side of the main deck; and to get rid of it — it was necessary to shorten sail & heave to

I have spent an amusing fortnight at Woahoo — though I think the novelty was the greatest charm.

30th. Sunday. The maintopsail yard was found sprung this morning.

31st. The trade was strong enough to call for the 2nd reefs.

1st September. I keep my wind in the hope rather than the expectation of fetching Tahiti. At 1 pm a whaler was seen under a press of sail on the weather bow $\frac{1}{2}$ courses down. At 6 we passed her within a mile—standing the same way.

3rd. We lost the N.E. trade in Lat. 10.30 N.—A small shark and a dolphin were killed.

5th. At noon the ship was *on* the West end of the Manuel Rodriguez shoal, as laid down in the chart. We passed over its entire length from West to East—but no shoal or sign of shoal, or broken or discoloured water was seen from the masthead. This danger has been copied into all modern charts from that taken by Ld Anson on board the galleon “Nuestra Sinora de Capadonga”—in 1743;—a period when the Latitude was not always taken very accurately, and no means of ascertaining Longitude beyond D.R. were known.

Probably a wreck or a dead whale was taken for a rock near this spot—but many ships have now already proved that no danger exists near the supposed position of M. Rodriguez.

I made a very fine resolution a few days ago to read *through* Ariosto—but alas my days for such reading are passed. To read Orlando Furioso with pleasure requires a little more of the freshness of youth than I possess & so Ariosto has returned to his shelf. I am reading the life of Johnson with great amusement.

7th. Large flocks of birds followed the ship—tern, pettrel and boatswains—and in the course of the day passed though a current race—the water was much agitated. No bottom at 150 fathoms. A great deal of rain & lightning, for some days we have felt a set to the Westward.

9th. Fired a few shots at a target. Thermometer 85°

10th. Fired again at a target. In the midst of it 4 sharks played under the stern. A piece of pork was snapped up by one of the youngsters & quietly dropped over the stern. The first shark got off the hook, but a second paid more dearly for his bite. Notwithstanding that we were at general quarters, the marine officer hauled him in—and the first I knew of the matter was seeing the 2 after guns cleared.

He was not more than 8 feet long, but strong & lively and it gave

30 ♪ the crews of 2 guns some trouble to kill him with their handspikes.

September 1846 This being the anniversary of the landing at Djouni, I drank the health of my dirty friend Napier.*

12th. Vast flocks of birds, which made us keep a good lookout, for the variable winds have pushed us off the usual track, to a part but little sailed over. Our progress is slow — we are following the sun to the south and carry the variables with us in his track.

16th. I finished Johnson's life. It is the first time I ever accomplished 10 volumes without a moments sensation of weariness, but amused and carried away as I have been, I do not put the book down with an improved opinion of either Johnson or his biographer.

His dictionary alone proves the solidity the extent, and the variety of his learning — and the concurrent evidence of so many persons places his piety and virtue beyond doubt.

But Johnson was not an amiable man; his merit was more in the abstinence of evil than the pursuit of good. How many unkind & how few kind sayings are attributed to him; though one could suppose it as easy & more agreeable to give pleasure than pain.

Johnson had a petulant & irritable nature — with an extraordinary talent for condensing a volume of venom into one crushing sentence. He knew his power & never denied himself the pleasure of inflicting pain by the exercise of it.

He was a gross, coarse brute; & religion & literature would have blushed to behold their champion.

It is not surprizing, I think, that the abject sycophancy of his toady Boswell, should have confirmed the contempt he always seems to have for Scotchmen.

18th. I have 7 sick midshipmen in my cabin.

19th. Crossed the Equator in Long. 149°.30'W. Saw the first man of war birds.

22nd. As we get into the neighborhood of the low islands the weather becomes squally & unsettled; hard squalls of wind & rain.

23rd. At 8 A.M. we were on the parallel of Caroline island — 30 miles from it — we did not see it.

The same disagreeable weather continued till 26th at noon of

which day the ship was in the exact latitude & within 3 miles of the longitude of Resurrection [?] island as laid down in the chart. We could see 8 or 10 miles but no land was visible.

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27th. Sunday. At 6 A.M.—the islands of Otaheite (Tahiti) & Eimeo (Moorea) were seen—30 miles off; with a strong 3 reefed topsail breeze the ship fetched 10 miles to leeward of the latter.

We worked along shore all day—the formidable appearance of the breakers on the reef round the island deterred us from approaching very close—but we saw distinctly the missionaries church & the houses at the village of Taloo.

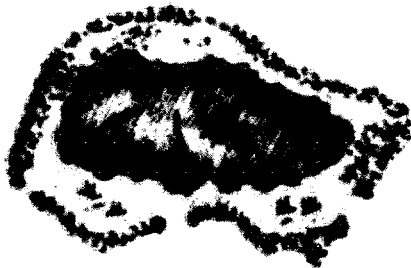
The outline of Eimeo with its crags & peaks is remarkable, & in some points of view very picturesque.

28th. At daylight we saw Papeete—I stood close in and then off for the ship's Co. to breakfast. At 9 I sent an officer with a letter to the governor—stating my intention to salute the Protectorate flag & desiring to know if the existing regulations of the port offered any impediments to a free & friendly intrusion.

Soon after Mr. Miller the *provisional* consul—for he is not recognized, came off with the government pilot—but I did not think it right to go into the harbour till I had received the governor's answer.

At noon Mr. Priest returned with a civil reply that the salute would be returned "coup pour coup" da da so I wore & was going in with a magnificent breeze when a squall striking the ship, the pilot lost his nerve—and when *close* to the reef, I screamed out to put the helm up & wear. It was done, but there was not half a cables length to spare. As soon as the pilot had recovered himself we tacked and entered the harbour of Papeete.

All the islands of the Society group (& indeed throughout the Pacific) are surrounded by coral reefs—which form a belt at a short distance from the shore.



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There are occasional openings in the reef which are entrances to some splendid harbours between the belt of coral & the shore. Amongst the best is Papeete. No harbour can be more snug & secure. It is perfectly protected from sea, the ground is good & the wind is never known to endanger ships at anchor, tho' occasionally it is visited by fierce squalls.—The mountains which overlook Papeete, are beautifully colored & of a bold volcanic outline. The town village or settlement consists of straggling cottages & huts, built round the margin of the bay, in front of a grove of cocoa nut



& bread fruit trees—nothing can be prettier than the exterior of the place. We found at anchor “L’Uranie” 60 guns Captn. Bonard—“Ariane” 24 Capt. Dutailis—“Heroine” 24—M. Lecointe—“Fortune” 20 M. Bermond & “Phaeton” steamer M. Pradier—“La Meurthe” 20 is at the isthmus of Tairavoo commanded by M. Le Graffer—& “La Sultane” schooner M. Porquet on the N.E. coast of the island. All this I picked up from the French pilot who seemed delighted to have found some one to let loose his tongue upon.

Having saluted the protectorate flag (21 guns) & received an equal return I landed to call on Governor Bruat, a personage who has acquired some notoriety of late & is said to detest all Britons. For my part I have known many members of the Devil family, and have seldom found them so black as they are painted, I dare say I shall soon see his colour.

I had been slightly acquainted with Bruat in the Meditn. when he was Admiral Lalande’s Captain. He received me with courtesy & frankness and I must say that my first impressions tended to dispel some of the anticipations I had formed.

The Government house—the materials of which were sent from France—is but an indifferent one—though by far the best in the place. There is a great staring picture of L. Philippe’s wooden

face in the principal room. In front of the house is an enclosed parade ground—on the north side of which is a sort of battery & on the South a barrack.

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In the course of the day I received a letter from M. Malmanche chef d'etat major enclosing the port regulations, which irksome as they still are, have lately been much modified. No person is allowed to go beyond the limits of the village by sea or land. "La circulation" is free from sunrise till 7 P.M. from which hour every one must have a lanthorn till 8—and after that no one can move about at all. All seems quiet at the moment and provisions very scarce.

29th. At noon M. Bruat returned my visit. He was *very* civil, but a little high I thought—perhaps I shall be too when I am a governor. He was received with a Captain's guard & saluted with 15 guns on leaving the ship.

The Commanders of all the French ships in the port called upon me; which is an unusual stretch of politeness, for their rule is that the last arrival pays the first visit.

Next came Messrs Thompson & Barff Junr. — missionaries. They entered fully into the state of Tahiti and the leeward islands, and expressed great anxiety that Pomare who has fled to Raiatea should return & that peace should be restored by the submission of the natives to the French protectorate.

In these opinions I believe most people coincide—but I did not encourage them to talk politics.

I suppose the missionaries *have* a certain influence over the people, & might be made useful; but like all churchmen of all nations & all ages, they aim at *power* & cannot be prevailed upon to play 2nd fiddle.

I learn from these gentlemen that about 2000 of the natives have joined the French—but that the great body of the population amounting to 9000 and including all the most responsible & most influential are in the camps at the mountain passes of Bonaouia — Papanoo and Faoutaoua.* They are miserably off for food having only the spontaneous produce of the hills—the vi—the wild plantain or Feyee—and bread fruit—with a little taro in the valleys. Bruat has lately issued a proclamation, & taken some more effectual means too, to cut off their supply of clothing, and all communication with the seashore. Of clothing the poor creatures need little—but shutting them off from the saltwater, and from the region of cocoa nuts, they feel very much.

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I had the honor of visits from Messrs Hort—Lucett—and Brander—each with a catalogue of grievances.* These are the sort of gentlemen who—eternally in hot water themselves—are constantly seeking to embroil their government in their little dirty quarrels.

The number of their complaints was reduced to *nil*, when they found it would be necessary to put them in writing.

Having determined to build a cutter to replace that which was lost off Cape Horn—a tent was erected today in Mr. Miller's ground for the purpose.

Mr. Miller & a few others dined with me. We afterward walked to the stockade fort at the N.E. extremity of the village.

30th. After I had returned the visits of the Commander of L'Ariane L'Heroine & le Phaeton, I received one from a very fat old Englishman Mr. Nutt—who resides at Taonoa 2 miles from Papeete. He of course had his grievances too—but he had such a red port wine face & looked so much like a true Briton among these flimsy Frenchmen that I could not be angry with him tho' he was a little prolix. I loved him for his candour too—when he told me “he had been brought up to speak the truth & therefore he *felt called upon to state* that he hated a Frenchman worse than the devil.”

I could get nothing tangible from him, except that his neighbour Mr. Cape has been put in prison for *nothing* & was not allowed to communicate with any one. I told Mr. Nutt that I could not take cognisance of a viva voce complaint, but that if Mr. Cape, or he on Mr. Cape's behalf would state the case in writing, I would take immediate steps to procure an inquiry into the circumstances.

As Mr. Nutt warmed with his subject, he went on swabbing his fat face & abusing governor *Brew-hatt*. “Will you believe it Sir—I was just eating a bit of dinner—when up comes the John de Armes—Hulloa says I what now—Missus hide the spoons (they was of silver Capt Martin). Well, Mr. Cape lives next door, he does; whilst I was standing at my door speaking my mind to those blasted Frenchmen, a live Paxhian comed right into his house so help me God—It was a live shell—stuffed—will you believe me—with powder. Well Sir—the John de Armes broke open my chests—and Mrs. Nutt, a very decent lady too Sir”—“Good God! Mr. Nutt—interrupted I, do you mean to say they broke open Mrs. Nutt?” “No Sir not quite but they hurried her so, she was nigh upon busting.”

Though Mr. Nutt's way of telling the story was not very clear,

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I believe the case was a strong one. A shell dropped in Mr. Cape's premises & did not burst. There it remained, and a few days after he was arrested for having French government stores in his possession. But Mr. Cape had given trouble before to the French authorities, & they sought for a pretext to arrest him.

I called on M. Bruat & placed in his hands a letter I had written to him by Sir G. Seymour's desire (Vide letter book) on the subject of M. Bonard's offensive language to him (Sir G. S.) and to the British Navy in December last at Bola Bola.

A long conversation ensued in which I thought M. Bruat very fair, and evidently very much ashamed of the part Bonard played; but he said as the matter was referred to his government and as a court of inquiry had acquitted M. Bonard of any *intention* to insult Sir G. Seymour — it was out of his power to enter any further into the case. I confess I did not see that there was anything left in his hands after the matter had been taken up & examined and referred to France *by his Superior Adm. Hammelin*.

No doubt M. Bonard in denying his words has told a great lie; and has screened himself behind the paltry subterfuge of having injudiciously written in a language he did not understand, by the medium of an interpreter, who translated his expressions into stronger language than he intended. There can be no doubt that he *did* intend to use every syllable that has been attributed to him, but it is not susceptible of proof & all that can be said is, that he has eaten his words.


M. Bruat objected to some of the expressions in my letter — as being very strong & approaching very nearly to insult to him. I told him I had adopted the terms of Sir G. Seymour's instructions to me; he also objected to Sir G. S. not having written direct to him instead of making me the medium.

M. Bruat said that when M. Bonard's language was first made known to him — he told M. Bonard that if he could not exculpate himself from the charge of insulting Sir G. S. he would send him to France under an arrest; that Adml Hammelin had ordered a court consisting of all the superior officers, military as well as naval, to inquire into it — and that after 3 days sitting they had acquitted M. Bonard. "But, continued M. Bruat, I will tell you privately that neither I nor Adml Hammelin were satisfied with the decision." He then read me the letter he had written to M. Bonard after the inquiry — to reprimand him for his indiscretion in signing a letter in a foreign language.

I made a minute of the conversation — which M. Bruat corrected

36 † (Vide letter book)—Upon the whole I came away satisfied that however bad may have been Bonard's conduct, Bruat is not a participator in it; and that however strong may be his (Bruat's) feelings against Sir G. S.—he would not have sought such a means of showing them.

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Near the watering place which is on the S. extremity of Papeete, is a piece of ground given by Queen Pomare to Capt Toup Nicolas for the use of his ship & those that might follow her. The cocoa nut trees are marked  as the private device of the Queen of England—I believe the French government does not admit our claim to this land.

By the bye M. Bruat in the concluding moments of our interview, took occasion to ask me how long I intended to remain in Tahiti; and upon my giving him a vague answer, expressed himself with some degree of warmth on the inconvenience of a British ship being constantly stationed here. He said, and with some reason, that the presence of the English flag keeps alive old recollections in the natives, encourages them to hope for succour from England, and creates a constant excitement. Indeed it must be irksome to have a constant spy upon all their actions, & I do not wonder that M. Bruat is annoyed at it. He told me he had written to his government on the subject and I told him I would make known his opinion to Sir G. Seymour, by whose orders my stay at Tahiti would be regulated.

He asked me to show him my instructions—which I declined—he said Sir G. S. had done so—I replied that as Commander in Chief Sir G. S. could act as he pleased, but I did not consider my position authorized me to do so.

At 11 P.M. a boy fell overboard—but was saved by a man who jumped after him. The sentry, according to his orders, pulled the trigger of the fuse before letting go the life buoy—and it burned brilliantly for 10 minutes to the amazement of the French, who thought we were trying to burn their ship.

1st October. Two Lieutenants & two midshipmen from "L'Uranie" came to call on their respective ranks. † 37

On returning the visits of the *merchants*, I was in each case shown into a dingy back parlor behind a very foul smelling cheese & candle store. October 1846

M. Bruat answered my letter refuting M. Bonard; it was in some passages sufficiently strong but upon the whole as civil as I could expect. Being now obliged to let this matter drop—because I had no ground on which to pursue it—I considered it necessary to return the visit of M. Bonard. I thought his manner cringing & obsequious—but he was *at least* very civil; the band played God Save the Queen as I stepped on board. At first sight I took a strong dislike to the man.

I dined with M. Bruat—Madame B. seems a very nice person. Col Amalrie 2nd in command Chef de bataillon Massit—Commandant of the troops—Capt du Taillis (Ariane) Mr. Miller—M. de Robillard A.D.C. & 2 officers from every ship formed the party. The dinner was indifferent—very.

In the evening the band played to an assemblage of natives in front of the government house. They danced beautifully & seemed to be happy in spite of their troubles. When we came away at ½ past 7—an A.D.C. was sent to pass us through the line of sentries.

2nd. The heat has been great for many days. At noon the thermometer stood at 85° in my cabin.

In the evening I walked to a blockhouse which overlooks the S.W. part of the village & commands a view of the harbour & Point Venus in the distance.

In the deep & densely wooded glens which separate the spires of the mountains there are wild fowls & wild swine; being the descendants of domestic pigs & poultry which have left home & returned to a wild state. Whilst the place is so closely hemmed in by the natives, shooting is out of the question. In some parts of the island are a few wild ducks—but birds of all kinds are extremely scarce. Why is this? Creatures however abound in the forms of rats, fleas, centipedes and cockroaches, which infest every house & I fear soon fill every ship. In the harbour sharks are sometimes seen (one ate a French sailor a few days ago) eatable fish are abundant all over the reefs, but from lack of fishermen are rarely to be procured.

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3rd. A S.W. wind took the place of the regular trade & brought heavy rain.

M. Bruat again in conversation adverted to Bonard's affair. I still think he feels very much annoyed at the occurrence & would willingly have sent Bonard to the right about if the Crt of inquiry had not put it out of his power. It is very evident that Bruat dislikes Sir G. Seymour very much; perhaps I shall know why some of these days.

A boy fell from the upper deck to the main hold & was killed.

In the evening I walked with Miller to the engineer's village built by themselves. It is the most decent part of Papeete.

4th. Sunday. Whilst at church "La Marie" French barque from France Callao & the Marquesas—got upon the reef in entering the port. The French boats & ours went to her assistance & after a couple of hours of bumping she was got off & towed in.

Some good natured people spread a report that she was run ashore on purpose—being an old vessel—highly insured.

I attended the funeral of the poor boy.

In the morning the band played in front of Govt. House—where all the fashion & nakedness of Tahiti were assembled.

The band (that of L'Uranie) is said by competent judges to be a very good one.

I proposed to M. Bruat that I should visit the native camp at Papenoo — which he did not seem to enter into at all. He said he must take time to consider, before he gave me an answer.

Some of the Grampus' Midn. dined with the Midn. of L'Uranie.

I suspect some of the scenes were rich, if all I have heard is true. French Midn. in the chair — loquitur — “Messieurs — J'ai l'honneur de vous proposer la santé de S. M. Louis Phillippe roi des Francais” — English Midn. “Louis Phillippe be damned — we'll drink to the health of Q. Victoria first if you please.” One of my youngsters told me with great glee that they left 3 of the French midshipmen under the table.

5th. La Sultane French war schooner arrived & ran foul of L'Uranie in taking up her berth carrying away her own maintopmast & foretopsail yard.

Mr. Miller & Mr. Dunnett, (once master of Ld. Wilton's yacht, now owning & sailing the “Sarah Ann” schooner) dined with me . . .

The infantry garden, made & kept up by the troops, produces vegetables enough for their consumption & is a remarkable proof of Frenchmen's skill & neatness in the matter of kitchen garden.

During the week I have been here, I have endeavoured to inform myself of the leading circumstances of the origin & progress of the French occupation of Tahiti.

In July 1840 Captaine Lavaud in the corvette [blank]* appeared at New Zealand for the purpose of planting a French colony on some part of that island.

Captain Hobson (the English governor) had however in the preceding February, made a treaty with the chiefs for the cession of the islands; and Capt Lavaud finding the English in actual possession — desisted from his first intention.

Lavaud's mission was the result of an inquiry into the report of a certain Capt. Langlois, on the N. Zealand islands. The failure was a great disappointment to the French government who immediately looked about for an equivalent in the same part of the globe.

R. Adm. Dupetit Thouars, who had been a member of the board of inquiry, and who had already sailed in the S. Seas, was sent to the Pacific as Comandr in Chief with orders to that effect.

Dupetit Thouars who in 1838 had picked a quarrel with the natives of the Marquesan & Society islands, now fixed his eyes and bent his steps in that direction; and upon a frivolous pretense that

40 ♣ they had not fulfilled their promises ripped up the old quarrel, and in 1842 took the sovereignty of the former and assumed the protectorate of the latter group.

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About a year after—Dupetit Thouars returned to Tahiti & finding the natives did not seem disposed to enter into the protectorate, assumed the sovereignty of the island (which proceeding was subsequently disavowed by the French government)—

During the absence of the French Adml Captn Nicolas had arrived in the *Vindictive*, bringing with him Mr. Pritchard* just promoted from a missionary to a consul.

I do not know to what extent Captn Nicolas or Mr. Pritchard *did* encourage the Tahitians to resist the French protectorate, but I believe they were very active in their endeavor to upset the new order of things, and their interference was supposed to be the cause of the change from *protection to dominion*.

Well—Dupetit Thouars returned—found the *Vindictive* replaced by the *Dublin*—assumed the sovereignty & appointed M. D'Aubigny governor. The *Dublin* soon sailed, leaving the *Basilisk* a ketch of 100 tons to assert the interests & support the honour of Gt. Britain.

The hostility of the natives to the French increased—and Mr. Pritchard being supposed to be the author of it, was arrested by M. D'Aubigny's order—and subsequently sent off the island in a very harsh & summary manner.

I am not certain as to dates, but I believe it was about the same time, that is, the beginning of 1844, that Q. Pomare took refuge on board the *Basilisk*—and after being there a complete prisoner for many months, was carried by the cargo boat to Raiatea.

About the same period M. Bruat Governor of the Marquesas arrived at Tahiti as "Commissioner from the King of the French to the Queen of the Society Islands."

AHe immediately set to work to enforce the acknowledgement of the French protectorate. He issued a proclamation calling on all the chiefs to appear before him. Very few obeyed; those of the refractory whom he was able to lay his hands on were put in irons on board the French ships of war in the port. Those who got out of his reach were outlawed & their property confiscated as soon as the period for making their submission had expired.

The people began to retire to a distance from Papeete—they were sullen and angry—but I doubt if they would have commenced actual hostilities if the French had not.

On 20th Febr. 44 the first collision took place with some French sailors on board their schooner; a skirmish ensued and a few were wounded on both sides.

The 2nd affair was an attempt of the soldiers who occupied a blockhouse at Tairabou to prevent a body of natives from passing the isthmus. The French retired to their blockhouse with 4 killed & many wounded. This occurred on the 22nd March, and on the following day, a French boat was attacked; one man killed & 4 wounded. On all these occasions the French had the worst.

Governor Bruat vowed that the French blood that had been spilt should be avenged; and resolved to attack the natives at Mahaina, where a large body had intrenched themselves. (Mahaina is about 25 miles N.E. of Papeete).

Accordingly 400 Frenchmen supported by the guns of L'Uranie frigate & Phaeton Steamer, were landed at Mahaina on 28th April. A battle took place without any result, each party losing about 100 men.

The Tahitians then shifted their camp to a better position in the valley of Papenoo with a strong body as an outpost at Pt. Venus. The French attacked the latter place on 30th June—about 4 were killed on each side. On this occasion the Rev^d Mr. Mclean—the English missionary stationed at Pt. Venus was shot dead, whilst standing in his doorway. Of course a man who looks on at a fight must take his chances—but there is every reason to believe that this unfortunate missionary, who was beloved by the natives, was intentionally shot by a French soldier.

Another body of the Tahitians (about 1600) had taken post at Bunaroo in the valley of Bunaouia—with an outpost at Faa only 4 miles from Papeete. The post at Faa was attacked about the same time by Capt. Bonard with 100 men. He was forced to retreat with a loss of 6 killed & himself & 18 wounded.

During the month of July many other skirmishes took place. **B** (The circumstances mentioned between **A** and **B** I had from Dr. Johnstone* who was at Papeete during the whole time.)

One would have supposed that M. Bruat had enough upon his hands at Tahiti—but finding he could do nothing there, he determined to seek on another field some indemnity for the checks he had received from the Tahitians.

As I said before, I am not very certain of the accuracy of my dates; but I believe it was at the beginning of 1845 that reinforcements arrived from the Marquesas. Bruat then placing himself on

42 † the defensive & feeling secure against attack — dispatched L'Uranie & Phaeton — the two harbingers of murder & desolation — to force the other islands of the Society Group into submission to the French protectorate.

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The islanders said — “No — You have made a treaty with Pomare for her island — she cannot dispose of us — we are free & will not receive you & we will resist you to the last.”

The island of Raiatea where Pomare was residing — was blockaded; and the French protectorate flag was hoisted at the principal settlement on Bora Bora — where some fighting took place.

In the meantime the English government sympathizing with the unfortunate islanders who were firmly English in all their feelings, associations & predilections — interceded with the French government on their behalf — and it was agreed that things should remain in status quo till evidence should be taken whether these (commonly called the leeward) islands — did or did not come within the limits of Pomare's dominions.

Sir G. Seymour having in Oct 1845 received instructions to that effect hurried off to Tahiti. Bruat was very angry & rather alarmed at his sudden re-appearance — for their previous meeting had not been productive of very friendly feelings.

I believe they had received the same orders — but they interpreted them differently — and they were materially at issue as to the meaning of the term “statu quo.” Bruat was vexed that Sir G. Seymour would step between him & his prey — and was deeply offended (as he told me himself) at the tone of dictation which Sir G. S. assumed.

Judging by the correspondence, it appears to me that Bruat had the best of the argument — but Sir G. Seymour's conduct and language was open, manly & straightforward.

As one saw the question through English & the other through French prejudices it is not surprizing that they quarrelled, & found it impossible to act in concert.

Sir G. S. therefore departed alone to make a declaration of provisional independence to the islands until the decision of the F. & E. governments should be known. Bruat had a protest ready for him at each island, and as soon as Sir G. S. had sailed for Valparaiso set to work to be revenged for the enthusiasm which the sight of the English flag had produced amongst the islanders.

The French troops were soon driven from Bora Bora; and after having sustained several defeats and lost 200 men retired from the island of Huahine; not however until they had burnt the settle-

ment, destroyed the bread fruit & cocoa nut trees & caused as much sorrow & suffering as their means permitted. † 43

About the middle of April 1846—M. Bruat finding that he wanted all his forces on Tahiti, made peace with the leeward islands. *October 1846*

On 20th March the Tahitians fancying themselves stronger than they really were—attacked Papeete; and so complete was the surprize that they were in the middle of the settlement before they were opposed & had burnt some houses before the French soldiers rallied & drove them out. The French had 3 killed 3 wounded. From that time to the middle of April the natives repeatedly attacked the French outposts, but were always repulsed. On 12th April Bruat resumed the offensive, but was beaten off in an attack on a native post at Tapuna with a loss of 7 killed a Lieut. & 13 wounded & 3 taken prisoners.

It is believed that about this time Bruat received orders from his government to adopt a more pacific policy; but the only notice he took of them was immediately to prepare an expedition against the principal native camp at Papenoo. He had however a short time before made overtures to Pomare to induce her to return which were rejected.

On the 9th May, 1000 men supported by the Phaeton steamer started for the attack on Papenoo.—Bruat commanded in person, & I am told conducted himself with great gallantry. On the 10th & 11th the first entrenchments were taken but the principal position of the natives was found too strong and after vain attempts for several days to force or turn it, the French retired to their fort at Pt. Venus. M. Bruat in speaking to me of this said he was *forced* to return because the rising of the river in his rear threatened to cut off his retreat & his supply of provisions & ammunition.

In the affairs between the 9th & 15th the French lost about 100 men in killed & wounded—the natives about 20.

On 31st May M. Bruat attacked the native camp at Bunaroo in the valley of Bunaouia—and was repulsed with some loss. Col de Brea Commandant of the troops & a Lt. of L'Uranie were killed—M. Malmanche chef d'Etat major lost his leg.

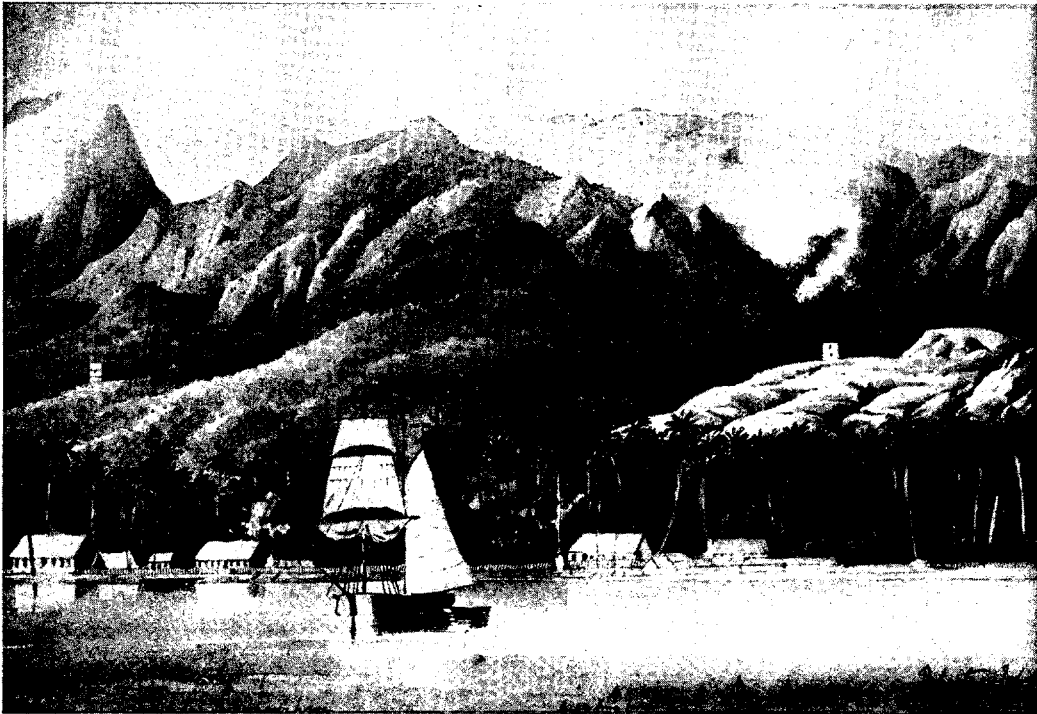
M. Bruat now began to find these attacks on the Tahitians a profitless game—he had lost a great many men & had literally accomplished nothing. He therefore contented himself with throwing up a chain of blockhouses from Bunaouia to Pt. Venus—and up to this time no further hostilities had occurred.

On my arrival here (at Papeete the headquarters in Tahiti) I

44 † find that after a French occupation of 3 years they occupy a straggling village and the ground for $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile in the rear of it; and so much of the sea board as is commanded by their blockhouses & ships.

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At each extremity of Papeete there is a work sufficiently strong for its purpose and another by the government house. The village is intersected by barricades of casks filled with earth—the guards many & strong & the troops in a state of constant *qui vive*. Thus it would seem that up to the present time the protectors have enough to do to protect themselves.



6th. I called on M. Bruat this morning to ask his views & instructions respecting the Leeward islands. He was very courteous as usual—and very fair upon the whole. He has an evident hankering after the Society group & is vexed that they should have escaped

him. Though he admits that they are not dependent on France, he will not allow that they are independent. I maintained that whilst the question is in abeyance, they must be considered free—and cited the fact of his having made a treaty of peace with them, as a proof that he too had admitted their independence.

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This he could not deny.

He asked my object in wishing to go to the native camp at Papenoo. I replied that curiosity to see the people & the country was my principal motive; but at the same time I should not lose the opportunity of offering such suggestions to the Chiefs as might lead to put an end to the unhappy state of things now existing.

But I saw M. Bruat was a little suspicious & jealous of English interference in any shape & therefore did not press the point. On mentioning *Raiatea*, he said—“Then you mean to go to Raiatea?” I replied “Certainly.”—“I hope—continued he—you will not tell me officially of your intention, or I should feel it my duty to protest against a step that would imply the independence of the islands.”

I said it mattered not to me *how* he knew of my intention, so that he did know it—for I did not choose it to be thought or said that I visited clandestinely a spot that was as free as the ocean itself.

“M. Guizot—said M. Bruat—is so intent on preserving a good understanding with England—that he sacrifices all to that object. Untill now, who ever doubted that Tahiti was one of the Society group? England always made one chief responsible for all; but now it is discovered that Tahiti & Eimeo are the Georgian islands and that the Society Islands are quite distinct!” “Mark my words, continued he—these islands will be a source of trouble & of future misunderstanding between France and England.”

I replied to all of this, that I was not sufficiently conversant with the early history or geography of these islands to know whether they were or not originally considered as one group; and if England & France sought for a quarrel, a cause would not be long wanting; and as for the trading powder from Raiatea to Papenoo (to which he again referred) if *true* I regretted it, and I should do my utmost to prevent more being sent.

He showed me a letter from Pomare expressing her readiness to submit to the protectorate—but he said she at the same time wrote differently to the chiefs at Papenoo. I do not believe the letter to *him* is genuine.

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Bruat is very anxious to see my orders and pressed me to show him what referred to Tahiti. Of course I declined, but I told him the substance of them was neutrality between the French & Tahitians & the independence of the Society islands.

He repeated that Sir G. Seymour had *shown* him *his* orders but I still declined giving him more than the substance of what concerned Tahiti.

He seemed determined to spit out all his bile upon this occasion, for he next showed me an intercepted letter from Mr. Thompson the missionary, in order to show how completely they were identified with the Tahitians, and that they were parties to political intrigue.

Bruat said he had frequently recommended the missionaries to mind their own business—that England had plenty of paid politicians without their aid. For my part I did not see anything in Mr. Thompson's letter unbecoming a missionary speaking of his flock and of people who had always been accustomed to look to him for advice.

I have noted the particulars of this interview, because it may probably hereafter be referred to.

As for the powder from Raiatea—I think Bruat would make a case of it if he could spare men from Tahiti.

The American merchant brig "Ontario" arrived in 28 days from Valparaiso—which is considered a very good passage.

7th. The "Phaeton" returned from Bunaouia.

8th. Mr. Lucett having appointed himself ambassador to the chiefs at Papenoo—returned yesterday—and this morning came to report the unsuccessful issue of his undertaking. It appears that he took his wife as interpreter—and she poor woman was half dead with fright & fatigue when she got back.

He found the people much excited & his reception was by no means friendly. They asked for what object & by whose authority he came among them. He said, for their good he came, & to carry a letter to the Queen if they desired her return. They answered him roughly through their *orator*—"England has done nothing for us—we expect nothing from her—We have ceased to look for help from man, our only hope is in God. If you go to Raiatea you go—if the Queen returns she returns—we say nothing—Go back to the place from whence you came."

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The fact is that he had made up his mind to go to Raiatea to arrange matters between Pomare and her people—and he took this opportunity of requesting a passage for himself and his wife's sister in the *Grampus*. As I do not choose to employ him as a go between & I do not intend to be identified with any of his intrigues—I declined their company.

Bruat told me the people were so much excited at his measures for cutting off the communication with the shore that he did not think Mr. Lucett had any chance of prevailing on them to write to the Queen.

He (Bruat) is, I am sure, very anxious that I should advise Pomare to return—for he went so far as to say “under present circumstances I admit your intervention.”

He has heard that a public meeting at Raiatea has expressed the reluctance of the chiefs of the leeward islands that she should trust herself in his hands. He is very sore at this, and the more so because she has quietly pocketed 1200 francs which he says he has sent her at different times. I suspect Bruat & her Majesty are both fond of money.

Some French midshipmen dined on board with the *midsn.* of the *Grampus*—one of the former got very drunk, noisy & ungentlemanlike. They were favoured with *Rule Britannica* at *their own request*—about 400 voices joining in chorus, and it was heard from one end of the settlement to the other.

9th. The missionary Mr. Thompson called to report his visit to the camp at Bunaroo. Utami, the principal chief and some other influential men are favorable to the Queen's submission to the protectorate; but they think it necessary that terms should be made, and they wish that I should be a witness to any negotiation or conversation between her & Bruat. The terms which Utami suggests are—1, The French troops to be withdrawn from the interior of the island.—2, The natives to retain their arms.—3, A general amnesty for all political differences and all hostile acts—4, The Queen to have entire authority over the natives & her position with the French government to be more clearly defined.

I told Mr. Thompson that the Governor would never consent to the 1st & 2nd terms; and that if M. Bruat should admit of my being a party to any communications between him & the Queen, which was not probable—it must be clearly understood by the chiefs that I could be a *witness* only—and that I could not undertake to

48 † guarantee the fulfillment of the conditions which might be made.

Utami denies that arms or powder have been received from Raiatea; he says that powder was embarked there, but was taken out of the boat by the Queen's own order.

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Mr. Thompson expressed a wish to go to Raiatea in the ship. I declined taking him. He said he could prevail upon her to return, and that no one had so much influence with her as himself. I told him I did not doubt it, but that in my opinion it would be better if the missionaries confined themselves more to their pastoral duties, and abstained from using their influence for political purposes; for that such a course as he proposed would at no distant period bring him into collision with the French authorities; and that I would be a party to nothing that occurred between him & Pomare.

Gov. Bruat — M. De Robillard A.D.C. — Col. Amalric — M. Dutailis (Ariane) — M. Pradier (Phaeton) Mr. Miller all dined with me.

10th. This day has been intensely hot—though the thermo does not stand above 83°. For many days it has been calm and the trade wind, tho' blowing fresh outside, has not reached the harbour.

Mr. Collie dined with me & brought off some bread fruit cooked in the native fashion. I did not much fancy this, but most people are very fond of it. It is the staple food of the country. The object of Bligh's visit in the Bounty was to take this fruit to the W. Indies.

