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BELIEFS AND TALES OF SAN CRISTOVAL.

By C. E. Fox and F. H. DREW.

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4. KAKAMORA.

THE *kakamora* are not *figona* or *ataro*; but neither are they quite human.

The following is the natives' description of them:—

They vary considerably in height, from six inches to three or four feet, but in San Cristoval there are none larger than that: six inches is the ordinary height. They also vary in colour from very dark to quite fair. Most of them are considered to be quite harmless, but sometimes they have been known to attack men. When they do so they use their fingers, which are furnished with long sharp nails with which they stab. They have no weapons of any sort, build no houses, plant no gardens, and have no arts. They wander about the forest eating nuts, ripe fruit, and opossums: the last they are fond of. Sometimes men have come across two of them, one at the top of a tree throwing a dead opossum to his mate. They are exceedingly strong; one is said to be as strong as three or four men. They live in holes and caves, and sometimes in banyan trees. They are exceedingly fond of dancing, and many of their dancing grounds are pointed out. They dance by moonlight and in heavy rain, and sing as they dance. They have a language, but not like Melanesian languages. They have long straight hair coming down to their knees. They have a king—in Mwala it is a queen. They know nothing about fire or cooking, but they like to snatch brands from native fires, and play with them, presently throwing them carelessly aside. Some of them are fond of deluding men. One plan is to beat another *kakamora*; men suppose it is a child crying, follow it, get lost in the bush, and are mocked by the *kakamora* from the tree tops. They are naked, have very small teeth, and are afraid of anything white. They like to

¹ Part I appeared in the first half of this volume (*see* p. 131).

steal ornaments, but soon throw them away. If they find a Melanesian asleep they count his fingers and toes and discuss him, but do not harm him. Some kill and eat men. Many stories are told of their capture. One was captured at Ugi many years ago. A native of Guadalcanar told us that he had seen one of these creatures tied up in his village, where the people mocked and made fun of him. However, he escaped, seizing a child as he ran off. The people followed his tracks in the bush till they came to a cliff. High up on the cliff and quite inaccessible, they saw a cave, at the mouth of which the *kakamora* was sitting with his mate. They succeeded in shooting him. The child they never saw again. Some bush people from Maipua in San Cristoval described the capture of one, by a man who had hidden near a nut tree. They took the *kakamora* to their village, where he remained for a time, and they decked him foolishly with all their choicest necklaces, and then at the sudden unaccustomed sound of a drum he started up and rushed off to his cave, a deep cleft in the rock where they could not follow him. They killed a pig and left the carcase at the mouth of his hole and so killed him. The same method of killing *kakamora* was generally employed, so that they have become extinct. The South Mwala *mumu* are the same as the *kakamora*, but some of these, like the *dodore* of North Mala, are described as large. Some have only one foot, one arm, and one eye. They have long red hair like horses' tails. They stab and kill men with their long finger nails, or by spitting into their eyes. The large kind wander in pairs, and, smelling a man from a distance, follow him to kill him.

A remarkable fact is the number of names by which they are known. Along the San Cristoval coast they are *pwaronga*, *kakangora*, *kakamora*; in the bush *toku*, *katu*, *waitarohia*, and other names; *mumu* in South Mwala, *dodore* in North Mwala, *tutu-langi* and *mumulou* in parts of Guadalcanar. This is remarkable, since it is obviously the same people everywhere who are named so differently.¹ If the accounts of them are descriptions of earlier races, or if they date back to a time when the languages were more different, this variety of nomenclature would be intelligible.

Obviously some of the beings now called *ataro* are very like the *kakamora*. For example, the *ataro* with face reversed, near Pamua, is described as a very small woman, about three feet high, with long straight hair and long finger nails, but she changes into a brush turkey, which the *kakamora* never do. Others like the one in the tale given below are very like the beings called *vui* (spirits) in the Banks Islands, who are in turn like the woodland *ataro* of San Cristoval. No doubt the gigantic one-legged red-haired ogres of Mwala and the tiny six-inch mischievous fairies of San Cristoval are both exaggerations of the Melanesian fancy, but it would seem that there must be some basis of fact for the stories as a whole. The *kakamora* actually captured are always about the size of very small men, not much smaller than the pigmies of Bugotu or New Guinea.

The tiny mischievous *kakamora* have their counterpart in the Banks Islands *nopitu*, whom they resemble in many ways, but the latter are called *vui* (spirits).

