Balfour in the Pitt Rivers Museum. It is thus probable that Dr. Barnard Davis's three ground implements were either made by Australians, or by Tasmanians who had learnt the craft from them. This goes to confirm the opinion of the members and correspondents of the Royal Society of Tasmania, that the art of mounting stone axes in handles was also introduced among the Tasmanian natives from Australia. Horton's account of the bringing over of the "tame mob" of Sydney blacks to Tasmania about 1822, and of the Australian known as Musquito who led the Tasmanians against the colonists in the "black war,"[1] sufficiently account for such influence from the mainland.

The exceptional presence thus explained of ground and handled stone hatchets in Tasmania, leaves untouched the evidence from the hundreds of rudely fashioned, unground hand-grasped implements, which have now been collected, and which are proved by the evidence of eyewitnesses to have been what the natives habitually made and used. So far as stone-implement making furnishes a test of culture, the Tasmanians were undoubtedly at a low palæolithic stage, inferior to that of the Drift and Cave men of Europe. The next step in the investigation may be to extend it to the mainland of Australia, where as Mr. Brough Smyth truly says, one set of the stone implements and weapons might be classed as the equivalents of the palæolithic period, and the other of the neolithic period in Europe. It is in fact possible to look back to the time when Australia was altogether in the low palæolithic stage where Tasmania remained till this century, and thence to trace the spread over the continent of neolithic conditions, which only reached the natives of the southern island in the last years of their existence.

The KALOU-VU (ANCESTOR-GODS) *of the* FIJIANS. By BASIL H. THOMSON.

SEEING that there are more gods than tribes in the Fiji Islands it would be manifestly impossible to set forth, within the limits of this paper, any account of them that would include the religions of the whole of the group. It is better to choose for description the religion of a locality distinguished for the richness of its mythology, leaving the rest to be conjectured by analogy, with due allowance for the variations proceeding from differences in physical geography and the mingling of races.

I take as a type the tribes inhabiting the northern and east-

[1] John West, "History of Tasmania," Launceston, 1852, vol. ii, p. 12, 55.

ern portions of the island of *Viti-Levu*, the part of the group first colonised by the Fijians.

I do not pretend that these notes traverse the entire ground of the religious beliefs even of these tribes. For lack of space I shall make no allusion to the cults of Luve-ni-wai, nor to the secret society known as Baki and the Kai Butha whose arcana were celebrated in the Naga, nor yet to the superstitious practice of Drau-ni-kau (Witchcraft). These subjects are sufficiently wide and distinct to deserve separate treatment, and I shall therefore confine my remarks to the primary religions of these tribes and the strange havoc they have sometimes wrought in the Christian teachings of the missions.

The island of Viti-Levu contains 4112 square miles, and is therefore more than half the size of Wales. Along the coast there is a strip of flat land nowhere more than 10 miles in width, and behind it rises a wall of mountain which shuts in the interior except at the points where it is broken by the courses of the rivers that take their rise in the northern ranges of the island. These mountains are highest and most abrupt on the northern coast, broken masses of naked basalt for the most part, but clothed with a ragged covering of dwarf forest wherever vegetation can find a foothold. Among them is the mountain of Nakauvadra, the Olympus of the Fijians. Here Degei, the Fijian Zeus, in serpent form, lies coiled in his cave, resting from his Titan fight with his own grandsons. Hither come the spirits of the dead to prepare for their last leap into the western ocean.

Like the Greeks, the Fijians made their gods as beings of like passions with themselves, but, whatever may have been the fountain head of Greek mythology, it is clear that the Fijians humanised their gods because they had once existed on earth in human form. Their mythology was traditional history. Like other primitive peoples the Fijians deified their ancestors. After all, when you think it out, ancestor worship is the most natural form of religion for a primitive people still in the patriarchal state of society. The father ruled the family. Each member of it turned to him for the ordering of his daily life. No scheme entered the head of the young man that did not depend upon the consent or prohibition of the head of his family. Suddenly the father died. How were his sons to rid themselves of the idea of his controlling influence that had guided them ever since they were born, even though they had buried his body? He had been wont to threaten them with punishment for disobedience, and, even now, when they did the things of which he disapproved in life, punishment was sure to follow—the crops failed; a hurricane unroofed the hut; floods swept away the canoe. If they won a victory over their enemies it was he

who had strengthened their arms in response to their prayers and offerings. Then each son of the dead father founded his own family, but still owed allegiance to their eldest brother who represented their father as the head of the joint family. Generations came and went; the tribe had increased its tens to hundreds, but still the eldest son of the eldest, who carried in his veins the blood of the common ancestor in its purest form, was venerated as the head of the tribe. The name of the ancestor was not forgotten. He was now a god, and had his temple and his priests, who had themselves come to be hereditary, and had the strong motive of self-interest for keeping his memory green. Being a god he conferred on the chief, his direct descendant, a portion of his godhead, and set him within the pale of the *tabu*, so that the chief's will might not be disobeyed nor his body touched without evoking the wrath of the unseen.