11th. The heat very great. We had quite a large party of ladies on board at church.

12th. Mr. Lucett will not take *no* for an answer. Today he brought me a *written* history of his adventure at Papenoo differing materially from what he had told me *viva voce*; & he pressed me hard to carry him & his family to Raiatea.

Next came Mr. Thompson with an account of his visit to Papenoo — which has also been a failure.

He says the chiefs have changed their tone, & seem now more reluctant than ever to approach a settlement of matters.

There is a division among the chiefs and an evident desire to keep from the lower classes the real state of affairs. Whatever the missionaries may say to the contrary, it is clear to me that they wish the Tahitians to resist the French protectorate at all risks. Mr.

Thompson speaks with exultation of the defeat of the French at Huahine, and looks forward to a repetition of it whenever they shall again attack any of the islanders. † 49

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He attributes the reluctance of the chiefs to give up the contest to their love of power—for they possess an influence now which they never had before & never could have under any circumstances.



13th. At 1/2 past 5 on a calm & lovely morning I started in the barge for Point Venus—having previously obtained the necessary permission from the Governor.

In the narrow & tortuous passages through the reef we grounded many times, but we could not quarrel with the beautiful coral that impeded our progress and gave us the more time to admire the soft & brilliant scenery of Tahiti.

We landed at Papawa point—near a delapidated building called “Pomare’s tomb.” Here King Pomare, father of the present Queen, was buried with great pomp, but his remains were afterward removed in secret to some spot, now unknown.

About 9 we reached Pt. Venus—which by sailors is looked upon as classic ground.

Here Cook set up his observatory in 1769, to accomplish the principal object of his first voyage—viz—to observe the transit of the planet Venus over the sun’s disc. Hence the name “Point Venus.”

A stone placed deep in the earth is said to be that on which Cook placed his instruments—but I suspect it was sunk by some more modern voyager—perhaps Wilkes or Fitzroy.*

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Point Venus is a low sandy point covered with cocoa nut trees; it is the northern extremity of Matavai Bay in which Cook & all successive navigators anchored, until Papeete became known as a more secure port.

M. Bruat had announced our coming to M. Petit the officer in command of the station. He received us with so much distinction that his politeness became a bore. We declined his breakfast, but he persecuted us into drinking "un grog."

M. Petit explained the attack of the natives on his blockhouse in March last — showed us a very nice garden he had made & stocked & informed me he was a F.R.S. of Paris, walked round Pt. Venus & permitted us to re-embark on our return.

I had intended to visit the blockhouse 3 miles to the N.E. of Pt. Venus — being the extreme limit of the French dominion in Tahiti — but the heat forbid walking & the strength of the trade wind made it difficult to get there by sea.

After pulling round the end of the "Dolphin" shoal and firing a few shot at Boatswains & Terns we landed at the bluff called "one tree hill."

The officer in command of the post — Capt Ladriere — met us at the landing and carried us by the new road he has been making over the hill (which really does him credit) to a very magnificent view towards Pt. Venus Papenoo and N. Eastern part of the island. Unfortunately for the picturesque, the French have cut the wood near their posts, that the natives may not approach unseen. After an hour's stroll on this pretty hill, I re-embarked in the barge (some of the party preferring to hunt for shells along the shore) and returned to Pomare's tomb.

Though most of the necessaries of life are scarce on this island, of a few there is the blessing of abundance. Whilst dinner was preparing the boats crew brought more cocoa nuts & oranges than we could consume, and the best pine apples I have tasted on Tahiti. We dined under the shade of a grove of bread fruit trees — surrounded by orange, pau, palm & ironwood, and an infinite variety of shrubs whose names I know not.

On my return to Papeete I found HM Brigantine "Spy" had arrived — 23 days from Woahoo.

In the evening a Frenchman told me Point Venus had been named by Adml Dupetit Thouars after his ship "La Venus." I tried in vain to undeceive him.

14th. Mr. Kelly master of the American trading brig Ontario, brought me his charts. He is an old stager in the Pacific and gave me some valuable information as to the positions of islands inaccurately laid down by the early navigators & corrected since the introduction of chronometers.

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15th. At daylight I sent off the Spy to Valparaiso.

The Russian barque "Hercules" arrived from Callao—but with no later news than we had before.

I dined with Bruat—His dinners are very indifferent. It is sad to see the market so low that the governor's table is made up of preserved meats.

16th. ———

17th. Pour passer le temps—I went aboard a small English schooner from the Feejee group—to hunt for curiosities. She seemed to be commanded by Mrs. Hooten, the owner's wife. After I had made some trifling purchases Mr. Hooten said in a very mysterious tone, "Captain—I don't speak out to every one—but I tell you *in confidence*—that these here French *are* a precious set of damned rascals." I did not contradict him. Mrs. Hooten then delivered her sentiments much in the same strain.

18th. Sunday. In the evening I walked for an hour with the Governor & Madame Bruat in front of Government House where the girls were dancing & the band playing.

I should suppose these islanders to be the most cheerful & most



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good natured people in the world. They always carry a smile upon their countenance, and I have never yet seen one of them show signs of ill humour.

Music & flowers seem to be their delight—and what pleasures can be so harmless. Both men & women have their ears bored & usually wear a gaudy flower for an ear ring; their heads & shoulders are decked with the most brilliant wreathes & garlands—and the groups of dancers are quite Bacchanalian.

But I must add that the “Hula Hula” the native dance is unbecoming, ungraceful & indecent.

Bruat has just returned from Bunaouia—where a slight skirmish took place this morning, in which a French soldier was wounded. It seems the French were clearing the guava bushes in the valley, which the natives considered an act of hostility & resented.

19th. I went on board the American ship “Barwell” of Salem—to see the arrangements for procuring the oil.

When a whaler is cruising, a look out man is stationed at the Fore topgallantmast head who calls “There she blows”—when a whale is descried.

If the game is to leeward the ship bears up & runs as near as she can—if to windward the boats are started in pursuit, whilst the ship works up for it. The process of harpooning the whale has so often been described by eye witnesses, that I will not attempt to do so from hear say.

The *animal* (for the American law courts have decided that a whale is not a fish) having been killed is towed alongside & there secured with chains & skinned. The skin or blubber which produces the oil is sometimes more than a foot in thickness—it is hoisted on board in large masses by a purchase from the mainmast head. The head also is got on board—which produces the bone & teeth. The latter are a coarse ivory but are extremely valuable in the [?] islands of the S. Seas, where the chiefs wear them as ornaments & give stock for them.

The blubber is cut into 9 or 10 lb pieces & then minced. It is then thrown into a boiler which stands on a deck, in a bed of brickwork, and stewed untill all the oil is out of it. The blubber thus divested of its juice becomes excellent fuel & supplies the furnace. The oil is then bailed into an iron caldron—from whence,

when partially cooled it is transferred to barrels. An average whale gives 130 or 140 barrels of oil. Whales have been known to give as much as 240 barrels.

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Mr. Cape's case was brought to my notice again by Mr. Lucett, but not until he had materially injured it by taking upon himself to write a very foolish letter to M. Cloux the head of police on Mr. Cape's behalf, and laid himself open to a very well deserved rebuke for his interference.

There are two sides to every story. No doubt the pretext for arresting Mr. Cape is a very foolish one & cannot be sustained, but it was made use of in order to give an opportunity for searching his house. He was suspected of being in correspondence with the native chiefs, and the letters found in his possession, will I fear prove him to have been very active in their behalf. This and the fact of his being an Englishman will tell strongly against him. Hatred of the English collectively & individually is no doubt a feeling implanted in the bosom of every Frenchman—but circumstances have called that feeling into more than usual activity at Tahiti.

The French find themselves thwarted by the predilections of the people in favour of the English. They know that they are universally detested by the Tahitians—by the men for overbearing insolence—by the women for their dirt & incorrigible ugliness. The wanton & unnecessary destruction of Mr. Collie's house at Taonoa is an instance of the feeling that exists. The moment it was ascertained to belong to an Englishman, fric [?] was sought—but none being found—it was broken to pieces by the muskets & swords of the soldiery.

I hear today that Maro the chief second in rank at Bunaroo camp has been deposed, & one of the creatures of the French nominated as his successor. Utami the first chief, was deposed by the Regent in the same way a short time ago.

These circumstances make the Queen's submission to the French protectorate more than ever difficult, for if she ever does return she will be called upon to ratify all these acts which the Regent is performing in her name. Bruat talks as if he desired peace & yet does all in his power to make a pacification impossible.

20th. The corvette "Heroine" sailed for Valparaiso. We launched the new cutter which took 21 days to build.

54 † 21st. I thought I could not choose a better day for a battle with a Frenchman* — and accordingly I called upon M. Bruat about Mr. Cape.

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I pointed out the extreme hardship of a man being kept so long in prison on a vague & improbable charge without being heard or even permitted to place his case before the representative of his own flag. The governor stated that Mr. Cape was charged with having in his possession stores belonging to the government, and that letters had been found in his house, showing him to have given information to the chiefs of Papenoo of what is passing at Papeete; and added that the process interrogation having commenced, the matter would be brought to an early conclusion. I told him the charge of concealing the stores was ridiculous & he knew it could not be sustained; and as for that of corresponding with the natives, I was almost obliged to think that unfounded too, since it was necessary to punish Mr. Cape with 4 weeks close confinement before his trial came on. Bruat was a little warm & told me that the course of justice could not be interrupted — upon which I retorted, that when justice was understood punishment followed & did not precede trial, and it seemed to me after all Mr. Cape's principal offense was being an Englishman. I could & would have said more, but Bruat was touched on a sore place & I feared his vexation might recoil on the unfortunate Cape.

I then asked him if he had anything to send or say to Queen Pomare that could be likely to bring the present state of affairs to a termination. He replied that there was but little to be added to what he had already written to her — and, “you will do kindly if you advise her not to listen to those who tell her I wish to seduce her back to ill treat her. I promise you, & you may assure her that if she returns she shall be well & kindly treated. I have offered her 25000 francs a year as compensation for the port dues we have taken. As for the soldiers, it cannot be supposed we shall send them away & the blockhouse must stand. If she had submitted before they were built, it would have been another thing, but being built they must remain.”

I then said — “Suppose Pomare asks me to bring her to Tahiti in the *Grampus*” — Bruat replied — “I cannot receive her from any but a French ship of war — my orders from my government forbid it.”

As Sir G. Seymour acquiesced in this arrangement I said no more on the subject.

He then alluded to a circumstance which he has mentioned before, and upon which he is very sore; namely, that two months ago Pomare was advised *to wait*, because an English frigate & a schooner would be among these islands — just at the very time the *Grampus* & *Spy* had come.

He said it was at least a remarkable coincidence, and that he should like to know what it meant. I told him I could give him no information.

I then asked him a question relating to the land granted by Queen Pomare to Capt'n Nicolas, for the use of British ships visiting Tahiti. At first he seemed disposed to deny all knowledge of it — but afterwards fell back on the omission to register it according to law, and thereafter that the grant had become null.

I said I should write to him officially on the subject when I returned from Raiatea.

22nd. Having quitted Papeete harbour at daylight, I steered to the Westward and at 5 PM made the island of Huahine. — at 11 being within 4 miles of the land & hearing the surf very distinctly, the ships head was put off shore for the night.

23rd. During the morning watch we ran along the shore of Huahine — at a distance of 4 miles — the sea breaking & roaring upon the reef or belt of coral which surrounds the island. We stood on for Raiatea, and entering its reef between two wooded islands, anchored at noon in a noble basin or pool in front of the settlement of Utaroa.

A pilot sent off by the Queen, boarded us in the entrance, but as the danger & the difficulty was then passed, we did not avail ourselves of his services. The colour of the water distinctly marks its depths, and I had more confidence in my own eyes than in the judgement of a savage who is little accustomed to anything larger than a canoe.

I wrote to Queen Pomare, according to the etiquette furnished in her printed code of laws, to say I should be happy to call on her.

She returned an invitation to come in the afternoon.

I found her occupying the house of Tamatoa the sovereign chief of the islands; which tho' poor & comfortless enough, is a palace when compared to the hovels that surround it. But it has the great recommendation of a cheerful prospect on all sides.

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She received me in a room that reminded me of a bad subaltern's barrack room in an Irish quarter, but instead of being set off by the ornamental furniture of an ensign, it boasted only a broken sofa & 4 rickety chairs; and heaven knows had little enough appearance of either comfort or cleanliness. A crowd of naked hangers on thrust their heads into the windows to see & hear what passed, and the pigs which seem to swarm on the premises set up an extra grunt for the occasion.

Queen Pomare is a thick coarsely made, sepia coloured woman, with a profusion of very black hair. Her countenance though perhaps a little dull, is not upon the whole unpleasing; and it betrays more care & anxiety than is often seen among this giddy, light hearted people.

Though there may be a certain quantity of romance in Pomare's story when told at a distance of 17000 miles; a good deal of it vanishes when the reality stands revealed in the form of a fat oily woman without a particle of clothing but a cotton shirt.

Whilst she & I (having shaken hands vehemently) sat face to face on 2 broken chairs, with the missionary Mr. Charter at our side as interpreter; — her husband — a tall well grown young man, sat in one distant corner, — Ouata, her foster father was coiled up in another. Pomare is the Royal name, her real appellation is *Aimata*.

Little passed beyond common expressions of civility; every allusion to politics being purposely avoided. She said she was well in body but sick at heart; that she had much to talk to me about, and that she would go on board to ask my advice on certain mat-

ters—so that our conversation would not be overheard by others; and fixed on Monday (her Tuesday) for the purpose. After half an hour's visit I took my leave.

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Amongst her attendants there is a Feejeean woman (The Feejeeans are the most determined cannibals known) of most savage & ferocious aspect. On one occasion having a quarrel with Mr. Lucett, the father of her child, she coolly told him if ever she caught him at Feejee land she would *eat* him.

Tamatoa the sovereign chief of Raiatea has also under his dominion the island of Tahaa, which is enclosed by the same reef.

The population of the former is about 1600; it is the largest & finest island of this group. No part is cultivated; the people live on the spontaneous productions of the earth—cocoa nuts, yams, taro, bread fruit, fayee & bananas—oranges, pines & vee apples.

A few bullocks run wild in the mountains & are very fierce. Sheep are unknown—pigs & fowls are to be procured but turkeys will not breed.

Two missionaries, Messrs Platt & Charter reside on Raiatea—in the pay of the London Missionary Society. The former came to the Society islands in 1816 and was many years at Eimeo & Bora Bora before he came here. Mr. Charter arrived at a later period. Both are married & have families.

I am told that the fear of some hostile act on the part of the French has completely put an end to the little trade that formerly existed in cocoa nut oil & arrow root. A society of French Jesuits has entered into a combination to monopolize the trade of these islands hereafter by making some present sacrifice; but they will not succeed. At present they are supplied from Sydney.

24th. The early navigators approached these islands from the Westward. They therefore gained a day in circumnavigating the globe and as they have preserved the same time, they are a day in advance of those who come from the Eastward.

Today—our Saturday—is Sunday with the islanders. I looked into the chapel during afternoon service. The congregation seemed orderly & numerous. They were singing a hymn.

The Bible has been translated into the Tahitian language & a liberal supply is sent by the missionary society—the people are said to respect the missionaries & to be punctual observers of certain forms which they suppose constitute religion.

Chastity among the women—married or single—is *unknown*;

58 † and no man woman or child ever neglects an opportunity of getting drunk—tho' by their own laws spirits are prohibited.

October 1846 The missionaries for some unknown reason have caused the rustic garlands to be supplanted by one of the most hideous of human inventions—the bonnet—and the natives dare not appear in a flower on Sundays.

From a hill overlooking the port—on which there is a large stone said to have been a native idol—I had a good bird's eye view of the deep & shoal water within the reef; and afterwards pulled around the N.W. end of the island—to a remarkable patch of coral above water. Though only 10 yards square—it has 3 cocoa nut trees upon it.

25th. Sunday. Unsettled bad weather, with heavy rain till noon. At Raiatea we have observed that there is one regular tide per day—high water being always at noon & midnight.*—

Our arrival has created quite a sensation—crowds of canoes are flocking from all parts of the island—partly to sell their fruit & vegetables—but principally for amusement, & to have a look on board the "*manua Britani!*"

The weather rather improving in the P.M.—I sent 100 men on leave. It is pretended that there is no grog here; but I declare I never saw such universal drunkenness; which I attribute in part to the rapid & deadly effect of the spirit upon the men. Pomare.—

She was born in 1809—married to Tapoa in 1824—and separated from him in 1828. She is said to have been well looking in her youth—certainly she is not so now—When she determined to marry her present husband—who was a chief of Huahine—part of the Tahitians objected—and a civil war on Tahiti was the consequence.

26th. **H**heavy rain ushered in the day fixed for my banquet to Queen Pomare. At noon, the hour she had fixed for coming on board—it seemed as if the flood gates of heaven were once more opened & another deluge were coming to chastise our iniquities. I found that the disappointment of not coming would be greater than



the fear of a ducking — so in spite of a continued pour I sent boats to bring them on board.

They seemed to hesitate, for it was past 2 before they made their appearance — a solemn procession of umbrellas walking down the mole to the boats. It was a quaint sight for a lover of the picturesque.

Her majesty was received with manned yards, and as she stepped on the deck, she looked every inch a Queen! Her blue cotton shirt was exchanged for one of a yellow satin — spotted here & there with punch — on her head was a red velvet bonnet, which, if not an heirloom must have emerged at no recent period from a pawnbroker's shop. Her neck & hands were decorated with flimsy French trinkets — A pair of figured silk stockings & red shoes adorned the feet which hitherto I had only seen naked. Poor woman! She seemed conscious that all this finery was out of character, for she had not been five minutes in the cabin before she pitched her bonnet on the sofa & kicked off her shoes.

She brought 4 of her children & 4 attendants — besides her husband Pomaretani — who came intent on a good, deep, heavy drink.

She was accompanied by Tamatoa King of Raiatea, in an old blue coat (with buttons of 39th Regt.) over his shirt — no pantaloons or shoes or stockings — Tapoa King of Bora Bora & his wife — in their shirts — a fat jolly old couple — 6 other high chiefs & 3 of their wives & Mr. Charter as interpreter.

After the party had refreshed themselves with some wine — Pomare asked for a private conversation & all but her husband & Mr. Charter were sent out of the cabin. They consoled themselves in their banishment with a few bottles of wine in the gunroom & a few more in the midshipmen's berth — by way of a whet for my dinner.

Pomare then asked me to advise her in her present difficulties; a task to which I really felt myself inadequate.

I reported to her much of what had passed in conversation with

60 † Bruat concerning her, & wished her to say what was her own feeling about returning to Tahiti.

October 1846 She said — “Sometimes I think I will go, & before I have time to act I change my mind—I cannot say I have any real desire to return; but my francs are less than they were. If I go back I know I shall be in reality a prisoner tho’ nominally free.”

She certainly is under the delusion that in arrangement of the leeward island question, something will be done for her. Some one, probably the missionaries—have told her *to wait*—and it was in vain that I assured her there was no hope of succour from England.

She said she knew it but still she dwelt & harped upon the old friendship of England and Tahiti—in a way that convinced me that she has not yet given up all hope.

She asked me if I would take her up in the *Grampus*. I replied that anticipating her wish I had asked Bruat if he would receive her from an English ship, and that he had positively refused. Upon which the poor creature sighed and said she hated Frenchmen.

I told her there would be no peace at Tahiti until the protectorate is acknowledged, and it was folly to hope to suppose the Tahitians were able to cope with the French, and after a long & tedious conversation—most unsatisfactory & totally unproductive of good—I rose much disappointed. I confess I saw no evidence of that dignity & intelligence which others have spoken of.

At last she said she was hungry—and so we adjourned to the dinner table, & sat down 22 in number. Untill today I never knew what *eating* meant—all that I had ever seen was mere child’s play to the performance of these people.

They ate till they were ready to burst, and pocketed what remained, and would have disposed of twice the quantity if it had been there.

Most of the men & all of the women got drunk, except Pomare who was sober & well conducted throughout. Two of the *maids of honour*, who for lack of room dined by themselves, drank 4 bottles of sherry within the hour & then called for brandy. However as far as I heard or saw most of the party conducted themselves with decency though the men were rather noisy & the women too in their cups.

Tamatoa’s wife not being a chief in her own right was not permitted to dine with those of higher cast—this however did not seem to affect her appetite, nor did she omit to get as tipsy as her neighbors.

The men danced & sang to amuse the Queen & gave her Rule Britannica in full chorus. When she took her leave at 10 P.M. a royal salute was fired, some blue lights & rockets let off & the ships Co. gave her three hearty cheers—which pleased her much.

27th. I wrote to the Queen a sort of digest of what passed yesterday, for she is so *unintelligent* that I fear her misinterpreting what I said.

I wrote also to the chiefs of Raiatea & Bora Bora respecting the arms & powder which they are *said* to have sent to Tahiti. They utterly deny all knowledge of such an act & so does Pomare and they all declare that if anything of the kind had occurred they must have known it.

I talked with Mr. Platt about the independence of these islands & I suppose from the number of years he has resided in them & the interest he is known to have taken in their progress, his opinion is entitled to as much respect as any one's.

He says they never were an integral part of the Tahitian sovereignty. Each island had its own sovereign chief—its own laws & even Tahiti & Eimeo were separate until a King of Tahiti married a Queen of Eimeo, and in their son the two were united.

But still he thinks there was a sort of acknowledged supremacy invested in the chief of Tahiti which has never been disputed, and has never been doubted until the recent events in these islands made it necessary to abridge as much as possible the claims of France upon them.

Formerly the sovereign of Tahiti used to pay occasional visits to Raiatea & Huahine for the express purpose of collecting tribute & no one ever questioned his title. Pigs, oil—arrow root & whatever the island produced were readily given. In short there is no reasonable doubt that the King of Tahiti was as much the chief of the group, as his success of asserting his rights permitted.*

Mr. Platt thinks that notwithstanding the execration in which the French are held, the Tahitians would not have resisted the Protectorate if they had not been driven to desperation by Bruat's injudicious treatment of the chiefs.

He tells me that he remembers some of the Tahitian rites & sacrifices which partially existed until within the last 25 years. Now *none deny*, though all do not profess Christianity—about 1/2 the population of Raiatea belong to the church,

The visits of the early navigators—Wallis, Cook & others did

62 † much to bring the Gods into disrepute, and from that time
October heathenism has been on the decline. When the first missionaries
1846 came, there was no bigotry to contend against & but little prejudice
against the introduction of Christianity.

28th. At 5 A.M. I started in the barge with 3 officers and 3 of the
midn. on an excursion to the south point of the island. The
morning was lovely, the breeze exquisitely soft & beautiful as we
passed along the island, within the reef.



At 8 we landed at a good native house. It was in fact a large shed
containing half a dozen matted beds—several tables loaded with
the frugal provender of these islanders. There was withal an air of
comfort which I had not seen before in these houses—tho' it
cannot be denied that pigs, dogs, & poultry made themselves at
home on the floor. The free current of air from the absence of walls
made all fresh & cool notwithstanding the presence of those in-
truders. Eight loaded muskets hung upon the uprights which
supported the roof.

From here we walked to the sacred point of Opoa—where in
heathen days the human sacrifices took place.*

The victims offered to the Deity (tho' I am told most were dead

bodies) were prisoners taken in battle — and were brought from all the islands. † 63

Sometimes a chief would send a refractory subject with a pig to the high priest — requesting him to keep the pig & burn (eat?) the bearer, so that even in their savage days, these people seemed to have some innate ideas of civilization. The offerings were made in courts or allies generally about 50 yds long by 4 broad inclosed by rough stones or masses of coral; and the numerous skulls & bones still show to what a frightful extent the practice must have been carried. *October 1846*

There is one vast pile of stones & bones which I thought must have been a common cemetery — but I was assured none but the bones of the victims were there. Here Kings & Queens came to pray and here some were buried; but none of their subjects dead or alive were admitted within the sacred precincts.

Our guide Terematai who was old enough to remember those dark days, was very eloquent on all points connected with the mysteries of his youth. He pointed out the stone which marked the limits of the tabooed ground, beyond which no unprivileged person could pass on pain of death and another stone 10 ft high which he called part of the “Kanaka devils’ house” — that is probably the sanctuary in which the idols were deposited.*

There was once a very large tumanu tree here, a branch of which was broken off when a King or Queen died. As the heathen rites declined so did this tree — and finding himself of no further use, he died. I saw the crumbling remains of this old chronicle which, like the skeleton of a giant — gives an idea of what he was in the days of his glory.

Noble trees cover the sacred point of Opoa — the tumanu, the hootoo with its immense trunk & superb foliage, the palm, the bandana* and the ayto — or ironwood — abound.

The very woods are pictures. One huge tree stood on the naked rock, and its roots had to travel many yards before they could find a crevice by which to enter the soil.

Having sailed to the head of Faroa bay, we picked a shady spot & leaving the servants to prepare dinner walked to the native Pah or fort, which is to overthrow the French when they come.

It is approachable only across a swamp by single files on a precarious footing of loose logs — and this path through a dense forest of *banana* trees is certainly difficult — but once crossed, the fort could offer no resistance. Indeed I see no reason why the

64 ↙ French would wish to take it,—it is of no value—it commands nothing & protects nothing. Within the fort 12 rusty guns are scattered about.

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Under a splendid orange tree, surrounded with bananas & cocoa trees we dined, and a heavy shower of rain brought out the musquitoes in such myriads that we were glad to seek refuge in the boat.

29th. Mr. Charter came off this morning to say Pomare wished to talk with me. I immediately went to her—and as she feared or pretended to fear listeners, she got into my gig with Mr. Charter & her husband & came on bd—I suspect that this sudden anxiety to hold a conversation on board, arose from her being hungry & Pomaretani thirsty for we had not talked for ten minutes before she wanted something to eat & he to drink.

I have a very bad opinion of Pomaretani. If the Queen returns to Tahiti, he will by dint of grog and money, soon be made a French partizan. She seems to live in constant fear of his violent conduct and brutal excesses & thus he exercises a great influence over her.

Pomare had brought Bruat's proposals to her & requested my opinion upon each point. She provokes me by her extreme selfishness & total absence of feeling for her people. The only parts on which she seemed to dwell, were those that related to her income & the native guard. She is sharp enough & cunning enough on matters connected with her own personal comfort or importance—but on all others she seemed dull and unintelligent. I could not keep her attention fixed for 2 minutes. She was thinking of anything but the subject under discussion, so, fearing that she would catch a word here & there without the context, and misrepresent what I said, I begged her to leave Bruat's letter that I might consider it & write my opinion.

I do not see much to object to in these proposals which Bruat sent to Pomare in April last; tho' it would be better if they were more explicit. Nor could she find fault with them—but she said she disliked all Frenchmen & above all Bruat. She thinks a new governor may do something more for her; but there she is mistaken—the utmost she can expect is a liberal interpretation of the Protectorate Treaty. She seems very indifferent to the opinions of the Tahitian chiefs, believing they will do as she bids. This I doubt & told her so.

When this tedious conversation came to an end I was as much in



King Kamehameha



Flags of the Sandwich Islands



Princess Kikuanoki - a sketch of the court of Kamehameha 3^d King of the Sandwich Is^ls Aug^o 1846

Princess Kikuanoki



Gourd bearer



Peki - a Courtier Honolulu - Aug^o 1846

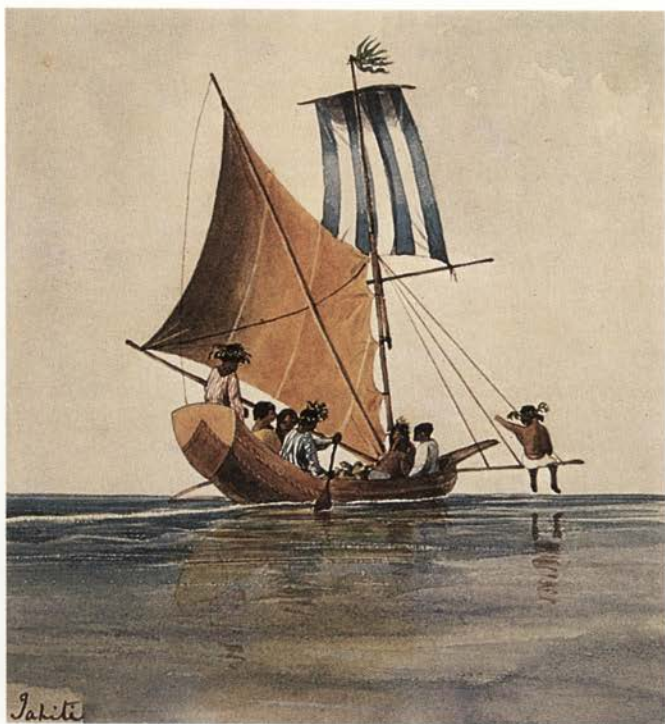
Courtier



Grampus in the rain



Harbor in Raiatea



Sailing canoe

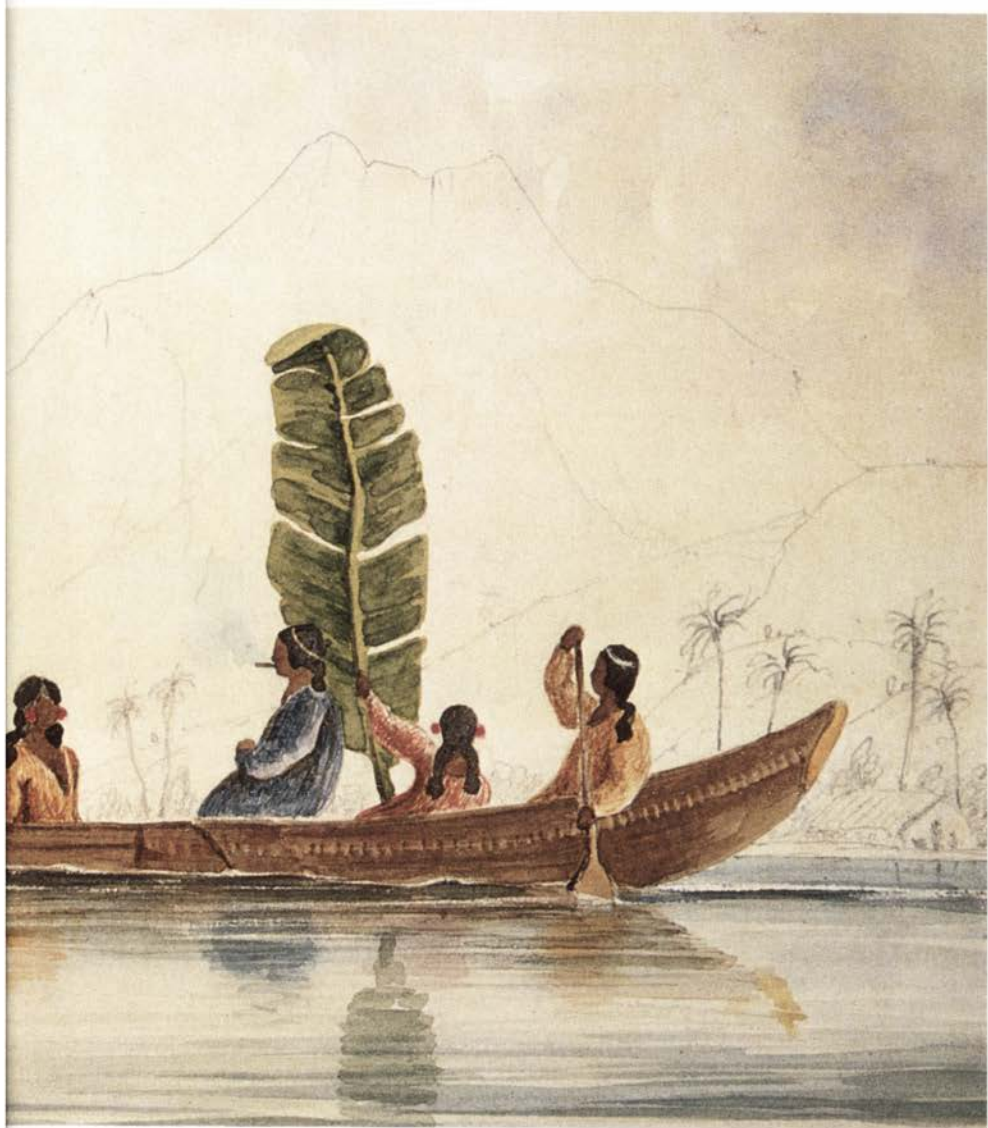


Family in Tahiti, 1847



French protectorate Tahiti

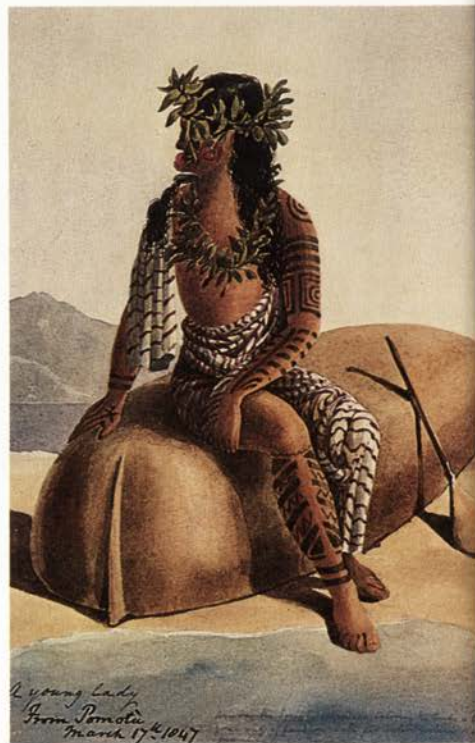
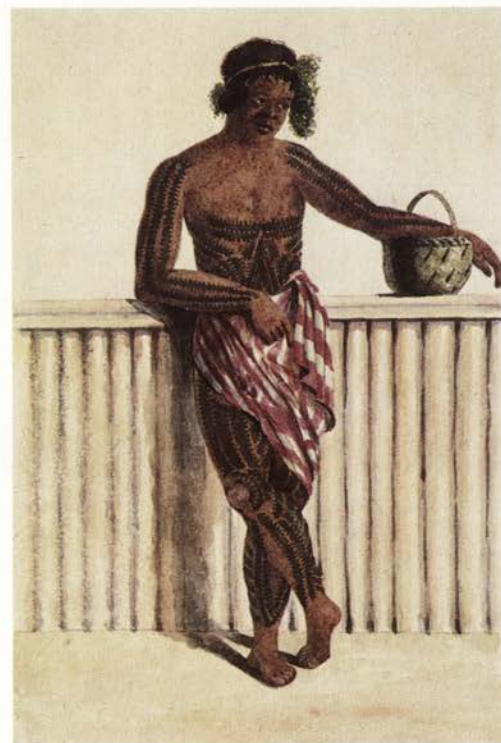
Flag of the Protectorate



*Cleopatra's barge
a free translation
Utaroa, 27th October, 1846*



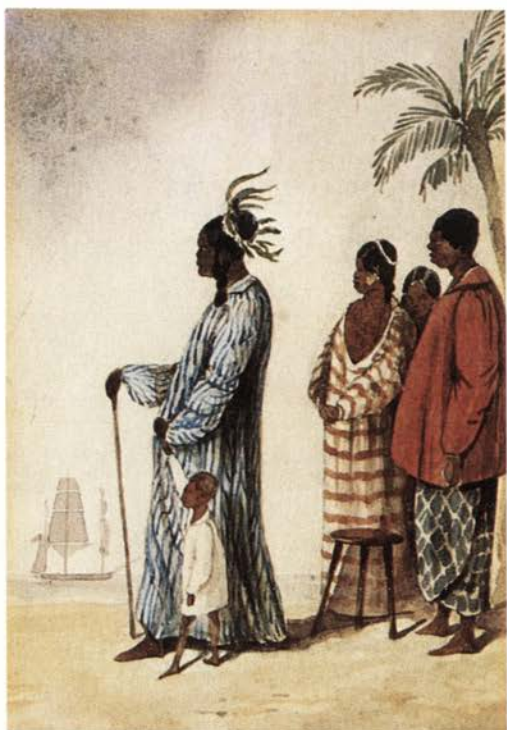
Varieties of adornment from tattoo to missionary clothing





Paietia Oct. 1846

Tahitian tattoo



Queen of Huahine



*Tapoa's house
Paietia 21st April 47*

Tapoa's house on Bora Bora



Tapoa



Tueroa

the dark as ever as to her feelings, thoughts and intentions about returning to Tahiti and I only hope she will not saddle me with statements I have not made. † 65

I am told she sometimes talks of renouncing Tahiti, as all her children are provided for—one has been adopted by Ariipuaia Q. of Huahine as her heir—another by Tapoa & a 3rd by Tamatoa.

There is something very generous in the devotion of the chiefs and people of the leeward islands to her cause, even at their own risk. She & her numerous hangers on are supported by voluntary contribution—Tamatoa has given up his house to her, and there is a general idea that if she chooses to remain at Raiatea, the sovereignty of the island will be made over to her.

In the days of her Queenhood Pomare was imperious, tyrannical & oppressive, and in her misfortune she is petulant, peevish & capricious.