¹ The *Masi*, to be presently described, are called by the same name in Mwala, San Cristoval and Ulawa.

An old man named Islavno, a native of Motalava in the Banks Islands, described to us the *nopitu* as follows: "They come up from the waves and turn into men, whom they bewitch. And there are other kinds of *nopitu* who live in caves and holes in the ground, and are very small indeed, but if they take a fancy to a person they go to him and make him foolish and he says, 'I want a red yam and a red coconut,' and he says this laughing. They dislike dark people, but like beautiful fair people. They change into men and these men find money in their hair. They don't like evil men, only men who are straightforward. They are about six inches in height, with long hair and sharp finger nails. All the people did not see them, only those whom they favoured. They would do much for such a one, carrying long strings of money to his house, where they buried it for him. They gaily decorated themselves with nosegays of flowers and loved dancing. If they entered a man or woman that person said 'We' in talking, meaning that *nopitu* were within." A very interesting account of the *nopitu* may be found in *The Melanesians*. Bishop Wilson has seen a woman possessed by a *nopitu* producing native shell money in profusion by rubbing her hands together. He was quite close to her and could see no method of concealment. The money did not vanish afterwards, but is said to do so when the *nopitu* departs. A woman possessed by a *nopitu* will often produce money from her hair. A case lately occurred in Florida, in the Solomon Islands, of a native claiming to produce money freely from his hair, golden sovereigns in this case, and he declared he did so through the power of a snake (*vigona*) with whom he had intercourse. The association of the *nopitu* with *vui* (spirits) in the Banks probably accounts for the production of riches through their help, that is to say the *nopitu* would seem to be the San Cristoval *kakamora* with the attributes of *vui* (spirits) added to them. More may be read about the *kakamora* under the heading "Wild Men" in Dr. Codrington's book, *The Melanesians*.¹ It seems obvious that in each particular island they have been more or less confused with other beings, *vui* in the Banks Islands, and *ataro* in the Solomons, but on the whole we are inclined to think the stories relate to an earlier race, either in these islands or in the islands from whence the Melanesians came. "To myself," writes Dr. Codrington, "so far as the belief has any foundation at all in fact, it appears to be a fanciful exaggeration of the difference, which the coast people are much disposed to exaggerate, between themselves and the men of the *uta*, the inland tracts, who have no canoes and cannot swim, the true *orang utan*, or man of the woods, the 'man-bush' of pigeon-English." This is no doubt a natural supposition on the part of anyone who has not himself seen the *uta* and the people there, but to anyone who has it is obviously inadequate, as regards San Cristoval; and if it is inadequate in one case it probably is so in all, since the stories are the same.

In the first place, one suspects that it is the white observer and not the native who is disposed to exaggerate the difference between the coast man and the bushman. The coast man laughs at the bushman as a bungler at the coast man's crafts,

¹ P. 354.

but he does not consider him different from himself. Perhaps exceptions should be made of large islands like Guadalcanar, and still more New Guinea, but this is true of San Cristoval. There are in San Cristoval loose alliances formed of a number of villages, which live in amity and help one another in war. Such an alliance includes, perhaps, three or four bush villages and three or four coast villages, not *only* coast villages nor only bush villages. There is no constant warfare between bush and coast "tribes." People often walk from coast to coast, never more than thirty miles apart. The bush people are well known, and all related to the coast people in their vicinity. The people of the inland villages are known quite as well as the people along the coasts. So far as we know, the languages of the bush people do not differ from the coast languages any more than those differ among themselves. The people of the coast do not differ from the bush people in appearance, nor, so far as we know, in customs or beliefs. To suppose that these imagine their bush relations, well known and constantly visited, and speaking their own language, as creatures six inches high, with straight hair, no houses, gardens, weapons or arts, and talking an unintelligible language, is obviously absurd. White men are very apt to imagine the bush, because unknown to them, to be mysterious, and the home of strange people. Natives know better. But besides this, the bush people have the same belief in the *kakamora*, certainly not an exaggerated idea of the coast people, since the *kakamora* they describe live in the interior, in caves and holes, like the coast *kakamora*. They have their own names for them; and precisely the same stories that the coast people tell are told in the bush. The *kakamora* are certainly not the bush people of the present time. But they may be the people who held the land before the Melanesians entered it, in very ancient times, and who are now extinct; or they may be memories of other people from other islands whence the Melanesians came. We therefore incline to Dr. Codrington's opinion that the tales, if they have a foundation in fact, relate to people of the interior; but not to the present people of the interior, perhaps not to people of the interior of the present islands; and it is possible that they are only the vague traditions of some race whom the Melanesians have known. If reliance could be placed on the very circumstantial descriptions of natives who say they have seen the *kakamora*, then we should have to suppose the stories to relate to the former inhabitants of the land.