This metamorphosis of the chief into the tribal deity is illustrated in various ways, notably in the bond known as *tauvu*. The word means literally "sprung from the same root." It is applied to two or more tribes who may live in different islands, speak different dialects, and have in short nothing in common but their god. They may have held no intercourse for generations, yet, though they may have forgotten the names of their own chiefs three generations back, the site of their ancient lands and the traditions of their migrations, yet they have not forgotten the tribe with which they are *tauvu*. Members of that tribe may enter their village, slaughter their animals and ravage their plantations, and they will sit complacently by; for they are brothers and worship the same god. In several instances I have traced back the bond to its origin, the marriage of the sister of some high chief with the head of a distant tribe. Her rank was so transcendent that she brought into the tribe a measure of the godhead of her ancestors and her descendants have thenceforward reverenced her forefathers in preference to those of her husband. In the majority of cases the bond is too remote for tradition to have recorded its origin, and in these the tribes were doubtless offshoots from the same stock. Perhaps there was a quarrel between brothers, and one of them was driven out with his family to find another home. Such was the origin of the relationship of *tauvu* between Bau and Namuka in Vanualevu.

A very natural question probably occurs to you. How could the ancestral blood have been kept pure through generations of intermarriage with other tribes? The answer is that there was very little promiscuous intermarrying with other tribes. Tribe A took its wives from tribe B, and B from A, each keeping a jealous account of the number of women owed them by the

other. Every man went to his mother's tribe for a wife, and was indeed under an obligation to marry his first cousin, the daughter of his mother's brother. Thus the chief families of tribes A and B became closely interwoven, and in time came to have the same gods. The marriage laws of Fiji are the most curious yet the most logical in the world, but as they are to be dealt with in another paper I need not stop to enlarge upon them here.

You are not to understand that every man when he died was deified by his sons and grandsons. To be remembered at all after his funeral feasts were eaten a Fijian must have wielded power, and to have wielded power at all he must have been of the purest blood of the first family in the tribe, in the direct line of the original ancestor. Many even of the chiefs of this line never entered the Pantheon because they lacked in life the qualities to make themselves feared. It was rather the masterful and oppressive chiefs that were deified because their subjects doubted whether even in death they had lost their power to harm. This brings us to the second fact about the gods of Fiji. They were malevolent. Firstly, they had been chiefs of the blood royal who had been masterful and oppressive in life, and secondly, they were malevolent and must be appeased by propitiatory sacrifices. If you pressed a Fijian to say what became of the kind and wise chiefs he would perhaps say that they too became spirits honoured in the world to come, but that since they were by nature inoffensive there was no object in propitiating them and so they were forgotten. The god who loomed largest before the people of Rewa in the early part of this century was Kou. cainaibili, the untimely birth of a princess of Bau who had been abducted by the chief of Rewa. Had it lived it would have been of a rank so high and sacred that it would have been deified almost while still living, but, since it had never come to maturity, it called for a double measure of propitiatory sacrifice. You follow the idea! The spirit had been cheated of life, therefore it must hunger for vengeance, and its wrath could only be turned away by unremitting zeal on the part of the worshippers who were at its mercy.

It is probable that there were, here and there, gods that were the creations of the priests that ministered to them and were not the spirits of dead chiefs. Such was the god of the Bure tribe on the Ra coast (Sawakasa) who was called the Tui Lagi or "Lord of heaven." When the missionaries first went to convert this town they found the heathen priest their staunch ally. He declared that they had come to preach the same god that he had been preaching, the Tui Lagi, and that more had been revealed to them than to him of the mysteries of the god.

We are reminded of the altar found by St. Paul in Athens inscribed to "the Unknown God." It is related of this priest that he foretold the day of his death, saying that white men appeared to him in a dream telling him that he would die on the following Friday, and that there would be thunder from a clear sky as he entered into heaven. His prophecy, so the story goes, was fulfilled.

I have dwelt in unnecessary detail upon the fact that the Fijians are ancestor worshippers, a fact which nobody denies, in order to support my belief that the extra-tribal mythology of the Fijians is in fact legendary history, that the gods that peopled their Olympus had been the men who were the founders of their race.

Besides their own local gods a large number of the tribes in Viti-Levu admitted the godhead of the spirits that dwell in the Kauvadra mountain. They did not worship them by propitiatory offerings,—these gods were too far exalted above human affairs for that, or in other words they had lived on earth at too remote a time,—but as the lords of those lofty dwellings on the mountain top to which the soul of every man bends his steps in his last awful journey. It may be doubted whether these fathers of the race would be remembered at all were it not for the epic poems that have preserved their deeds. Poets have much to answer for. If Homer had never been, what would now be known of Troy? What even of the personal character of the gods of the Greeks? Tradition has lost the name of the poet who took the great drama of Nakauvadra for his theme, but his work lives, and round it has sprung up a cloud of modern myths that may easily be brushed away by a careful examination of the ancient sagas and traditions.

Divested of unnecessary detail the story runs as follows:—

In a distant land to the far westward there were three chiefs: Lutunasobasoba, Degei, and Waicalanavanua. For some cause long since forgotten they resolved to leave this land with their wives and children, and they sent a messenger to the head craftsman, Rokola, bidding him build them a great canoe which they called the "Kaunitoni." In her they set sail, and with them went a number of other canoes all seeking a new land. They found many lands, and at each some of the people stayed to make it their adopted home; but none of them pleased Lutunasobasoba. At last the "Kaunitoni" was left alone, and for many days she sailed and found no land. And then a great storm came up from the westward and struck her, and the waves swept her deck, carrying overboard all their goods, and among them a basket of inscriptions. So for many days she drove before the western gale and all hope of gaining land left

them. But at last they saw high land and knew that they were saved; and they beached their canoe on a sandy shore, and built themselves huts and called the place Vuda ("Our origin.") This is the Vuda on the north-west corner of Viti-Levu. The saga goes on to relate the distress of Lutunasobasoba at losing his basket of inscribed stones. I have not succeeded in finding any contemporary tradition that throws light on this very important passage. The Fijians, when we Europeans first came into contact with them, had no knowledge of any kind of writing nor even of making rude representations of natural objects in their carving. But the poem says:—

> "Lutunasobasoba wept bitterly,
> My descendants will be in pitiable plight,
> My basket of stones is overset,
> My writings (vola) have fallen out."