I suppose Tapoa may be put down as the fattest King in the world & his wife almost as fat & quite as jolly. This couple is said to be the most lenient & respectable amongst the chiefs of these islands. Tamatoa is a good natured man but a great drunkard & his wife no better. He has a sufficient share of innate roguery which has been rather refined by his intercourse with runaway convicts & peddling traders.

Sir Robert Peel (Pomare's secretary) is a little ugly hunchback—good humoured as all these people are—with an equal thirst for knowledge & for grog—I sat with these worthies, al fresco, for 2 hours this evening. Sir Robert was very anxious to know if his namesake in England was like him—and if he always wore pantaloons & a cocked hat—and drank much rum.

Mr. Charter was very good natured in interpreting.

Arrow root is prepared by scraping or grating—It is then put into a cloth (for they have no strainers)—and water being poured upon it it drips into a basin. The water is then drawn off, and the sediment when dried is the "arrow root" as we use it.

30th. I wrote a letter to Pomare—one that will give her no satisfaction & will offend every one else. It was a digest of what I said to her in conversation & certainly was never intended to have been embodied in a letter. She had asked my opinion & I gave it—but such advice must be unpalatable to her & cannot be agreeable to the French. I feared to leave the matter to her memory and I could not write less than I had said viva voce.

Mr. Platt gave me some interesting information relating to these

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66 † islands. He is a shrewd man and more practical than most of his brother missionaries.

October 1846 His is a life of real privation & hopeless banishment. Certainly the missionaries to these remote corners of the earth deserve the highest praise for undertaking & zealously executing a task that offers so little profit & so little satisfaction.

31st. Tamatoa sent me a present of bread fruit & bananas—with a message that he had collected pigs & poultry if I would send for them. I declined the gift.

It had rained & blown fresh from S.E. all day with a sensible change in the temperature, and when I landed I found Tamatoa wrapt in blankets. I asked if his Majesty were ill. "No only a little drunk & very cold." The thermometer had fallen from 80° to 74°.

One Constantino a Arsuo had written me a rigmarole of grievances so I desired him to come to me at Tapoa's house & state his case. A regular Levantine imbroglio. Constantino being part owner of a boat under French colours (his partner a native of Huahine)—embarks stock belonging to one Hamilton an Irishman, at Eimeo. M. Cloux, head of police at Tahiti orders the vessel to be seized on her return to Eimeo for certain debts owing at Tahiti. Hamilton learning this, hastens to Raiatea to save his stock—bribes the native judges—seizes the boat & helps himself to what he considers his own.

The native owner alarmed at this summary proceeding, sails away to Huahine, leaving Constantino in the lurch at Raiatea.

I declined interfering—as Hamilton & Constantino tho' both English subjects are sailing under the French flag.

As I sat with Tapoa, Irvine an Englishman, owning & sailing a small cutter under French colours came in. He tells me that when the French had their protectorate flag flying on the leeward islands they forced all vessels built there to hoist the French flag. No doubt the Englishmen so circumstanced, find it their interest to continue under the tricolour; or upon a proper representation they would of course receive support & protection from their own government. The French on the other hand—fully aware how much they are hated, and knowing that the natives of the S. Sea Islands will not trade or hold intercourse with them—wish to smuggle their flag into notice under the auspices of Englishmen & familiarize the islanders with the sight of it.

Soon after another British subject—a Maltese named Victor

made his appearance. He has served with the Tahitians against the French & has received several wounds. He has 2 balls in him & the French are said to have offered \$2000 for his head.

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1st November, Sunday. Though the day was wet & stormy, Mr. Platt with his daughter, Mrs. Johnson & Mr. Charter came off to church.

In the evening I visited Pomare, to ask about some plots of land at Tahiti granted by her to Mr. Pritchard & Captn. Nicolas. She answered my questions and in the most decided manner confirmed the gifts, but her thoughts were evidently occupied with the paper pens & ink for which she had written me a quaint letter in the morning.

Tapoa told me that Bruat offered him the sovereignty of all the North Western group, if he would acknowledge the Protectorate. Some people think he was near accepting the offer but he assured me he hated the French too much to join them. He said the only ground upon which he had opposed the Queen's return to Tahiti was that she could not trust in the promises of the French.

I recommended Tapoa to have the Bora Bora *French* natives unmolested if they should return from Tahiti; but he did not seem to adopt my view of the case.

I explained to him Bonard's affair with Sir G. Seymour, at which his old fat sides shook with laughter.

2nd. At 9 A.M. came aboard Tamatoa with his wife & niece. Wine was immediately called for & in 5 minutes this trio had finished 2 bottles of sherry, when they left the cabin. At noon I found the Queen & Princess had got very drunk in the midshipmen's berth & had gone to the galley to smoke with the men. That did not prevent however their returning to drink another bottle of wine. The niece now became extremely fond of me — but as I was busy & she drunk, I desired the sentry to turn the whole party out of the cabin.

Intending to sail tomorrow, I paid a final visit to Pomare and to the missionaries.

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3rd. The wind being at East I weighed at daylight. The anchor was just fished when a huge squall took the ship aback from the N.W. Her situation was for a moment critical, but the sail being quickly gathered in, & the anchor let go, she brought up between the reef & the shelf of coral off the mole without touching the ground.

Pomaretani & some of his associates had come on board for a drink, whilst we were weighing — but they were not noticed. Being Acre* day Land (who was there) & a few others dined with me.

In the evening Mr. Platt accompanied me to Pomare's house. I followed her to Mr. Charter's, where it appeared she had been driven by domestic troubles to seek refuge with her children.

The circumstances were as follows. Pomare having said something derogatory to her husband, *Sir R. Peel* took his part Pomaretani being absent. A dispute ensued, both waxed wrath, high words followed & Sir R. told her Majesty that she was a woman of no value. Upon this she seized him by the hair, boxed his ears &



finally dealt the right Honble Gentleman such a kick on the backside as sent him spinning out of the royal presence. Soon after the enraged husband came to Mr. Charter's with the avowed purpose of killing Pomare on the spot, but being sent about his business he got very drunk with his worthy companion Tamatoa, & so finished the evening.

In the evening I called on Sir Robert to condole with him on being dismissed from office. I found him with his sleeves tucked up embowelling a pig.

4th. The *Grampus* is the largest ship of any nation that has ever been at Raiatea.

The wind being at S.E. — we could not move — We had some very good practice at a target on the reef — some of the natives

were very anxious to know why we did not fire these shots at the French instead of throwing them into the sea. † 69

In the evening accompanied by Captn Land, I ascended a truncated sugar loaf mountain overhanging the port. Our path up the valley was brought to an abrupt cheque by a remarkable barrier or natural wall across its head; so turning to the West we scrambled through a dense wood up the side of the mountain till we gained its summit. *November 1846*

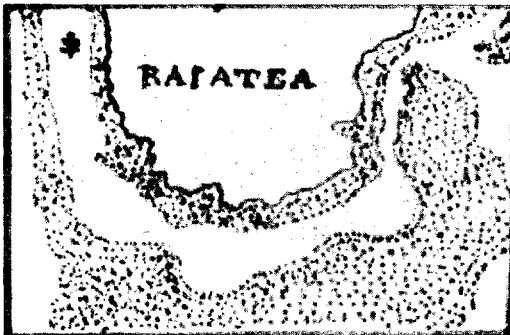
Here the view well repaid us for our labour, giving us a perfect idea of the coral reef, which like a vast breakwater encloses the islands of Raiatea & Tahaa. These belts which surround all the islands of the south seas are very remarkable. Within them are some noble harbours—and I have observed that whenever there is a river or large stream on the island an entrance or opening in the reef will be found opposite to it* and almost every entrance is marked by at least one island. The coral beds & the shells are surpassingly beautiful.

To descend the mountain was far more difficult than the ascent. What with sliding, slipping, rolling, scrambling, crawling, tumbling & jumping, we at length reached its base, and on our arrival at the settlement, were regaled by young Pratt & a host of nymphs with a good long drink of cocoa nut water.

During our expedition we saw a few jungle fowls.

I enjoyed Irvine who has been for many years trading among these islands, as pilot.

5th. The wind not permitting us to go out by the passage we entered—I determined to try another. After sailing round the N.W. point of the island, and threading the narrow, tortuous and intricate channel through the reefs for 9 miles, we escaped into



70 † the open sea by the passage used by Cook, & just inside which he anchored. He calls the port Ohamaneno. It is said to be secure but nevertheless an American whaler was wrecked there 2 years ago.
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1846 In sailing through this channel we were favoured by the wind — for though the course was altered from N.N.W. (by the W.) to S. by E. — we went through without the flap of a sail. I do not recommend it to a large ship for in parts it is so narrow, that if taken aback, she could not anchor without the certainty of tailing on the reef.

At noon I anchored in the entrance to the port of Bora Bora — but the trade wind blowing strong out, it was late in the evening before the ship was warped into a proper berth. The entrance is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cables length wide.

6th. Though the strength & constancy of the trade wind makes it difficult to get into this harbour, nothing can be more secure when once she is in her berth. A hundred sail of the line might moor, completely landlocked. The scenery is beautiful.

The water is bad and in small quantity, and it is impossible to take heavy boats within 50 yards of the shore. I therefore did not water as I had intended.

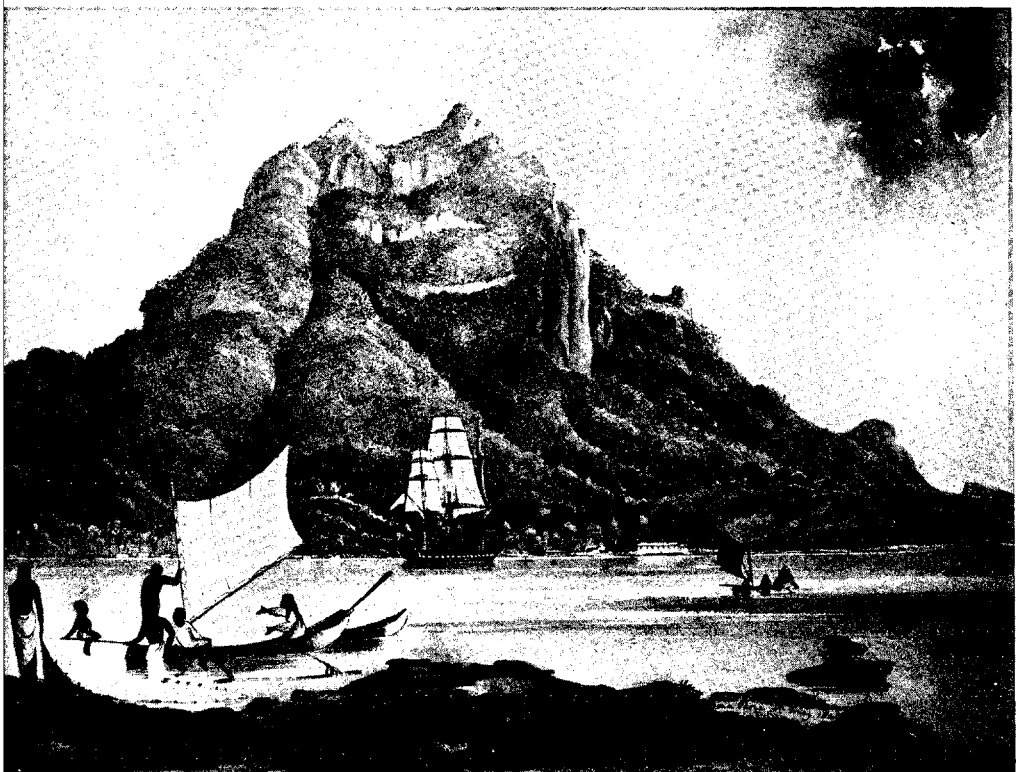
I was met on landing by Mr. Rodgerson, the missionary who took me to his pretty cottage. This poor man has a wife & 6 children. Out of his salary, lately increased to £120 pr annum, the missionary society stops £60 for the education of 3 boys in England. Indeed the missionaries are not overpaid.

In the afternoon I sailed 6 miles up the Northern arm of the basin which forms the harbour of Bora Bora, and was more than ever struck with the extent & beauty of this splendid port.

At 5 I landed at the settlement, & was received by all the chiefs of the island, who conducted me to the church; which seems to be the place where all public business is transacted. I believe Mr. Rodgerson's sermons seldom draw so large a congregation as was assembled on this occasion.

After half an hour spent in civil speeches — expressing the delight with which they saw the English flag once more, I adjourned with the principal chief to Mr. Rodgerson's house.

It was now my turn to be orator — I explained the necessity of keeping peace with the French untill the question of their independence is settled, and of avoiding every act that could provoke their enmity — to this they assented — but expressing in the most



vehement terms their love for the English, they declared they would die to a man rather than submit to the French, if the decision of the 2 governments is unfavourable to them.

The news of our arrival had brought in the population from all parts of the island; I found them assembled in front of the chapel celebrating their orgies in *honour of me!*

Nothing can be more uncouth or barbarous than the "*Bora Bora* dance." The performance would have been void of interest, but that it has been handed down from their earliest & most savage days — and if I am not mistaken I have seen it described and drawn in Cook or one of the early voyagers.

Twenty-five men — naked all but the Maro — sat side by side in a line — with the left leg tucked under the rump and the right projected in front. They grunted and gesticulated in chorus to a sort of wild song, executed by one who sat in the middle. After

72 † this exhibition Tivivi, the Regent, invited me to visit another group, which was far more numerous attended.

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1846 This was the real native dance, & seemed more attractive, the performers being mostly of the fair sex. A circle was formed for the dancers, within which 11 drums were hammered with might & main. As for the dance itself, it was a gross exaggeration of that of the Egyptian Almehis. A girl or young man stepped into the circle & for a couple of minutes exhibited the most indecent movements; with certain gymnastical motions of the legs & arms. The great trial of skill seemed to be how nimbly they could wag their sterns. None the less the half naked figures decked in garlands, flitting about in the torch light were highly picturesque and the scene altogether was one that Salvador Rosa might have made something of.

I believe this ball was got up for my amusement, and therefore I remained as long as patience permitted. Then each chief seized a torch and lighted me to the boat—the 11 drums followed, and the multitude shook hands so vehemently that I was glad to be clear of their rough though cordial greetings.

7th. The seine was hauled on a sandy island. The coral patches tore it to pieces, & the produce was 1 parrot fish & 2 small sword pikes.

I sailed up the southern arm of the harbour—which is as spacious as that to the Northd.

On landing in the evening I found the people coming from church; of course there was a general shaking of hands.

The population of Bora Bora, numbering nearly 1000—is decidedly superior to that of Raiatea, both in appearance & intelligence. They are better mannered too. My fat friend Tapoa, whom we left at Raiatea is King of this island. He was originally a chief of Huahine, and succeeded to the sovereignty of Bora Bora partly in right of his mother, & partly by the voice of the people. Tapoa was Pomare's first husband. He quitted her, disgusted with her vices, and rejected every proposal for returning to her. Now that she has married again & reformed, he pays her every attention and has adopted one of her daughters as his heir. This I believe is one reason why some of the chiefs espoused the cause of the French—for they have children, whom they think should have been preferred to Pomare's.

When Bonard came here in *L'Uranie* to hoist the French protectorate flag—the natives declined accepting it—and he was not long in fixing a quarrel upon them.

It appears that a native went to gather bread fruit near the settlement of Fanoui. The inhabitants sent him away, saying the fruit was reserved for the English, if they should come.

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Bonard, much incensed, ordered them to be judged — which the native judges refused to do. Upon this he ordered 300\$ to be paid as a fine. The poor creatures — at the mercy of his guns, had nothing left but to pay; they raised 200\$ among themselves & Mr. Rodgeron lent the other 100\$ — which they have since repaid.

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So completely are these islanders identified with the English, that the French always called them "Les Anglais."

8th. Sunday. At 8 A.M. I landed by appointment to receive in form the presents which had been collected. Every individual on the island had contributed his mite, till the mole was one pile of grub. It consisted of 13 pigs, 23 fowls & 3 ducks — with many tons of fruit & vegetables. It went sorely against my conscience to accept such a gift from these poor islanders — but Mr. Rodgeron assured me that to refuse would give them offense, whilst to receive it kindly would gratify them very much.

The chiefs of Bora Bora were assembled backed by a vast concourse of people. As they all retired behind me I was placed in front with Mr. Rodgeron by my side as interpreter.

"*The Orator*" then took up a position facing me at a distance of 20 yards, and addressed me in a loud & long speech, accompanied by such vehement gesticulations that it seemed as if his shirt would jump off his back. The upshot of it was — "Oh Martin, this is what I have to say. The people of Bora Bora love the English. It is always a new happiness when an English man of war comes — particularly at the present time when we live in fear & the future is uncertain. As a proof of our joy we have brought you food. It is but the offering of poor people, but poor as we are, accept it, as a token of our love! May the English nation always be great, and may the peace of God be with you, Oh Martin! That is all I have to say!"

This speech spun to a quarter of an hour length — was delivered in such a ferocious tone, that I was rather surprized when the friendly words were interpreted.

In my turn I made a speech — neither so long nor so vehement as that to which I replied — the purport of it was, that the interest which the English nation had felt in these islands since the days of Captn Cook, had not subsided. When this was translated an old woman stepped forward who said she had shaken hands with "Tapitan Tooty." A diversion being thus made in my favour, I

74 ♪ shook hands with the lady & closed my oration with an expression of thanks for their present—of sympathy in their wrongs & of hopes for a happy future.

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Then spake again *The Orator* for a brief space & having concluded, he rushed at me—burst into a laugh & shook me violently by the hand. And then came a universal shaking of hands.

This ceremony being over I took Mr. & Mrs. Rodgerson & their 4 children & 2 very tidy native serving girls on board to church. After service I sent boats to bring the chiefs with their wives & daughters. They came *to see the ship*, but the feast I had prepared for them, soon drew their attention.

They sat down 27 to dinner, with sundry side tables for those whom the long table would not accommodate; in all 43 persons. The experience of Raiatea had taught me that quantity would be more important than quality, but really they had a good dinner.

In half an hour they had drank 47 bottles of sherry, besides some trifles of port wine, porter & brandy. Then at the request of Tivivi, the regent, I forbid more wine. The women took their liquor as kindly as the men, upon the whole, all behaved very well.

Crowds of the natives had come off in canoes, and the ship was absolutely filled with them.

A little scene of real life occurred on the quarter deck. One of the chiefs showed more attention to a smart looking girl than his wife thought correct. Very high words ensued—but the cause of the strife having sneaked into the crowd, blows were with some difficulty averted.

The boats of the ship having landed the company, at 3 I weighed & ran out of Bora Bora harbour (called, I believe, "Oteavanua port") before a squally trade wind.

I wish Tapoa would return to his island instead of hanging on in the train of Pomare. He says that he wishes to come back, but that Pomare having more confidence in him than in any other, constantly presses him to stay with her.

In Tapoa's absence Tivivi is regent, assisted by a very handsome intelligent chief named Hiriaou. Both these men spoke in terms of bitter hatred of the French.

I am inclined to think that Bora Bora is the island to which Quiros gave the name of "La Isla de la gente hermosa."*

If Cook is not the discoverer of this group—he at least first made them known to the world. He gave the name "Society Islands" from the contiguity to each other.

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I am not sure if I have mentioned that Cook is supposed to have introduced horses—sheep (which all died) oranges lemons limes watermelons & other plants into the Society & Feejian islands.

9th. A gloomy day & strong S.E. wind followed a night of heavy rain & hard squalls.—By a press of sail we had weathered Raiatea (Sward) at 4 P.M.

10th. Blowing strong at East—At daylight we were off Owharre harbour in Huahine. The wind was blowing out of the port in heavy gusts, and for the ship to enter was impossible; for the passage is narrower than that of Bora Bora & does not certainly exceed 1 cable in breadth.

Having taken the 3rd reef in the topsails—I went into Owharre in a boat. Landing near the church, I met Mr. Barff the missionary, who took me to his house & introduced me to his wife; a good motherly old soul apparently—worthy of him. Except Mr. Henry who has retired from active duty, Mr. Barff is the oldest missionary in these islands & not one is held in more general respect. I remained 2 hours with this agreeable old couple conversing on the politics & prospects of Huahine; and whatever may be its future lot, he gave me but a sorry account of the present & a melancholy picture of the past.

Mr. Barff gave me the original proclamation, signed by one Riccardi a low Italian adventurer & trader whom Bruat had nominated Governor of Huahine under the protectorate. This document declared the island under French protection & set forth their unreasonable & scandalous demands, with forceful threats of vengeance if they were not immediately complied with. Threats which were afterwards carried out with savage perseverance.

The islanders spurned the offer of a French Protectorate and on the arrival of L'Uranie retired to the interior. Then did Capt'n Bonard set to work to fulfill the barbarous mission that had been intrusted to him. Bruat made a happy selection of a tool to perform work, from which any honest man would have shrunk with disgust. The settlement of Owharre was laid waste—houses burnt,—gardens destroyed. The fruit & cocoa nut trees cut down, property stolen & taken on board the Uranie, and every one murdered that fell into the hands of the French.

Mr. & Mrs. Barff were absent, but their property did not escape. Their bread fruit was levelled—Bonard threatened to hang his son and finally ate his cows & stole his horse.

The only shaddock that existed in the Society islands was brought to Huahine by Cook, & wantonly destroyed by Bonard.

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In every attack upon the natives of Huahine the French were worsted, and in the different engagements above 200 fell on the side of the French whilst the loss of the islanders did not exceed 80.

Ariipeia the Queen & the great majority of the natives are still encamped on the East side of the island. From thence Ariipeiatane the handsome young husband whom the Queen in her old age had married, came galloping in ventre a terre—with the Queen's compliments, & that she would come to see me tomorrow morning—if I would wait. This however I could not do, from the very threatening appearances of the weather.

I saw at Huahine "Scotch Jock" a young man who has made himself conspicuous by the part he has taken in the contest between the French & the natives of Huahine.

He is a native of Dunbar & his name is John Rainie—Scotch Jock was at Tahiti when the French Protectorate flag was hoisted. He had no love for Frenchmen, & took an early opportunity therefore of hauling it down. For this he was arrested & as the gens d'armes were carrying him to prison—he escaped from them & jumped into the sea.

So long as the water was not more than knee deep, the Frenchmen pursued him with drawn swords—"Ah coquin Anglais—tu n'eschappes pas, je—" but as it deepened & Scotch Jock still rushed in—the gens d'armes changed their note to "Monsieur! Monsieur!—mais Monsieur,"—their pistols not being loaded & having no salt to put upon his tail—Jawny struck out & swam to a whaler, Then being pursued by 3 boats he was captured. Being on the deck undergoing the abuse of the Frenchmen to whom he had given so long a chase, he seized the most noisy of them round the waist, and jumped overboard with him—and having given him a sound ducking, swam on shore and escaped to the bush.

Mr. Barff told me with reference to the ceremonies at Opoa point—that formerly the Kings & Queens of Raiatea were inaugurated there. On those occasions the new sovereign landed from a canoe of state, which was hauled up the beach on the bodies of 6 victims—one from each island. Hence it became a cant term to send for a *roller*—which meant a mauvais sujet that the chief wished to dispose of.

This leads me to suppose that Raiatea rather than Tahiti was considered the sovereign island of the group.

11th. A continuance of bad weather, with heavy squalls of E.S.E. ↕ 77
wind, rain lightning & a strong current to Westward.

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12th. After some hard rain in the morning, the weather became better toward noon.

At 3 P.M. Sir Charles Saunders island was seen.* This island has no port and it is difficult even for a boat to approach the reef.

13th. A fine day & moderate S.E. trade wind. At noon Sir C. Saunders & Eimeo in sight.

14th. After working up all day against an unsteady wind, we anchored in the port of Opunohu — at sunset — in the isle of Eimeo.

I anchored in an indifferent berth for the land breeze took me aback when I was half way up the harbour.

The ship has been sailing ill; the water being very short. Her trim before the anchor was dropped was Forward 19 ft. 2 in. Aft 21 ft. 8 in.

M. Henry, Capt'n of the port in the French service, came on board.

The protectorate flag is flying on this island.

15th. The Grampus has been one year in commission. After church, Mr. Simpson, the missionary called on board — with a rumour of a battle at Bunaouia on Tahiti.

In the evening I returned his visit. Mr. Simpson has by far the most civilized house I have seen among the islands. It is really comfortable & the approach to it very pretty. He has been many years in these islands & is married to a sister of Mr. Pritchard exconsul & ci devant missionary at Tahiti.

16th. The scenery of the shores of this harbour is surpassingly beautiful. The sharp craggy outlines of the mountains & the gaudy colours of the wood which covers them, equal anything of their kind I have seen. In the higher rocks there are some remarkable apertures, the most conspicuous of which is thus accounted for. A conclave of Gods at Raiatea, being angry with *Eimeo*, sent one of their number to throw it into the sea. In the execution of his orders, he dragged a mountain from the center of the island to the shore. The God of Tahiti hearing an unusual noise, suspected something wrong at Eimeo; so he hurled his spear across.

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It passed through the mountain, leaving the hole in question, and just missed the Raiatean God's head who decamped in such a hurry that as he jumped into the sea, his 2 feet broke holes in the reef, which are now the entrance to the 2 ports.

At the head of the harbour Mr. Bell* has a house & sugar plantation in a most romantic situation. He came 5 years ago from Sydney, but the difficulty of procuring labour had obliged him to change his plans, and he is now going to try his fortune at the Sandwich Islands.

Near Mr. Bell's house & in his charge are 200 tons of coal belonging to the English government.

16th. Before daylight I landed with Captn. Land to shoot some of the jungle fowls said to abound here. But we did not see one during the 3 hours we toiled through the bush.

The dogs which accompanied our native guides started a pig. We pursued as fast as we could, but the dogs having brought it to bay before we got up, it proved to be an old sow belonging to Mr. Bell. If we had got sight of her before, her clipped ears would have saved her from a shot or two.

I believe there is no doubt that pigs existed before Cook's visit to these islands, though it is possible that fowls were introduced by him.* Both have now run wild in the bush.

I purchased a bucket of fish—about an inch long, which I take to be mullet fry. They ascend the streams as far as there is *moisture*, and then get from stone to stone till they meet water again. So at least I was told. I only vouch for their being admirable eating.

We drank of a mineral spring—said to contain salubrious properties—and not disagreeable to the taste.

Mr. Simpson & his wife & daughter & Mr. Henry Captn. of the port dined with me.

17th. Enough fish was taken with the seine at 2 hauls to supply the whole ships Co.

Mr. Bell, Land & I started in pursuit of wild boar & wild fowl. After a hard walk of 4 miles into the bush, a few of the latter were moved, but they kept out of shot; soon after the dogs got upon the track or scent of pigs—of which they killed one & 2 others were taken alive.

After pushing, dragging, scrambling & climbing for some time through the dense jungle we were brought to a standstill. En-

cumbered as *we* were with guns & gear, we could climb no higher; but when the natives & dogs had reached a considerable height above us we heard the cheerful notes of the dogs—and the men calling “Pigs.” We hoped they might take down the gorge and give us a shot; but the dogs soon settled the matter by catching an old sow & 2 out of her 6 young ones.

The old lady was too large to be carried home whole; it was necessary to kill & cut her up—for which purpose she was carried & rolled to a broad pool in the stream which dashed down the ravine.

In the bush there are no difficulties. A young buro tree was chopped for a pole to carry the sow; its bark furnished cord to tie her legs together. One native collected a pile of wood, another by the friction of two pieces of wood soon produced fire, & in 5 minutes there was a blaze which drove us all to a distance.

In half an hour we sallied forth again, laden with joints of pork and our young pigs, suspended from the same pole.

The day was intensely hot. When we were thirsty a native climbed the nearest palm and threw down a dozen or so coconuts, the delicious water of which we thought as good as champagne.

We saw a great deal of fayee or wild plantain—of taro, ginger and arrow root.

Having shot a few fowl, we returned at 2 P.M. to the head of Cook’s bay—which is also a good harbour, sheltered by the reef. Here the boat met us. Soon after we embarked a very serious accident occurred which was nearly spoiling a Captn. R.N. and a Captn. R.M. Land* asked for his gun which had been placed under the stern seats *loaded*, to shoot a curiously marked bird which hovered round the boat. One of the crew, handing it, with the muzzle toward us, something caught the trigger & the piece exploded. The charge tore out a large piece of flesh above his knee; & passing *between us* wounded both our sides. Fortunately Land’s kneecap escaped.

We were sitting so close to each other, that if the shot had scattered at all, we must both have been killed—but the muzzle being within 4 feet, the charge flew like a ball. Being knocked backwards by the concussion & feeling myself wounded in the chest & side, I had no doubt at the first moment, I was done for; but I escaped better than poor Land; and when I got on board was able to eat a good dinner & land in the evening with Mr. Bell.

The musquitoes in the bush were dreadful.

80 ♪ 18th. Accompanied by Mr. Bell, Knight Ward & Sibbold I landed at the mouth of a stream 2 miles to the East of Cook's bay. There leaving the boat we walked to the hut of Tairapa, the principal chief on the island.

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After sitting awhile with him, we walked on to 2 lakes—with our guns & rods to kill ducks & large fish. One of the lakes being nearly dry we crossed it knee deep in mud. The few ducks did not allow us to approach within shot. The 2nd lake appeared to be 3 miles in length. There was no canoe upon it & our native guide had quitted us early in the day—so we retired to the shade of a grove of cocoa nut trees—being literally driven from the water side by the musquitoes. The cocoa nuts gave us an abundance of the most delicious drink.

We committed a breach of the law in helping ourselves, for this plot of cocoa nuts was *tabooed* or forbidden. When the produce of the ground is reserved for the Queen, or any high person or special purpose—a mark is placed to indicate that it is to be restricted and that the thirsty wayfarer is not to gather the fruit. A couple of palm branches with a cocoa nut laying between them is the



usual mark. The people invariably respect these signs; but all trees not tabooed seem to be public property.

The population of Eimeo is 1870, of whom about 500 are at Tahiti some acting *with* the French, others against them.

They have been better treated than the other islands, because they have not resisted the Protectorate.

19th. Having completed the ship's water, I have no further inducement to remain, but a hard N.N.E. wind frustrated my getting out of the harbour. The ship's draught Aft 21.10 — For. 20.4.

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I called on Mr. Henry an old superannuated missionary who came to these islands on the ship "Duff" in 1796 with the first missionaries.

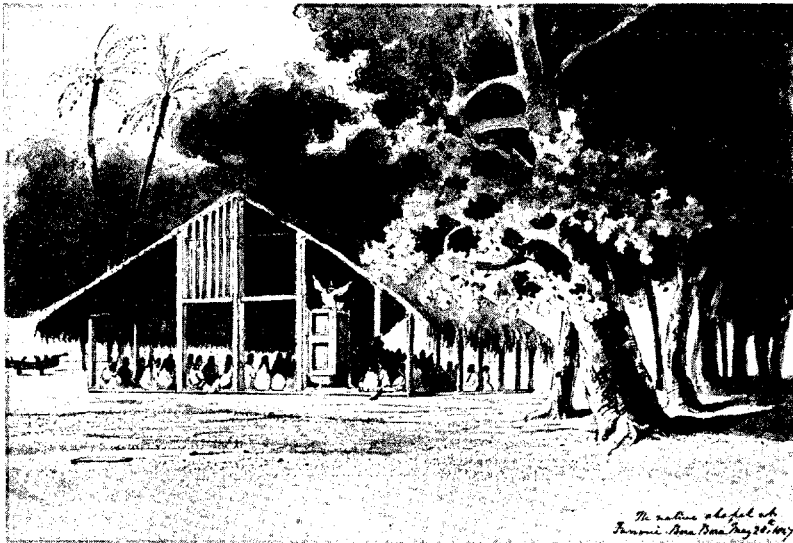
When no longer capable of duty he retired to "the colony," as every one calls N.S. Wales; but finding the climate too cold he returned to Eimeo to end his days.

An event which has been long spoken of was today announced to Mr. Truform the missionary by Gov. Bruat—the change of Sabbath.

The early navigators and missionaries came here from the Westrd, and brought their Sunday with them. Consequently they are a day before the real time, and their Sunday is our Saturday. Now that the voyage of Cape Horn has become the more common & ships generally arrive from the Eastwd, of course the day corresponding to the longitude should be observed. The change being from morning to night ought not to be resisted, but the missionaries considering the measure *French*, will no doubt object to it.

The native church is the best in all the group. It is an octogon building of coral blocks. The school is close by.

Meeting Tairapa in the church, I asked him how he liked the change of Sunday. "Very good—he said—the missionaries came from *there* (pointing to the West) and know no better." I know not from whom he could have picked up his reply; for tho' my friend Tairapa is an intelligent fellow, he certainly is not up to longitude.



The island of Eimeo appears to have taken the lead in adopting Christianity. King Pomare avowed himself a Christian here in 1812, tho' he was not formally baptized until 1819.

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In 1814 the Heathen high priest renounced his office, and declaring Christianity to be the true religion, caused the idols to be publicly burnt. The crowd stood round in awe & amazement, expecting to see their Gods rise from the flames to avenge their impiety—but finding the wooden images could offer no resistance to the fire, they shouted—"Our Gods are bad Gods—they have no power"—and from that time Eimeo became the scene of most of the early conversions to Christianity.

20th. Still detained by the wind.

21st. It blew hard with heavy gusts from N.N.E. I. Goddard, a marine died of consumption.

The seine was hauled with success near Mr. Bell's house.

22nd. Sunday. This obstinate wind still detains us. After church Goddard was buried in the missionary cemetery—where 7 or 8 of his countrymen have preceded him.

23rd. With Mafine & Wilson I landed at the head of Cook's bay—and started into the bush in pursuit of wild fowls. After a long, hot and fatiguing day, half eaten by mosquitoes we returned on board with 5. A 6th was killed but not found.

McDonald, a cooper in Mr. Bell's employ, assured me he was 2 years on one of the Feejee group when there was no fresh water.

During that period he drank nothing but cocoa nut water. He says the island had some hundred inhabitants.

24th. A land wind took us clear of the reefs by ½ p. 7. This passage out of Eimeo harbour requires caution, and should not be attempted by a large ship, but with a commanding breeze.

A fresh trade wind carried us over to Tahiti, & at 3 P.M. we anchored in Papeete harbour.

The first news that greeted me was the change of ministry in England. Sir R. Peel out—Ld J. Russell in. Sir Robert Peel's dismissal from office at Raiatea might have prepared us for the overthrow of his namesake. Coming events throw their shadows before.

I found Bruat with the gout, Miller with the influenza. The governor told me M. Lavaud is nominated his successor; and he lent me the Journal des Debats which gives a list of the new English ministry, and he seemed to think that war must be the inevitable consequences of Ld. Palmerston's return to office.

L'Uranie, L'Ariane, Le Phaeton & La Fortune were in the port. Le Phaeton steamed away in the night.

25th. I had a long conversation with Bruat. He admits that the report of powder & arms being sent here from Raiatea was probably incorrect.

He seems to have no doubt that the independence of the N.W. group will be declared — and *he says* the French Govt. would gladly abandon Tahiti if they could. He is very sore that his government has not shown any reluctance to accept his resignation. He says nothing will be done during his stay, for that his successor will come with fuller powers than he possesses. He is evidently vexed that Pomare does not return; he says she has been advised to wait and not to *listen to me* if I urged her to come back. This I think very probable — for I know the missionaries are very jealous of my interference in her concerns. He told me her debts here amount to 12000 francs — which I believe true; & not much after all.

Twelve Frenchmen have been wounded in the late skirmishes at Bunaouia — and the French sailors & soldiers have been without fresh meat for 6 weeks. What a prospect for us!

Bruat again attacked me about the coming of the Grampus being known to the natives before his arrival. He will not be persuaded there is no direct correspondence between me or the Adml. & the chiefs. I replied that having on a previous occasion informed him that no such correspondence existed, I did not think it necessary to make any further reply to his observations.

With the exception of one or two moments of soreness, he was as usual friendly & civil; & concluded by begging me to send my servant daily to his garden for vegetables.

26th. M. Dutailis called upon me, and from him I gathered that there is great discontent among the troops & sailors at being 8 months in arrears of pay & half starved. They complain that the Grampus can get fresh provisions when they cannot. This is true — we pay ready money which the French do not & English government bills are always preferred to French.

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27th. Mr. Thompson came to me in great wrath about the change of Sabbath, and brought the Governor's reply to a letter of remonstrance which the missionaries sent in.

For my part I do not see any reasonable ground of objection to the measure, being a change from wrong to right. "Then says Mr. Thompson, we will reckon our Longitude *from Jerusalem.*"

He says the natives are against the innovation—to a man. I dare say they are—and it is quite natural that they should look with suspicion at any measure that emanates from the French.

The opposition of the missionaries is from the same source without the same reason. They ground their objection on the unfitness *of the times* for making the change; but the truth is, they consider it an invasion of their authority—in Mr. Thompson's own words "The interference of the civil authority in a matter purely ecclesiastical." He admits that the missionaries would not object if the act were their own.

Certainly this is not following out Ld. Aberdeen's advice to the missionaries—"to council the people to conform peacefully to the new order of things!"

The whole proceeding has been most regular in form. It is the act of the regent, who governs in the name of the Queen in her voluntary absence—approved by the King's Commissioner in Council; it is therefor unwise, at least in the missionaries to council the natives to useless resistance.