(1) *The Blind Pwaronga (Bore).*

A small boy heard that there was to be a dance among the blind *pwaronga* of north-west San Cristoval. He knew where their dancing ground was, and decided to venture among them, since they could not see him, and view their dance. So he went to the place and sat among them while they feasted. In the moonlight they danced, but during the feast they suspected that there was a mortal among them, and said to one another, "When we dance let each of us tie a wisp of grass round his wrist, and feel for anyone who has none." And so they did; each tied a wisp of grass round his wrist, and they felt and found the boy, and knew he was a stranger and killed him.

(2) *The Pwaronga and the Boy (Heuru).*

As the evening was falling in, the boy was crying because he wanted his father and mother to give him a lizard to play with. They told him to be quiet, and he obeyed, but he sat very sulky on the bamboo platform outside the door of the house, where they had put him. So they shut him out, went inside and lay down to sleep. When they were asleep he began to cry again, and went on crying. A *pwaronga* heard him crying, and came out of his cave near by. Now the boy lay on a coconut leaf mat spread on the bamboo platform, and the *pwaronga* came near, climbed up on to his bed, groped about till he felt him, and carried him off, mat and all. He carried him off towards his cave; but the boy knew he was being carried away, and managed to grasp the branch of a maradara tree as they passed under it, and hung to it like a bat. But the *pwaronga* did not realize what had happened, and trudged along with his burden till he came to the cave. Meanwhile the boy's father and mother awoke, and sat up listening for the boy. But hearing nothing, they came out and set about looking for him, and soon found him still hanging to the branch of the maradara tree. As for the dwarf, when he reached the cave, he set down the coconut leaf mat and, as soon as he was inside, said, "*Kokomo wabwa,*" "Close up solid, O cave!" And the cave closed up again solid rock. Then he sat down to his meal, but could not see it anywhere, and said to himself, "Now where is that nice little bit of meat for my crunching." Then he jumped up, ran out of the cave, and retraced his steps along the path he had followed; but there was nothing to be found. The name of the village where this happened is Marouna.

(3) *The Stolen Mat (North Mwala).*

One day a man went wood-cutting in the forest, and he came to a banyan tree, the home of a *dodore*, and sat down and made a mat from what he found growing there. When he had cut his wood he went home, and spread out his new mat to sleep on, and found it very comfortable. But for two nights in succession he dreamed in his sleep that the *dodore* came to him with his companions, other *dodore*, and they said to him, "Give us back what is ours." But he took no notice of these dreams. The third night they came and carried him away on his mat, but they had not gone far when he woke up. They were frightened, and dropped him, mat and all, nor did they trouble him again in his sleep. These were very small harmless *dodore*, not man-eating ones.

(4) *The Story of Lulumae (North Mwala).*

This story was told us by Lulumae himself, and he certainly believes it to be true. "The *dodore*," said Lulumae, "frequently bewitch men so that they become foolish and lose their wits. Sometimes you are only bewitched for a few moments.

For example, you climb a tree, leaving your bag near the foot of it, come down again, and the bag is nowhere to be seen, although you are quite sure you know exactly where you put it. Presently you find it somewhere else close by, where you are sure you did not put it. You may be sure it was some mischievous *dodore*.

“But sometimes it is a more serious matter. One day I went cutting wood in the forest with a number of my people. I was only a small boy, and after a time I wandered off by myself, looking for *siko*, as small boys will. Presently I heard someone near me breaking the boughs of the trees. Of course it was a *dodore*, but I thought it was one of our people and called to him, and when he did not reply, went to look for him. But I could not see anyone; the sound of breaking boughs was always a little ahead, and I followed. Then my mind became quite confused; I lost all remembrance of my home and people, and had no thought of returning to them, but went on and on, through a swamp, along streams, up and down, wherever the sound led me, till my wits were quite gone. Only once in all this time did I see the *dodore*. He was very tall, with long, coarse, red hair. All day I wandered about, and at last I sat down on the broken bough of a tree, not knowing who I was or where I was, or who my friends were. In the meanwhile they had missed me, and very soon guessed what had happened, and knew quite well what to do. They took the leaves of certain plants, such as the giant caladium, leaves which are used for charms, and threw them into the forest, shouting as they did so, ‘You, whoever you may be, who have bewitched Lulumae, restore him to us.’ Then they set out to search for me, and next day found me; but I did not know them, and only wondered who they were and what they had come for. No doubt I had disturbed some *dodore*. My people thought it very wonderful that they should find me alive. Many people in Mwala have been bewitched in this manner, and never heard of again.”