It goes on to relate how he sent out the canoe to look for the lost inscriptions (which, if they were really of stone, was a somewhat futile proceeding), and how the crew of the canoe discovered the Yasawa islands, but came back without the lost records.

They stayed at Vuda until Lutunasobasoba became very old and infirm, and then they decided to move him to higher ground. Degei, who had now taken the lead of the party, ordered Rokola to build some new canoes to carry them to the eastward. The tribe had become too large for the "Kaunitoni." When these were ready the fleet crept along the coast to the eastward, and landed in what is now the bay of Rakiraki. Thence the dying Lutunasobasoba was carried up the mountain, and a hut was built of which the posts and walls and thatch were all made of the vadra or pandanus tree, and from this hut or from the profusion of this tree the mountain took its name of Nakauvadra. Here Lutunasobasoba lived several years, and when at last he felt his end to be near he summoned his children round him and gave them his dying commands, ordering them to separate and settle in different parts of the wide lands he had discovered. Under these directions Fiji was peopled, and the greater part of the Saga is taken up with the wanderings of these children. With this we have nothing to do here.

Hitherto I have been dealing with traditions never before, I believe, published in England. I now come to the classic and well-known story of the divisions at Nakauvadra, and here I prefer to translate literally from the Fijian:—

Now evils arose at Nakauvadra because of the death of Turukawa: and it was this that drove out many of the chiefs.

There were two young chiefs, brothers, named Nacirikaumoli

and Nakausabaria,—some say they were twins and grandsons of Degei: but they were not his actual grandsons for Degei and the father of Waicalavanua were brothers, and Waicalavanua was the father of Nacirikaumoli, and his mother was Adi Sovanatabua the Vasu Levu of the carpenters.

Now the brothers' village stood upon the ascent to Nakauvadra, and was called Nukunitabua; and their *bure* was called Nailagonawanawa. One day the brothers went out shooting, and they shot a pigeon, but the point of the arrow did not wound it; for the points of their arrows were made like the arrows which are now used for shooting flying-foxes, with many points; and the points went on each side of the pigeon's feet and held them, and the bird fell unhurt, so that they caught it and took it home to tame. And when they had brought it to the village they cut its wings and tied a string to its legs, and climbed a baka tree, and fastened it to a branch, and they gave it the name of Turukawa. And Turukawa cooed every morning and evening, and cooed also at flood and ebb tide, and his voice filled the whole of Nakauvadra. One day Degei sent the Mata-ni-vanua to go and ask for Turukawa for his own; but when he reached their *bure* the brothers were absent, having probably gone out shooting: so the Mata-ni-vanua spoke to Waicalanavanua saying: "I have been sent, Sir, by Degei to ask for the Awakener to be his." And Waicalanavanua answered, "What do you ask for, Mata-ni-vanua; take away the Awakener for your own." And the Mata-ni-vanua took the bird without the knowledge of Nacirikaumoli and Nakausabaria.

On the next morning they were startled by hearing the dove coo in Degei's village, and they became very wrath, and said, "Sobo! Is this to be the way with all of us the children of men?" And they made ready their bow, which was named Livalivanisiga (Lightning of the Day), and went to look for the place where Turukawa was, meaning to shoot him dead: and when they drew near the "baka" tree where Turukawa was perched, they took off their turbans; [therefore the place is called Naicavucavunisala (the place for taking off turbans) to this day]. And when they reached the baka tree and saw Turukawa perched on a branch, they shot an arrow. It flew straight and pierced him, and he fell to the ground. And they drew out the arrow and went their way. So four days passed without the voice of Turukawa being heard, and Degei became suspicious. On the day the brothers had shot Turukawa they had left their village, Nukunitabua, because it was not fenced, and had gone to Narauyaba, the village of the carpenters, which was fenced: this was the

reason for them leaving Nukunitabua. And when they had been four days at Narauyaba, and Degei reflected that four days had passed without the cooing of Turukawa, he began to suspect, and called the Mata-ni-vanua, saying, "Go Mata-ni-vanua and look for Turukawa, for it is four days since I heard his voice. See what has become of him."

And the Mata-ni-vanua went, and when he drew near to the baka tree he smelt the smell of putrefaction; and when he looked up into the tree he saw blood on the branch where the bird was wont to sit. And he said to himself, "I did not ask for Turukawa from those who owned him; I only asked him from Waicalanavanua. It must be the owners of the 'Awakener' that have killed him." Then he drew near to the tree and saw Turukawa lying there putrefying, and he said to himself, "It must indeed be true—who else would so forget Degei as to kill his Awakener? Who but Nairikaumoli and his brother, and why else should they have left their village, Nukunitabua, and have gone to live at Narauyaba, except it be because it is walled with a war-fence? It is these two who have resolved to disturb the land, and they are the slayers of Turukawa." And he went back and told Degei that Turukawa was dead, and Degei asked him how he died, and the Mata-ni-vanua told him his suspicions. Then Degei said, "Go, ask the archers whether they did in truth shoot Turukawa?" And he went and asked them, and they said, "Yes, we did shoot Turukawa."