The Governor says the missionaries can perform divine service on any day they please, but that henceforward the new Sabbath will be protected by law from profanation; and natives who adopt it will be entitled to the use of the church on that day. And if a missionary will not perform the service a native preacher must be allowed to do so. This does not seem unreasonable but Mr. Thompson maintains that tho' the Queen gave the ground, and the people built the church they have no rights in it whatever; for having made it over to the London Missionary Society, it is no longer their own.

Churchmen of all persuasions & in all ages have shown an arbitrary & wilful temper—a thirst for power & for wealth as a means to power—and an extraordinary jealousy of the least interference.

In short I only look at this change which the missionaries are making such a fuss about, as a correction in the calendar, belonging to the civil not the ecclesiastical authorities.

In 1752 when the change of style took place in England, 11 days were lost & one Sunday omitted altogether.* Did the clergy resist *that change?*

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In my absence Bruat has issued a decree placing under sequestration all lands belonging to Queen Pomare & her family. No doubt it is aimed partly at me as the representative of the lands considered to belong to the English government; and partly at old Ariipuia of Huahine, who has lands in & about Papeete.

I therefore wrote to the Governor officially to know if the lands belonging to England are included in the decree. His step was not taken without a motive & required a compelling move on my part.

28th. Saturday. At 8 P.M. last night the public crier announced the change of Sabbath; rather an eccentric manner of making the event known. Today Paraita the Regent came to the church at both morning and afternoon services — threatening the people with the stocks if they observed the old in preference to the new Sabbath. Notwithstanding this the congregation was nearly as large as usual; those only absenting themselves who seek favour with the French.

Mr. Thompson has very properly declared his intention of performing the service both on the old & the new Sunday.

This morning a sailor underwent the punishment of la Cale from the mainyardarm of L'Ariane. His crime was having struck a petty officer. This punishment is not uncommon in the French navy. The culprit having 2 shot attached to his feet, is trussed up by the shoulders to the yard arm, & from thence dropped into the sea, and then hauled on board. Sometimes for very grave offenses 3 dips are given — which generally prove fatal. There is more flogging in French ships than in English ships & a vast deal of vexatious minor punishment.

29th. Sunday. This morning I spent a couple of hours with Bruat & Madame — he being on his beam ends with gout. No man has a right to the gout in Tahiti — where starvation is the order of the day.

30th. Dr. Johnson went to the Papenoo river — having heard that the small pox existed in the camp; but as he was not allowed to proceed, he infers that his assistance was not wanted.

86 † *1st December.* Four of the missionary ladies dined with me. The American whaling schooner "Alfred" arrived from the Feejee islands.

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2nd. ———

3rd. Dr. Johnson — Mr. Nutt & Mr. Davenport of the "Alfred" dined with me. The latter had sent me some Feejee shells.

4th. Confined to my bed with influenza.

5th. When a man feels very queer, I suppose influenza is as good a name as any other to express his seediness. Still in bed, till the evening.

The Danish corvette "Galathia" Capt'n Itrin Bille arrived from China via Sandwich islands. I sent an officer to her — and Capt'n Itrin Bille called on me. He is a gentlemanlike man, speaking English perfectly; his consign seems to have been for scientific objects. He is bound to Danemark via Valparaiso.

6th. A very rainy Sunday. We attempted church on the upper deck, but the rain finding its way through the awning brought Mr. Lang to an abrupt close.

I sat an hour with Capt'n. Itrin Bille.

7th. After visiting the Dane, Governor Bruat came on bd the Grampus.

8th. Upon a report that 500 hostile natives were within a mile of the lines, 100 soldiers — 200 sailors with 170 French natives marched out to drive them away; but not a creature was to be seen, so they marched back again.

The alarm was so great in Papeete, that I hoisted the boats out to embark the British if necessary.

Capt'n. Itrin Bille, Commander Flinsborg — Lt. Bothe & Lt. Colman of the "Galathea" dined with me; and a very agreeable party I had.

9th. The officers of the Grampus gave a dinner to Capt'n. Itrin Bille and the officers of the Galathea. It was served on the main deck, and very handsomely done.

10th. I gave Captn. Itrin Bille a letter to the missionary at Bora Bora and another to the chiefs of that island which I think will be more useful to him, than one which he had procured from the chiefs of Bora Bora who came to Tahiti with the French.

Whilst sitting with him Captn Brimond of La Fortune came on board. Captn Bille has in his cabin a picture of an engagement between a Danish frigate which his father commanded, and a Tripolitan squadron. I observed the struggle between curiosity & vanity which kept M. Brimond on tenter hooks. He looked carefully at all the pictures but that one he passed with a glance. A Frenchman naturally enough supposes that a picture of a sea fight *must* represent one of the innumerable humiliations that his flag has experienced on the ocean.

The Danish merchant ship Napoleon arrived in 35 days from Valparaiso, having touched at the Marquesas.

11th. Captn Bille paid me a farewell visit & soon after sailed for Bora Bora & Valparaiso.

In the night we had violent squalls of wind, rain & lightning.

12th. 300 soldiers & sailors marched out again last night. A report had been spread that some hostile natives were near. I have however reason to believe that it was to try if either of the camps could be caught napping—for a simultaneous move was made from Bunaouia to Bunaroo & from Pt. Venus towards Papenoo. The enemy being on the alert, the troops returned at 7 A.M.

13th. Sunday. When Sir George Seymour was here, an old Scotchman named Peter Reid took his daughters (by a native wife) to see The Collingwood. They are probably the most respectable native women on the island; but when they landed they were subjected to a fine for having gone on board a ship without permission. Sir G. S. was very angry at the insinuation which this strict enforcement of the law conveyed, but he paid the fine for them & there the matter dropped.

I always justified to a certain extent Bruat's conduct in this matter on the ground that no exception could be made to a law.

Today, I saw *Madame Bonard*—*perfectly naked*—smoking a cigar in the stern galley of L'Uranie.

This evening Madame Bruat showed me some very pretty

88 † sketches by a M. Giraud, a French artist who accompanied M. Bruat from France.

December 1846 The Governor entered very fully into the change of Sabbath question, and made it appear that the act was forced upon him by the repeated applications of *Europeans*, in consequence of the inconvenience to trade of having 2 successive Sundays. I admitted the change to be reasonable, and that I did not see any material objection to the manner of promulgating it. He said he was aware that Mr. Thompson & I were not agreed upon the subject; but who told him so, I know not.

No doubt M. Bruat takes the most exaggerated view of the sins of the missionaries; tho' probably Mr. Thompson as their organ, has been indiscreet in meddling with matters which do not concern him and do not come within the limits of his pastoral duties. If it is true, as the Governor says, that the missionaries have opened letters from the Queen to the chiefs & vice versa, & forwarded only those which they have approved; if they have refused to marry persons except at Papenoo; if they have offered prayers for the Queen and her adherents & refused to pray for the Protectorate government — I think they are to blame.

Bruat says the natives are displeased at the conduct of the missionaries — saying the church is their own — that they built it & have a right to it in spite of what Mr. Thompson says to the contrary.

If these divisions are not healed, I fear the protestant church in these islands will soon fall before the machinations of the Jesuits. The missionaries pretend that they have no objection to the change, but that the *moment is inopportune* — that is politically viewing it — it is not opportune. I am getting a little tired of this subject.

The Governor mentioned that one of the Grampus' boats had been on shore untill 10 at night, & begged that in future his leave might be asked for any deviation from the port regulations. I was sorry that the thing had occurred — but I had not heard it before.



14th. fresh rumour that 500 natives were at hand took Captn. Bonard out with 500 Frenchmen in pursuit. They were determined to make an example of the Kanakas today! But they returned in a few hours covered more with mud than glory.

I have no doubt these reports are circulated to screen some plan

or movement which is in contemplation. I feel sure that Bruat will attempt something before he is superceded. † 89

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15th. There was an inspection of troops in front of government house. The men looked well in their full dress.

16th. 600 soldiers & sailors, under Bonard, marched out early this morning. It was not immediately known with what object—but before noon I was told that Faoutaoua was the point of attack.

The arrival of a few wounded Frenchmen gave evidence that their advance had been opposed by the natives.

17th. The camp at Faoutaoua—deemed impregnable has been taken by surprize.

It appears that whilst Bonard with the main body of the troops made a demonstration in front of the native pah or fort—Captain Masset—Commandant des troupes accompanied by 25 Frenchmen & as many friendly natives, escalated the highest peak of the mountain which overlooks the camp. The natives had considered this point impracticable and had neglected it. Being thus surprized the Tahitians had no choice but surrender. Two of them in their first alarm jumped over the precipice and were killed. No other loss of life occurred.

The name of the native guide who betrayed his country is *Mairoto*—he, the leader of the party, climbed to the summit with a cord—by which a rope ladder was hauled up & the rest of the party followed.

The "Sarah Ann" schooner came from Moorea on her way to China. She remained outside the port—but I had time to write a line to Charles Talbot by her.

18th. Reinforcements & provisions sent to the troops who are in possession of Faoutaoua. This has been a fortunate affair for the French, & of the highest importance to them. I have no doubt that the submission of all the native camps must follow—M. Bousisian who had been an eye witness gave me a graphic picture of the escapade. He also told me that the native traitor immediately claimed his reward.*

La Lamproie a miserable French corvette arrived from Oahoo in 38 days.

At night we had some beautiful lightning with squalls of heavy rain.

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19th. Frenchmen understand the act of blowing their own trumpets better than most people. I do not under value their achievement in taking Faoutaoua, but really to hear them talk one would suppose the storming of Badajog or Cuidad Rodrigo had been acted over again.*

M. Le Comte de la Motte Piquè—Commander of La Lamproie called on me. He seems $\frac{1}{2}$ mad; looks & talks like a monkey.

Bruat has sent proposals of peace to the camp at Bunaroo—and I conclude they will be accepted after the usual quantity of *talk*. Utami the principal chief is disposed to submit, but Maro his second is for prolonging resistance to the last moment. The Tahitians are suffering from sickness & very nearly in a state of famine, and no one can desire to see them hold out without a prospect or even a chance of success. They do not, even at this hour, believe that England will leave them in the lurch.

20th. Sunday. Bruat's star is in the ascendant. The Bunaroo camp surrendered last night, and this morning came the "Ana" French armed brig from Callao with his promotion to the grade of R. Adml. His flag was immediately hoisted and I saluted it with 13 guns.

I returned M. de la Motte Piquè's visit. La Lamproie is the most miserable vessel of war of any nation I ever saw. 8 bullocks stood between her guns, up to their hocks in dung.

In the evening there was a grand assembly at government house on the occasion of Bruat's promotion.

Bruat tells me 1600 men are on their way from France. He has changed his title from "Commissaire du Roi pur la reine des iles de la Societe" to "Commissaire du Roi aux iles de la Societe"—I fear this bodes ill for poor Pomare.

Free circulation is now allowed as far as "one tree hill."

21st. The boats going to Taonoa to fish, were rather abruptly summoned to return by the guard boat from L'Uranie. I wrote to the Gov. about it, & he immediately returned a civil letter of apology.

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The camp at Bunaroo has surrendered—and the people are coming in gradually from Papenoo; showing how tired they are of the war; which is now virtually at an end.

The submission of the natives has been effected without bloodshed, and only one thing is wanting to the complete establishment of the French protectorate—the return of the Queen. This I presume cannot now be long delayed.

M. Laspigna — Mr. Miller & Mr. Bell from Eimeo dined with me.

22nd. The boats were unsuccessful in fishing at Taonoa. M. Bruat went to Bunaouia in the Phaeton to receive the submission of the natives, which I am told was made with a very bad grace. He returned however with 225 muskets—the best proof of their intention to offer no further resistance to his authority.

The Tahitians dislike & distrust Bruat & at the present moment their attachment to the person of the Queen is offended by a suspicion that he will endeavour to rule without her. I confess his change of title looks rather like it.

23rd. Having lately received a letter from Pomare, I took occasion in my reply today to advise her to reconsider her case—and to bear in mind that every hour's delay makes it worse.

The French now want her less than ever; she is daily becoming less necessary to them. She has in no way contributed towards bringing the war to a close, and therefore cannot expect any improvement in the terms originally offered to her.

Land is so much better that I took him in my boat to Faa.

24th. This morning delegates came from the camp at Papenoo to make terms. The Governor replies that under existing circumstances he can listen to nothing short of unconditional surrender. He also demands 500 muskets as a pledge of their good faith.

I never received so bitter a stroke of misfortune as that which came this day. The Spy brought the news of my dear brother Fanshawe's death at Poonah on 13th July. I do not attempt to write what I have felt on this sad occasion—it is beyond my power to do so.

The first letter I opened was from *him* written in fullness of health & gaiety of spirit—full of affectionate allusions to the past & happy hopes for the future. I was resigned that there was no letter from *home*. The next I read was from Sir B. Stitfield

92 † alluding to "the melancholy event" without stating what it was, and I opened several without the slightest information of what had happened. I knew not what to think, or what to fear.

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At last I took up a paper and the very first paragraph that met my eye told me the loss I had sustained.

Soon after Mafine brought me the letter which Sir George Seymour had enclosed to him, in order that the news might not come too abruptly. It was kind & considerate in Sir G. Seymour.

And then came the dreadful details of Fan's end — the happy & triumphant close of a life of probity & honor. Whilst we who are left, learnt the loss we have sustained, which of us but must envy such an end. Equally exemplary in private & professional life, and excellent, I believe, in every sense, few men can have a better right to look with confidence on the awful change from life to eternity.

How little I thought when we parted on board the steamer on 1st November 1845 at Southampton, that it was our last leave taking. I then promised myself the happiness of paying him an early visit at Bombay. Man proposes & God disposes! I sailed for another quarter of the globe & he poor fellow in 8 months time was *dead*. I little thought I should outlive him, but so it has pleased God to determine.

Severe as this blow has been to me, how much more heavily will it fall upon others! What will become of Fan's poor widow — and how will my dear Father & Mother bear up against this affliction!

Tis vain to write on such a subject; tis impossible to express feelings which date from childhood — which have been strengthened by the most affectionate intercourse, and matured by a long course of uninterrupted confidence & friendship.

Christmas day. M. Bruat sent to announce his intention of paying me a formal visit — I would have declined it had there been time — but he followed his messenger too closely.

In the evening my reflections on the news of yesterday were disturbed by a very serious occurrence.

About 1½ past 8 a boat brought word on board that a great affray had taken place between the men of the *Grampus* & the French police, and that among others Mr. Lang, the Chaplain of the ship had been put in prison.

I landed instantly, and demanded of the commissary of police that he should be released. This was refused. Mr. Pratt said that

Mr. Lang had made himself conspicuous in the row, that he had summoned him 3 times in the name of the law to retire, but that he persisted & therefore had been arrested & being in prison could not be released but in concourse of law, or by an order from the governor. When I mentioned the scandal which would attach to such an occurrence, Mr. Pratt said he cared not for persons, and that before now he had put a colonel into the calaboose!

I immediately wrote to M. Bruat from the Consulate, stating what had happened; and an order was immediately sent for Mr. Lang's release.

It appears that between 80 & 90 men being on leave from the *Grampus*,—a party of them (about 20) paraded the beach singing *Rule Britannia*. They were followed to a tavern, a row ensued with some French sailors. In the meantime the police & soldiers to the number of 50 or 60 surrounded the house, and the Britons made an effort to force their way to their boats. Some who were drunk were soon overpowered & put into prison; others not quite so far gone, disarmed the Frenchmen & threw their swords into the sea. A few less prudent, turned the swords they had taken, upon their assailants—and wounded some of the police severely.

In the midst of this affray Mr. Lang appeared "to see the fun," having hastened from Mr. Thompson's door, contrary to the advice of the persons with whom he had been chatting. I know not if he had partaken of a convivial dinner, but his presence at such a scene of riot drunkenness and blasphemy was certainly unbecoming in a clergyman.

At that moment Mr. Pratt had his epaulette cut off by a sabre which had narrowly missed his head. To seize the chaplain was a glorious revenge for the injury & indignity he had received. He knew the scandal that would attend the occurrence, and without hesitation put him in prison.

About 15 men who had been secured in irons, roared *Rule Britannia* all through the night.

26th. I sent Mr. Lang's statement of the occurrences of last night to the Governor, and afterwards had a long interview with him on the same subject. M. Cloux the director of European affairs was present.

M. Bruat at first seemed disposed to make light of the matter—"cette une affaire de police"—but I told him an outrage on an

94 ♠ English officer was something more than an affair of police, and I hoped he would give it the serious consideration which its importance demanded.

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He then stated he had instituted an inquiry through M. Cloux; that Mr. Lang had been present at a riot in which several of the police officers had been badly wounded—that he had disregarded the summons of the commissary of police to retire, and therefore had been arrested; that the commissary of police had done his duty & could not be blamed.

He said he hoped the matter would be settled out of court, that he was ready to make any amends consistent with justice to Mr. Pratt—that he felt great regret at the occurrence, and had no objection to say so in a public letter—but if more were demanded, the affair must go before the tribunals.

“L’amour propre de votre chapelaine est blessé, n’est ce pas”—said Bruat—“Not at all, I replied, he considers himself the victim of an outrage—it is *my* amour propre that is wounded in seeing my officers subjected to insult.”

M. Bruat expressed his wish to give me every assistance in vindicating Mr. Lang from the imputation of having mixed in a drunken fray, & declared that if it could be shown that Mr. Pratt had exceeded his power he would be severely punished.

“How, I asked, can you rely on the evidence of Mr. Pratt who admits himself to have been so excited that he did not know if he did or did not collar Mr. Lang.” M. Cloux said that Mr. Pratt’s doubt on that point was whether he seized Mr. Lang’s arm or collar—and no wonder if he *was* excited—for he himself had been much hurt, a serjeant of police had his arm nearly cut off—another serjeant severely wounded in the head & several others of the police badly cut. I reminded him of another proof of the *excitement*—that one of my men when knocked down had been nearly killed with stones, and that Mr. Pratt was striking every one right & left even after the rioters had been secured—and that the treatment of the prisoners after they had been put in irons was brutal in the extreme, & would have disgraced savages.

I must say that Bruat was conciliatory in temper & language. Of course he was enough of a diplomatist to dwell on the minor points in order to draw me from the main feature of the case; but I stuck to Mr. Lang’s arrest as closely as he would let me.

M. Cloux wished to press the conduct of the Grampus’ men into a criminal case, to be disposed of by Court Martial; but Bruat was

very fair there, & said it should be dealt with only as a case of *ivrognerie*—unless *I* persisted in bringing Mr. Lang's share in the matter before the tribunals. † 95

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If I had consulted my own feelings I would at once have accepted the compromise; but I replied that things must take their course—I would not sacrifice the character of an English officer & an English clergyman even to save my men. This rather disconcerted M. Bruat, who begged me always to bear in mind that he had released Mr. Lang the very instant he had received my first demand. "True—but why did you wait for my demand, when you knew an hour before you got it that Mr. Lang was in prison?"

After M. Cloux had retired, M. Bruat said that if the matter were pressed he had sufficient evidence to show that "M. votre chapelaine avait tres bien dine," a circumstance which he should never mention but with reluctance.

This confounded me. It was Christmas day—I knew that a convivial party had taken place in the gunroom—and when I saw Mr. Lang on his first release from the calaboose he seemed elated with wine—which from his remarkably abstemious habits, he might be from very small cause.

Altogether this is a most unsatisfactory & unpromising affair. Mr. Lang was very indiscreet but "nescio mortalium de sa."

There were heavy squalls of wind & rain which indicated a coming storm, but the barometer took very little notice of the change in the weather.

All the camps have submitted on the conditions offered by the Governor—and a general amnesty has been proclaimed for past opinions & offenses.

27th. Sunday. When M. Bruat called on me on Christmas day he mentioned that no officer had been sent to the Spy on her arrival, because when she was last here, the visit from L'Uranie had not been returned. I told Mr. Woodbridge to set this matter right. This evening he (Mr. W.) informed me that he sent his mate on board L'Uranie yesterday morning to explain; but the Lieut. of that ship after hearing the explanation replied—"Monsieur je ne la crois pas." Though Mr. Woodbridge's want of civility on his former visit might have entitled him to some rebuke, I could scarcely think that a French officer could make use of such an explanation on such an occasion.

I am told Mr. Elliot the mate speaks but a few words of French

96 † & probably there has been some mistake. Nevertheless such an occurrence cannot pass without notice.

December

1846 28th. A French whaler came from California.

29th. A continuance of rainy, bad weather; thermometer at 85°. A great many of the natives have come on to Papeete from the camps.

30th. M. Bruat remains immovable about Mr. Lang's affair, and persists that Mr. Pratt did no more than his duty.

The further I advance in this awkward affair, the more difficult I find it. I fear that a more scrutinizing inquiry will increase the scandal, and therefore to press a complaint which I would not be able to sustain would be foolish. I am prepared for a great deal of abuse from those who will think otherwise.

M. Bruat was rather disposed to compliment *me* at the expense of Sir G. Seymour. I suspect Sir G. S. treated him as an inferior—rather cavalierly perhaps—for M. Bruat ran on “Maintenant nous sommes sur égalité; je suis contre Amiral comme lui; et meme quand il etait ici; comme gouverneur, ma position etait superieure a la sienne. Nous verrons—ce n'est pas moi qui ira le chercher si nous nous recontrons a Valparaiso, et je serais tres content de partir avant qu'il puisse revenir une seconde fois a Taiti.”

He then changed from Sir G. S. to me—saying there had been no English ship at Tahiti since the French occupation that had given so little cause for complaint; that in Mr. Lang's case he would do more for me than for Sir G. S. or any other English officer.

I told M. Bruat that I had nothing to do with his personal feeling towards Sir G. Seymour and that I should be glad if he would remember that Sir G. S. was my Adml. and abstain from paying me compliments at his expense.

On this occasion Bruat fell in my estimation. He betrayed a littleness of mind which I had not expected, an insistence about his personal dignity—which if he felt it—it would have been far better not to have uttered.

He expressed himself in the strongest terms of surprize & displeasure at the language said to have been used to the mate of the Spy; he said that there had been an evident misunderstanding of the terms made use of—but the officer of L'Uranie had been uncivil, & therefore he had placed him in arrest.

I told him—as I had indeed officially written—that these incivilities so often repeated—had very much the appearance of being premeditated; and I again alluded to the very slovenly manner in which M. Bonard’s language had been explained.

All this time poor Pomare is forgotten. Her position is becoming daily worse & every hour makes her presence less necessary to the establishment of the French Dominion.

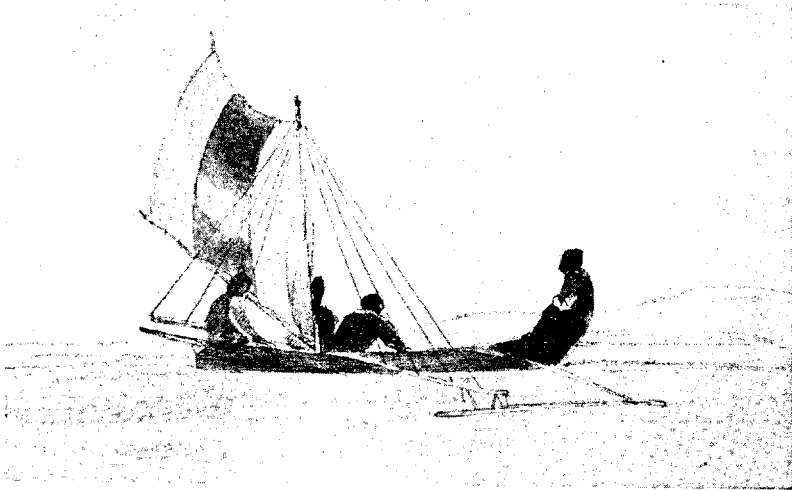
I therefore sent the Spy to Raiatea this afternoon to make some suggestions to her through Mr. Chester.

Tahiti is a grand place for lies. The moment the Spy got under weigh, it was confidently stated that she had gone to Valparaiso to fetch the Collingwood!!!

31st. The last day of the year 1846—a year upon which I do not look back with so much pleasure as upon many others of my life.
but ———

“Se di ciascuno l’interno affanno
Si videsse in ponti serritto
Quanti mai che invidia fanno
Ci faubbero pieta.”*

Juno arrived, 21 days from Oahoo—



98 † 1st January. The band of L'Uranie came under our stern in her barge & played God Save the Queen & other tunes for half an hour.

January I called on the Governor to pay the compliments of the day. A large concourse of the chiefs & people had assembled for the same purpose. I was introduced to Utami, Maro & some others.

1847

There appears to be some resistance at Papenoo to give up the arms; out of 450 promised only 90 have appeared.

An English whaling skipper came alongside to say that his ship which he had left outside, was in a state of mutiny.

I know not what he did not expect me to do. I told him that when he brought his whaler the "Resolution" into the port, I would hear what he had to say.

2nd. The Resolution having anchored in the harbour, I went aboard. The grievance seems to be that Park (nephew of Munjo Park)—the master of the vessel will not whale on Sunday. The men say it is customary to do so, and as they are paid by shares of the oil taken, they object to losing one day in 7.

On Christmas day Mr. Park ordered his men aloft to look out for whales. They refused & 11 men struck work. I think him very right not to fish on Sundays, & very wrong to do so on Christmas day.

I prevailed on 2 to return to their duty & 3 I took on board the Grampus. The remaining 6 persisted in their mutiny; so I threatened a great deal more than I shall perform & left them to reflect on it.

Still the natives do not give up their arms—still the same weak excuses are made; and it is now understood that they will not surrender their muskets until they know what terms are to be given to the Queen.

It is currently reported that the chiefs who came from Bora Bora with the French are to be sent back to their island *by force*. Not at all probable.

3rd. La Lamproie sailed for Valparaiso.

Governor Bruat came on board & sat an hour.

4th. Violent rain throughout the day. I was amused by a Frenchman in M. Rousseau's store—"Monsieur le Commandant, said he, nous Francais nous sommes cherchès partout; meme en Californie avec leurs sucres et leurs cafes on nous a priè de leur donner notre protectorat etc. etc. Ici a Taiti nous sommes assez bien—le pays

donne des preuves de la civilization et le peuple commence deja manger les truffes." Eating truffles is the best test of civilization I ever heard!

♣ 99

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Le Phaeton went to Moorea to bring over the natives to the feast which the governor gives on 7th.

5th. Spy returned — bringing me letters from Raiatea & Bora Bora and from Pomare at Tahaa.

I told M. Bruat what I had heard from her — namely that she was disposed to return — but knew not how. He said he could make her no new offer, but that he would receive her if she came; that his government had blamed him on a former occasion for having invited the Queen to return & he certainly should not do so again. He does not want her now & is therefor indifferent about her. He says it is a comedy — so it is for him perhaps! But for these poor islanders who have lost their country & their freedom — seen their home invaded, their houses burnt & pillaged — their kindred butchered & all that was most dear & most sacred — polluted by his hated race — there is not much of comedy.

Bruat assures me he has no intention of meddling with Bora Bora untill he receives new orders from France.

Itrin Bille writes to him that the natives of Bora Bora mistaking the Dane for a Frenchman retreated to the Fort on his approach.

I met Maro on the beach as the Phaeton came in from Moorea full of natives for the feast (not oysters) — He looked very sorrowful on the sight.

6th. The lightning was magnificent at night — a continued stream of fire — with occasional heavy rain.

7th. M. Bruat had written me an official letter announcing this as a day of festivity & rejoicing — to be observed as a general jubilee — with a programme of the salutes, ceremonies etc. to take place on this anniversary of the hoisting of the French protectorate flag at Tahiti. It was accompanied by an invitation to dine, which I declined.

I made a compromise with my conscience & replied that I had no objection to fire a salute on the restoration of peace & the cessation of part of the sufferings of the people.

At 7 A.M. Bruat reviewed his garrison in front of government house, squares were formed, the names of the most meritorious

100 ♣ read—and a feeble “vive le roi” was heard. It was as wretched an attempt at a cheer as I ever remember. The soldiers are very dissatisfied—they are hard worked—ill fed & ill paid.

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In the course of the day there was running in sacks for the women, & climbing greasy poles for the men; and at 3 P.M. a feast of pigs, bread fruit & other native grub for all hands, amounting to about 2000.

There was much discontent at the quantity & quality of the liquor, which was voted rather *small* for such an occasion—but the Uranie’s band played cheerful music & these light hearted music loving people soon recovered their good humour.

The day was favorable but the heat intense.



8th. Thermometer 90° & the atmosphere heavy & oppressive.

9th. Another distressing day—not a breath of wind. Blake, M. Techoise—Mr. Toney, Woodbridge & Collie dined with me.

10th. The hottest day I ever felt.

11th. I had a letter from Mr. Chapman, U.S. Consul, apologizing for not having called on me since my arrival; making the excuse

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that he had been refused a boat by the Admiral & did not wish to risk a second refusal. I answered that I should be happy to receive him if he chose to come.

The missionary barque "John Williams" arrived from the Navigator islands on her way to England. She has on board 17 children of missionaries going home for education & 2 families. This missionary ship was built or bought by penny subscriptions from children in England. She is constantly running between England and the South Seas for the sole purpose of keeping up the communication between the missionaries & the Society.

I dined with Blake & his monkey.

12th. Mr. Chapman called & was saluted with 7 guns.

The Chilean brig Catalina arrived from Valparaiso with provisions for Grampus & Juno. The armed brig "L'Ana" sailed for Toobouai to bring up some of the Tahitians who were banished there during the war. She also takes down Tamatoa, King of the island—who is said to have asked for the French protectorate. I don't think his request will be refused.

13th. The heat continues excessive. Mr. Chapman—Miller—Dr. Johnson Blake Quin & Durville dined with me.

14th. M. Bruat told me this morning that the Commandant of Le Genie had written to him from Valparaiso. That a report was then current that the brig Catalina received a large quantity of arms for the Tahitians as well as provisions for the Grampus. I replied that I did not believe one syllable of it. He then said that from such good authority he could not doubt it and that he should put a guard on board La Catalina untill her cargo is discharged. "Not whilst she is alongside the Grampus if you please"—"Certainly not" replied M. Bruat.

15th. The missionary barque J. Williams sailed for the leeward islands. The Catalina was hauled alongside the Grampus. We got 417 bags of bread into the breadroom which is a larger quantity than has been there before.

16th. Pomare has written to the governor to have the steamer & another vessel sent for her. Poor woman, I am glad she has decided to come, for bad as her case will be when she arrives, it will be made



worse by delay. The leeward island chiefs have been invited to accompany her — a little act of conciliation preliminary to coaxing & humbugging them into *asking* for the French protectorate.

17th. Sunday. Strong S.W. wind & not so hot. Heavy rain at night.

18th. Weather hot & rainy the barometer fell so low that I thought we were going to have a hurricane. Cleaned the holds, dried them with stoves aired & whitewashed them. They were not so foul as I expected.

19th. Blake & the consul dined with me.

20th. Heavy rains with squalls of wind & lightning. We completed provisions from La Catalina.

M. Bruat has rejected all my claims for compensation to British subjects for injuries sustained during the war except for Messrs.

Collie & Lucett & to them he offers a very inadequate sum. The others he disposes of by reference to his government. † 103

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21st. Constant rain & the heat immense. Juno would have sailed had there not been too much swell on the bar.

22nd. The surf busts heavily on the reef, churning over a great deal of water and creating a swell that makes the ship roll more than I expected in so close a harbour. The wind is strong at times from N.W. to S.W.—but never enough to bring a heavy strain on the chains.

Gassett, the pursers steward, died today of dysentery . . .

23rd. Gassett was buried in the missionary cemetery; tho' it was calm the great surf on the beach made the landing difficult. Blake, Quin, Woodbridge & Capt'n. Peterson of the Catalina dined with me.

24th. Sunday. Mr. Barff whom I had sent to Huahine to cheer his good old Father, returned today. Pomare had arrived there, and was to sail as tomorrow for Moorea.

In the evening I had a conversation with Bruat about the Queen. I must say that he speaks of her as an honorable man should speak of an unfortunate woman — with kindness & with consideration for her unhappy condition. He is elated with his success & can afford to be generous. Bruat told me, what I had heard before, that the people of Bora Bora & Raiatea very reluctantly allowed Tapoa to accompany the Queen & had meetings on the subject. He said these meetings had decided that Tapoa should *not* come, but that Pomare had *ordered* otherwise — and “therefore, said Bruat, Tapoa is coming, which clearly shows Pomare to be the sovereign chief of all the islands — for Tapoa is obliged to obey her.” I could not help smiling at his logical conclusion — The smile was catching & Bruat burst into a laugh at his own reasoning. It was unnecessary to say a word.

25th. The same perpetual rain, & occasional squalls of wind. Blake had unmoored, but hearing I had killed a sheep — moored again.

26th. The barometer fell so much in the night that at daylight I expected something more serious than occurred. It came to rain

104 ♣ only. It *poured* for the *whole* day, one continuous stream. I never saw *such* a rain in my life. The heat & the dampness of the ship account for our large sick list.

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27th. A continued pour of rain throughout the day — but in spite of the weather, Mr. Collie, Capitaine Ladriere, Blake, Cochrane & Quin dined with me. The rain in the night was enough to swamp a ship.

28th. Still pouring, pelting constant rain & blowing fresh from West to S.W. Though the sea broke across the entrance the “Columbine” schooner came from N.S. Wales. Mr. Thompson & his ladies were to have dined with me, but the weather prevented them. Blake came & brought little Kidd, who tumbled overboard in getting into the boat. The “Columbine” was at Toobouai when the French protectorate flag was hoisted on 20th inst. & saluted by the French brig “Ana.”

29th. I called upon M. Bruat for news of the Queen. He only knew that some of her boats & people had reached Moorea.

He said he had no positive account that the French flag had been hoisted at Toobouai; but he thought it probable, for the King of the island had asked for it. He had at first refused because he had orders not to extend the French possessions in Oceanie but when the King *proposed* it (!) he had consented. The Ana was going down & if the people wished it, it might be done.

From Toobouai we got by an easy transition to the long mixed question of the leeward islands. He said they had done many things which would have justified his attacking them, but that his orders forbid him. He seems to have little doubt that they will be left independent.

He again alluded to the Queen having ordered Tapoa to attend her — “a proof said he, that she is the sovereign of all the group.” He alleges that she has *always* received a salute — the chiefs of the other islands *never* — that English, French, Russians, Americans — all considered Pomare the chief of the Society islands, and then he brought out Ld. Aberdeen’s letter to show how often he had mentioned Tahiti as one of the Society group.

In my opinion the French have the best of this argument; but they have taken Tahiti contrary to the wish & interest of England, & therefore the English govt is endeavouring to strip the French

possessions of half their value by maintaining that the best part of the group is not an appendage of Tahiti. Diplomacy is a tortuous game. † 105

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Then came on Mr. Barff's reclamation. Bruat said his horse should be returned, or taken at a valuation. — and *something* given for the cows; that his trees were cut down because his house had given shelter to "Scotch Jock." — and that Mr. Barff joined the native party when he appeared at a meeting seated between Tapoa & Scotch Jock. But all this is trash, & no one knows it better than M. Bruat.

He will not admit the liability of his Govt. for more than the actual injury done by the French soldiers to the house of Messrs. Lucett & Collie; but I persist that compensation is due for the consequences of that act. He recommended that Mr. Collie should see M. Cloux on the subject & come to some arrangement.

30th. The "Juno" profiting by a light wind got to sea this morning, tho' there was considerable swell on the bar.

Blake came in his boat to tell me that Lt. Turner of the Juno had some misunderstanding with M. Dutailis last night. It seems that the latter walking on the Broom Road in coat & epaulets, straw hat — no sword — & a segar in his mouth was offended that Turner did not salute him in passing. M. Dutailis asked Mr. Turner's name & his ship & said he should report him. But I think he will have wisdom enough to hold his tongue.

I had a letter from the Commissary of Police about a midshipman having galloped through Papeete contrary to law. The complaint was frivolous & contemptible, & as such I treated it. Then came Mr. Thompson to consult about the missionary churches destroyed during the war. I believe something passed on this subject between Sir G. Seymour & M. Bruat — but I think it will be difficult to *prove* that they were destroyed by the French, tho' there cannot be much doubt of it. They are of no value whatever. The forests provide the material & a small quantity of labour would make them all right again.

31st. Sunday. A continuance of the same weather — squalls of wind & incessant rain.

Mr. Stratton, master of the "Columbine" has been many years trading among the Feejee & Navigator islands & the other groups between Tahiti & Sydney. He tells me there is a French papist

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bishop at Wallis Is, who hoists a French flag—but not a flag acknowledged by the government of France. Out of a population of 2000 at Wallis Is. there are 2 parties of protestants—100 & 50 between whom and the 700 papists there is a constant feud.

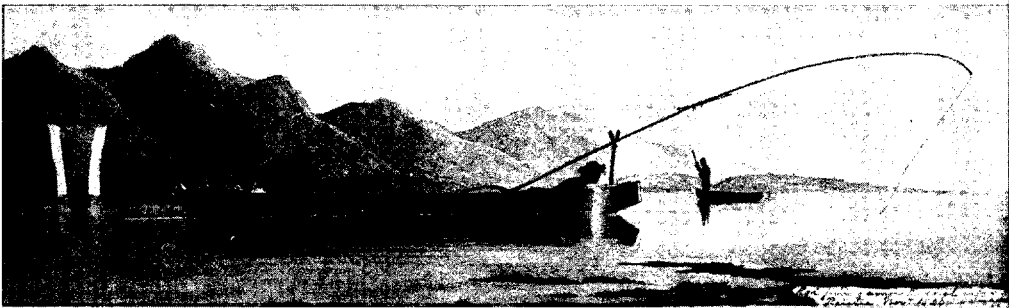
These are rival parties—for amongst savages, the difference between Papists & Protestants can hardly be known.