(5) *The Eight Dwarfs (South Mwala).*

There were eight very small *mumu* with long hair, and they used to come down to a stream near Sarohaha and lie in wait for men to eat, but only children or impotent folk who could not run away fast enough, and they were very much afraid of anything red. One day a man went to the stream wearing in his hair a red hibiscus flower, and he lay in the water with only the flower visible. The eight little *mumu* smelt him and came running down, but as soon as they saw the red flower they ran away as hard as they could go. Later, however, in the evening, they remembered the pleasant smell, and came down to the village, where the people were all indoors. They came to this man's house and stood in a row outside, looking in at the people through the cracks. But the people inside saw them, and took the strong hooked midribs of sago palm leaves and gently drew the dwarfs' hair through the cracks in the logs and tied it firmly inside the house, all except the hair of one dwarf who was standing a little way away from the

house. Then the people raised a shout and all the dwarfs rushed off, but were dragged back violently by their hair, except the one who had been more cautious. The people ran out and began striking the dwarfs; but blows seemed to have no effect on them, till their treacherous mate, standing on the edge of the forest, called out loudly, "Their death is in their buttocks," and the people struck them there, and stabbed them and killed them, seven *mumu*, but the eighth got away.

The *wui* spirits of Raga are very like these *mumu*; "They are seen in rain, have long hair and sometimes long nails, and appear to be confused with the wild mountain creatures in human form, of whom tales are told in all the islands; for one that Tapera saw not long ago was a Sarivanua of the hills, standing in the rain by a banyan tree, with bananas in his hand. He was like a man with small legs; when spoken to he did not answer, and when struck he did not feel."¹ But perhaps they did not know his vulnerable spot.

(6) *The Capture of the Kakamora (Wango).*

One day a man went into the bush to climb for almonds. He climbed the tree, and went along one of the branches and filled his bags. Then he heard the sound of voices far off, and it was the *kakamora* talking to one another on the farther side of the valley. He thought that one of them would climb up to him, and he listened to them to make sure that they were *kakamora*. Then he looked down and saw that they had already reached the foot of the ladder by which he had climbed up. They each had a bag, and began to collect the fallen almonds. Then he slipped down with his bag of nuts, and emptied them out on the ground under the almond tree, and lay down on the other side of the tree. The *kakamora* did not see him come down, and came along saying, "Gather up the green nuts and put them in a roughly plaited basket." Another said, "Gather up the purple ripe nuts and put them in a dirty black bag." Then as they came along picking up the nuts one said, "What is that on the other side of the tree?" and they suddenly saw the man who was lying there. But he spread out his legs and arms, and they ran away. Presently they came back. He did not breathe, but pretended to be dead, and some of them began to count his fingers. One of them stood some distance away, but the rest came up and felt all over his body. Then the one who stood some way off said, "There, take care, don't go too close to him, but only look at him." Then they said, "The soles of his feet are like ours, his heels are like ours, his ankle bones are like ours," till they had examined all the different parts of his body, while the one at a distance kept saying, "Take care, stand well away from him and only look." But they finished their examination and came to the hair of his head, and then suddenly started away as he tried to grasp them. However, he had already seized one of them when the others ran away. But the one who had stood far off said to the rest, "Did we not say that

¹ *The Melanesians.*

this would happen?" And some of them said, "Let us wait and see what he will do."

Then the man took the one whom he had caught back to the village, and tried to tame her. They wanted to shave her head with a piece of flint, but it would not cut her hair. Then she said,¹ "You and I passed on the path the thing that our people shave with, a long leaf growing close to the ground." The men did not know what she meant, but said, "Perhaps she means the sword grass." "Yes," said she, "that is what I mean; go and get a blade of that." So they fetched a blade and shaved her head.