And when the Mata-ni-vanua returned and told Degei, he was much moved with anger, and said, "What are the names of these two men? Who knows them? I know Waicalanavanua, and it was he that gave me the Awakener." And he told the Mata-ni-vanua to go again to them, and said, "Go, tell these archers to come and be questioned as to why they slew the Awakener." And he went to tell them but they refused to come; and he went back to tell Degei.

And the anger of Degei blazed up within him, and he cried with a terrible voice, "Go, tell them to go hence to some land where I am not known." And the Mata-ni-vanua went to tell them, but they refused, saying that they desired war. So Rokola ordered a war-fence to be built of "vesi," very high, and carefully fitted so that there should be no chinks or join in it. And when Degei saw that the carpenters had entrenched themselves, he sent the Mata-ni-vanua to go and tell the tidings to Rokomoutu.

The Saga goes on to relate how there was then a war such as never since been seen in Fiji. The carpenters had entrenched

themselves behind a vesi rampart. Rokomoutu, who had taken a band of colonists with him to another island, joined forces with Degei, and together they laid siege to the fortress. Many heroes fell on either side and neither could claim the victory until Rokola, the chief of the craftsmen, devised a dreadful engine of war. He built a suspension bridge of twisted vines and contrived it so that a man who stepped upon a certain part of it was caught up by a noose, and swung back over the rampart into the fortress. Then warriors were sent out as decoys to flee before the enemy and draw them on to the bridge, and thus many men were swung into the fortress and clubbed. After many weary months of fighting it was found that there were traitors in Degei's camp, and they were convicted and expelled for ever from Nakauvadra. These wandered down the great river, and founded the tribes that live on the banks of the Rewa river. Then, when all endeavours to take this obstinate fortress had failed, Degei bethought him of a stratagem, and he sought out a Sinon from among the relations of the craftsmen that were left upon his side. The man chosen was Batidroti, and Degei called upon him to devise a plan for betraying his kinsmen. That night a man appeared to Batidroti in a dream and told him that on the morrow he would find a Vugayali tree growing close to the rampart of the enemy's fort. This must be cut down. The next day Degei's forces saw the tree, and sent Vueti to cut it down; and as soon as it fell a great fountain of water burst from the stump, and poured into the fort, and the waters rose all that day, and by nightfall the fort was nearly submerged, and the craftsmen took counsel, and resolved to ask pardon of Degei since the gods were with him. So Degei counselled with his chiefs, and they said, "These craftsmen are too useful to us for us to kill them. It is better that they be exiled." The fountain had now become a river flowing southward from the mountain, and the carpenters built themselves canoes in haste, and embarked and sailed down the stream till they came to a new land and settled there. These are the ancestors of the carpenter clan in Rewa. This flood was the Fijian deluge.[1] But the two archers could not be pardoned. Their exile must be a greater one. Yet for the sake of Rokola, Degei gave them time to build their canoe. And Rokola built them a canoe such as has never been seen since in Fiji and called it "Naivakanawanawa" (The Lifeboat). And they sailed away, and were never heard of again: none know

[1] There are traditions of great floods within historical times. One of them, about 1793, purged the land of a great epidemic, the Lila. The waters rose over the house-tops; hundreds were swept away. The silt left by the receding waters raised the alluvial flats several feet. This flood followed a great cyclone.

whither they went. It is these gods whose coming again is foretold by the prophet Navosavakadua as the signal for the destruction of the foreigners and the Fijian millennium.

I have quoted much from the saga of Nakauvadra without describing the poem itself. It was intended to be sung, and the unknown poet probably composed the music as well as the words, The stanzas contain sixteen lines each, all ending with the vowel "a," which gives puerility and monotony to the sound of the lines when recited. Here is a specimen :—

"Ko Degei sa tagi lagalaga,
Bogi dua, bogi rua ka'u yadra,
Bogi tolu, bogi va ka'u yadra,
Sa tubu dugu dina ko Turukawa,
Isa! noqu toa na toa turaga,
Isa! noqu toa na toa tamata,
Tiko e uluda na ka rarawa,
Au olova kina au tabu kana,
Matanivanua mai cici mada,
Mai cici sara ki Narauyaba,
Mo tarogi rau na dau vavana,
Kemudrua, dru vanai Turukawa?
Sa tabu dugu ni Makamataka,
Ma lolo koto Kotoinaqara,
Ma bunoca no a wai ni matana,
Vakasuqa me ra moce mai waqa.

The "Path of the Shades."

Besides being the dwelling place of the gods Nakauvadra Mountain was the first circle of the Fijian Inferno, the point of departure for the unseen world that lay to the westward. Nearly all the South Sea islanders point to some spot on their island where the spirits of the dead leap into the ocean to be ferried over to the world of shades. These "jumping-off places" (Thombothombo) are generally steep cliffs facing the place whence, tradition says, the race originally came. What belief is more natural for a primitive people having no revealed belief in a future state, than that the land their fathers had told them of, where the yams were larger, and the air warmer, and the earth more fruitful, was the goal of their spirits after death? Why, we almost do the same ourselves. Englishmen, who emigrate, never tire of telling their children of the delights of "home" as compared with their adopted country. If the Canadians or South Africans knew nothing of England but what they had heard from their fathers, and had no beliefs concerning a future state, England would have come to be the mysterious paradise whither their souls would journey after death, and their jumping-off place would be the mouth of the St. Lawrence or the Orange River. With the Fijians the traditions have become so dim with antiquity that nothing

remains but the vague belief that somewhere to the westward lies the after-world, and that the shades must leap from the Western cliff to reach it.