Mr. Stratton says the Navigator Is have solicited English protection; (if so it is a pity we do not at once take them) and that they have refused permission to land to the French missionaries. I have no doubt Mr. Consul Pritchard* will do our cause immense mischief at those islands.

Stratton thinks the French are established on New Caledonia.

The French have been working diligently in these seas by means of the Jesuit Pacific company; and it appears to me that Bruat's policy has been strictly in accordance with its principles.

That is—to discourage every thing and every body not French; to throw difficulties in the way of trade that Tahiti may become a purely military colony; and above all things to drive the English out of the markets. It is a system long determined on—to be carried out slowly & cautiously, but with a fixity of purpose that must have its results, if not counteracted. Why don't we at once hoist our flag on the Navigator & Feejee islands & meet the French with correspondent restrictions on trade?



1st February. Today the sun is vertical; but it is cooler than for months past. † 107

Thermometer on shore 74° on board 76°.

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Murray of Huahine, about whom I have been squabbling with the Governor, came to me; a well looking well spoken Scotchman. He assured me that Scotch Jock (John Rainie) did not shoot Harris the pilot. The murder (if it can be so called) was committed by Matooa a native—who avows it—and many saw the deed done. Two of the French blockhouses were washed away by the rain—which has been more constant & of longer duration than for years before. No news of the Queen yet.

2nd. The same perpetual pouring rain, without a moments interval. Mr. Miller dined with me.

3rd. The sea broke so heavily across the entrance of the harbour that I did not venture to send the "Spy" to sea as I had intended. As the wind drew to the N.E. the wind abated.

Forster, a marine, died of consumption this morning.

4th. "Spy" sailed at daylight. The "Ana" followed her. Buried Forster.

5th. At last we have a fine day. The ship being rather close to the shore, I shifted a cables length further out.

"Le Phaeton" anchored at 1 P.M. having left the Queen at Eimeo, which the Gov. immediately announced to me in an official letter.

The rampart on the North of the town has been washed away in many parts by the late rains. The foundations of all the blockhouses have more or less suffered.

6th. I purchased a dog of the true Kamskatka breed from the master of a French whaler for 10\$. His name being *Jacka*, from the place of his birth, I called him Jack. He is a savage fellow, but being a fine water dog may be useful for a cross.

The Governor went to Eimeo in the Phaeton to meet the Queen.

Mr. Miller & Mr. Gibson dined with me.

7th. I hope the rain is over—today we had but a few showers.

8th. Three whalers arrived today—2 American & 1 French. I have never seen so many in the harbour at one time.

108 ♪ 9th. This day the French protectorate at Tahiti was completed & consummated by the return of Queen Pomare after an absence of 2½ years.

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At ½ past 11 the Phaeton hove in sight with the Protectorate flag at the fore — indicating that the Queen was aboard.

The Grampus & French ships being draped in flags, saluted with 21 guns.

Pomare landed at the débarquedère in front of the American Consulate in which I posted myself to see the show. She quitted the steamer under a salute & was escorted on shore by the Governor in his barge.

A vast concourse of natives crowded the beach, the foremost ranks being knee deep in the water. Their gaudy colours gave a gay *appearance* to the scene — which was the only cheerful part of it.

There was no sound of joy — no demonstration of pleasure — no expression of satisfaction at her return. A solemn deathlike silence prevailed; not a whisper was uttered — you might have heard a pin fall. Pomare seemed to feel this striking absence of welcome. As she stepped from the pier, she looked as though she were stepping on the scaffold; and the multitude gazed upon her as if she were heading out for execution. As she passed within 10 feet of me I observed she was in tears — but otherwise looking well. She had a native headdress of flowers — a silken shirt — & no shoes or stockings — she leant upon Bruat's arm who looked ill pompous & priggish. The Queen's mother, Pomaretani — Tapoa & the Governor's staff completed the melancholy party and they marched off through the troops, who lined the road to government house.

Thus ends the last act of the Tahitian tragedy — (Bruat calls it a comedy) — and judging by any other standard than that of French morality the seizure of this island would be considered an infamous & unwarrantable act. *We* have perhaps no right to find fault with France, for Tahiti has been repeatedly offered to England & as often refused. We thought ourselves secure, and that we could take them at any moment. In the mean time France stepped in & on a false & scandalous pretext hoisted her flag. However the deed is done — and t'is too late to repine.

A proclamation has been issued that Q. Pomare submits to & acknowledges the protectorate, and that she is reinstated in all her power & authority. Poor woman! whether for better or for worse I believe I have been very instrumental in bringing about her return.

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10th. A notice has been issued that all foreigners desiring to see the Queen are to ask for permission through the French chef d'etat major; and that Mr. Salmon a low swindling bankrupt Jew from London is to be her secretary & interpreter.

Cutting off intercourse between the Queen & foreigners is no doubt intended partly to hit *me*, but principally the missionaries. I certainly shall not visit the Queen on those terms.

Mr. Charter writes to me that he has great fears of Tapoa's firmness, if the Queen urges him to take the French flag. So have I.

11th. The Queen received all the European residents—presented by Mr. Salmon. Her Majesty was pleased to acknowledge their presence by a slight inclination of her royal head, but did not deign to utter a syllable. Mr. Thompson the missionary conveyed a message from me that I was sorry the terms imposed by the Gov. prevented my calling on her.

I met old Tapoa who had been looking for me. I thought the old fellow was low & thoughtful more than became his fat jolly face. Whilst I was conversing with him, a native woman in shaking hands left a dollar in his hand. He received the present with a nod & a wink, but took it quite as a matter of course. I am told it is the custom of the country to give money on paying a visit to a superior. In this way the Queen is receiving large sums from her subjects, at the present moment.

I sent the launch to Eimeo to procure bullocks if possible. The men are suffering greatly from long continuance of salt provisions.

I dined with Mr. Chapman, the American Consul—M. Tukories, Hunt & Collie. A wretched, comfortless dinner.

The French soldiers & sailors performed theatricals. M. Istar, the manager was good enough to invite me, but I did not attend.

12th. A very hot & overpowering day. Tapoa the King, Chapman Collie & Dr. Johnson dined with me.

Tapoa came an hour before dinner, as I wanted to talk with him. He told me that Bruat on their first meeting on Eimeo, had made some slight overtures to him. "Don't believe what you have heard of us—judge for yourself how you are treated by the French. In a short time Tahiti will be cultivated & very different from the other islands."

I put him on his guard against these insidious advances. I told him there was no reason why Bora Bora should not flourish more

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than Tahiti, if there were no Frenchmen to take the lands from the natives and I also cautioned him against Pomare's attempt to get him into the same scrape as herself. He said he was aware of the danger—but I have great doubts of him if temptation is put in his way. Bruat's object now is to have the protectorate of the Leeward islands *offered* to him. By jove he shall not have them whilst I am here. If he hoists his flag on one I will seize its neighbour.

I also cautioned Tapoa against the intrigues of the chief *Mai* of Bora Bora. He assures me there is no truth in the story of the Queen having *ordered* him to accompany her. He came because he did not like to separate Pomare from her child, whom he has adopted.

Tapoa says Pomare is far from happy, & sorely feels the restraint she is under. "Well Tapoa, said I—"you see Bruat is King of Tahiti—take care he is not also King of Bora Bora."

He says it is true that Paraita the Regent of Tahiti had proposed to Bruat to send away all the English—and that Bruat had replied "The time has not yet arrived."

13th. Mr. Thompson consulted me about applying to the Governor for leave to visit the Queen, as one of his congregation, when he or she pleased, without having permission from the Majorité.

I told him it was a clumsy way of opposing the governor—and that he would not succeed, but that he could write to M. Bruat if he pleased.

Why it is Bruat's object to cut off as much as possible the intercourse between the missionaries & the Queen,—he is most anxious to sever the connexion—it is the initiatory move in his Jesuit game—it is the preliminary to knocking down the protestant church—it is the first step towards Romanizing the people, it is not therefore probable that he will give way to Mr. Thompson's wishes. I intend to tell the missionaries that their most prudent course is to adhere to the law, and to trust to their own steady & conciliatory conduct to maintain the influence they have (or pretend to have) over the people. No doubt they will have a difficult game to play—but they will not improve their chances by coming to a quarrel with the French authorities.

M. Giraud is a French artist of much merit. He came out with M. Bruat—in the pay of the French Govt. to make drawings of the country & the people. He has been very successful in both branches,

but I think his figures are even better than his landscapes — He was very good natured in showing me his portfolios. ♣ 111

The launch returned from Eimeo with 2 bullocks.

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14th. I drank Bossy's health today. Young Holcombe is, I fear, very unwell. I took him into the cabin where he will breathe a purer air. His lungs are touched.

15th. Hall, Land, Grosvenor, Gilford, May, Sibbald and Elphinstone accompanied me in the barge to Bunaouia; where we landed at 9 after much difficulty in threading the reef.

A French officer very civilly procured us a guide for the camp at Bunaroo, and after paying a visit to Mrs. Darling the missionary's wife, we proceeded up the valley. At Bunaouia there is an entrenched work, quite capable of resisting any attack from the natives; and 3 blockhouses command the approach from the valley of Bunaroo, which is but 500 yards across at its mouth. The mountains gradually close in upon the rapid river which rushes through it, untill the valley has become a gorge not more than 60 yards across overhung by rocks almost perpendicular.

At about 4 miles from Bunaouia the river takes a sudden turn



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across the gorge, forming a protection to the basin in which stood the native camp & village of Bunaroo. The position was further protected by a wall thrown up above the river—and is one that 100 resolute men might defend against a host.

Bruat was repulsed in an attack on this place on 31st May last—Col de Brea was killed, M. Malmanche lost his leg, a Lt. of L'Uranie also killed, and a great many men.

Not only were the French met with a murderous fire from behind the wall, but the natives rolled down immense stones upon them from the rocks above. The river was so rapid that it could not be forded and there was nothing left to Bruat but to retreat. I am told that he behaved on this, as on all occasions, with great personal gallantry.

The scenery in this valley is beautiful—we forded the river, frequently waist deep, 20 times. It was swollen to an unusual size by the late unprecedented rains. Young May lost his shoes in the river & the ground was so stoney that Hall & I had to carry him.

We returned to Bunaouia, and having halted for a few minutes in the hut of our guide, young “Maro” walked on to Tapuna where we rejoined the barge. It is sad to see the havoc which the French have made among the bread fruit, cocoa nut and vi trees. We walked through a dead forest which had been girdled and killed by Bruat's order, to storm the natives. A barbarous system of warfare.

A bathe in a fresh water stream and a good dinner under an orange grove made us all right after our long & hot walk. A picturesque group watched our meal—and we retired afterwards to one of their cottages for shelter from a hard shower. The women of this country certainly have no prejudices!! I gave them a bottle of wine for their hospitality & reached the ship at 7 P.M.

Mr. Chapman had invited me to a party at his house, but not desiring to meet Bonard I did not go. I afterwards heard that *heavy* gambling was the order of the evening.

16th. A ball at Government house. The Kanaka women in their shirts looked very nice—some of them even danced quadrilles. The Queen was afraid to speak to me in the presence of Bruat—I was very much amused—for any bystander would have thought from her manner that there was some more than usual understanding between us, and I am sure many *did* think so. Bruat seemed much elated and told me every thing was going smoothly on. On this day year we sailed from Plymouth.

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17th. The missionaries again. Mr. Newsome & Mr. Barff came to ask about a plot of land claimed by the mission & by Major Fergus who pretends that he purchased it from a Kanaka. The claim seemed to me to be good—I therefore recommended them to maintain it & promised my support.

Tapoa is ill from having eaten too much pig yesterday. He was greatly pleased at my visiting him.

Tiriree & 6 other native chiefs paid me a visit. When sober these people are civil & good natured but like all others very troublesome when drunk. They refreshed themselves with a bottle of sherry each & then paid a visit to the governor where they had as much more.

18th. The Queen received large presents of food (which generally means in this country, pigs, cocoa nuts & bread fruit) of cloth and money.

Each district formed its procession which reached from the beach to her house, carrying their gifts upon their shoulders, “Danaos dona ferentes.” They were generally clad in the same colours and with their wreathes & garlands made as picturesque groups as I have seen.

This is their mode of showing their pleasure at Pomare’s return—and a hearty welcome they have given—for I am told in money alone she has received 3000\$. She has given great disgust by the coldness & indifference with which she has received these offerings.

Several of the officers and some of the resident foreigners, who wished to see the gifts presented, were refused admittance to the government square—tho’ all the French officers entered without hindrance.

Messrs Collie, Host, Giraud, Michele & Petit dined with me.

19th. The French ship “Lion” arrived from S. Francisco, California—22 days. She started with 250 head of cattle and lands 150.

In the afternoon she sailed for the isthmus Tairavou to place them in the government cattle grounds.

Mr. & Mrs. Newsome—Miss Darling Mr. Barff & Mr. Miller dined with me.

Throughout the night there were heavy squalls of wind & rains.

20th. The Governor announced to his council that the French protectorate extends over Tahiti, Eimeo, Chain* island & Toubouai. I believe the assumed right over *Chain Island* arises from Fitzroy

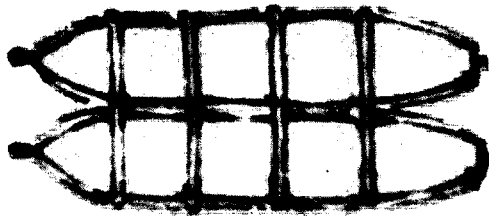
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having claimed compensation from Q. Pomare for the capture & pillage of the English brig "Truro" at the low islands in or about the year 1835. She admitted the claim & engaged to pay a sum exceeding 2000\$ and therefore she is considered to have admitted herself responsible for an act, which she had no means of preventing. It is said that the governor by way of showing his right over Chain Island is going to take Pomare there in the Phaeton. Probably he will hoist the French flag.

21st. Mr. Miller requested conversation about the land on which the Consulate stands.

In my humble opinion Mr. Miller is a very unfit man to be intrusted with any thing that involves the interests or character of Englishmen. He is a Peruvian in all his ideas—and is utterly devoid of *English* feeling. He steadfastly adheres to the letter of the law, but generally manages to evade its spirit; and he has such a terror of every thing like responsibility, that it is in vain to ask his assent to a liberal and an *English* view of any question.

The present ridiculous grievance is this. Mr. Miller's & Mr. Newsome's houses are within the same enclosure—Mr. Miller felt his consular's dignity offended by Mr. Newsome's horse feeding in front of the consular premises. Poor animal—few men who saw the dry hempen mat on which he was feeding would have begrudged him his dinner! However Mr. Miller wrote Mr. Newsome an angry letter, warning *the horse* off. Mr. Newsome replied that the consulate stood without permission on mission ground—and warned *Mr. Miller* off. Mr. Miller finding himself in a scrape asked my advice and I laughed so immoderately that Mr. Miller was as angry with me as with Mr. Newsome. There can be no doubt that the ground on which the consulate stands was given to Mr. Pritchard in his consular & not in his missionary capacity—and therefore the *right* is with the consul—but he managed to bungle the affair so completely that he placed Mr. Newsome on the best side of the argument.



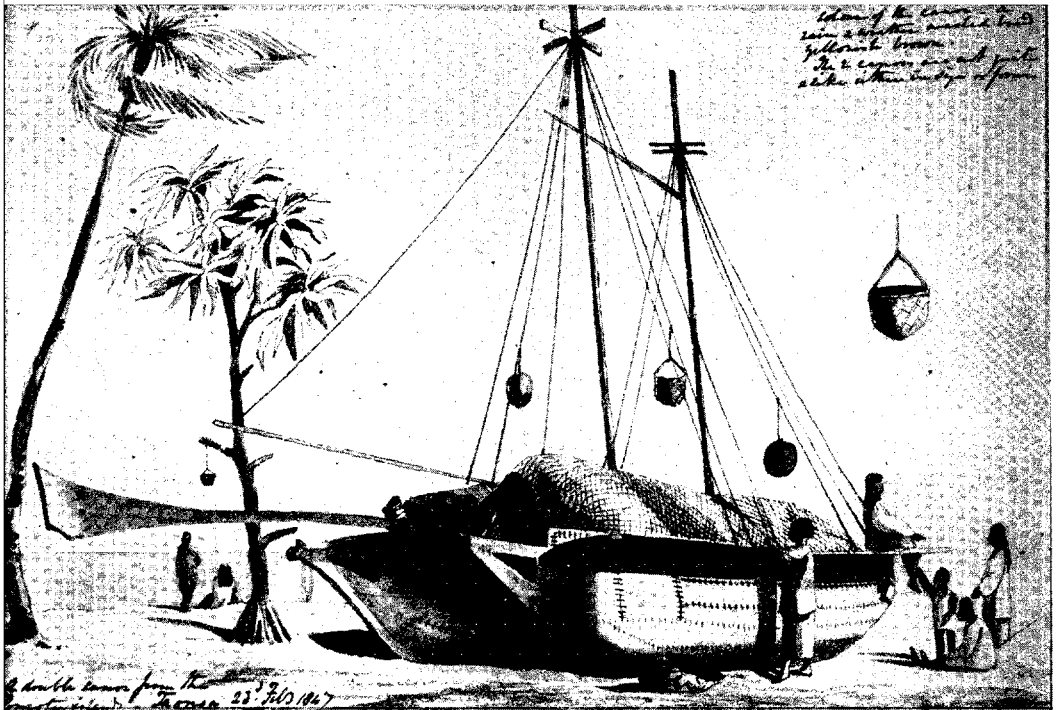
I called upon Bruat in the evening—Pomare was there. She offered me her hand as of old, but drew it back when she saw the governor looking. But I could not be deceived.

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Bruat must have been in unusual spirits for he offered to give me some cattle from Tairavou! I wish I may get it.

22nd. Gardner (A.B.) died of dysentery. I heard today sundry evidences of lurking discontent among the people; but it is too late they are subdued—for the present at least.

I walked to Taonoa to see a remarkable double canoe from the Pomatoo islands. It is in fact 2 canoes joined together. Each is about 50 feet long by 5 broad. There is not a nail in them. The logs of which they are constructed are sewn together with bark—and the joinings are close & neat. The upper works or gunwales are of matting. She is schooner rigged with her masts stepped on the thwarts or connecting boards and I am told these craft stand a great deal of bad weather. Thirty eight persons crossed in her from



116 ♄ Pomotoo—about 250 miles. They seem to be families who have come to see what is to be seen and picked up. The women & children are hideous—they have thrown up some huts round their canoe, which is hauled up high & dry.

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These people had with them a curious bat or vampire, which I would have bought if he had stunk a little less. The head, in size form & colour much resembled a ferret's. Each foot had 5 claws—its wings were of great spread & each had at its extremity a claw or hook. I believe this animal is called the flying fox.

23rd. Buried Gardner in the missionary cemetery.

24th. Having procured the governor's permission to land the sick, I sent on shore 12 bad cases of dysentery, and young Holcombe who I fear is very ill. His leg if not his life is in jeopardy. The missionaries have lent me one of their houses for a hospital.

In the evening I walked to Faà—3 miles on the Bunaouia road. On this side many huts are growing up & some considerable patches of guava have been cleared for cultivation.

25th. The American whaler "Autumn" grounded inside the Tonoa passage through the fault of the French pilot. In the afternoon I took a long & fatiguing walk to the summit of the first chain of hills. The view was very extensive. We flushed two wild fowls & saw places where the wild pigs had rooted up the ground.

26th. Massie, Land, Herbert, Baird & Mitchell started with me for Faoutaoua at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 A.M.—"Friday," a New Zealander, who speaks English accompanied us as pilot. The distance is from 10 to 12 miles and the road (which crosses the river 6 times) is very good until it reaches the foot of Faoutaoua mountain where it becomes steep and fatiguing. From its summit we looked into a dark basin, overhung by wooded hills, & into which a river falls in a beautiful cascade (they say) 800 feet. A narrow path scooped out of the mountain side brought us to what *was* the native—what *is* the French fort of Faoutaoua.

M. Bovis, a Lieut. of L'Uranie, who commands the station received us with hospitality. His costume & establishment are of the most free & easy kind. He has with him, to share his leisure hours, a rather well looking girl from Pomatoo—whom he calls *Poison*.

Whilst breakfast was preparing we ascended a neighboring hill

for the view — which scarcely paid for the fatigue. The *wild* ginger which is immensely abundant in these hills, is bitter & not good; but when cultivated, the Tahitian ginger is equal to any in the world. Being fortified with a good breakfast we returned to Papeete — well pleased with the day's excursion. The scenery in the Faoutaoua valley is superb.

“La paquebot du mer du Sud” arrived from the Marquesas and Valparaiso bringing letters for every one but the Grampus.

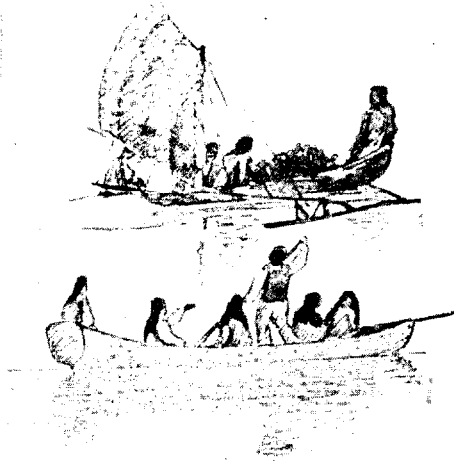
27th. Old Tuituimoia, the Queen's mother, told me the natives of Bora Bora have asked for French protection; but that Tapoa resists. That there is a deep intrigue going on to gain the Leeward island chiefs, I *know* — but their knavish tricks shall be frustrated if Tapoa will keep true.

28th. The governor came on board & sat 2 hours with me. We discussed the Montpensier marriage & he asked me for the paper which contains Gordon's Ct. Martial — as well as one in which he Miller & Hammond are much abused.

M. & Madame Michele came on board. He is a great bore and she I believe a great ———.

There is a pretty waterfall 2 miles from Papeete to which I strolled this evening.

As I expected the Governor has refused the missionaries to have access to the Queen except as other foreigners have.



118 ♣ *1st March.* I met Pomare twice today. She seemed in great spirits, and delighted to be clear of French espionage.

March

1847 *2nd.* Whilst the Queen is paying her visits to the foreign residents, Salmon is gambling away her money & Pomaretani is astonishing the world by being kept sober since his arrival.

Dr. Johnson dined with me & we afterwards took a long walk. We met the governor who said he was much amused at the newspaper comments on his conduct.

3rd —

4th. M. Bovis dined with me. If all he says is correct, the morale of the French navy is at a low ebb; but probably better than it was.

5th. At 4 P.M. I started with M. Bovis — Hall, Smithe & Elephinstone, & pursuing the same road as on the 26th, reached Faoutaoua at 7. The governor had offered me horses, but I preferred walking. We found M. La Touree, a midn of L'Uranie in charge of the party during M. Bovis' absence.

After a merry traveller's supper, most of the party had to pick out a soft place on the floor — but I had brought a hammock & should have fared well, if the *cold* had not kept me awake. Cold is quite a new sensation at Tahiti; but Faoutaoua stands high.

6th. After a very beautiful & very fatiguing walk of 3 hours, we reached the summit (that is the highest accessible point) of the "Crown" mountain, or as the French call it — "Le diademe." In one part the ascent is so difficult, that a rope has been placed to assist travellers in getting up the mountain side.

Some huts mark the advanced posts of the French.

Above Faoutaoua there are no cocoa nuts, but vast groves of Fayee trees, which supplied the native camp with food during the time they were blockaded. A shrub which I am told is called the "Gigantic fern" — is very abundant. It grows to 20 feet high & is very graceful & pretty. It resembles a palm.

The view from the crown is unrivalled & is scarcely surpassed by any I have ever seen. Bovis had sent up a plentiful breakfast, & his men had the good taste to spread it on a spot from whence we could enjoy the magnificent prospect. On one side we looked down upon Taonoa — with the island of Titaroa visible in the distance. On the other we had the valley of Bunaroo, terminated by

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The Green Mountain, Tahiti, from off Honoua 10th July 1847

Bunaouia. I was well repaid for the fatigue of reaching this lofty spot.

On our return to Faoutaoua we bathed in a pool in the river which for clearness & coolness might have served for Diana's bath. After a short visit at Faoutaoua we walked on to Papeete, where we arrived at 7. — very tired, but much pleased with the excursion.

7th Sunday. At 3 A.M. there was a heavy squall. At daylight a small schooner was seen wrecked upon the reef near the entrance. She was entering the port when the squall struck her & drove her on shore.

8th —

9th. The "Ana" came from Raiatea — bringing Tamatoa the King. I fear this drunken old man comes for no good purpose

The Governor — Capt. Mariani A.D.C. — Commandant Massit — Col Amalrie — Mr. Miller, Mr. Chapman & Mr. Collie dined with me.

10th. Tapoa in a cotton shirt & his wife in a silken chemise dined with me as did Mr. & Mrs. Bell of Eimeo, & Mr. Johnson missionary of Papara.

120 † 11th. The most abundant weed is the wild ginger. The "Queen's valley" is full of it.

March

1847 12th. Hard squalls & heavy rain from N.W. to N.N.E.

13th. Commenced building a whaleboat from a model given me by M. Tichoise.

Constant rains with hard squalls all round the compass.

14th. Sunday. Constant hard rain — no church. I dined with Bruat the first time since October 15th — 7 months. He has invited me often enough — but for many reasons I have always declined.

Pomare & her husband — Tapoa & Tamatoa were there.

In the evening a play was acted by the French soldiers & sailors, which I did not attend; because they are trying to seduce Pomare to Papist ideas, and I do not choose that she shall cite me as an example, when the missionaries call her to account for backsliding. I was sorry that Tapoa went & told him so. He said he was sorry too — but he could not help himself.

At 11:30 the marine sentry on the Starbd. gangway fell overboard. From the cabin I heard the fall & his call for assistance. He could not swim & before I reached the deck he had sunk. A boat was lowered instantly from the main chains — but it was too late — he was drowned.

15th. Looked for Feather's body without success. Heavy surf on the reef & swell in the harbour. The quantity of water thrown over the reef causes a strong current or return stream out of the main entrance.

16th. A few drying days after nearly a weeks rain. Mr. Hooton told me the reason he changed the colours of his vessel from English to French was that Mr. Miller threw so many vexatious obstacles in the way of his trade. Which I believe is the case.

17th. The rain returned as viciously as ever. An arrete has been issued forbidding the export of cows from Tahiti or Eimeo — or any bullocks to be slaughtered on ship board untill examined by the agent of police. This is aimed at me.

Feather's body floated alongside & was taken on shore.

18th. Buried Feather at 8 A.M. In digging his grave a naked uncoffined body was found & one of its legs dug off by the grave diggers. I suspected some foul play, but upon inquiry it appeared that this was the body of a Lascar who died on C'—a merchant vessel & was buried according to the custom of his country. † 121
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Tapoa & his wife, Bovis, La Source, Collie & Dr. Johnson dined with me.

19th. Bruat asked me through M. Malmanche to rebuild the wharf at the watering place—as they have no carpenters.

Captn. Hunter came from Raiatea in his schooner under French colours. He tells me that before Tamatoa came away, a meeting was convened & he was told that if he sold his country to the French he need not return. Captn. Hunter has no doubt that Tamatoa will be bought by French grog & gold.

20th. Bruat has questioned Pomare closely as to her claim on the sovereignty of the leeward islands. She declares she has none. This is not altogether true; for tho' the others may not have so considered her, I am confident she always considered herself the Sovereign chief of all the Society islands, before the French came to them. He has also pressed her to know who lately promised her aid from England. No one—she says—She only *hoped* for it.

Mr. Osmond* the missionary of Tairavou (whose daughter was seduced last year during her visit to Madame Bruat) has been intriguing to prevent Mr. Barff from being received by the natives at his new post near Idya. He has also requested the Queen to place him (Osmond) in Mr. Thomson's place at Papeete & to send Thomson to the isthmus; but the Queen has no power over the missionaries, they act by the instructions of their society. He has also suggested to Bruat that French protestant missionaries might be found who would do as well as the English & leave the latter no excuse for remaining at Tahiti. Mr. Osmond has always been a troublesome character, and at enmity with his brother missionaries.* Tapoa came to beg a little oakum & pitch to caulk his vessel, a wretched cutter of about 15 tons, built at Bora Bora. The skipper of this craft has his majesty's niece on board with him, but whether married wife, I know not.

The "Ana" brought a small schooner under French colours—the "Rob Roy" from Moorea, having made prize of her for smuggling spirits.

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21st. I heard from another authority that the principle reason why English vessels take French colours among these islands, is that Mr. Miller forces upon them the legal proportion of Englishmen. Now the only Englishmen found here are deserters from vessels runaway convicts from N.S. Wales — or other bad characters — and these are the people whom Mr. Miller adopts as his subjects. Rather than take such men, the masters of several English schooners trading between this place & Sydney, have taken the tricolour flag.

Mr. Miller is not a judicious or a very good tempered man, and gives great disgust to his countrymen by his avarice.

I called upon Madame Bruat in the evening. Pomare was there & quite gay. She said she would pay me a visit as I would not visit her.

Bruat gave me an amusing account of his captivity in Algiers. He commanded one of two brigs that were wrecked on that coast in 1830. One quarter of their crews were drowned, & those who escaped were made prisoners.

Another serious affray took place tonight between the men of the *Grampus* who were on leave, and the French police, which ended in the guilty escaping & the innocent suffering. The Boatswain & Sergeant Heale R.M. were taken to the calaboose, though they were in no way implicated in the row, and treated in the most scandalous manner. Mr. Pratt Commissary of police & some of his men were badly wounded.

22nd. Having written to M. Bruat to demand the release of the boatswain, he was liberated from the calaboose at noon. At 3 P.M. the other men who were put in yesterday were also set free; but Sergeant Heale, against whom "a graver charge" is to be made, was detained. Commenced refitting the ship.

The "Janet" English barque arrived with Mr. & Mrs. Lucett from N. Zealand.

Dr. Bovis, Gibson, Gould & Miller dined with me.

23rd. I wrote my opinion of the arrest of the boatswain to the Gov. this morning & in the P.M. got a very angry answer.

24th. I answered Bruat as temperately as I could, but it is difficult to express rough ideas with soft words.

Hunter's schooner ran upon the reef in going out & remained there some hours, with damage.

25th. The correspondence is going on warmly—and there is no apparent disposition to conciliate. † 123

L'Allier transport arrived from France with 350 troops. She brought us letters to 15th Nov. & papers—having called at Valpo. Her commandant immediately called to say he had these things for us. This arrival brings the retirement. I hope it may be more beneficial to the service than I expect. *March 1847*

26th. On returning the visit of the Captain of L'Allier, I found a civil old gentleman of the old school—M. Lecointe—2nd de vaisseau.

Mr. Lang is very ill with dysentery. The refitting the ship was finished.

Mr. & Mrs. Lucett, Mr. Collie & Dr. Johnson dined with me. M. Cloux demands 100\$ for bailing Segt. Heale. I have given my word that he shall appear to take his trial & I shall give no more.

27th. The Governor has sent the Segt. on board, on my pledge. He yesterday underwent the proces verbal, but I do not yet make out what charge is to be preferred against him.

28th. I said prayers for Mr. Lang who continues dangerously ill. The barge went to Eimeo with a party to repair the shed over the coals belonging to the British government. Mr. & Mrs. Bell went over in her.

The Gov. by way of an approach to a reconciliation sends me a civil note with his papers to the 14th Divn.

I read for the first time of the Casern [?] dispute.

29th. Hearing that a bull had been seen on the S.W. end of Eimeo, I sent Elphinstone in the pinnace to fetch him.

30th. Le Majesteux sailed for Callao—Elphinstone returned with a noble bull.

Mr. Pratt sent off to say it was a cow—and that it was contrary to law to kill her; so I immediately returned him for answer that if he bothered me any more about the animal I would send him such evidence as would convince him it was a bull & no cow.

It was told me today for the first time that Mr. Pratt cut at young Gilford, in the row the other night with his sword & hauled him down with the flat part of it.

124 ♣ 31st. Wilson (A.B.) died of dysentery. Gilford & 2 marines attended to give evidence at the proces verbal in Heale's case.

April The French brig Eduard Maire arrived from Oahoo.
1847

1st. April. A rainy day. I read the service over the body of Wilson — a very good old seaman. May his last voyage be a happy one!

Commandant Lecointe, M. Petit & Mr. Miller dined with me.

Lecointe is very proud of a sword given him by George 4th for some service rendered to an English merchant ship. He brought the letter which he received with the sword to show me. It was from the foreign minister of the day.

The barge brought another *bull* from Eimeo. He was fierce & difficult to manage in the boat, but in hoisting him on board, he dropped overboard out of the slings, which rather astonished him & somewhat cooled his courage.

2nd. Good Friday. I performed divine service. The weather very rainy & hot & unwholesome.

In the proces verbal in Sergeant Heale's affair, there does not appear to me to be a particle of evidence to make any case against him. I read every word of it. The charge is having obstructed 2 policemen in the execution of their duty—and assisted at the liberation of 2 marines whom the police had arrested.

If Bruat brings trial on such evidence, it is clear that the Sergeant will be convicted—for he would not dare to do so if he were not confident the judges would under any circumstances pronounce "guilty."

In my walk this morning I stopped to see the native mode of fishing. Palm branches are tied together to a length of 100 yds or more, and are laid out in canoes like a net to enclose a certain space. A rope being attached to each end it is hauled, as a sein. It sweeps all before it like a broom and the fish that attempt to escape over or under are entangled in the leaves. It is surprizing what a number of good fish are thus taken.

Tis marvelous to see the innumerable wild orange trees, literally sinking and giving way under the load of fruit, which is delicious. When oranges are wanted, a boat is sent on shore & as many as are required are gathered. No one claims them or thinks it worth while to make any charge.

April
1847

3rd. Sergeant Heale was tried today, and found guilty of having been present when 2 marines escaped from the police, for which he is sentenced to eight days imprisonment & costs to the amount of about £10.

Lts. Priest & Stewart & Capt. Land attended — and to my surprize state that the sentence was in accordance with the evidence. Therefore I can take no further steps — but in my opinion a more complete mockery of justice was never performed. There was much evidence to show that he had not interfered in the disturbance, and the only testimony against him, was borne by a policeman who said “the prisoner said something to his comrades but as he does not understand English he does not know what it was — but he seemed (il semble) to call people to his aid.” Another policeman who had been listening to the previous evidence behind a door — said “*probably*” the sergeant called for assistance. Another policeman saw nothing but a little midshipman on the ground whom Mr. Pratt had cut down or knocked down.

4 Frenchmen 4 Englishmen & 1 American declared that the sergeant did not interfere in the quarrel — and yet he was found guilty!

When it was objected that one policeman had listened to the evidence of the other — M. Cloux the president said it did not signify — for a *policeman must speak the truth!* There is some fun in the idea of Truth masquerading in the livery of a French policeman.

The sergeants defense was not read in open court & I was afterward privately told that a very small portion was heard, when the president said it was unnecessary to read the remainder.

It must be admitted that the French call their courts “*Tribunals*” they do not pretend that they are Courts of Justice.

I am very much disgusted with the whole affair.

4th. Easter day — I read prayers.

5th. I wrote to Bruat to protest against the punishment of Sergeant Heale — he having been in the execution of a legal order from his superior when he was arrested; and I protested also against the arrest of his boatswain — but it was of no use — Bruat being strong in the sentence of the tribunal, is resolved to carry the sentence through.

This being Easter Monday the men of the Grampus performed a

126 ♣ play, It was a little bold to select "The Revenge" for their first attempt— followed by the comedy of "The 4 Lovers." But it went off very well, assisted by some good songs & dancing.

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I heard one of the fellows behind the scenes say—"You mind your side of the house & I'll attend to mine"— which reminded me of a Yankee story. "A flat" was running up the James river in Virginia, on a very dark squally night. The only persons on board were the skipper & his mate—the former at the helm, the latter looking out forward. The mate came aft saying "Its mighty dark Cappen I expect w'll be snagged as sure as God made possums." Quoth the skipper "Zebulon if you'll mind your end of the ship I'll mind mine"—So Zebulon walked away but returned in a minute—"Well Cappen my end of the ship is safe enough, for I've let go the mud hook. What might you be going to do with your end."—?—



6th. I met a woman, of whom I had heard, with the word MURDERER tattooed across her face in large conspicuous letters, which commence about the middle of the cheek, & pass over the upper lip to the other cheek. She certainly looked the character very much. She is a native of Raratonga Is., where she murdered her husband under circumstances of great atrocity. The people wished to put her to death, but the missionary, Mr. Williams, interfered and prevailed upon them to spare her life on condition that she should submit to be branded; thus to proclaim her crime

to the world in conspicuous, indelible & everlasting characters. It is a horrible idea — but if punishment is intended as example its object is certainly fulfilled in this instance. † 127

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Many years have passed since the murder & its punishment. Time has made her callous to the gaze of strangers. She has married a second husband, & looks very much as tho' she would treat him as she did her first.