Then the man who caught her married her, and they began to make a garden, clearing the undergrowth and cutting down the large trees. Now in this garden of theirs there were numbers of small bamboos, and when they were well dried and withered the two went to burn them, the *kakamora* carrying the bag of money belonging to her husband. They came to the edge of the garden, where he told her to stop, saying, "Stand here and I will go down and burn off the garden. If the fire should spread and come close to you, then get out of its way." The garden began to blaze and the bamboos to crack, and the fire began to come near the woman, so she ran off with the money bag. When the man came back he could not see her, and called out, "Where are you?" Then she said, "Here I am." "Come here," he cried, and went towards the place whence her voice came, but he could not see her. Then he cried, "Where are you?" And she said again, "Here I am." And he followed her again, saying, "Stand still and wait for me"; but when he got to the place whence he had heard her speak, he still could not see her. This happened several times; he followed her about till he was tired, and at last called out to her, "Go away now, but when our garden is in bearing, then come and visit it, and I will plant some sugar-cane along the edge for you." Then she went off with the bag of money, and he planted a row of sugar-cane as he had promised along the edge of the garden.

And when the garden was mature she began to visit it, and to chew the centre shoots of the sugar-cane. He came also and noticed that she had already chewed one plant. On another day he noticed that she had been there again. A third time he came and set a trap in a clump of cane, and she came again, wishing for some more sugar-cane, and fell into the trap. She saw the insects crawling near her, and said to them, "Let me free, I pray you, from this trap," but they would not. She heard the pigs grunting, and said to them, "Let me free, I pray you, from this trap," but they took no notice. She saw the birds, singing in the trees, and said to them, "Let me free, I pray you, from this trap," but they sang on unheeding. So she died.

Then the man came to see his trap, and there she lay dead in it, and he set her free, and threw her dead body out into the bush, far from his garden; and then he went back to his village with his money-bag, rejoicing at its recovery.

¹ The Wango people think the *kakamora* talk in Fagani, a neighbouring language rather different from their own.

5. MASI.

There is a body of tales in San Cristoval of people whom they call *masi* or *a masi*. The word *masi* apparently means foolish. A person who does anything carelessly or badly is told that he is *a inani masi*, a stupid man, and the article *a* shows the word is not a proper name, which would be *o masi*. Nevertheless, the people called *a masi* in the tales form as it were a tribe by themselves; their villages, now uninhabited, are pointed out; none of them is seen nowadays. The tales of them may be said to be the favourite tales of story tellers sitting round the fires at night. They are sure to raise a laugh. They take the place of the Qat tales of the Banks Islands in this respect. Every tale has for its point the stupidity or the ignorance of the *masi*. As a rule no names are known: "a certain *masi*" did so and so. But in many of the tales one of them is represented as wise, or at least wiser than his brethren, and rather fond of leading them into difficulties. Many of the tales lead to the death of all the *masi* concerned, so no wonder they have become extinct. No tales like these seem to be told in the Banks Islands, though some places are pointed out there where the people were stupid and never did anything in the right way, burning down their coconuts, for instance, when they were clearing the land for their gardens. As in other matters, the people of Ulawa and Mwala share these tales with the people of San Cristoval, and the same name is used. The *masi* must be distinguished from the small, long-haired people living in holes and caves, who could not make a fire, and planted no gardens, and were, indeed, hardly human. The *masi* were men in all respects like the Melanesians themselves, except in their ignorance of the commonest matters, and their general lack of understanding. Of the tales which follow, two are given in the original, the bush language of Kufé.

(1) *The Masi go to a Feast.*

The village where they lived was called Gefarisi, but now there are only piles of stones to show where it was. They set out one day to go to Maewo, where a feast was being held. When they had gone part of the way they heard the frogs croaking in a pool, and thought it was the people of a large village making a great feast. So one of them said to the rest, "Let some of us go on to the feast at Maewo, and the others remain here." So some of them went on to the feast at Maewo, and the rest remained staring at the pool in which the frogs were croaking, and there they continued to stand till the light of the dawn fell upon them, but they got no pudding at all to take away with them, while the others who went to the feast at Maewo got plenty.