Among the tribes of Eastern Viti-Levu the legend of Nakauvadra looms larger than this story of the future destination of the spirits. Whatever may become of the soul hereafter, to Nakauvadra it must first betake itself before leaping into the ocean. From the populous district of the Lower Rewa there is but one path to the Nakauvadra Mountain called the "Sala ni Yalo" (the "Path of the Shades"). Chance led to its discovery, or rediscovery, if it is true that Europeans had before noticed it. Last year a surveyor was sent to traverse the boundaries of lands claimed by the tribe of Namata. His native guides led him along a high ridge, the watershed between the River Rewa and the eastern coast of the island. As they cut their way through the undergrowth that clothed the hilltop, he noticed that the path was almost level, and seldom more than 2 feet wide, and that the ridge joined hilltop to hilltop in an almost horizontal line. Now nature never works in straight lines with so soft a material as earth. Natural banks of earth are always washed into deep depressions between the hills, and are never razor-edged as this was. The surveyor had a patch of the undergrowth cleared away, and found that without doubt the embankments were artificial. Following the line of the ridge the valleys had been bridged with banks 30 or 40 feet high in the deepest parts, and tapering to a width of 2 feet at the top. The level path thus made extended, so the natives said, clear to Nakauvadra, 50 miles away. For a people destitute of implements this was a remarkable work. Every pound of earth must have been carried up laboriously in cocoa-nut leaf baskets and paid for in feasts. Even when the valley was densely populated the drain on the resources of the people must have been enormous, for thousands of pigs were slaughtered, and millions of yams planted, cultivated, and consumed in the entertainment of the workers. With the present sparse population the work would be impossible.

I thought at first that this was a fortification on a gigantic scale, for Fijians never undertake any great work except for defence, under the spur of a pressing necessity. It could not be a road because the ancient Fijians preferred to go straight over obstacles like the soldier ants in Africa that climb trees rather than go round them. The old men at Bau, whom I questioned, know nothing of its history except that it was called the "Path of the Shades," and that it was an extension of one of the spurs of the Kauvadra Mountain. Of one thing they were certain—that it was not built for defence. Then I asked

for guides to take me over it, and they chose three grey-headed elders of the Namata tribe. We started in heavy rain. My guides were reticent at first, but, as we went on, the spirit of the place seemed to possess them, and at each turn of the path they stopped to describe to me the particular danger that there beset the passing shade. The eldest of the three became at times positively uncanny for he stopped here and there in the driving rain to execute a sort of weird gambolling dance, whether out of pure excess of spirits or a praiseworthy intention of exorcising the gods of the place I do not know. Little by little I wormed out of them the whole tradition with fragments of the sagas in which it was preserved. After I got home I set two of my native collectors to write it all down. It is far too long to give here in its entirety, but I will try to condense it.

Long ago, so long ago that the tradition has become dim, the ghosts of the dead used to annoy the living. They whistled in the houses, turned the yams rotten in the ground, filled the cooking pots with live snakes, or played some other of the pranks in which the Fijian ghost delights. And the living reasoned with themselves, and found that it was because of the bad state of the road to Nakauvadra that the shades could not find their way to the sacred mountain, and so they stayed about their old haunts. So the tribes banded together and built a road for the ghosts of their dead to travel over, and thence-forward they did not stay to annoy the living.

When a man died his body was washed and laid in its shroud, and a whale's tooth was put upon his breast to be his stone to throw at the pandanus tree. And while his friends were still weeping, his spirit left the body and went and stood on the bank of the "Water of the Shades" (Wainiyalo) at the place called Lelele—the ferry,—and cried to Ceba, the ghostly ferryman, who brought the end of his canoe which was of hard vesi if it was for a chief, but the end that was of breadfruit wood for a vulgar shade. Across the stream the shade climbed the hill of Nathegani where grew the pandanus tree. And he threw his whale's tooth at it, and if he hit it he sat down to await the coming of his wife who, he now knew, was being strangled to his manes, but if he missed the pandanus he went on weeping aloud, for he knew that his wife had been unfaithful to him in life, and that she cared not to be strangled to accompany him. Then he came to the ghost scatterer, Drodroyalo, who strode towards him and pounded his neck with a great stone scattering the ndawa fruit he was carrying to eat on his journey. Thence he journeyed to Drekei where dwell the twin goddesses Nino—who crept on him, peering at him and gnashing their terrible teeth. And the shade shrieked in terror and fled away. As he

fled up the path he came to a spring and stopped to drink, and as soon as he tasted the water he ceased weeping, and his friends also ceased weeping in his home for they straightway forgot their sorrows and were consoled. Therefore this spring is called the Wai-ni-dula—Water of Solace. And when he stood erect from drinking he looked afar off and saw the white *buli* shells gleaming on the roofs of the great dwellings of Nakauvadra; and he threw away the via roots he was carrying, for he knew that he was near his resting place and would want no more provisions for the journey. So he flung away his via to travel unencumbered, and to this day you may see the via sprouting where the shades throw it.