In my walk this evening, I sat down by a group of huts amidst a group of Kanakas. One brought me a basket of vee apples, and stamping venomously on a rotten one — exclaimed "Frani" — their word for Frenchmen. I do believe the French are cordially hated by the Tahitians.

7th. Bent sails.

8th. Mr. Thomson lent me a pony & with Mr. Collie I rode to Pt. Venus. On my return I met Bruat & Madame — Pomare & her husband & a large party, all on horseback. The poor Queen was behind & seemed more in the character of an upper servant than any other. We shook hands in respect & I believe she would gladly have turned back with us had she dared. Bruat has no doubt an irksome game to play with her but he does not seem to render his courtesies like a man of the world, or a person accustomed to fill a high post.

9th. The men performed again this evening (the same pieces) to a *brilliant audience*. They were much applauded, & really they did very well. 20 English ladies were present — heaven knows where they all dropped from. Tapoa & his wife were delighted — particularly with one of the actors who had his face blackened & wore a garb of red with gilt tinsel to represent an African prince.

10th. Nutts schooner the "Annah" came from Sydney, having her foremast badly sprung in a gale off N. Zealand.

Walking along the shore in the neighborhood of Papawa — I reached a village just in time to see a large remorous fish called the *AONO* taken. It was rather a characteristic sight.

As soon as the fish was seen & his course ascertained by the ripple caused by his dorsal fin — the chief jumped into a canoe, which his son, a smart little boy, paddled out to the spot where the fish was supposed to be, about 60 yards from the shore.

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The spear was thrown with accuracy & the fish rushed out to seawards with it fast on his shoulders. The chief having thus dexterously performed the only part of the game worthy of his rank, came on shore & several canoes put off to bring the fish in. When landed upon the beach I measured him—5 ft. 10 in. long with a head like a crocodiles & monstrous teeth. The Aono is as dangerous to mankind as the shark & is *more* feared by the natives.

11th. Sunday. Mr. Lang being still very ill, I performed his service for him. In the evening—pitch dark & raining torrents, I missed my footing on a plank which crossed a filthy abominable ditch, and tumbled in over head & ears.

L'Allier & la Meurthe sailed for France with 550 troops, relieved by those which lately came. Bruat encourages the old soldiers who have served their time, to remain as colonists—with a view to forming an effective militia. I am told about 60 have accepted land, but probably they will not stay long. Few have families, and there can be little inducement after a certain time of life for a single man to remain.

12th. "L'Ana" arrived from Pomotu crowded with natives who have come down "to have a talk with the Queen." They have brought her considerable presents, from which I infer that they in some degree acknowledge her supremacy.

The French war steamer "Gassendi" arrived from Valparaiso, bringing our letters by the December mail. Her Commander M. Faucon—Lt. de Vaisseau—called upon me immediately, & gave me an interesting account of the operations in the R. Plate—at which he was present. An American whaler came from Sydney.

13th. "Edouard Marie" sailed for Valparaiso—and Mr. Chapman, U.S. Consul took his departure for Oahoo in the American ship "Montreal"—being utterly ruined by gambling.

14th. Bruat & Madame started on a tour round the island, in the "Gassendi." The Queen declined *the pleasure* on the plea that one of her children was ill. She is getting very tired of the politeness of the governor.

15th. "Columbine" came from N. Zealand & "La Danae" a large frigate armée in plate with 450 troops from France, via Valparaiso.

Commandant La Calloch came with some letters from Sir G. † 129
Seymour. Dr. Johnson dined with me.

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16th. La Danae—though not the largest, is one of the best French frigates I have ever seen—she appears to have more height & space than the generality of them. She has but 20 medium 32 prs mounted.

I am sorry to see in the paper the death of my old friend Leonce.

17th. Fat old Nutt came from Raiatea in his schooner.

About 2 miles from Papeete is a picturesque cascade, which gives one the most delightful shower bath imaginable. The basin into which the water falls, generally contains 2 or 3 naked nymphs.

18th. Sunday. Tapoa is very anxious to know if my projected visit to Bora Bora is caused by new orders from the Admiral. I gave him no information, but advised him to hasten his departure. He asked if I should call a meeting of the chiefs at Bora Bora. I replied "probably." I am afraid this old fox is not playing an honest game.

The Governor returned this evening in the Gassendi.

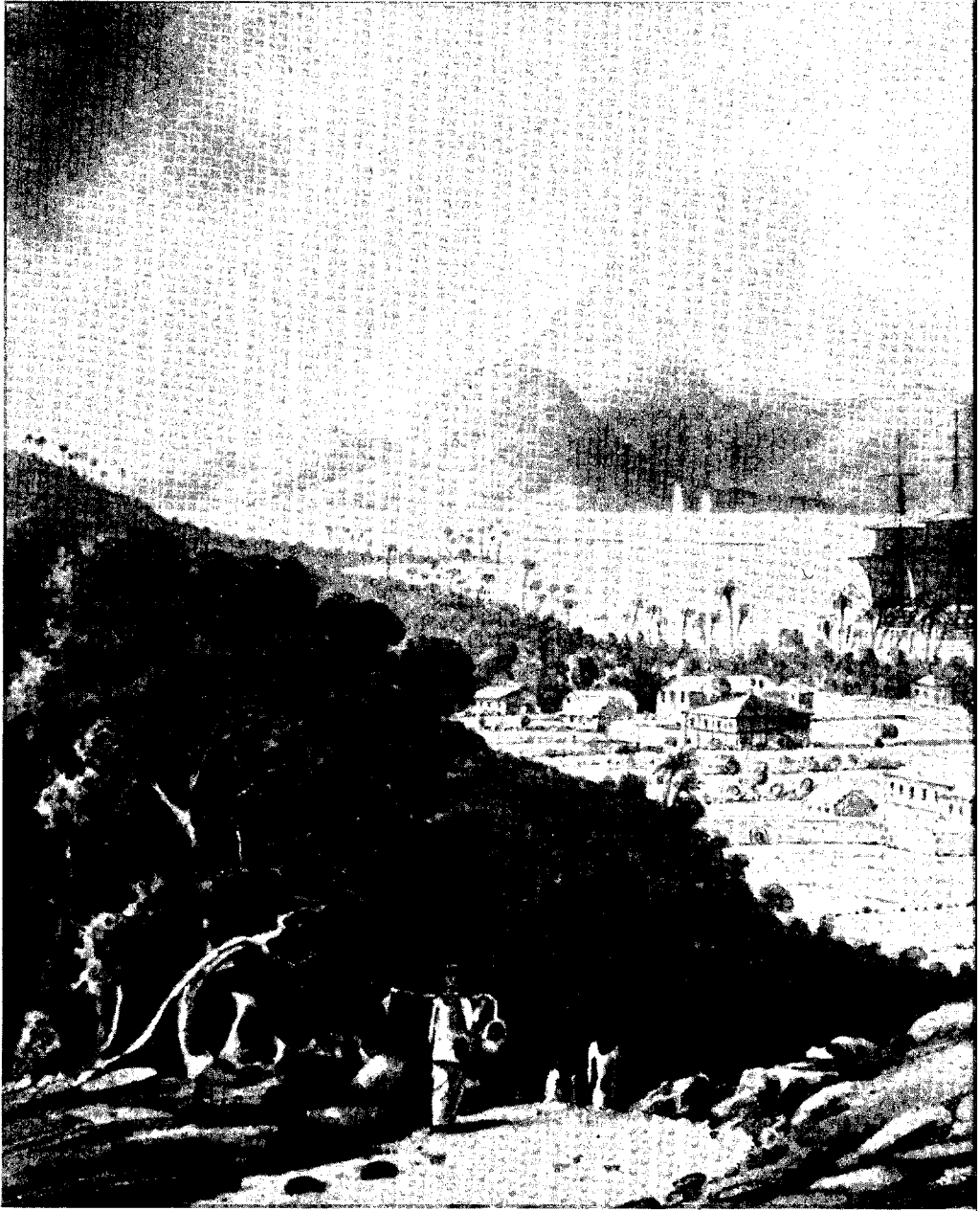
19th. Tapoa came to ask me if I would carry 50 or 60 of his people to Bora Bora. I declined, but offered to take him, his wife & 6 attendants.

Irvine re-engaged as pilot—and the sick were embarked from the hospital. I took Mr. Lang & Holcome into the cabin.

Dog "Jack" swam on board at 11 P.M. having swam in shore without harm in the afternoon

20th. At 7 A.M. a light air & the assistance of the French ships boats took us out of Papeete harbour. Soon afterwards we picked up a fresh trade wind, when I stood to the North to look at the island of Tetaroa. At 10 we saw it & at 11:30 being within ½ mile of its reef, tacked. Tetaroa is a low lagoon island or "atoll"—apparently 7 or 8 miles in length. The coral belt which encircles the lagoon, is covered with cocoa nut trees; there is no passage into the lagoon & no anchorage outside. I observed a few huts & inhabitants & a larger building which I believe is the remains of a chapel. But for the heavy surf I should have landed.

In the palmy days of Tahiti—Queen Pomare used to bring her maids of honor to Tetaroa to *fatten*; fat among the ladies being an emblem of nobility & of beauty. The process was conducted under





Lima from Japan
10th April 67

132 † the directions of a learned man (one of the high officers of state) who performed the functions of royal stuffer or crammer. The young ladies were kept in a constant state of repose and were fed with poi & cocoa nut mashes every 2 hours throughout the 24. I am told the old gentleman, on their return to Tahiti after some weeks absence, used to pat their cheeks, point out their increasing rotundity & show what progress towards perfection they had made under his auspices.

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The position of Tetaroa is correctly laid down in the chart. At noon I bore up for Huahine — before a long rolling swell. The day had been grimly hot, & at night the lightning was magnificent.

21st. Being off the island of Huahine, I went into Port Owharre in my boat. I had thought of taking the ship in, but the wind was very baffling & the entrance is very narrow for so large a ship. It is not a cables length from reef to reef.

I landed at the *dwelling* of Ariipuia the Queen — for a roof resting on posts without any walls can hardly be called a *house*.

Of this lady I had heard much — as being the most perfect type of an Amazon in the known world. Many good stories are told of her in the island wars — in which she always headed her people — and when their courage flagged — she seized a musket — denounced them as cowards, and by her own prowess & personal example retrieved the day.

Ariipuia is certainly no beauty — a tough leathery old woman with a sharp quick eye and a certain look of the devil that fits her character very well. She is said to be every inch a griffon — and by Jove she looks it. She seems about 60 yrs old, but she has not yet renounced the foibles of her sex.

She glories in a glass of grog — and has lately taken unto herself a good looking husband 25 years of age.

As she smoked her segar, her eyes measured me from head to foot & examined me in every point for 3 minutes — in doubt whether she should trust me or humbug me.

At last she seemed to have made up her mind — for she suddenly rose from the ground and abruptly shook my hand — “Yoranha Martin” — then pouring out 2 stiff glasses of sakee, she handed me one & swallowed the other. “Yoranha Martin” and she once more squatted on the ground and resumed her segar.

Each of us seemed determined that the other should speak first — but her patience broke down — “What good news have you

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brought me, or what bad tidings?" I then told her I had nothing to say but what should be agreeable—that the question of the independence of her island was not yet decided—but that I had reason to know it soon would be settled in her favour. She replied "It is time I was made glad for I have waited long in suspense—but I would resist the French flag to the last." She then asked me what I thought of the change of Sabbath—I explained as well as I could to her that if one day of the week was put aside & kept holy, it mattered little if that day was Saturday or Sunday. "Well said she—it is a French change, and it shall not come to Huahine." Whereupon the old lady looked lightning at me, & lighted another segar.

I again advised her to postpone her new code of Port Regulations until the independence question should be settled—which she promised.

She expressed a great wish to come on board—to taste of my cellar.

Her heir—Pomare's 2nd son—was with her—an intelligent child.

At 2 P.M. I made sail for Raiatea.

22nd. At noon the Grampus was at anchor in port Utaroa in Raiatea. Now that Pomare has gone the place seems deserted. Having nothing to do, I sailed the barge to Tahaa—6 miles through a shallow, narrow & intricate passage within the reef.

Mr. Krauser—a Prussian—is in the pay of the London Missionary society, and stationed at Tahaa. He has been 4 years there, & is just going to start for the Austral group—regretted by all his congregation. I have not seen an uglier couple than Mr. & Mrs. Krauser—but they are kind excellent people.

Tahaa is for its size the most productive of the Society Islands. The best arrow root is grown here, and formerly was exported to the amount of 20 tons per annum; now it scarcely produces 20 cwt.—owing to the incorrigible laziness of the people.

The population of Tahaa is 560. The canoes of Tahaa are of the best.

A female chief named Potoki has a considerable number of cattle on Tahaa. She became possessed of them thus.

A vessel was wrecked on the island. Amongst the few of the crew saved, was one Peter Dillon. According to the fashion of the country, he claimed the *protection* of Potoki, a chief's daughter,

134 ♣ then very young, and as might have been expected, after the proper period, Potoki bore him a child. Thus Peter became a family man and settled on Tahaa. He built a house and imported some cattle and settled on Tahaa. He built a house and imported some cattle from Raiatea — became sick & died,* leaving his house & his beasts to Potoki, out of gratitude for the protection she had afforded him in his day of need. They thrived and increased & Potoki is the richest person on the island. She is an old woman but still well looking. She drove a hard bargain for some of her oxen and made us pay 34\$ a head — but they were larger & fatter than those which cost 50\$ a head at Raiatea.

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Potoki was very polite — invited me to her hut & introduced her daughter — a girl about 18 yrs. of age & by far the finest woman I have seen in these islands.

On my return to Raiatea I called on the missionaries, and had a long chat with Mr. Platt.

I found Mr. Charter's outer gate locked, which at once explained why he is so unpopular with the natives. In all uncivilized countries there is a freedom of intercourse & community of house which will not brook a closed door. Mr. Charter's property is not a bit more secure because his gate is locked — and it is bad policy to show the bad opinion he entertains of the honesty of the islanders. Mr. Platt once did the same; but having had 3 horses speared in a month — he took the hint and left his gate open. From that day his property has never been touched.

The change of Sabbath has not been adopted here, nor will it for the present. The people are mostly in the country collecting food for a festival close at hand.

23rd. I fired a few shot at a target placed on the reef. The natives exclaimed — "What waste, why don't you fire at the shore — for \$5 you may knock down the best house in the settlement & pick up your shot." There was sense in this.

Mr. & Mrs. Krauser & Mr. Platt dined with me.

24th. At 2:30 A.M. the barge brought 4 noble bullocks from Tahaa.

Land & I walked to a high hill for a view, but were not repaid for the fatigue.

25th. Sunday. I read prayers, Mr. Lang being still very ill, though rather better than he has been.

26th. This morning died Lindo Sheaf, a remarkably fine young man, a good seaman and as handsome a fellow as is often seen. He bore the highest character, and there are few in the ship whom I should have regretted more. ♣ 135

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When I visited him yesterday—I never saw a more perfect picture of health & joyousness, as far as countenance could express. He was then wandering, but there was so much cheerfulness & gaiety in his manner, that one would have pronounced him in the fullest enjoyment of health and happiness, if the surgeon had not recognized the fatal symptoms.

The marines & small arm men landed at Pomare's house to fire at a target.

Mr. & Mrs. & 4 Miss Hunters—Mrs. Paris—Mr. & Miss. Platt—& Mr. Charter dined with me—in spite of the hard N.E. wind which has blown all day.

27th. There is no regular burying ground here. I buried poor Sheaf on the hill side $\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the settlement of Utaroa—near the grave of a wife of a missionary & some missionary children. Poor fellow he will rest as quietly there as any where else.

The boats fired at a target in the afternoon.

In the evening I had a long chat with Mr. Platt on the state of the missions, and the disposition of the people towards their teachers. His account is far from satisfactory.

As for religion it cannot be said to have any hold on this light headed light hearted people. From habit & association they like the missionaries to dwell among them, because it is a link that connects them with the *parent* country, for such they do & will always consider England.

As the zeal & enthusiasm of the missionaries have declined, so has their influence decreased. They seem to be tired of their work, & disgusted at the unpromising aspect of their affairs.

The islanders are nearly all Christians by *profession*, and certainly no more; indeed in what country can it be said that more than the profession is very general? I do not believe that there remains any tendency to heathenism—and at the mummeries of popery there is, up to this time, an universal feeling of ridicule—for say the people "Their ceremonies are like ours in our days of heathenism."

Let the missionaries say what they will, they have not sown their

136 ♀ seed on soil that will return much. Without constant watching the people will soon entirely forget their religion.

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28th. I resumed this conversation with Mr. Krauser at Tahaa. I believe his people are much attached to him, and that his zeal & unremitting attention to them has been productive of the best results.

He has no doubt laboured harder than any of the present race of missionaries, and his success is very apparent in the firm adherence of his flock to him, when in the other islands they have fallen away from their teachers.

To the regret of all, his station is changed to the Austral group — where he will have under his charge the islands of Rimatara, Raratonga,* Toubouai — where I suspect he will have great difficulties with the French missionaries.

In the evening the men performed "Fatal Curiosity." It was a tragedy indeed & the way in which all hands were killed off in the last scene elicited great applause. Some good songs & excellent dancing & "the dumb lady cured" concluded the entertainment. Capt. & Mrs. Hunter & 7 daughters were among the audience.

I find that in their crude settlements the progress of civilization is estimated by the number of white washed houses.

N.S. Wales (— i.e. Sydney) is par excellence "the colony." When the missionaries first came, it was on the high road to Europe & the nearest spot of British soil; but the communication with Panama & the frequent intercourse with the coast of S. America, has altered these things.

An old Yankee told me he had dwelt on Raiatea 40 years and asked if I would send a letter for him to New York; but then recollecting himself, he added, I have never heard of one of my family since I left home, and how shall I know which of them is alive after 43 years.

29th. This afternoon brought a melancholy accident. The 2 cutters were sent to sail — a fine breeze & smooth water. Before they shoved off I cautioned the midn. not to carry too much sail, but not supposing they would think of going outside the reef, when there was every inducement to remain within — I said nothing on that point. Half an hour after I asked where they were — "Working out of the passage" said the signalman — "Recall them", said I to the officer of the watch.

At that moment the signalman ran forward saying "One of the cutters is in the surf" — 2 miles from the ship. † 137

I instantly pushed off with 2 gigs, and soon landed on the "Motu" at the point of which the accident had occurred. On reaching the opposite side of the island — I found the cutter stove to pieces, both midshipmen, Herbert & Neville, and all the crew on shore, except Thorn. Another man was lying dead upon the sand (Multon); the men were still rubbing him in the vain hope of restoring animation — but from the first moment I saw it was hopeless. *April 1847*

I determined to make an effort for the body of poor Thorn though he had been $\frac{1}{2}$ hour under water. I swam off to a canoe in which were Herbert & 2 Kanakas. The quick eyes of the latter soon caught sight of his body — partly hidden by a shelf of coral, in about 3 fm water.

The older Kanaka said he would bring him up; he stripped jumped overboard & dived for the purpose; but when he approached the spot he could not overcome his superstitious dread of touching a corpse, so he turned & came up again.

One of my own men (Dible) had swam off to me, and being a good diver, brought the body to the surface. It was impossible to get into the canoe so we swam on shore with it between us.

Though I knew it was in vain, we tried everything that was likely to restore animation; because one of the men fancied he felt the heart throb after the body was landed.

Bad as this accident has been, I am thankful it was no worse. Little Neville would have been drowned but for the gallantry of Herbert who rushed into the surf after him and rescued him when another instant would have been his last.

30th. I went to Captn. Hunters house at Ohamaneno or Cook's harbour; it stands in front of the entrance to the port in which Cook anchored. Capt Hunter thinks his harbour safe, I do not. An American whaler was wrecked *within* it 2 years ago. He has one of the most civilized houses in any of the islands & a sugar plantation & mill which produce about $11\frac{1}{2}$ ton of sugar per annum.

On my return I stopped at a hut by the water side to visit a man with an huge tumour. Doctor Fuller, who was with me, estimated the weight of it at from 60 to 70 lb. It is in fact an enlarged purse* — This immense thing hanging between his legs prevents his rising from the ground. He has been in a sitting posture for many years.

I buried Thorn & Multon by the side of Sheaf. The funeral was attended by 100 men.

138 ♣ 1st May. I had a present of pigs fruit & vegetables from the chiefs.

May 2nd. Sunday. Mrs. Hunter & 7 young ladies — Mr. Charter & his children came on board as I was commencing the service.
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I sailed down to the lovely spot where it has been proposed to have the new settlement — 5 miles S.E. of Utaroa. It is by the side of a river, whose banks produce abundance of fayee & other fruits, but in other respects the situation is not so good as that of Utaroa. Tamatoa decided against it, in the homely language of the country. "Our dwellings shall be here (Utaroa) and there shall be our food."

Dog Jack having worried 2 pigs, I cut my stick.

3rd. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 I weighed, and with a favouring breeze ran through the Western shoals & out by the passage of Ohamaneno — which we cleared at noon. I have already made some observations on this passage which it is unnecessary to repeat.

About 4 we anchored in the entrance to Bora Bora harbour and warped in to a good berth for the night.

4th. I warped higher up the harbour — which would be one of the finest in the world, but that the entrance is narrow, and the trade wind blows constantly out.

At 10 Mr. Rodgerson came on board to invite me on shore. It is a great festival in these islands — being the 1st Wednesday in May.

I landed at noon & found all the people *belonging to the church* assembled in it, dressed in their best. Really the women looked very well in their white shirts & straw bonnets contrasted with their sepia faces & coal black hair; and altogether it was a highly respectable population,

I was received almost with enthusiasm, & had to shake hands with 300 persons at least.

Then were made a great many long speeches by the chiefs, which I believe had for their object to impress upon the children the blessings of Christianity. Then was a collection for the benefit of the London Missionary Society. The quarter part of the assembly gave $\frac{1}{4}$ dollar — some few only a real; the chiefs & their wives a dollar each.

Most of them gave their money, if not willingly, at least without remark; but some few of the old women availed themselves of the opportunity of being a little garrulous, & expressed pettishly & with a loud voice the reluctance with which they gave their mite.

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There were more speeches made — so vehement & apparently in such an angry tone that I thought the speeches were abusing the poor missionaries, to whom the greater part seemed to be addressed.

Not at all — they were only expatiating on their good fortune in having received Christianity — and on the necessity of extending it to those who are still in darkness.

I then delivered a letter from Tapoa. By this time the people — rather fatigued with the eloquence of their chiefs — had left the chapel — but were recalled to hear the letter read. No one doubted that some great political announcement was to be made; a letter from Tapoa the King brought to us by Martin the Captain! What can it be? No one could imagine — yet every one was certain that some great communication was to be read.

In a few minutes the chapel was again densely crowded. Hariau stood up — and with the greatest solemnity broke the seal. Perfect silence prevailed — you might have heard a pin fall so intense was the anxiety of the people to hear the sentiments of Tapoa on the existing state of affairs. I knew not what his Majesty *could* have to say, yet I could not but in some degree partake of the general feeling. At last Hariau read in a loud clear voice (Mr. Rodgerson translating passage by passage to me) —

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“Peace be with you. This is what I have to say. I have been on board the Grampus and seen wonderful performances. One man had a black face & talked like an angel though he looked like the devil. Martin will show you these things.

Therefore send him food & treat him well & all his people.

That is all I have to say — (signed) Tapoa. Send a new governor to Maupiti.”

The people did not betray the smallest sign of disappointment. They had heard Tapoa’s wishes, and they seemed as well pleased as if they had received the declaration of their freedom. The whole population then shook hands with me, & asked about the blackman — so I promised them a play.

In the school house a feast was prepared for the children. I tasted some of the native dishes — the best was the plain bread fruit baked after their own fashion. The mixtures of banana & arrow root — cocoa nut & arrow root were not bad.

5th. Fired at a target at 800 yds & 1640 yds. The firing — particularly at the latter was very good. After exercising the Grampus appears to come out of action. My barometer — window glasses, broken — bulkheads shaken down — busting of the hammock rails in pieces and various other damage.

This evening a very serious & unpleasant occurrence took place, of which I have made full notes elsewhere.*

6th. There was an examination of the children in the school house, which I was told went off creditably, but of course I could not understand a syllable of what was said. There was also an examination of the older people in the chapel — all on scriptural subjects. Afterwards the children had a feast in the school house; — they made me a present of food & a very nice looking girl made a speech on the occasion — which having been translated, I made her a speech, which pleased her, but sorely offended the missionaries. I told her if she would come on board I would give her a bottle of wine all to herself.

Now in England a young lady would have thought it becoming to decline such an offer, or to make some show or pretense of coyness. Here they manage those things differently at least — if not better — the maiden simply asked at what hour the boat would be on shore for her. “At 3” — said I — “I’ll be ready on the shore” replied she — and so she was. The best part of the joke was that Mr. Rodgeron was the interpreter in making this assignation.

The population of Bora Bora is by far the best dressed & most orderly of any of the islands — they are a remarkably joyous & good natured people & are never without a smile upon their lips — and altogether these islanders are the handsomest race in the world I suppose.

It was a pretty sight both in the church & in the school. I was much struck with the deference paid to the missionary which I have never observed to the same extent except at Tahaa.

Mr. & Mrs. Rodgerson came in the evening to dine on board, bringing with them 3 squalling children & 4 native nurses.

The boats fired at a target.

In the evening Mateha who rules in Tapoa's absence came to me. He said the chiefs had written to Tapoa to hasten his return, for they were becoming uneasy at his continued absence. They had urged him to remain true to them and declared their unalterable resolution to resist the French to the last if he should attempt to make any arrangement with them for the possession of Bora Bora.

Mateha asked me if he should send the letter, I said "by all means."

He expressed the fear of the people that England will leave them in the lurch, and in that case the French will surely get the islands. He said the chiefs are going to write to me for English protection.



Two of the chiefs came on board to call on me — that is to have a good *drink* — They generally drink about a bottle & 1/2 each in my cabin of wine, and then retire to the gunroom or midns. berth to finish with rum or brandy.

The marines & blue jacket small arms men were landed for ball practice & drill. The natives were delighted — it was they said the happiest day they had ever seen. The field piece firing quite charmed them.

In the evening the natives assembled on the green before the church to dance. The ball was nominally for *my* gratification, but in reality to indulge their own love for dancing & music — if the everlasting din of 12 drums within a circle of 15 yards diameter can be dignified by the term.

Their dance, as I have before remarked is ungraceful, indecent, and on this occasion had not even the charm of novelty. It is performed as much with the arms & hands as with the legs & feet, &

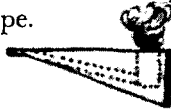
142 † more with the body than either—being in fact a perpetual wrig-
gling of the shoulders & loins.

May To me the most amusing part was the attempts of the little
1847 children to imitate the movements of the elders—and *that* was
very laughable.

The avidity with which all ages & both sexes smoke is very
ridiculous. A segar is lighted and handed round, that each may
in turn have 2 or 3 puffs & a suck. Mateha's little boy Onoui—not
yet 3 years old is eternally plaguing me to give him a segar.



In the absence of tobacco they make segars of grass & some smoke
a rude wooden pipe.



8th. The island of Bora Bora is encircled by a reef or belt of coral; a boat can make the entire circuit between the two. † 143

I started at 8:30 in the cutter with Smith, Fuller, Hutchings, May & Verstriome. Near the S.E. end of the island, it is so narrow as to make it necessary to lighten the boat to get her over. A boat of heavier draught could not have passed. After $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of difficulty we were in deep water again. May
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A small island on which we landed to look for shells, was christened "Verstriome's throne."

The encircling reef is a succession of small islands, covered with cocoa nut trees, but without culture or inhabitants.

Though there is a good passage we had some difficulty in finding it—for it is narrow & very tortuous.

By dint of wading a landing was effected near the settlement of Oanao—where there were but few inhabitants as our arrival had carried them to the other side of the island.

We pursued our course to a pretty & fruitful spot, at the point above Fanoui bay, where we dined in the midst of a grove of orange trees loaded with fruit.

From thence we walked 2 miles to Fanoui village. The villagers, always delighted to see Englishmen, brought us cocoa nuts & bananas. Many of the elder people were reading their Bibles in the native chapel, being their Sunday—our Saturday.

The tour would not have taken us without stoppages more than 4 hours. We returned to the ship at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5.

The Bible and many tracts have been translated into the Tahitian tongue by the Missionary Society of London.

The East side of the island does not show much land capable of cultivation; but in all its phases the great rock of Bora Bora is most beautiful.

9th. Sunday. I read prayers.

In the evening there was dancing & drumming—which was kept up till near midnight, as a large number of our men were on shore.



10th. Under the shade of a wide spreading tumanu tree—perfectly naked reposed Mateha's wife in a hammock. It was a quaint sight, and I have thought it but just to mention it for the benefit of any one troubled with prejudices on the score of decency,

144 ♣ who may chance to look into this book. I must do her the justice to say that she turned her face away, and exhibited a portion of her person that is not usually shown to strangers.

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I gave a feast to 44 chiefs — with their wives & daughters.

As soon as they had put foot on board they smelt out the grub, and certainly there was very little ceremony in disposing of it. I endeavoured to preserve a little order, but it was in vain & finding the men so intent upon helping themselves, I employed myself in filling the plates & glasses of the women & children. Whenever one of the head chiefs saw a choice morsel on his neighbors plate, he thrust his fork into it without hesitation.

Two of the party being determined to get drunk & becoming noisy, I turned them out of the cabin — the greater part remained moderately sober. The dinner was entirely over in half an hour from the time the party came on board.

In the evening our visitors were reinforced by 250 more natives who came to see the play.

They were delighted beyond measure, tho' of course they didn't understand a syllable of what was said. Some of them could not be persuaded that one of the men who played a woman's part was not really a woman — indeed rouge & the long ringlets which he had shorn (for 5 dollars) from the head of a young lady at Tahiti did make the deception very good.

The whole affair went off very well, but as usual it was *too* long.

11th. At daylight I sent the launch to Raiatea for bullocks. A few shell were fired at a 1650 yd target, and the marines — blue jacket small arm men & field piece were landed for exercise.

12th. A *cold chilly* day of constant rain & storm S.E. wind. Unusual sensations in these regions of heat.

The chiefs sent me a letter asking for English protection; it was prettily worded in the simple & unpretending style of these people.

Protection I cannot encourage them to hope for, because I know that England & France have already agreed that they shall be independent of all foreign powers; but I certainly shall promise the continuance & support of England & defense against the unjust attack of others; for this has been virtually assured to them over & over again.

Young Douglas gallantly jumped overboard & assisted in saving a man who had fallen (being drunk) out of the head.

13th. Fired at targets at 850 — 1600 & 2000 yards.

♣ 145

The French steamer "Gassendi" arrived from Tahiti; having on board 140 of the natives who quitted the island with the French last year. She brought dispatches from Sir G. Seymour and letters from home. Her Commander M. Faucon came on board & afterward dined with me.

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Mateha & Hariau immediately came off to know if I had any objection to the people whom the Gassendi had brought being allowed to land, and if it was right for them to allow communication between the French steamer & the shore.

Amongst themselves there had been a warm discussion on the subject; the majority being *against* friendly intercourse with the French & if I had not been here there would certainly have been a row. I advised conciliation & peace.

The arrival of the Gassendi places me in a situation of some difficulty.

From Sir G. Seymour I learn that the new Commissioner, M. Lavaud has arrived at Valparaiso, and has communicated to Sir G. S. his instructions to consider the N.W. islands of the Society group completely independent.

Sir G. S. wished that I should wait for the official announcement from England before I repeat the communication to the islanders.

Circumstances have however arisen of which Sir G. S. could have formed no anticipation, and I think they call for immediate action on my part.

1. Bruat in the treaty of peace with the leeward islands agreed that the refugee Bora Borans should not be sent back to their island, untill the question of their independence is set at rest. He *has* sent them back. Therefore he has either broken the treaty *or* he acknowledges the independence of the islands as settled.

2. If the independence *is* decided — it is inconsistent with the dignity of England to play a part secondary to France — in a question where she has hitherto taken the initiative.

3. I know from the best authority that an intrigue is going on at Tahiti to induce Tapoa to *ask* for the protection of France; and it is reasonable to suppose that the chiefs are sent back at the present moment to prepare the people for the change in Tapoa's sentiments, and to encourage the idea of annexing the leeward islands to the Tahitian protectorate.

4. Tapoa has written down to have his property sent to him at Tahiti; he writes that he is not coming back till the new French governor arrives

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It is therefore absolutely necessary that something should be done to spoil this intrigue, and to dissipate the alarm which is gaining ground among the people.

Only yesterday the Bora Borans solicited the protection of England. I must reply to them, and I know no way in which I can better do so than by declining their proposal on the ground that Great Britain & France have mutually agreed to declare them independent. I therefore determined to anticipate the orders from England and at once declare the whole group independent of France, and I think this step will foil M. Bruat & recall Tapoa if he is wavering.

The people once knowing & feeling themselves free will never submit to the French on any terms.

The presence of a French ship of war makes the moment very opportune; it will prevent M. Bruat from saying that I had acted clandestinely, which he otherwise would have said.

M. Pradier Commandant le Phaeton writes to Mr. Rodgerson to desire *he* will send up to Tahiti the stock which he (Pradier) left at Bora Bora when the French were driven off the island by the natives! I think the request is as impudent as any I have heard. But why write to the English missionary? Because says he "Tapoa has recommended me to write to *you* as the most influential person on the island"!!

I advise Pradier* to write him a civil answer, but to have nothing to do with the stock.

14th. When I landed the chief came to me to ask if I had any objection to the drums beating that the people might dance. The French officers wished to see their dance.

I gave them leave!—but I found afterwards they charged the Frenchmen 16 dollars for a couple of hours of drumming.

They have never asked a farthing from the English.

It was expected that my reply to the letter of the 12th should be publicly read; but the population was assembled in front of Mateha's house drumming & dancing, and to seduce them to the church, only to hear a letter, was no easy task.

The church bell began ringing to call them there—the drums were plied with double vigour to keep them where they were.

Bells versus Drums. The point would have not been long doubtful and the drums would surely have carried the day, if Hariau Mateha & others of the chiefs had not stopped their dancing and driven the people to church.

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At last it filled. I took my post under the reading desk — the elders & chiefs gathered round me, and the people crowded up to hear the news — “Contienere omnes intentique ora tinelant.” I think the majority hoped that another play & feast was to be announced.

I then read my letter & Mr. Rodgerson followed with a translation.

A French officer of the Gassendi (who speaks Tahitian) was present, making notes.

“There’s a chiel amang ye taking notes
And faith he’ll print em.”

Some long winded speeches were then made, the first of which seemed to be the signal for the drums to begin again. The attendance dropped off one by one till the party became very select — and being satisfied myself that the communication had been well received, I too beat my retreat.

I find that M. Faucon made a sort of an address this morning, to the effect that henceforward the French would have nothing to say to the leeward islands; and that nothing more was to be said of the 300 dollars which M. Bonard made this unfortunate people pay.

M. Faucon has disavowed in the strongest terms the letter from M. Pradier to Mr. Rodgerson.

15th. Gassendi sailed at daylight for Tahiti. By her I sent M. Bruat a copy of my letter to the chiefs (but not of theirs to me) I hope he will like it!

I walked nearly round the island with Hale, passing through the Pahs or native camps which were made to resist the French in case they attempted to cross the hills. There are 3 camps, all of which are I think within shell range of the sea; and indeed the island is so small that it is difficult to get within it. The Rock of Bora Bora grows more & more beautiful on every new point of view.

The principal settlement on the East side of the island is called Oanoa. Round about it are some extensive banana grounds, and a good deal of land capable of cultivation.

Tapoa has a house here which we found empty, all the good people of the village being at church. It was *their* Sunday.

148 ♣ *16th. Sunday.* I read prayers — Mr. Lang being still unequal to the task. My anxiety was relieved by the return of the launch from Raiatea, with 3 bullocks.

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Mr. Rodgerson tells me he had a better congregation yesterday than for 2 years before & the school better attended, which he attributes to my letter. I should rather suppose it owing to the influx of people from all parts of the island, in consequence of our arrival.

At night the lightning was splendid. The thunder made the ship shake & tremble; I thought an earthquake must have caused the chain cable to surge so.

17th. A boat had brought a cargo of spirits from Raiatea. The consequence was that all our men on shore or leave got very drunk. Hitherto they had found no grog — and had made themselves very happy, dallying drumming & dancing.

I sent for the chiefs of the island, and desired them to bring the skipper of the boat to immediate trial — which was done. The tribunal was primitive. The culprit skipper (a black English subject in the employ of Mr. Hooton) stood on a small mound under a wide shading tumanu. The chiefs & judges stood round in a circle. Each judge & each chief made a long speech, which from gesture & manner would appear to be angry & abusive — but I believe it was all friendly enough. The prisoner then made a plausible defense in which he pleaded usage — & declared that the very judges who were trying him had been frequent customers for a bottle of brandy. The fellow was instructed to pay a small fine and admonished for the future.

My dog "Jack" killed a pig for his supper last night, for which I have to pay today.