Going onward the shade had many adventures. He was crippled by Tatovu's axe; he was wounded by Motoduruka's reed spear: he crawled forward on his belly: he bowed ten times: he fainted away and was dragged onward as corpses are dragged to the cannibal ovens: he had to pinch the "pinching stone" to see whether his nails are long, for if the stone is indented it is a sign that he was lazy in his lifetime, and that his nails are not worn away by scooping up the yam hills in his plantation. From the "pinching stone" he went onward dancing and jesting till he came to Taleya, the Dismisser, who asked him how he died, whether by the club or the strangling cord, or the water, or naturally of disease or old age. And if he said he died of violence the Dismisser let him journey onward, but if he said that he died naturally he was commanded to re-enter his body, but not all of these obey so anxious are they to reach Nakauvadra. Thus the Fijians explained recoveries from trances and epileptic seizures.

And immediately the shade had passed Taleya, the Dismisser, Rokowewe spied him, and shouted Ue! Ue! Ue! and the twin goddesses Tinai-ulu-dugu and Muloa-cagi heard the shout and shook out their nets ready for a sweep. And as the shade approached they make a great sweep; but if the shade was the ghost of a warrior he overleaped the net like a kanace fish, but the shade of a coward was entangled like the sumusumu fish, and the goddesses disentangled him from the meshes and bit his head, and looped up their nets and threw him into their baskets. These goddesses loiter ever in the path listening for the sound of wailing from the mourners in the villages below them, for the sad sound is wafted to the "long road," and the goddesses rejoice and make ready their nets for a catch.

And when it escapes from the fisherwomen the shade comes to the vasa tree at Nailililli—the "hanging place." From the branches of this tree are hanging the souls of little children like bats, waiting for their mothers to come and lead them onward.

And they cry to the passing shade "How are my father and my mother?" If the shade answers "The cooking fire of your mother is set upright," the child ghost wails aloud knowing that it must still wait, for its mother is still in her prime: but if the shade answers "Their hair is grey, and the smoke of their cooking fire hangs along the ground," the child laughs with joy, crying "It is well! My mother will soon be here! Oh! let her hasten, for I am weary of waiting for her!"

Passing onward, after many adventures too numerous to be here related, the shade reaches the first god-fortress of Delakuru-kuru—Thunder Hill. And the shades enter the strangers' hut, and are entertained of the gods. They are taken first to bathe, and then to see the sights of the fortress—the dancing ground and the white quicksand, and then the young gods dance before them, singing heroic sagas of their deeds. And the shades are ashamed that they know no dance worthy to be sung before the gods to repay them for their entertainment. Yet they make the attempt; but, when they opened their lips to sing, the misery of their lot rushes over them and their song is only a lament for the evil fashion of their burial. I am tempted to read a literal translation of this fragment:

"My Lords! In evil fashion are we buried,
Buried staring up into the heaven,
We see the scud flying over the sky,
We are worn out with the feet stamping on us.
Our ribs, the rafters of our house, are torn asunder,
The eyes with which we gazed on one another are destroyed,
The nose with which we kissed has fallen in,
The breast to which we embraced is ruined,
The thighs with which we clasped have fallen away,
The mouths with which we laughed at one another have decayed,
The teeth with which we bite have showered down,
Gone is the hand that threw the tinka stick,
The hawk's stones (testes) have rolled away,
Rolled away are the destroyers of razors,[1]
Hark to the lament of the mosquito!
Well it is that they should die and pass onward,
But alas! for my conch shell (the human ear) that they have taken away,
Hark to the lament of the fly!
Well it is that they should die and pass onward,
But alas! They have taken away the eye from which I drank!
Hark to the lament of the black ant!
Well it is that they should die and pass onward,
But alas! for my whale's tooth (glans penis) that they have taken away!"

There is more poetry in this fragment than in most native sagas. How could the selfish indifference of nature at the woes of man be better described than by the lines that tell the

[1] Alluding to the custom of shaving the pubes.

laments of the insects that prey upon man, indifference to his fate with an afterthought of regret for his usefulness. The Fijians buried their dead as we do, and it is curious that if they recognised that that mode of burial was cruel and disrespectful to the dead they did not change it.

While I was reading the story of the soul's[1] journey you doubtless noticed two strong coincidences with Greek mythology. The river that barred the soul's entry into the after world and its gruff ferryman are Greek. Ceba, it is true, was a respecter of persons in that he had an end of his canoe specially reserved for distinguished travellers; but, perhaps because he was not allowed to make a charge for his services, he was churlish and surly to his passengers. The Fijian Water of Solace (Wai-ni-dula) is the Greek Lethe. In planning a place of rest for the souls of the dead every religion has felt the necessity of some device for preventing the sorrows of earth from poisoning the rest of heaven. A spiritual people describe this rest as proceeding from a clearer knowledge of the purpose of the Universe; a materialistic people are satisfied with mere oblivion proceeding from an appeased appetite. But the Fijians, whose emotions are transient, make their Lethe an excuse for the shortness of their mourning for the dead. "And his friends also ceased weeping in his home, for they straightway forgot their sorrows and were consoled."

Apart from its quaint imagination this saga is interesting in

[1] It is difficult to say precisely what the Fijians believe to be the essence of the immortal part of man. The word "yalo" has the following meanings:—

Yalo (with pronoun suffixed)	= Mind. As "Yalo-ngu."
Yalo (with possessive pronoun separated)	= Shade or spirit.
Yaloyalo	= Shadow.

From the possessive pronoun being suffixed we may gather that the mind was regarded as being as intimately connected with a man's body as his arm, but that the spirit could be detached from it. Navosavakadua told his followers that he had left his soul in Tonga, and that his body only was before them. The Fijians seemed to have recognised some connection between the shadow and the spirit. It was an insult to tread on a man's shadow, and to stab at it with a spear was to compass his death by a lingering sickness.

The question of the material of the ghost was as much vexed as it is in English ghost stories. Sometimes the ghost is invisible, sometimes it eats and drinks and gives hard and very substantial knocks. A man in Vatulele once played a trick upon Ceba. He smeared over his body with putrid fish, and stood on the bank of the River of Shades, calling to Ceba to bring the hard-wood end of his canoe. Ceba knew by the smell of putrefaction that he was a shade, and obeyed; but as soon as the canoe drew near the trickster threw a great stone he had hidden behind his back, smashed the canoe, and seriously upset thereby the designs of the Universe. Not till then did Ceba know him for a mortal, and pronounce his punishment, which was to refuse him and his descendants for two generations passage over the silent water. So you see the shade bears the human shape, and is subject to decomposition like the human body. It can also eat fruit, drink kava, throw stones, weep, laugh, compose poetry, and dance.

the light that it throws upon the moral ethics of the Fijians. Cowardice and idleness were the most heinous crimes. To have died a violent death was a passport to the sacred mountain; while a natural death was held in such low esteem that the shade was ordered to re-enter his body and die respectably. No doubt this part of the story was devised to account for recoveries from trance which only took place when the body had not been injured by the club or the strangling cord. Life on earth was not a desirable possession. Seeing the misfortunes that overtook the spirit in its last journey the Fijians might well have said with Claudio—

> "The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
> Is a Paradise,
> To what we fear of death."

Yet so gloomy and joyless is the prospect of a return to life that the shades who are offered this privilege by Taleya do not all obey, "so anxious are they to reach Nakauvadra."

Light is also thrown upon a fact wonderingly related by the first missionaries, that the widows of dead chiefs themselves used to insist on being strangled to his manes although it was notorious that they did not love him. Women will dare all things for their good name, and it was that which was at stake; for we read that when the shade had missed his throw at the pandanus tree and knew that his wives would not be strangled, he went on weeping, for he had now a proof that they had been unfaithful to him in life.

I wish that space permitted me to follow the journey of the Fijian shades to its end. The folklore of a people spontaneously developed and uninfluenced from without will always have an interest of its own because of the light it throws upon the genesis of religions. It is a truism to say that the religion of a primitive people springs from within them and reflects their moral qualities, and that the modification it receives from the physical character of the country in which they live is a mere colour that goes no deeper than the surface. Every furlong, every turn of the ghost path gives rise to an episode in the soul's journey that embodies an article of religion; and, if there had been no long spur protruding from Nakauvadra into the plain, the story must have been different. Nevertheless the ethics of the race would somehow have been illustrated; the industrious and the courageous would somehow have been rewarded; the man of violence would have had some advantage over the man of peace; the shades would in some way have shown their preference for the terrors of death to the gloom of life; the idle and cowardly would somehow have been put to shame.

Many of us have heard of the Fijians as the most striking

example of the success of missionary enterprise. Few of the missionaries know more of the people's minds than what they hear from their native helpers, and consequently when there is an outbreak of heathenism in a village where family prayers are held twice a day they are quite at a loss to account for it. The explanation is that the people do not believe their ancestor gods to be false gods. They are their ancestors and so they must be true, but they believe it convenient to give up worshipping them. In any real trouble or danger they will go back to them, for the white man's God is out of sympathy with them as is the white man himself. In the meantime they will continue to hold family prayers.

Moreover their conversion was in most cases a political move. The chief found it convenient to "lotu" and his people of course followed him. In one of these cases the missionary attended a meeting of the tribe to receive their conversion to Christianity. The heathen priest took his seat near the piled up feast and thus addressed the ancestor gods: "O ye our fathers! Be not angry with us. We your children bring you this miserably inadequate feast from our impoverished gardens, this wretched root of yaqona for you to drink. We are poor. We are miserable. And another thing. Be not angry with us if for a while we give up worshipping you. It is our mind to worship the foreigners' God for a while, yet nevertheless be not angry with us."

Then the ancestor gods ate the spiritual essence of the yams, and the missionary lunched on its grosser material fibre and enjoyed it greatly.

A New Religion.

In 1876 the natives of Fiji had all nominally embraced Christianity. Services were held regularly in every village by the native teachers of the Wesleyan missionaries, the heathen temples were pulled down, all customs likely to keep alive the old heathen cults were sternly discountenanced. But it was not to be expected that the old men had really abandoned all belief in the religion of their fathers. Outwardly, it is true, they conformed to the new faith, and it was hoped that as they died out the old traditions would perish with them never to return. But at the end of 1885 strange rumours were brought to the coast by native travellers from the mountains. A prophet had arisen who was passing through the villages saying to the people "Leave all and follow me!" He was gathering round him a band of disciples to whom he was giving the boon of immortality (tuka), and he was foretelling the resurrection of their ancestors