Mr. & Mrs. Rodgerson dined with me; bringing with them their 3 ill tempered ill bred children — which makes the affair rather an undertaking.

18th. The natives were delighted today with the field piece practice on shore. I am sorry to find there is so much ill blood between the chiefs of the island & those who have come from Tahiti.

There was much drunkenness & some fighting among them today. Those from Tahiti give out that the French governor at Tahiti promises to protect them; which I felt called upon to contradict in the strongest & most public manner.

The "Rob Roy" came from Raiatea with more spirits.

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In the afternoon the "Coquette" schooner under English colours, arrived from Mangia one of the Hervey group—with a cargo of pigs, of which she has lost half on the passage.

19th. It blew hard all last night, & continued throughout the day. On landing I found Mr. Salmon, who has chartered the "Coquette" disputing with the natives about the pilotage.

The case was referred to me. I decided against Mr. Salmon, because if he did not intend to pay the pilot, he ought not to have profited by his services. Hariau then stood up, and in a very solemn manner addressed *William*, (a drunken old Irishman who deserted from some ship 10 years ago & has been here ever since) to the effect that he had better mind his own business & not interfere in native matters. Then *William* rose & replied. It is contrary to etiquette to speak on public matters *sitting*.

These poor islanders will be perpetually duped by the roguing & impudence of the traders, English & others.

The people have a primitive mode of baking their food. A number of stones, being heated by a large fire, are placed in a pit or hole dug in the ground. The bread fruit—meat or whatever is to be cooked is placed upon the stones, and covered with damp leaves to the thickness of a foot. They are again covered with a mat & pressed down with large stones—so that no smoke or steam can escape. The meat so cooked in the native ovens is excellent.

Some good natured girls brought me oranges & bananas whilst I was sketching their cottage.

20th. Still blowing hard at S.S.E.—I walked with Hall to Fanoui village by the water side & back over the hills.

I there saw a young man with legs more swollen with elephantiasis than I had ever seen before. This frightful disease is supposed to be caused in part by the food & in part by the climate. It is very common with these islanders.

Faita, the principal of the chiefs of Tahiti, surprized me by a visit. No doubt he wished to have my opinion of his new position—but I did not give him any encouragement. I told him he had been a traitor & that it would take a long probation before his countrymen would trust him again.

If all the lands are really his, which he pointed out as such, he must be the greatest proprietor on the island.

On the island opposite the settlement, water is procured by digging 3 feet into the soil—which is good. Formerly it was

150 ♡ inhabited. Its people were then constantly at war with those of Bora Bora. Many lived & died upon it without having ever crossed — though the distance across is only $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile.

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21st. [Entry is scratched out]

At Mr. Rodgeron's house I saw an ancient woman who remembered Cook — *Tapitan Tooti*, as he is always called, for these people cannot pronounce the letter C. She is now a shrivelled old hag. Cook was here for the last time in 1778 — 69 years ago — so that she cannot be supposed less than 79 years of age. In her day she was the greatest beauty of all the group. Her name is Tueroa — she was wife of Taumihau, the principal chief of Bora Bora in Cook's days.

Then people flocked from all the other islands to see her dance, and she was so much prized by her husband, that he had a house built on her canoe to keep the sun from spoiling her complexion!

How are the mighty fallen — I gave her a dollar for allowing me to sketch her!

22nd. Still blowing strong. At 9 A.M. weighed & ran out of Bora Bora harbour — with the *Coquette* — she making the S. end of the island; we the North, passing between it & Motu Iti, a small lagoon island N $\frac{1}{2}$ W 12 miles from the harbour's mouth.

Maupiti bears West 25 miles.

I believe the good people of Bora Bora were as sorry to lose us as we were to quit them. During our visit of nearly 3 weeks, we have been on the most friendly & intimate terms with all, & I must say I never saw so amicable so lively & so good natured people. Every countenance carries a smile; a frown seems a thing unknown. They are fully as handsome too as the natives of the neighboring islands.

It has been a great satisfaction to me to have been able to relieve their anxiety on the question of their independence.

At Bora Bora the missionaries are held in higher esteem than elsewhere; therefore the people are generally more decent — more orderly & generally more sober. The school too is better attended.

It blew stormy all day. At 8 P.M. we had weathered Tahaa.

23rd. Sunday. Mr. Lang was able to read prayers today. The first time since the middle of March.

At 2 P.M. tacked within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of Huahine.

24th. Light variable winds — with occasional rain. About noon ⚓ 151
Eimeo & Tahiti were seen.

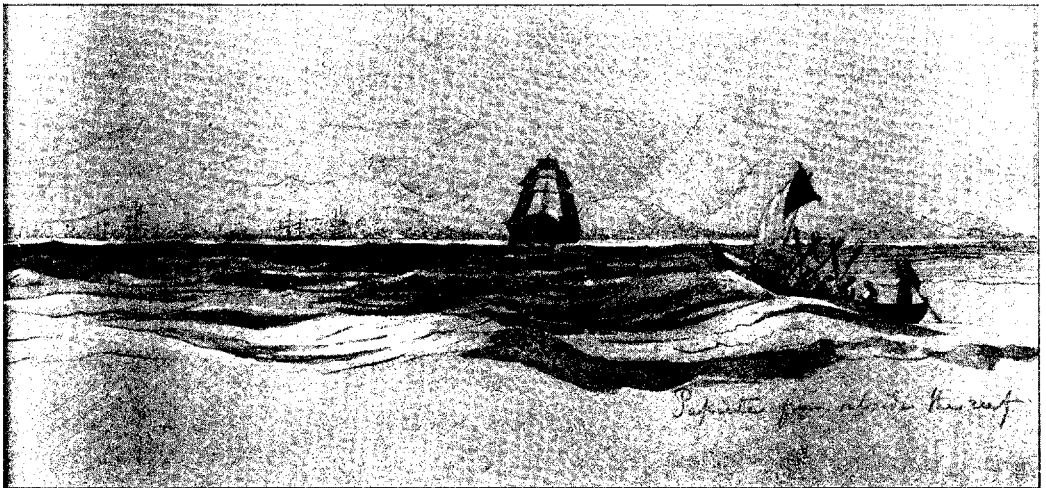
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25th. We were near enough to make out the ships in the harbour of Papeete, but light baffling winds prevented our getting within 12 miles of them.

26th. After hanging off & on all night we had a strong trade in the morning from E.S.E; but in the harbour of Papeete, and along the land the wind was at S.S.W., and every time we approached we ran into a vein of calm which separated the 2 winds.

This calm was 3 miles wide, & we found it impossible to cross it. Finally we had to haul off again for the night.

La Brilliante corvette, sailed from Tahiti for N. Caledonia and N. Zealand.



27th. The trade wind extending rather farther than yesterday we were enabled to shoot past the calm & get into the Southly breeze which still prevailed in the harbour. At 2 P.M., we anchored in Papeete harbour; where we found L'Uranie, La Syrene, La Loire, L'Arianne, La Somme (trooper)

M. Lavaud, the new governor, came in La Syrene.

I called upon him in the afternoon. My first impression was

152 † rather favorable; he is a plain man in all senses, with an open frank manner & a pretension to bonhommie unusual & unnatural in a French official. I take him to be very inferior in ability to
May M. Bruat. M. Lavaud spoke very flatteringly of my "antecedens"
1847 and expressed his regret that I was going to leave Tahiti. Sir G. Seymour writes me that Adml. Hammelin wishes that I could be kept at Tahiti. Very kind indeed of him!

28th. L'Uranie bent sails—I never saw any ship of war perform the evolution so ill.

I sent for Tapoa to give him a lecture. He was very piano & seemed ashamed of himself—feeling he had been foiled in his intrigue. He said he should return to Bora Bora "as soon as Pomare has done crying over her child"—meaning—as soon as Pomare can make up her mind to be separated from the child whom Tapoa has adopted. I fear this will be made a constant excuse for his coming to Tahiti. He told me he had received my declaration to the Bora Borans, & was pleased—because he hoped England would watch over them.

He then asked me in a manner which seemed as if he had been prepared by some one for this conversation—"to what extent" England would protect the leeward islands." The old fox—but he did not catch me. I replied "Only so far as is consistent with her obligations to other powers." He then made some shrewd observations & inquiries as to the *rights* which an independent flag would give to the leeward islands.

Tapoa said he had permitted the return of Mai Faita & others to Bora Bora because they had acknowledged his authority, which they did because their pay from the French govt had ceased with the reign of M. Bruat. Untill lately Mai received 80\$ per month—Tifaura 60\$—Faita 60\$—Hodido 30\$ Topa \$22 and many other chiefs smaller sums. Tapoa says the pay to the Tahiti chiefs in the French interest has also ceased.

M. Lavaud returned my visit & was saluted with 15 guns. He mentioned that the insanity among the newly arrived troops continues, with a determined disposition to *suicide*—which in many cases has been fatal. Some have attributed it to the too free use of the native spirit—but the general impression is that a great quantity of stramonium seed has got among the beans sent from Valparaiso for the use of the garrison.

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29th May. Sir G. Seymour has written to me to observe a strict reserve toward M. Bruat. But as I do not think I am called upon to share all Sir G. Seymours antipathies, it does not appear necessary to extend this reserve to private feelings. Bruat has upon all occasions been personally civil & attentive to me; therefore I called upon him today on board L'Uranie, to say adieu to him & Madame.

The visit was necessarily a little formal—how could it be otherwise after all that has passed—but still both he & she were *very* civil and were kind in their expressions.

At one moment he attempted to make some observations on the late proceedings at Bora Bora; but I stopped him—saying my *visit* was strictly private, and as his functions as Governor had ceased, so had my official intercourse with him.

Bruat is a perfect Frenchman—and for a Frenchman is not a bad fellow. In all Frenchmen there is a sensitiveness on the outward & visible point of honour—but an indifference to the reality if appearances can be preserved. They are also extremely unscrupulous in their means of obtaining an end. I do not think Bruat exempt from these failings; but I have had to deal in my time with worse & more insincere men.

M. Bruat has had a difficult game to play—and he has certainly played it more with a view to French aggrandisement & to the *eclat* which would attend him as the author of it than with regard to the moderate & pacific intentions of M. Guizot's government—He seems always to have kept in sight the end which he once very incautiously admitted to me. Upon that occasion he had lost his temper more than I ever remember—and for a wonder, I had kept mine through a long conversation with him. Tapping his left breast *a la Francais*, he said—“Moi—je ne me soucie guere ni du gouvernement Francais, ni de M. Guizot. Je pense a ce qu'on dise dans les chambres.” Never was a more indiscreet avowal made by a man in authority—but it has been the *primiere mobile* of all his policy at Tahiti.

The presence of the *Grampus* has made his task still more difficult. Bruat looked upon her as a great spy; and as a means of keeping alive the predilections of the people in favour of England, and their antipathy to the French rule.

He attributed to me the protracted resistance of the Tahitians, and the persistence of the Queen not to return.

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In both these instances he was mistaken, but it is not surprizing that he should have considered the protracted stay of the Grampus highly objectionable, and tending to keep the natives in an unsettled & excited state.

Bruat has received several rebukes from his government as well for the harshness of his policy as for the expense of his government.

He is said to be stingy of his own money & reckless of that of the public; a bad trait in a public man.

In the several disputes I have had with M. Bruat about the arrest of the Chaplain, boatswain & Sergt. of Marines of the Grampus, he has always stood upon strong ground & has maintained it for the purpose of defending his subordinates. My men have upon each occasion been the aggressors & therefore in upholding my officers I have always been in a false position.

Reviewing these cases calmly, I think most English officers would have adopted the same course towards Frenchmen as Bruat did towards English.

To sum up, I shall shake hands with Bruat whenever I meet him.



30th. **apoa** protests most solemnly that he is innocent of any intrigue with the French authorities for the surrender of Bora Bora to them. I do not believe him. That he has been found out, is the best security against his renewing the attempt.

He also declares he had nothing to do with Pradier's letter to Bora Bora.

M. Bruat returned my visit.

I met Mrs. Poynter by appointment at Dr. Johnson's house. She is a great strapping wench—not ill looking—and wants me to interfere with the French authorities to procure restitution of her husband's property seized by the natives at Huahine.

Her husband was in the French employ & pay—and in my opinion the natives were quite right to take his goods when he ran away from Huahine with the French.

I dined with M. Lavaud—who seems a plain ordinary man & remarkably good natured, but rather embarrassed with the dignities of his new office. His wife is a coarse vulgar woman both in manner

& appearance — far more qualified to make tea in a back parlour at Brest, than to play the Queen of Tahiti. Their only child is a son — a clerk in the Commissariat office — a charming specimen of a spoiled cub. Pomare & her husband — Bruat & Madame — Bonard and some other officers dined also with the Gov.

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In the evening a large assemblage of officers paid their respects to the new Governor. It has often struck me that the French officers are of a lower class stamp than our own.

Poor Malmanche though promoted & decorated seems to dread the idea of returning to France minus a leg. He was quite pathetic at parting.

31st. L'Uranie, with M. Bruat & Co. sailed for France.

The heat is intense.

Mr. & Mrs. Thompson (missionaries) Miss Darling, Miss Barff & Tapoa the King dined with me — the latter in his shirt.



156 † 1st June. Another very hot day.

June 1847 M. Tuelot the tenant of the English oven writes me a very impertinent letter, to say it is going to decay—requesting me to repair it & at the same time offering to purchase the bricks if I will leave him in possession of the land. More will come of this.

I was walking in the road to the South of the mission houses, when a French sentry stopped me, because the Queen is living in a hut close by. It seems to be the policy of the French to *protect* her as much as possible from intercourse with her friends or association with her subjects.

2nd. Having answered Tuelot by a notice to quit the premises, on or before July 1st, I received another very impudent letter from him, saying he should take no “notice to quit” from *me*, that the land was his—and that if I did not remove the materials of the oven he would throw them into the road.

“She stoops to Conquer” and “High life below stairs” were performed this evening on board. The Queen wished to come & I offered to receive her privately; but she feared to do so without leave. Tapoa & Tamatoa & all the royal children were delighted.

3rd. I wrote to Pomare about M. Tuelot’s land—which she gave to Capt. Nicolas for the use of English ships of war.

I called on M. de la Massue, the registrar of houses and found that Lachere has claimed the land on which our oven stands, has clandestinely fulfilled all the formalities of the law, & made it over to M. Tuelot. Thus *I* am in a fix—from the omission of Commander Hammond or Mr. Miller to enter a protest or some formal objection at the time the affair was first brought under discussion. In the evening I called upon Madame Lavaud.

The governor tells me he has stopped the works on the slip preparing for the Phaeton—She is to be a depot for stores. That was the original order to Bruat, but at the same time they promised to send him 2 steamers. The F. govt failed to do so, & Bruat considering they had broken faith with him—ordered new boilers from Sydney for the Phaeton.

M. Lavaud stated that M. Bruat had been so extravagant & so reckless in his expenditure that all the funds for this year are already spent; and therefore he is obliged to suspend every work in order to carry out the entrenchment which his govt. enjoins.

4th. M. Lavaud with M. Marivault A.D.C. — M. Motet chief d'etat Major — Commandant Dutailis (L'Ariane) & Nousy (Syrene) M. Cloux & Mr. Miller dined with me.

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The governor was very conversible after dinner, & plunged at once in medias res.

He told me a great coolness existed between Sir G. Seymour & Adl. Hammelin — which he believed to have originated thus.

Upon some occasion when Adl. H. called upon Lady Seymour, Sir G. S. introduced points of official controversy. Adl. H. took his leave.

A second time when Adl. H. called upon Lady S. — Sir G. S. did the same. Adl. H. then said that if Sir G. S. desired to converse with him on official subjects, he should be happy either to call on Sir G. S. on board Collingwood, or to receive him on board La Virginie; but that in his private visits he must decline official conversations. Admiral Hammelin then took his leave & did not repeat his visit.

This is M. Lavaud's version of the story, which, it seems to me probable, has a foundation of truth; but probably it is told with a strong French colouring.

M. Lavaud thinks the French settlers will not remain at Tahiti after they have saved a few francs. How are they to get away?

He says it is a mistake to suppose that any number of [?]* can be fed upon the isthmus — or rather the peninsula of Tairavou. There is a scarcity both of water & pasturage. Many of the bullocks have already escaped to the main land of Tahiti. He recommends the "tentes ambulantes" of N.S. Wales.

He told me he had been from the first opposed to the French settlement on Tahiti, & had always expressed his objections to his government. He pretends to be unfavourable to keeping the island, even now; but that I do not believe.

We conversed about the leeward islands & he expressed strongly his wish to act in concert with me. He proposes that L'Ariane shall accompany me to Huahine & Bora Bora.

If she does M. Dutailis will see how completely his flag plays 2nd fiddle.

M. Lavaud told me that M. Bonard was entitled to his promotion, but that it had been stopped on account of his conduct to Sir G. Seymour.

I thought he spoke slightly of the missionaries, which I regretted. He said Pritchard & Morenhaut* had been the cause of all that has happened at Tahiti.

158 † 5th. Tapoa came on board to sound a little, but he did not get bottom in any of his casts.

June

1847 6th. I sent for Tapoa & Tamatoa to talk to them about their islands — but nothing was to be done with either.

Like all Kanakas Tapoa is very fond of money. He therefore objects to any measures for increasing & opening trade at Bora Bora, because it will interrupt a little project for monopolizing the whole trade in his own hands. He has been put up to this by M. Lucett, who it appears is anxious to share the profits of this bit of roguery.

I told the old fellow that he ought to be ashamed of remaining so long absent from his people, who are becoming dissatisfied — and will soon think of setting up a new King in his stead. “Who will set him up” said Tapoa — “The same power that set you up — the voice of the people” replied I. This made him thoughtful for a moment & then he began upon the old story that “Pomare has not yet done with crying over her children.” “Well said I, when is this to end, perhaps in 3 months Pomare will want to cry again over her child, & you will have to come again to Tahiti.” “Very probably” — he answered with the greatest sang froid.

I anticipate much future evil from these connections. The 3 children of Pomare are heirs (by adoption) to the 3 barren chiefs of Huahine, Raiatea & Bora Bora — and this liaison between the protectorate and the Society group will hereafter be found extremely inconvenient; — That is — if England desires to limit the extent of the French possessions in these seas.

It appears to me that these island kings only value their independence because they think they will make more money than if dependent on France. I was obliged to speak very plainly to their 2 Majesties & they left me in great dudgeon.

In the evening I called upon the governor. He said with respect to M. Tuelots claim on the oven land, he was quite of my opinion as to the merits of the case. That was his own private opinion, but he feared official difficulties would be found to exist. “None, said I, but what it is in your power to remove” — “Let us smoke a segar” — said his Excellency.

The Queen has been prevailed upon to deny that she ever gave the land in dispute to Capt. Nicolas, further than for the use of the *Vindictive* during her stay. M. Lavaud says that M. Bruat has written home to say *I* proposed the reference. This is untrue, the

proposal was his & I have it under his own hand & seal. He asked me why I did not visit the Queen. "Because, said I, I think it is improper that an English officer in my position should be required to ask permission to do so from the French *etat major*." He seemed to think so too, for he told me he had written from Lima for instructions on this head, as soon as he heard from Sir G. Seymour that I had refused to conform to the rules laid down by M. Bruat on that point.

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When I was taking my leave, he said again he was most desirous to act in concert with me in all matters relating to the leeward islands.

7th. At 6 A.M. I started on an excursion in the barge, accompanied by Hall, Land, May, Grosvenor & Lindsay.

Passing inside the reef, we reached Bunaouia at 9, having had the benefit of a light land breeze. I requested the assistance of Mr. Darling the missionary in procuring a pilot, who knew the different entrances to the reef. Though he has been so many years at this place he seemed utterly ignorant of distances & every thing else relating to the locale.

The population of Bunaouia has decreased since my last visit. The people say they quit the neighborhood of the French garrisons; but I think it more probable that some have returned to their lands in the vallies, and others have gone to share the *gaities* of Papeete.

Mr. Darling introduced us to Utami—the most influential of the Tahitian chiefs now living. He is a fine old man, of commanding figure & good expression of countenance, with a white head. He was once in affluence & power—being the chief of this district; but the French have stripped him of his lands and deprived him of his office, in consequence of his determined hostility to them during the war.

Utami immediately procured us a pilot, and invited us to take such refreshment as his house afforded. A huge magnum of brandy was the most prominent feature in the entertainment.

The barge having to go outside the reef—most of us preferred walking on the sea shore. At 3 she joined us again at Point Mara, about 8 miles to the Southd. of Bunaouia.

We were struck during our walk with the tidy appearance of the cottages the gardens & the people. As usual every one we met was goodnatured & merry, particularly a party of girls who were going to a dancing—and were travelling the same road as ourselves.

160 † Having dined under a group of orange trees—we went on to the village of Pappara—where we arrived at ½ p. 7.

June
1847 Mr. Johnson the missionary, & his wife, received us with great kindness & hospitality at their pretty comfortable house—and gave us such beds as soon made amends for the heat and fatigue of the days work.

Mr. Johnson thinks the people are soured & disappointed that England has left them in the lurch. Among the chiefs this may to a certain extent be the case—but we certainly see no evidence of this feeling among the people generally.

He also finds the difficulties of his office greatly increased by the difficulties which the French throw in his way.

All the houses in these islands are overrun with cockroaches—a great many extremely venomous centipedes, but fortunately snakes are unknown. There is a small scorpion not very mischievous—and *immense* tarantala spiders, which are rather encouraged than destroyed—as they feed on worse vermin.



8th. At 6 A.M. we quitted our comfortable quarters—taking Mr. Johnson with us, who had never seen *the Lake* during his long residence at Tahiti. From Pappara there is no passage inside the reef for many miles to the Southd. We were therefore obliged to

sail outside it till we reached the narrow & dangerous passage into Maivi Bay. † 161

Entering at this point, we ran for a couple of miles to the S.W. inside the reef & landed at Papeuriri at 8. *June 1847*

The spot which is in the charts vulgarly called Maivi Bay, is Mairipehe—meaning in English “Cease the song.”

In the olden times a party of minstrels lived here, who were accustomed to stroll professionally over the island.* On their return home their labours ended & the song ceased. Hence the name. So at least says the legend.

Two interpretations are given to the word Papeuriri. Pape in the Tahitian language means *water*—Pape oriri—water of strife—a name which might well be given to the angry turbulent stream that empties itself into the sea at this point.

Others think it is Pape-uriri—Uriri being the name of a bird that frequents the banks of rivers.

George Holmes an old settler lent us his servant, a very intelligent native—to guide us to *the Lake*.* We left his door at 1½ past 8—very doubtful of the distance & fearing we should scarcely return before night.

The road was through a narrow valley or gorge—here & there opening into a basin, hemmed in on every side by precipitous hills, clothed in ungreen wood.* From the stony ground and slippery path the walk was very fatiguing, and in going & returning we crossed the river frequently deep in the middle 124 times.

Near the head of the valley an immense fragment of rock has been separated from the parent mountains, by some great convulsion of nature. A very remarkable cleft or chasm of unknown depth separates one from the other. The Tahitians bury their dead in secret places; and many suppose that this chasm contains the bones of many of the Kings of the island.

We passed several pahs or native camps—thrown up by the people who took refuge in this valley during the war with the French. Their positions are impregnable—the fortifications nothing.

We reached the lake after 4 hours hard walking from Papeuriri.

The name of the lake is Vaihiria. The word, I believe, has no particular meaning, except that *Vai* is the *old* Tahitian word for fresh water, as Pape is the modern. The measurements of the U. S. Ex. Ex.* make this lake 2000 ft. above the sea—800 yds. long

162 ♣ —600 broad—& 16 fathoms deep in the center. Some people suppose a subterranean outlet to exist. It may but it is not necessary in order to account for the disappearance of the water. The marks on the shore show that when the water is 20 feet higher it remains long enough to give ample time for evaporation.

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The eels in this lake are said to be immense and dangerous to swimmers.

Its calm placid surface reflecting every object of the wild savage scenery around had a remarkable & an agreeable effect.



Our guide lighted a fire by the friction of two pieces of wood and cooked some of the *Fayee*—or mountain banana, which abounds in these hills. This is not the true banana, nor the plantain. In taste the fruit is nearly the same as the latter but larger & of a dark red colour without & deep yellow within.

The fruit also grows differently; that of the *Fayee* grows from an upright top at the summit of the tree—The natives are very fond of this fruit & live on it and breadfruit.

We reached Papeuriri greatly fatigued—having been absent (h)8.50(m)—of which we were at rest $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. I found that a messenger had arrived from the ship with a note from Massie,

saying The Loire French troop ship would sail for Valp. the day after tomorrow. I am therefore obliged to return & give up seeing the isthmus of Tairavou. Poor Wordley died yesterday, soon after we left. ↙ 163
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The barges crew had made an excellent tent, and we had just betaken ourselves to an admirable stew when the rain came down in such earnest that we were driven for shelter to a new hut just finished by an American settler.

gth. It continued to rain hard, but as there were some objects on the road which I wished to see—I set out to walk to Tapuna; sending the barge off with a fair wind to meet us there.

About mid-distance between Papeuriri & Pappara is a very remarkable Morai or pyramidal mound.* It is described by Cook, but must have been in a very different state in his day to what it is at present. *Then* there were steps up its side; now it is overgrown with Aito (Iron wood)—of a size that indicate the growth of at least $\frac{1}{2}$ a century.

I estimate its present height to be about 60 feet—length 200 feet—breadth 60 ft. at the base—the length of the summit about 20 feet.

It was just finished when Wallis discovered Tahiti. In the balmy days of heathenism the God or idol was placed on the top of the Morai. Each district had its own idol. When in their perpetual wars, one party was beaten, it was admitted that their God was weaker than that of the victors. The latter was hurled with disgrace from his post—and a new block of painted wood set up to reign in his stead.

On these morais the bodies of the slain in battle were burnt, the sacred precincts were tabooed, and any one who came by intention or accident within the boundary, was forthwith put to death.

Near this spot we met old Taati, a chief of note, who joined the French early enough to save his property & lose his character.

The rain pursued us to Pappara—where Mrs. Johnson gave us shelter & refreshment.

Mr. Davis* a decayed missionary—next in age & length of service to Mr. Henry of Eimeo resides here.

A few miles further on we stopped for a few minutes to chat with one Peter Reid, an old English settler—whose daughter is dying of maltreatment after her accouchement.

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Six miles from Pappara are "the grottoes" and dripping springs as they are called; large caverns offering nothing very remarkable except that the water oozes through the rock and drips into a deep pool of water.

Hard by is a remarkably pretty cascade, and a bubbling boiling spring oozing from the ground at the base of the rock, (I do not mean by boiling that it is hot;)—but the most singular thing I saw is the twisting & turning of the boorou roots—laid up like a cable.

Passing by Point Mara and through Bunavia we reached Tapuna at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4—where the barge had preceeded us by an hour.

The sun, after the rain ceased, was very powerful—the road or rather path, over deep sand & sharp stones & the distance good 30 miles. No wonder then if were all dead beat.

Having bathed and dined we embarked, and after considerable difficulty in finding our way through the reef in the dark—reached the ship at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 P.M.

Thus ended a very agreeable excursion of 3 days.

10th. Very stiff & footsore—scarcely able to walk.

11th. Messrs Gibson—Gould—Miller & Dr. Johnson dined with me. At night the lightning was a continuous stream of fire—and the thunder, reverberating among the hills with a thousand echoes, very grand.

The lightning often strikes in the neighborhood of Bunaouia, but not here.

I discharged Stewart to La Loire at his own request, for passage to Valparaiso.

I declined speaking to the Governor on the subject.

M. Lavaud writes me a long letter about the oven & sends me a copy of his proclamation to the leeward islands; which I must not let pass without a shot.

12th. Poor Mrs. Pratt wife to the Commissary of police, died today; murdered by the Doctors.

13th. The Sam Sing schooner from the Sandwich Id. & China arrived. She brings me a long yarn & a heap of uninteresting papers from Genl. Miller. Gassendi came from the Marquesas.

I sat an hour with Madame Lavaud in the evening. She is far

more calculated for the presiding deity of a gin palace than for the wife of a governor. † 165

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14th. La Loire sailed for Valparaiso.

I had a long letter from M. Lavaud explaining his grounds for using the word "initiative" in his address to the islanders.

I had objected to his claiming the merits of the *initiative* in the independence of the N.W. group. The English government through Sir G. Seymour were the first movers in the business.

15th. I had an interview with Pomare, to hear from her own lips that she denied the grant of land to Captn. Nicolas—and to me.

A minute of our conversation, corrected by her interpreter is in the letter book.

I have no doubt Captn. Nicolas was accurate in his report of the circumstances, and I am sure I was in mine. It is not probable that Mr. Pritchard & Mr. Charter, both masters of the Tahitian language, should have erred in their translations precisely in the same way.

Pomare has behaved very ill. She wanted the disputed land either to sell or to give to Taehere, and she thinks it easier to deny the gift than to ask to have it restored. Probably Mr. Salmon, her secretary has abetted her in this course; and she being a true Tahitian has not hesitated to deal with the truth as she finds convenient.

She looked very much ashamed of herself during the interview.

16th. The heat today was immense.

17th. Mr. & Mrs. Lucett — Miss Hunter — Dr. Johnson & Mr. Miller dined with me.

In the evening I sent for Tapoa to the consuls—to say I was to see the governor in the morning and to ask if he had any thing to add to what he had already stated to me.

He said he should be well satisfied with any arrangements I would make with the governor for the leeward islands.

18th. Waterloo day— A good day to squabble with a Frenchman.

I called on M. Lavaud by appointment to make arrangements for the establishment of an independent flag for the leeward Society Ids.

166 † I here insert a minute of our conversation—because I do not choose that all record of it should be lost, though at M. Lavaud's request it was officially suppressed.

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Tapoa & Tamatoa were sent for, and produced the flags which they had prepared for their respective islands; with letters to M. Lavaud & to me requesting that they might be acknowledged.

It was proposed that these flags should be hoisted on 10th Sept. To this I objected, and proposed the 1st of July. They then proposed 10th August. I asked—why so much delay in consummating an act which the islands so much desired.

Tapoa & Tamatoa said they wished to be present at the hoisting of the flag—I thought it unnecessary—but if it was so desirable, they could go at once—at all events my assent to the flag must be conditional on its *immediate* recognition.

M. Lavaud observed that I was interfering with the independence of the chiefs; and that England & France had agreed that their agents in these areas should exercise no political influence.

I replied that my objection to the stay of the chiefs at Tahiti, arose from a desire to guard against a political influence, which he (M. Lavaud) desired to create; an influence which had commenced & would increase if I had not taken steps to stop it in its infancy.

M. Lavaud took fire at this—"If those are your views M. le Commandant, you must act alone—I retire from the affair"

I said I should be sorry if he did, because the conjoint object of our governments might be defeated; but that I would act in obedience to my instructions—with him if possible—without him if necessary. This made his Excellency still more angry, & having found his rear, I thought it as well to touch him up a little. He then launched out—that the French government had determined to watch closely the interference of British officers with the affairs of the Society Ids; that the French press had commented upon his appointment, because he was supposed to have been intimate with English officers, and was opposed to the occupation of Tahiti; & that he had no instructions to change the flag.

I replied that it was not a *change*, for the Leeward islands had none, but my instructions authorized me to recommend the chiefs to hoist one upon the recognition of their independence.

M. Lavaud here remarked in a snappish manner, apropos to my having such authority—"M. l'Amiral Seymour se mele continuellement dans les affaires ou il n'a pas le droit de se meler."

It was then my turn to flare up; and I told M. Lavaud that if he

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alluded to what passed in November 1845—I held it to be my duty to state that Sir G. Seymour had on that occasion acted a loyal and becoming part, and that his proceedings had been in strict accordance with the instructions of his government; and further, that it was the reluctance of the French officers to obey *their* government, which had at one time threatened to give a hostile turn to measures which the governments of England & France had concerted with a view to peace. In fact Sir G. Seymour had done *his* duty & M. Bruat had not done his.

It would have been more prudent if M. Lavaud had now held his tongue, but he was too angry to be silent; and he made the most indiscreet avowal that ever fell from the lips of an official. “I know, said he, that M. Bruat had the same instructions as Sir G. Seymour—but things having arrived at a certain point he thought it better not to recede—il ne fallait pas reculer.”

M. Lavaud continued—that Sir G. S. had 3 times mentioned to him the necessity for changing the flag of the independent Society group—that he (M. Lavaud) had not seen any such necessity—but Sir G. S. had persisted; and that he was always disposed to interfere where he had no right to meddle.

I begged M. Lavaud if he entertained such an opinion to abstain from expressing it to me. I said it was not changing a flag, but establishing one, to mark the distinction between the independent islands & those dependent on France—and I cited the case of Mr. Hunter’s schooner, when M. Bonard forced her to hoist French colours, because the islands had none of their own. Tapoa, being referred to, said the islands had no flag; but they had sometimes used a fancy flag, with a number of stars to represent the number of islands. I was on tenter hooks—but M. Lavaud’s dullness saved me from an embaras. If he had asked *one* question, he would have discovered that the number of islands represented by the number of stars included Tahiti & Eimeo—and if he had probed a little deeper he would have found that this fancy flag was the sovereign flag of Tahiti. Fortunately I had M. Lavaud & not M. Bruat to deal with—and the conversation turned back to its original channel.

M. Lavaud asked me if I would promise not to assist at the hoisting of the Independent flag at any of the islands. I declined giving any pledge; but probably I should not be present.

He asked me if I intended saluting or making any demonstration on the hoisting of the flag. I said I had no such present intention but I would make no promise.

168 † "Then, said M. Lavaud—you must act alone—I retire."

I repeated that I was quite prepared to act alone if necessary, but I should desire to act in concert with him if possible.

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A great deal of disputing followed—much difference of opinion strongly expressed; but I felt that I could not give way—and after some time it was agreed between us that the flag should be accepted—and recognized from the day after tomorrow—20th June;—and I promised not to leave Tahiti before the 1st July in order that the first ebullition of popular feeling might have subsided before my arrival.

Ariipeu who is authorized to act for Ariiipuia was not present—but a minute of the acknowledgement of the new flag was sent for her approval.

It was a satisfaction after this tiresome conversation of 2 hours that I carried my point. M. Lavaud is evidently very jealous of the influence he supposes me to possess over the islanders, and therefore he tries to place Tapoa & Tamatoa under the impression that I am unfairly interfering with their affairs.

Old Tamatoa is quite unhappy at being obliged to keep sober so long. He would willingly go home where he might get drunk unobserved—but he is completely under the influence of Tapoa.

Tapoa has become a hanger on of the Queen. There is a dash of romance in this connexion. Tapoa was Pomare's first husband. He discarded her for drunkenness. Now that she has amended (tho' another man's wife) his former attachment has revived. He has warmly espoused her cause, and seems to unite the affection of a Father to the respect of a subject.

As for *independence* except for his private convenience & gain he has not an idea of its value. His avarice has received a stimulant & he looks to being the great monopolist of his island.

19th. A calm, sultry, oppressive day.

20th. I remembered that this is the anniversary of the Queen's accession just in time to hoist the standard and salute at noon. The French ships did not participate. "L'Arche d'Alliance" the French missionary ship arrived from Sydney with 90 beasts & 400 sheep. She belongs to that company which is to drive the English traders out of the South Seas. She is commanded by M. Maseraud Lt de vaisseau, who *having a call* quitted the French Navy to become a missionary.

I dined with M. Lavaud—the party consisted of the Queen & Pomaretani—M. Maseraud & a few others. † 169

The governor took me aside before dinner to talk politics. I reminded him of what he had told me of Adml. Hammelin's visit to Lady Seymour—but he persisted nevertheless. *June 1847*

I was struck with the pitiful contrast between Lavaud and his wife, and Tapoa & his vahine who sat together; the 2 latter uniting the freedom of savages with the dignity of sovereigns.

After dinner Lavaud made me smoke a segar with him in the balcony. He certainly, *in conversation*, is the most indiscreet man I ever knew—but he knows that conversation can be denied, whilst "littera scripta manent."

He declared that what passed on 18th, he considered private. He read to me his minute of that conversation—which is not in reality very different from mine—tho' some passages have been inserted which were never uttered—some omitted & others misplaced. There was so much that M. Lavaud wished to be considered private, that it was finally agreed to suppress the minutes & draw up a short memo of our acceptance of the flag for the leeward islands. He *wrote* the following, & as I did not object to it—he *copied* it for me.

"Monsieur le Capitaine Martin et moi sommes convenus que nous consentirions a accepter, pour etre transmis a nos gouvernements—la declaration des chefs de Bora Bora, Huahine et Raiatea de* ——— les pavillons (voir les couleurs) qu' ils nous indiquaient et que les pavillons seraient expedies aux iles le 20 de ce mois par les soins de chefs Tapoa et Tamatoa; quant aux autres reglements de port, j'ai pense que ce n'etait pas le moment de les discuter et qu'il convenait peut etre de les laisser a eux memes, toute fois leurs conseillant d'agir a l'egard de toutes les nations sur un pied d'egalite."

He said he was perfectly sure that Sir G. Seymour had no authority whatever to interfere about the flag, for he had several times referred to the subject at Callao when he (M. Lavaud) said he saw no necessity for interference.