who would restore to them their lands and their old importance. The Commissioner of the province of Colo East and the native chief of the Ra province found this report to be substantially true. A man named Dugumoi, of the village of Drau-ni-ivi, who in 1878 had been deported to another island for stirring up sedition, had been allowed to return home about three years before. Soon after his arrival he announced that he had a mission. He said that the foreigners had deported him into Tonga and still believed him to be there, for he had left his spirit there and had only come to Fiji with his body. The white men, he said, had tried to drown him by tying the ship's anchor to his neck and throwing him overboard, but he was *vude* (charmed) and swam safely ashore unnoticed. Taking the title of "Na-vosa-vaka-dua" (He-who-speaks-once) he appointed two lieutenants who went through the villages enrolling disciples, to whom they taught a sort of drill compounded of the evolutions of the Armed Constabulary and native dances. Having the power to grant immortality he found the profession of a prophet not unremunerative. People paid for the boon at a rate varying from ten shillings to two pounds' worth of property, and at a feast held at Valelebo he could afford to present no fewer than 400 whales' teeth, a king's ransom from a Fijian's point of view. His teachings were an ingenious compound of Christianity and heathenism. He said that when Nacirikaumoli and Nakausabaria sailed away after their defeat by Degei they went to the land of the white men, who wrote a book about them, which is the Bible; only they lied about their names, falsely calling them Jehovah and Jesus. They were about to appear, and bring with them all the ancestors of the Fijians: the millennium would come, the missionaries and the Government would be driven into the sea, and every one of the faithful would have shopfuls of English goods. Those who believed that he was sent before to prepare their way would have immortality, but the unbelievers would perish. The white men who came in the man-of-war looking through glass instruments, who falsely said that they were surveying, were really looking for the coming of the divine twins. In the meantime the faithful were to drill as soldiers, and the women to minister in the temples. Temples were secretly built at Drau-ni-ivi and other places, and behind the curtain, where the priest and the women sat, the god might be heard to descend with a low whistling sound. There was some controversy between the faithful whether Degei was god or the devil. Many inclined to the latter belief because Satan took serpent form and the traditions describe Degei as a gigantic serpent lying coiled in his cave on Nakauvadra, and causing thunder when he turns his

huge bulk. They named various places round Nakauvadra Roma (Rome) Ijipita (Egypt), Kolosa (Colossians) &c., and said that if a man were bold enough to penetrate to the recesses of the great cave they might see the flames of hell.

The new prophet fixed the day for the resurrection of the ancestors, and the people waited the whole day with feasts prepared in silence of suppressed excitement. He had begun to utter mysterious threats about the fate of the Church and State when the Commissioner had him arrested. He then besought his guards not to send him to Suva, and so defeat all the glorious miracles he would work in their behalf. Unless the twin gods reappeared on earth the power of Degei (which is the old serpent) would continue in the ascendant, for the twins are they of whom it was foretold that they should bruise the head of the serpent.

Navosavakadua was deported to Rotuma, and the outbreak was stamped out for the time, but in 1892 it reappeared. One of his lieutenants began to receive letters from him. He stood in the forest with a bayonet and the magic letter fluttered down from the sky and impaled itself on the point. The drilling began again and the end of the British rule was again foretold. This time the Government decided to remove the village of Drau-ni-ivi, the fount of all these superstitions, and the houses were removed and the site levelled to the ground.

We have by no means heard the last of Fijian mythology. There was an outbreak of heathenism no longer ago than last May, and this, though not connected with the teachings of Navosavakadua, was no less inimical to government and good order. The fanatics even revived cannibalism again after its abandonment for more than twenty years.

Navosavakadua was not all a fanatic, nor yet was he entirely a self-seeker. His character was of that strange compound of hysterical credulity and shrewd common-sense that is found only among the hereditary priests of Fiji. Like his fathers before him he knew what strings to play upon in the native character. The people are arrogant and conservative; they secretly despise foreigners while conforming to their teachings through fear; their nature craves for what may be termed "histrionic excitement"; and they love ceremonial and dabbling in intercourse with the unseen powers. They secretly chafe at the restrictions of law and order; at the inexorable regularity of the tax-collector; at the slow process of the courts in redressing their injuries; and at the laws that deny them the luxury of seizing with a strong hand the property they covet. It would be no disgrace to them to yield allegiance to a conqueror, but the British Government never conquered them, and therefore the tribute

they pay annually in the form of taxes is an ever-recurring dishonour. They pant for change—for the coming of a time when the heroic stories they have heard from their fathers shall be realised, and their chiefs be again lords paramount over their own lands. They have forgotten the curses of war, the horrors of the night attack, the tortures, the clubbings, the ovens, and the carrying into captivity which half at least of the tribes would have to undergo if their millennium came: for, of all the gifts which the British Empire has bestowed upon its coloured subjects, the Pax Britannica is the last to be appreciated. Good government? Why, they would welcome the worst anarchy so it were their own and not a foreigner's.

Upon all these jangling strings Navosavakadua harped. The Fijians secretly hated the foreigners but coveted their goods: the foreigners should be swept away leaving their goods behind them. They wanted war and the excitement of conspiracy: he posted lieutenants throughout the villages to drill men and report to him as Government officers did to their superiors. He invented passwords of gibberish,[1] and his followers saluted him in the military fashion. In one of the temples the people were feeding a white pig to be eaten on the great occasion that he had foretold, and it was suggested that the colour was chosen as the symbol of the European skin, and that the killing of the pig would be the signal for the slaughter of the people it betokened.

The Fijians are to the settlers in the inland districts in the proportion of many hundreds to one. Navosavakadua's prophesies were always pointing to some sudden catastrophe involving blood sacrifice and the entire destruction of the foreigners, who would, as far as the country districts were concerned, be utterly defenceless against attack.

It may thus be seen with what political danger these outbreaks of heathenism are attended. From time to time they will recur, but in every case the Government must, unless they would have in Fiji a repetition of the horrors of Hauhauism among the Maories, stamp them out with the same energy that they would employ against dangerous conspiracies of a political nature.

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[1] Such as "Lilifai a Oliva raica na poliseni ka viribaita!"