There is no doubt that the leeward islands did to a certain degree, admit their dependence on Tahiti. Pomare *did* receive tribute (now called presents) from them—of pigs & oil. All the chiefs paid her homage *in their way*, and Tahiti was always looked upon as the sovereign island of the group.

Pomare is a selfish & an arrogant woman—little likely to

170 ♪ renounce any privilege or right except for her own ultimate advantage. It is true that she has formally denied that she had any claim upon the leeward islands—but she had a motive for the denial. When she found herself turned out of Tahiti—she saw a refuge in the N.W. group—and clung to a faint hope of restoration in the disputes which would arise about their independence.

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For that reason only did she declare that she had no authority over them.

Now that independence of those islands has been declared, the French protectorate acknowledged—and she only a puppet in her own island—she is bitterly disappointed; she wants to have her tribute back—and to recover by intrigue the stake which she hazarded & lost.

Lavaud observed that France had committed a betise in taking Tahiti—that it would be an useless & a very expensive colony. I wish England had the island notwithstanding these objections. He repeated what he told me once before, that he had instructions from his government to watch closely the proceedings of the English officers in these seas; and by his manner of talking of the leeward islands he seems to admit their independence only for the purpose of sharing their dependence; he seems determined to have them under his exclusive surveillance & sole influence.

I reminded him of the great advantage I allowed him, by conversing on these subjects in his language, rather than insisting on my own.

21st. The weather at this *cool* season is hotter than ever. Commandant Noury (Syrene) young Lavaud—M. Techoin & Mr. Hort dined with me.

22nd. The governor started in the “Gassendi” on a tour round the island—taking with him the Queen much against her will—Tamatoa & Tapoa & a large party of reluctant friends.

The governor’s progress without Pomare would be nothing—It is like a Roman Consul dragging the conquered Kings & princes at the tail of his car.

Chef de Battaillon Best rules in his absence.

The Store ship “La Somme” for Valparaiso & France was towed out by the “Gassendi.”

In the afternoon “Calypso” came from Callao.*

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23rd. M. Dutailis (Ariane) called upon me, evidently to ask for a 1st visit from Worth. I reminded him that all the French Captains called upon me when I arrived.

“Yes — said he — because we had a *written* order from M. Bruat to do so.” I told M. Dutailis that Capt. Worth must judge for himself, I should not interfere.

Capt. Worth, Dr. Johnson — Mr. Miller & Lt. Sansam dined with me.

24th. I gave Worth a long walk & a dinner.

I extract the following description of the bread fruit from Anson’s voyage — “The bread fruit was constantly eaten by us during our stay upon the island instead of bread, & so universally preferred to it, that no ship’s bread was expended in that whole interval. The fruit is found indifferently on all parts of the branches; it is in shape rather elliptical than round; is covered with a rough rind & is usually 7 or 8 inches long. — Each of them grows simply & not in clusters. This fruit is fittest to be used when full grown, in which state after being roasted in the embers its taste has some resemblance to that of an artichoke, and its texture is not very different, for it is soft & spongy.

As it ripens it becomes softer & of a yellow colour, when it contracts a luscious taste & an agreeable smell not unlike the peach. It is described in Ray’s history of plants.”

The island here alluded to is the island of Tinian — but the description answers equally well for the bread fruit of the Society islands — called at Tahiti *Maioreh*.

Most of us on hand were very fond of it, when baked in a native oven. It is not eaten in a crude state.

The object of the “Bounty’s” visit to Tahiti was to take this fruit to the West Indies.

25th. At 6 A.M. I started in the gig accompanied by Land & Baird, and a New Zealander known by the name of Bob, who speaks a little English, and was in the camp at Papenoo during the war.

In 1 ½ hour we reached Hapapè (Point Venus) where we debarked. I offered 3 dollars to a native lad to assist Bob in carrying our things — but I could not get one for the money — and we went without.

This population with all its cheerfulness & good nature is the laziest that ever was created. One would have supposed that 12 / was a fair days pay for a labourer.

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About 3 miles N.E. of Pt Venus is the last French post—called Tapahai. It is a remarkably neat little fort; the ditch and rampart being cut in the living rock. It is approached by a good zigzag road.

From the fort we descended to the sea, and continued along the beach until we reached a bluff projecting into the water.

Here we had to watch the retiring wave, and run round as we best could to avoid being struck by the surf.

About a mile further on is the village of Papenoo—at the mouth of the valley of the same name, in which was the camp. The view of the mountains is very pretty at this point.

After 10 minutes rest in the hut of Ori, a chief who made himself very conspicuous against the French, we crossed the river— $\frac{1}{2}$ thigh deep. The quantity of drift wood—the wrecks & trunks of magnificent trees which have accumulated at the mouth of the Papenoo river show what a volume of water must rush down the valley in the rainy season.

From Papehoo it is about 8 miles to Tuance point & from thence 4 miles to Mahaina. In parts the shore is rocky & the sea finding its way by subterranean passages rushes up through the clefts & fissures in the rock with prodigious noise & violence. At other times the path was over deep sand or through a dense bush—through some of the most transparent & beautiful streams I ever beheld. We observed a ship boxing about with light winds near the shore; the natives who had boarded her in a canoe, reputed her to be English.

At Mahaina we were hospitably received by the chief Fanouè & his son in law Tairo. The bread fruit was gathered the oven prepared—the pig killed & every evidence of an approaching feast. Whilst Land & Baird superintended the preparations, I walked on to Idya—4 miles

Near Mahaina the French were repulsed in an attempt to land & many fell on both sides.

Here Tuerea—the former chief of Hapape was killed, and gallantly carried off the field by his brother—the present drunken chief of the same district, who has gone to France with Bruat.

Here the natives planted their flag, & maintained their ground against the French infantry, until artillery was brought to dislodge them.

All along this part of the coast there has been much hard fighting.

Between Pt Venus & Mahaina there is no reef. The sea washes

home to the beach. At Idya there is a reef, & a small harbour ↕ 173 formed by an island.

I remained half an hour at the home of Mr. Chisholm the missionary of Idya—he is a very unfit man for his situation, & will do more harm than good by his harsh & unconciliatory work of dealing with the people committed to his charge. Mr. Barff who also belongs to this district was absent—but both their wives were here. June
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At Idya there is a large church & *stone* mission house; both falling into decay.

I returned to Mahaina excessively fatigued, but the good cheer which Land & Baird had prepared, revived me.

Worth had lent me a Guayaquil hammock, which with the aid of a mat & nice clean white coverlid which Fanoua's wife contributed made a good bed. I slung it in the open air between 2 trees and the night air was (by comparison)—*very* cold.

26th. As the sun rose we started on our return. I had asked overnight to have something *light* before setting out on our walk—and had bargained for a cup of cafe noir & a rusk, or something of that sort. Fanoua had killed his fattest pig! & there he lay on his back roasted whole—with his belly slit open & filled with fayeel! And this at 5 in the morning for a gentleman with a delicate stomach & who had not slept particularly well!

The heat soon became intense—but we walked boldly on to Papenoo where we halted half an hour in Tairo's house; and then continued to Point Venus, where Tueri's wife received us with much hospitality.

Tueri's wife is one of the best looking women I have seen at Tahiti, with a peculiarly good expression of countenance. Tueri was turned away from the Papenoo camp repudiated this wife, & lived with another woman. The people in the camp being strict in their ideas would not brook his licentious habits & dismissed him.

He afterwards implored his countrymen to receive him back—but was refused; he then joined the French, & Bruat appointed him chief over his brother's people. At a subsequent period he again asked for admittance to the camp, & was again refused.

My boat arrived soon after, & having bathed & breakfasted I returned to the ship at 4 P.M.

I found the ship we had seen yesterday had come in to Papeete

174 † in distress; being the "Harfly" Capt. Buckland—having sprung a leak on her voyage from Hobartown to London. She has 50 soldiers of 96th Regt — 14 women & 40 children. The appearance of the troops & the numerous heads peeping over her gunwale created some excitement at first. Captain Curren who commands the detachment reminded me much of poor Fan. Perhaps the uniform had something to do with the impression, but I started when Capt C. walked into the cabin. The countenance the figure & the *voice were very like.*

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The Harfly quitted Hobartown in April. On 16th May—steering for Cape Horn she sprung a leak, which increased so seriously as to make it necessary to seek refuge in the nearest port.

By the exertions of the troops she was kept afloat and after 40 days hard & incessant pumping reached Tahiti.

27th. Sunday. The master of the Harfly & the owner Mr. Raven—came this morning with Capt. Curren *for orders*; as if the fact of a few soldiers being on board makes me responsible for all that happens. Capt. Curren seems the only man of the party who has any energy—I never saw 2 such helpless creatures as the owner & his master. Both of these worthies have their wives on board and they seem to be jewels & patterns of husbands in one respect; they think nothing of the safety or the repair of the ship as long as there is a question about the *convenience* of the *ladies*. She is insured for £ 10,000 & I pity the underwriters. I promised them every possible assistance of boats, men & artifices; and asked if they would be ready to begin at daylight tomorrow morning. But they found *the ladies* would not be ready to move so early. I could not stand this—so I told Mr. Raven that my carpenter reported his damage as trifling, and that the officers whom I had ordered to survey her thought she might be cleaned repaired & re-loaded & at sea in 3 weeks—and if any frivolous & foolish obstructions were thrown in the way of the Harfly proceeding on her voyage I shall hold it to be my duty to write to Lloyds on the subject.

I dined with M. Nousy Commandant of La Syrene. Dutailis, M. de Cujis Commissary general—M. Motet Chef d'Etat major & the surgeon of the ship formed the party.

The dinner was cleverly turned out of hand, but truly the material at Tahiti is impracticable.

28th. I wrote to M. Best who commands in Lavaud's absence, to

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ask if he had any objection to the troops being landed during the repairs of the "Harfly." He answers me that he has no authority to give permission, but that he has sent a messenger to M. Lavaud, who is at Tairavau to ask for it.

The Danish bark "Kungen of Denmark" arrived in 55 days from Valparaiso.

I dined with Worth on bd Calypso.

The arrival of the Harfly has created a new difficulty, and obliges me to consider very seriously what to do.

I cannot go from here till I see the passage of the troops secured; for I *may* find it right to take them to Valparaiso.

Again, I have so much greater reasons for assisting the Harfly than Calypso.

These 2 reasons combined with a desire to avoid a scene with that little wasp Dutailis — with whom I am sure to quarrel, decide me to remain here & send the Calypso to leeward.

This being the anniversary of the coronation we saluted. The French ships did not. I gave them no notice of the salute, for I do not think the conduct of the French authorities has been such as to entitle them to any public mark of courtesy to them.

29th. M. Dutailis — who is in the absence of Lavaud, Commandant de la Rade, writes to me to say he would have saluted yesterday if I had asked him to do so. I was not sorry to have an opportunity of giving the little man a parting punch in the ribs. So I sent him a dry laconic answer. This produced a long letter from him; & I again replied to him with the greatest of brevity.

Capt Curren, Lt. Webb R.M. (an old shipmate of Williams) Lt. Shipley & Mr. Miller dined with me.

30th. Soon after daylight the "Gassendi" came in; and by 6 M. de Merricault was by my cot side — I had to receive him in my robe de chambre without my breeches. He told me the governor had come on purpose to make arrangements about the Harfly, and wished to see me immediately — as he would sail again in 2 hours.

I landed as quickly as I could — Lavaud was very civil, nay kind about it. "Let us go & look if Fareoote point is a convenient place for her to unload" — said he, jumping into my gig. He assigned several commodious places for the cargo and turning to M. Best said "if those are not sufficient give them whatever they require."

At 8 I commenced unloading the Harfly.

176 † At 11 the Governor embarked and sailed in the Gassendi for the isthmus of Tairavou.

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1847 Captn. Worth dined with me. We had just finished when Fanoua the chief of Mahaina came on bd. The dinner was brought back, & he ate at such a pace that I almost wished he had brought the pig with him which I left on his back, with his legs in the air at Mahaina. He drank 2 bottles of beer & 2 bottles of sherry & half a tumbler of rum; and then, telling me I was a good man, got into his canoe & went about his business.

1st July. Calypso sailed for the leeward islands at 7 A.M. Heavy rain rather retarded the unloading of the Harfly.

Mr. Thompson having lent me one of the mission houses for the use of the Harfly's people, I advised Captn. Curren to take possession of it at once for his soldiers, their wives & children, which he did to the great disgust of the owner & master who had calculated on lodging themselves there & leaving the troops to shift for themselves as they best could.

Soon after I had a letter from M. Best — about the men landing — which Curren had not reported. A little explanation set all to right.

2nd. I made a sketch of "Marquesan Jack" a man who has made himself very conspicuous by his gallantry as well as by his inordinate antipathy to the French. He is tattooed on every part, including his face and his ———

The sickness is increasing among the French troops. In the last 2 days 35 new cases of dysentery have appeared & the insanity does not diminish.

3rd. We continue hard at work on the "Harfly." The "Gassendi" with the Queen & Governor on board passed from Pt. Venus to Eimeo.

In walking to Papparra, I was amused with the zeal & avidity with which the people play at cards, especially the women. The men seem too lazy to gamble. They do not play for money generally, simply for the love of laughing at the result of the game, whether

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1847



won or lost. I gave a group of half naked girls a coin to play for — which produced first — shouts of laughing — then most zealous gambling & finally a row — in which 2 women kissed me & a third gave me a kick on the backside. Such is life!

4th. This morning at daylight we shifted the “Harfly” to the upper part of the harbour, for the facility of cleaning & heaving down if necessary.

5th. Calypso returned — with answers to all the letters I sent by her. Her passage to the island & back has been unusually quick.


Commandants Best & Masset — Capt Worth & Curren & Mr. Wilke dined with me. M. Best has scarcely got over his alarm at the troops having landed without the Governor’s leave.

6th. The Sarah Anne came from the Sandwich islands. Worth dined with me, & afterwards we had the “Revenge” & the “Dumb Doctor”

178 ♣ for the benefit of the soldiers of the Harfly & their wives.

The Governor & Queen returned in the Gassendi from Eimeo;
July most completely tired of each other.
1847



7th.  Id Louis 18th fancied himself the fattest King of the day — perhaps he was; but if he had lived in the year 1847 — Tapoa would have disputed his claim to the distinction. He seems to have grown even larger by his trip round the island.

I introduced Worth to M. Lavaud — who was quite extravagant in his expressions — hardly knowing which had the greater claim upon his eloquence — my going or Worth's coming. He & I will be equally glad when my back is turned upon Tahiti.

I received a clever letter from Tamātoa — of regret at my going. From a man of more ability I should have considered it a quiz — I dined with Worth.

8th. L'Ana sailed to look for the canoe of a French whaler wrecked on Ouitotaki.

That the people may have cause to remember the Grampus, we have rebuilt 250 yards of fencing round the missionary cemetery, where about 10 of our men lay buried; and left 70 dollars to keep it in repair. They were too niggardly & too disunited to do it for themselves.

I dined with the Governor — The Queen & Pomaretani, Dutailis, Worth & his Doctor were the party.

Madame Lavaud's patronage of the Queen — at first amusing has become disgusting. Poor Pomare seems quite overcome & subdued by the pertinacity & perseverance with which this vulgar woman bores & torments her.

9th. Yesterday morning I received the following note — "Dear Sir — I am asked to dine with H. E. the governor today; pray tell me what like is he, and his wife & his dinners also — speaking sincerely without flattery. I like to know all these things beforehand because I am not partial to French people & never was. We are all truly sorry that you will leave us soon — I remain Dear Sir — de de" —*

To answer this composition with any degree of gravity was out of the question — so I sent in reply the following doggerel

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1847

Dear Doctor

There's something so quaint in your note
that had I not other concerns to converse on
I should be half disposed to jump into my boat
And answer your several questions in person.

To speak of Lavaud & his wife *quite* sincerely
(To the devil all gammon & flattery pitch; —)
The only distinction between them is — merely
that he's an old woman & she's an old x x x x x

Their dinner's detestable — nothing is hot —
It will turn on your stomach as soon as you've eat it.
And his claret will speedily send you to pot; —
So stick to his sherry — that is — if you get it.

But your love for the French will excuse all their sins;
You'll smile on Madame & you'll bow to Monsieur
You'll swig their Champagne till you reel on your pins,
And protest t'is as good as the best "mountain dew." —

In bumpers of claret I'll drown all your sorrow,
In a nightcap of toddy you'll forget we are parting,
(That is to say if you'll dine here tomorrow)
Till when most truly I'm your's

H. Martin

I called upon the Queen to introduce Worth to her. Poor creature I pity her, perhaps more than she deserves. After all she is but a half reclaimed savage — in thought, deed, word & look.

Her husband, Tapoa & Tamatoa were present, but took no part in the conversation. Pomare in one sense is a *very* interesting woman — for she is always in a very interesting situation. She has a baby in arms, & will soon have another — which will make 7 children.

I believe Pomare to be an imperious wilful woman, strongly tainted with falsehood & dissimulation — very fond of money, and with just enough knowledge of the world to see that it is prudent to cloak her despotism & to give a little method to her avarice.

I called on Lavaud in the evening, & took final leave of him & his vulgar wife. He expressed great regard for me, & asked me to write to him.

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1847

Amongst these islanders it is difficult to define the distinction of classes. Some are chiefs certainly—others not, that is some have power & possessions—some none. But all wear the same dress— all eat out of the same bowl & smoke the same segar—the daughters of the chiefs are prostitutes for the people; the distinction is in short so small, & the sway of the chiefs so mild that it is difficult to see which is the ruler & which the ruled. There are judges who seem to be only advisers to the chiefs in settling disputes. The law seems to be public opinion, founded upon custom & tradition.

10th. July 1847 Adieu Tahiti—perhaps—probably forever. A light air & the assistance of the French boats took us out of Papeete by 7 A.M.

Well—after all—in spite of the trouble & annoyances—I have had an interesting time at Tahiti—in many respects both instructive and amusing. How different is the state of affairs at my departure from what I found on my arrival. Then war was raging; the French held but a small extent of the sea bord—they were hemmed in by the natives and in hourly dread of an attack on the settlement. Papeete was in a state of blockade; no one could quit his house after 8 P.M. or the place without a pass—& no boat could move after gunfire.

Now there is a free circulation—ashore & afloat.

Pomare was then in exile—now she has returned to the enjoyment of what little the protectorate treaty left her. I hope she may be happy, & in time become resigned to her fate—for whether for good or evil there is doubt that I have been the cause of her return.

Of course she will never be allowed to exercise an atom of real power, but she has had a fair income and may still be very comfortable if she will submit cheerfully to the new circumstances, which she in the first instance very much contributed to create. She may esteem herself fortunate in being allowed to remain, even as she is.*

I see nothing that *we* can reasonably blame the French for, except that they have succeeded in taking what we had so long been accustomed to consider our own. It is our own fault—we should have taken these islands when they were offered to Canning in 1826; & it is owing to the short sighted policy of that day, that the French flag now flies in Oceanic.

Since we have permitted ourselves to be overreached, we have certainly succeeded in stripping Tahiti of half its value; we have

left the French the expense & the encumbrance of a colony & denied them the possession of the adjacent islands. † 181

Happy idea! glorious consummation of a political trick! It is impossible not to admire the solemn plausibility with which Lrd Aberdeen (always with an eye to Exeter Hall)* has asserted the independence of the leeward Society group; and the zeal with which Sir G. Seymour in his hatred of the French has seconded him. The Frenchmen open the eyes of astonishment,—they are posed.—checkmated;—they see they are *done* but sharp as they are, they do not to this hour see how the ruse has been played off. July
1847

I for one rejoice that the leeward islands are free; and when it was evident they could only be saved by war or by a hoax, it was prudent in Ld. A. to try the latter before he resorted to the former.

I have before stated my opinion that there is no ground for doubting that the leeward islands were always considered to be dependent on Tahiti.* Under other circumstances Pomare would have asserted her right & the island chiefs would not have disputed it; but she thought she saw a chance of English succour by keeping open that question, and therefore she as well as the chiefs were interested in declaring that the one had no political connexion with the other.

And now the second act is going to open. The N.W. Society group is by the conjoint declaration of England & France *Free & Independent*. They have got a King each & a flag apiece—

What next? Do they understand the value of *freedom*? Do they know the meaning of the word—or its advantages or obligations? I fear not, and in their new character they will soon want assistance & advice, & will feel the necessity of leading strings. Before 3 years have passed they will either have thrown themselves into the arms of France, or be at open war with them.

In the part I have played I have obeyed the letter of my orders, & the *spirit* of Sir G. Seymour's *private* instructions; and it remains to be seen whether I shall be upheld.

I think it may be asked with some reason what the Grampus has been doing so long at Tahiti. This is partly explained in the preceding pages. M. Bruat very soon after my arrival objected to my remaining. He felt that I was a perpetual spy upon his conduct, and he knew that the presence of the English flag excited the natives to resist his authority. The correspondence on this subject went to Sir G. Seymour & his answers clearly show how gladly he availed himself of the opportunity of vexing Bruat in

182 ♀ retaliation for the rebuffs he had received at Bruat's hands. My own expectation is that the English government will not approve of a ship being kept constantly at Tahiti.*

July

1847

Well — let all that pass — I am at last on my road to Valparaiso.

I determined to go round the N.E. end of the island contrary to the usual custom.

11th. Sunday. Very hot, & calm all day.

12th. This is the anniversary of poor Fan's death.

It was brought home to me as a day of death in a striking manner. At 4 A.M. a fine young man (Newell) died; and at 4 P.M. a boy (Jones) very suddenly. Truly — "In the midst of life we are in death."

13th. A shark 9 ft long was hauled in at 8. At 9 Newell & Jones were buried.

14th. Lost sight of Tahiti. At times the sea was covered with a brown slimy froth, some of which was examined with a microscope, & appeared to be spawn.

The same lovely weather continued till 19th with a light breeze that made us to steer S.E.

Ens Lee died on 19th. Thermometer below 70° — quite cold!

20th. It blew strong from S.W. In reefing topsails & canvas Peter Conway fell from the M. Cap — into the top & overboard. It was nearly dark and a good deal of sea was running. Both cutters were lowered without accident, but returned after an hour's ineffectual search.

Probably the poor fellow was killed in the fall — I hope so; for the life buoy was not found, and it would be horrible to think that he reached it, & then died a lingering death. In such a case conceive the feelings of the man when he saw the ship fill & make sail without him.

21st. It had threatened all the morning — At 8 the storm burst upon us. The lightning was awful, the electric cloud appearing to hang over the ship for an hour throwing its flashes all round us and *very* close; At last it settled into a Westerly wind.

We put on blue trousers, having been in white for a year & 2 days.

22nd, 23rd, 24th. It continued to blow fresh from the Westwd and indeed the same wind with every variety of weather from calm to close reefed topsails continued throughout the remainder of July, & early part of August. ↯ 183
August
1847

3rd August. Fired & night quarters.

4th. Fired at a target — the ship rolling heavily.

5th. A 9 ft shark was taken, one of the sharp nosed sort —

14th. Two ships were seen running to the Northd, the first we have seen since quitting Tahiti.

16th. Made the coast of Chile, 40 miles to leeward of Valparaiso. To us so long accustomed to the tropics it is very cold; blowing stormy at S.E.

17th. Still blowing fresh at S.E.

Before daylight made the land again — At 10 A.M. saw the light house of Valpo — but the current is very strong against us. At 2 the ships at anchor in the bay are made out.

Though we were unable to get in tonight, as had carried a great deal of sail all day & the ship had been going 9.6 & 10 knots. I hauled off for the night.

18th. At 7 A.M. we were close to windward of the lighthouse. The wind leaving us we were towed to our berth by the boats of the Chilean frigate "Chile" & Cormorant — Beauchamp Seymour acting Commander of the Cormorant.

Valparaiso looks as dull & gloomy as ever.

The pleasure of receiving my letters from home to 16th June was diminished by the news which they bring of Byam's death, a severe blow for William & indeed for all of us.

The "Breeze" an English merchant ship has arrived in 72 days from Liverpool — the quickest passage ever made by a sailing vessel.

184 ♪ 19th. Preparing for a thorough refit.

August 20th. At daylight we were surprized & not much pleased by the appearance of the Sampson steamer with Sir G. Seymour's flag flying. I do not make out that he has any particular reason for coming in anticipation of the Collingwood, which was to have left Callao on the day after him, — except that he was restless & fidgety and wanted some new people to tease.

I dined with him on board Sampson. He gave me a general verbal approval of what I had done at Tahiti.



NOTES

August 15. Captain William Fanshawe Martin, R.N., was Henry Byam Martin's older brother.

August 20. Captain Martin was apparently unaware of the importance of infanticide in controlling population on a small island. Today many anthropologists think it was more a societal practice than an individual whim.

August 24. Mungo was a sixth-century Scottish saint, apostle of the Strathclyde Britons in Scotland.

September 10. The reference is to Sir Charles Napier, 1786-1860, a British admiral famous for his courage but also for his arrogance. He made a spectacular landing in Lebanon on September 9-10, 1840.

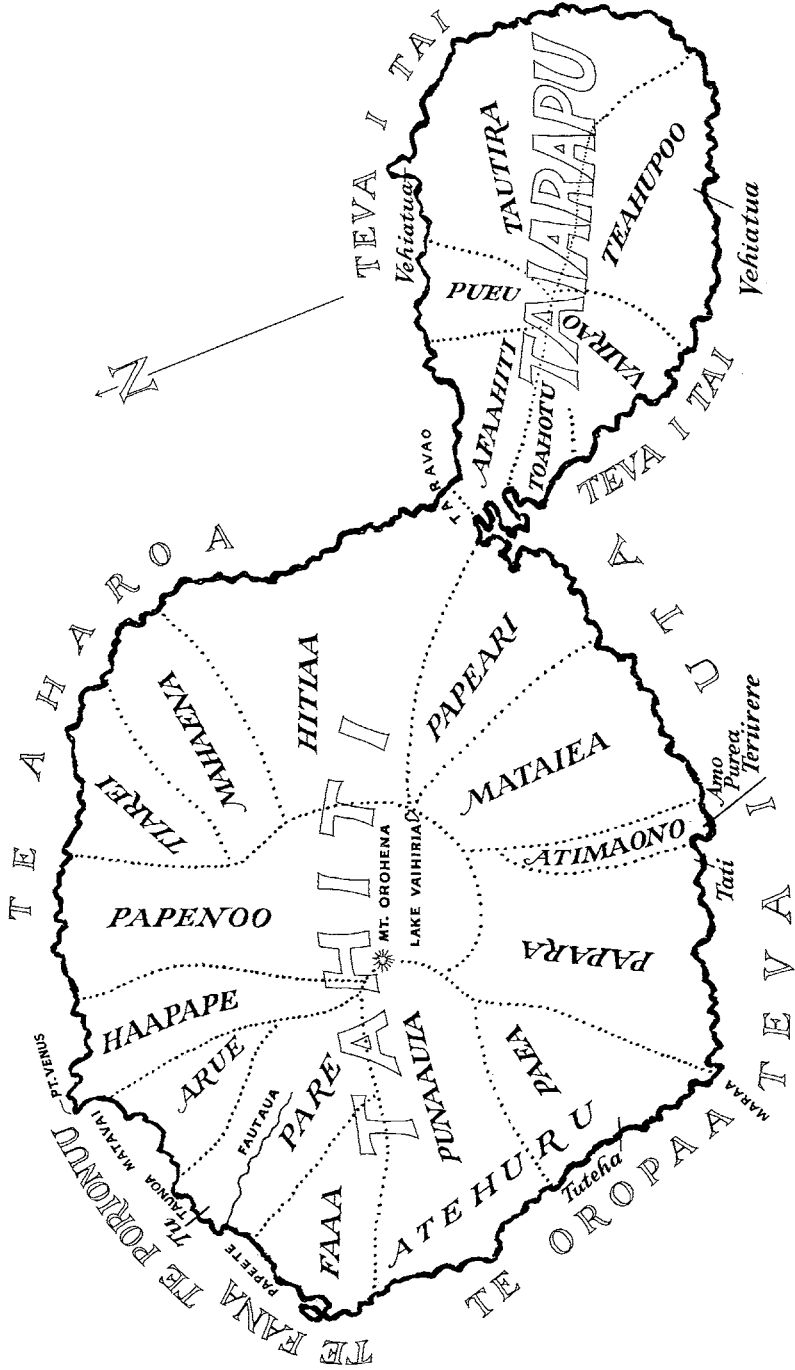
September 29. Bunaouia, Papenoo, Fautaua, etc. These Tahitian place names and many others to follow are spelled as he heard them and sometimes not consistently. Everyone spells Tahitian place names differently, from Cook onward even till the present. B's and P's were most commonly confused, also L's and R's, T's and K's. The spelling on the map on page 186 is the best we can compile today.

September 29. These were three English merchants or traders, businessmen by now well established in the community.

October 5. Captain Martin leaves a blank space here. He evidently forgot or did not know the name of Lavaud's corvette and intended to fill it in later. Actually it was the *Aube*.

October 5. George Pritchard (1796-1883) came to Tahiti in 1825 as one of the LMS missionaries. He became the close confidant of Queen Pomare, not only as her spiritual advisor but gradually as her chief political one also. He managed to have himself appointed as British Consul in 1837 and, under pressure, resigned his ministerial office. He was ardently anti-French and anti-Catholic, the leading figure of those who wanted England to annex Tahiti.

October 5. Dr. Francis Johnstone (1802-1855) was a Scottish surgeon who came to Tahiti about 1838. He was a much loved and admired member of the community, not only as a doctor who ministered to all citizens, including Queen Pomare, but also as a plant lover who introduced many valuable new species to Tahiti, most of them medicinal. He was an amateur botanist of real distinction responsible for many varieties of hibiscus, the pesky sensitive plant, and a fine collection of botanical specimens which, with his extensive botanical library, was unfortunately buried with him by his devoted Tahitian admirers. It is he who is so roundly abused by Melville in *Omoa*. He was evidently a good friend of Byam Martin for he dined with him frequently. Hereafter Martin spells his name incorrectly as "Johnson." He should not be confused with the missionary, Mr. Johnson.



October 13. Charles Wilkes was commander of the United States Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842, which touched at Tahiti. Robert Fitzroy was captain of the *Beagle*, which had stopped in the 1830s with Charles Darwin aboard.

October 21. The battle of Trafalgar was fought on October 21, 1805.

October 25. These are the so-called sun tides as contrasted with our moon tides and the same regularity obtains, of course, today.

October 27. Actually all the islands were independent until the white man came, and there were no European-style "kings." Their rulers were individual high chiefs of large districts or small islands.

October 28. This is the site of the famous marae of Taputapuatea which is the legendary ancestor of all other ancient temples in central Polynesia. According to Sir Peter Buck, it was called the "international" marae because chiefs came here from other island groups for investiture, even from as far away as Aotea (New Zealand) some 2000 miles to the southwest.

October 28. Tepapaorua was the name of this coronation stone. It is closer to 8 feet than 10. The early Tamatoa were said to have been the same height as the sacred stone. They were indeed lofty fellows: one was scrupulously measured and recorded at 6 feet 11¼ inches.

October 28. "bandana." He probably means the native *Ora* (banyan).

November 3. In celebration of the defense of the strategic seaport of Acre in Palestine against Napoleon in 1799.

November 4. The fresh water from the mountains prevents coral from growing and thus makes a passage through the reef wherever a good stream flows down.

November 8. Gente Hermosa is now usually identified as Rakahanga, not Bora Bora.

November 12. Sir Charles Saunders Island, so named by Wallis, who sighted it but never visited it, is Mai'ao, south of Moorea and west of Tahiti.

November 16. Mr. Bell and especially his beautiful young wife feature prominently in Melville's *Omoo*. (There is a repetition here of dates.)

November 16. Fowl were brought originally by the Polynesians from southeast Asia, not by Cook, although he probably added European genes to the native stock.

November 17. Land was captain of the ship's contingent of Royal Marines.

November 27. The "change of style" is of course the Gregorian calendar introduced by Pope Gregorius XIII in Rome, 1582, to replace the old calendar founded on two erroneous suppositions: i.e., that the year contains 365½ days and that 235 lunations are equal to nineteen solar years. Other countries in Europe gradually accepted the change—England in 1752 and the Russians, always conservative, not until their revolution in 1919.

December 19. Badajoz was a strongly fortified city, capital of the province of Badajoz in Spain near the Portuguese frontier. Ciudad Rodrigo was always linked with Badajoz as commanding the main routes from Portugal into Spain. The two cities often had been besieged by Moors, French, Spanish, and English. Both were taken by Wellington in 1812.

December 31. This seems to be a quotation from an early Italian poet, perhaps Dante.

If everyone's inner anxiety
Were written on his forehead
How very much those we envy
Would become the object of our pity.

January 31. After his expulsion from Tahiti, Pritchard was assigned as English Consul to the Samoan islands which Captain Martin calls by their then English name, the Navigator Islands.

February 20. Chain Island was Cook's name for Anaa in the Tumotus.

March 20. John Muggerridge Orsmond (1788–1836), not "Osmond," was one of the most prominent and best loved of the London missionaries, but bowing to the inevitable, he did not oppose the French and was therefore expelled from the LMS. He later became head of the French Protestant mission. It was he who amassed the invaluable native lore that was later published by his granddaughter, Teuira Henry, the richest record in existence of ancient Tahitian society.

April 22. Captain Martin is mistaken here. Peter Dillon deserted Potoki to become a famous Pacific adventurer.

April 30. This was no doubt a case of elephantiasis of the scrotum, a not uncommon disease in those days.

May 5. We know not where. He might have reported it in his official log.

May 13. Evidently he meant to write Rodgeron here instead of Pradier.

June 4. A word is omitted here. He probably meant to write "cattle" or "bullocks."

June 4. Jacques Antoine Moerenhout (1796–1879) was indeed one of the great troublemakers preceding French intervention. A Belgian by birth, and a Catholic, he espoused the French cause as vigorously as his rival Pritchard fought for the English. He was made French Consul by Dupetit Thouars, was detested by Queen Pomare, and finally ousted in 1845, less than a year before Captain Martin arrived.

June 8. These "minstrels" were no doubt the Arioi, a famous society of entertainers whose uninhibited revels scandalized the Europeans. The extirpation of their licentious dancing and rigorous infanticide was the first anticultural objective of the missionaries.

June 8. The word *ungreen* did not seem to make sense until it was learned from an old-time settler that this area is covered by a shrub or tree called aiho which is a brownish yellow, never green.

June 8. This is an abbreviation for the U.S. Exploring Expedition under Wilkes, 1838-1842. † 189

Notes

June 9. This is Mahaiatea, the greatest Tahitian marae (though not the oldest or most sacred), constructed in the 1760s just before the first arrival of the Europeans. It was the largest and most imposing on Tahiti, built by the "Queen," Puaea, in honor of her son and in hopes that he would gain paramount rank. He did not, because the great Teva chiefs challenged his mother's pretensions and put him down. The marae was largely demolished by a Scottish planter named William Stewart in 1865 to furnish building stones for roads, bridges, and foundations on his huge cotton plantation at Atimaono. The remains are a sorry vestige of the original but even so are well worth a visit today. The ambitious cotton plantation, which collapsed after the American Civil War, caused the original introduction of Chinese to Tahiti (as coolie labor) and is the foundation of its Chinese society today. The cottonfields are now the most extensive (and probably least used) golf course in the Pacific Ocean.

June 9. Actually John Davies, one of the preeminent missionaries and one of their best linguists. He contributed largely to the translation of the Bible into Tahitian. This is still today the basic text that young Tahitians are taught to read and write. But being in the archaic form it is virtually meaningless to them. The Reverend Davies gets the primary credit for the best of all Tahitian dictionaries, but the renegade Orsmond was probably the prime mover.

June 20. Blank space in *Journal*, probably the date to be filled in later.

June 22. The *Calyпсо*, Captain Worth, R.N., commanding, had come to succeed Captain Martin and the *Grampus* as guardian of British interests at Tahiti.

July 9. Evidently from his old friend Dr. Johnstone.

July 10. As it turned out, Pomare "ruled" until her death at the age of 64 in 1877, a "queen" for 50 years. She was succeeded by her son Pomare V. He was a worthless fellow and after three years was deposed by the French and dispossessed of all of his lands. Thus ended the Pomare dynasty and the last fiction of Tahitian independence. The island (along with Moorea) became a French colony and the conquest of the leeward islands was set in train. There was bitter fighting and Tamatoa VI, grandson of Byam Martin's Tamatoa, was not conquered until 1898 when Raiatea was subdued by force and the flag of France flew at last over all of the Society Islands. It still does, although there is currently some agitation for independence, and "autonomy" was granted in 1977. The French governor is now the "Haut Commissaire."

July 10. Exeter Hall was a large building on the Strand in London. Built in 1831 for the use of religious and charitable societies, it became known as a rallying place for reformers and dissenters with a zeal that conventional people considered very "bad form."

July 10. Most authorities today would say that he is wrong. Tahitian chiefs

190 † never exerted a dominion or superiority over the leeward islands until the Europeans gave the claims of the Pomares some consideration. Before the arrival of the white man with his time-honored notion of supreme monarchy, the chiefs of all the districts of Tahiti and the chiefs of the various smaller islands were often contentious and distinctly independent. Actually the Tamatoa, chiefs of Raiatea, were the highest of the high. But they made no claims to land or power elsewhere, only to spiritual and social preeminence. And this was acknowledged by all.

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