(2) *The Masi who married a Frog.*

He was following the course of a stream and looking for eels when he came upon a frog, and he said to himself, "This frog shall be my wife," and took her

home to his house. And when he got home he hung up the roots of taro from his garden, and set about lighting his fire, and threw to the frog some roots, and put them on the fire and said to her, "Do you bake these roots over the fire for our meal," and then he went out, leaving the frog sitting by the fire where the taro was cooking. He went to the men's house and sat there a long while chewing his betel nut, trusting to the frog's cooking his meal for him; and after a long while, feeling hungry, he went back to his house to eat the meal prepared, but when he got there all he saw was the taro burnt to cinders. This made him angry, and finding the frog he struck her and drove her outside, when she went and hid inside a large stone. Presently the *masi* went to look for her, and finding the stone in which she was hidden he addressed it, saying, "Where is your daughter? If she is with you you must give her to me," to which the stone made no reply. This made the *masi* very angry, and he said to the stone, "Very well, you refuse to speak. I shall have to make you," after which he went home and got his spear and shield. "Now," he said, when he reached the stone once more, "you must give up your daughter to me or I shall kill you." The stone made no reply, whereupon the *masi* took his spear and broke it to pieces on the stone, and also his shield, which was in the form of a club.¹ Finding he made no impression on the stone he gave way to despair, and returned home without his wife, the frog, whom he saw no more.

(3) *The Masi who married a Dog.*

This *masi* was married to a dog. One day he went to the woods to gather almonds, and said to the dog who was with him that she was to break them open with a stone, but the dog only stared at him. So he broke them up for himself, and when he had finished doing so, he said to the dog that she was to bake some food for them, but the dog only stared at him. So he had to bake the food for himself, and when that was done he said to the dog that she was to go and fill the bamboo with water from the stream, but the dog only stared at him. "Very well," said the *masi*, "you must bake the food, and I will go and draw the water," and he gave her the kernels of the nuts and told her to pick out the best ones. But when she saw the man was gone she ate up the kernels, about which he had just given her directions. When the man came back he saw the fire for the taro still burning, and said to the dog, "Why ever didn't you peel the taro roots?" and began to peel them for himself, and then he asked her about the kernels of the almonds, "Where have you put them?" But the dog only stared at him. "Well," said the *masi*, "are you deaf?" and struck the dog, who ran out of the house. He went to look for her, and she came back into the house, where he found her, and asked her again about the almonds, and when she said nothing in reply he killed her.

¹ The San Cristoval paddle shaped club is used as a shield.

(4) *The Masi who met an Opossum.*

One of the *masi* who was walking in the forest saw a tree on which was an opossum and its young one. Said he, "Wait here, my dear mother and sister, while I go home and get food for you, and some shell money." So he went to his house and got a drinking coconut and some pudding, and some shell money to put round their necks, and returned to the tree, but they were gone. Instead of them there was a large tree-frog. Said the *masi*, "Well, Pworeo" (for that was what he called the frog, a name of his own invention), "well, Pworeo, where have my mother and sister gone, you must, no doubt, have seen them?" The frog made no reply, and, being frightened, began to crawl up the tree. But he crawled after it, gazing at it over the coconut and the pudding, which he held in front of him, and saying over and over again, "Pworeo, Pworeo, come now, tell me where my mother and sister have gone." So they crawled up the tree, the frog retreating before him, till at last it retreated to a thin branch which could not bear his weight. But he crawled along it, saying, "Come now, Pworeo, do tell me where my mother and sister have gone," and the branch broke, and he fell and was killed.

(5) *The Masi and the Pohui.*

One day the *masi* were sitting together in their village, talking, when they heard a bird called a *pohui* calling from a neighbouring tree. One of the *masi*, who was wiser than the others, said, "He is calling us names because we have given him no portion of our food, no nuts and no yams or taro." So he made each of them put a portion of food in a bag, which he said he would give to the *pohui* to satisfy it. But he took the bag and emptied out the contents in his house, and hid the different kinds of food, replacing them by leaves till the bag was full again. Then he hung the bag on a branch of the tree where the *pohui* was, and after a while went and brought it to the others, saying, "See, the *pohui* has eaten all the food we gave it, there is nothing left but leaves." But the *pohui* still continued to call, so he said to the others, "He is still angry with us, we must leave our village." This they did, and went and made a platform high up on the branches of a tree, where they thought the *pohui* would not see them; and with great toil they dragged up their possessions, even their heavy drums made of tree trunks. When they were all safely lodged on the platform, the wise one said, "Now let us make a fire, for the night will be chilly." So they made a fire, not on stones, but on the platform itself, which caught fire, and all of them were burnt to death, except the wise one, who climbed down by a creeper, and took possession of the village and what was left of their possessions.

(6) *The Masi are frightened by a Fish.*

The *masi* one day went fishing on the reef, and after a time one of them caught a large red fish, a fish which makes a noise like grunting. The one who was

wise stowed the fish into his bag, and by and by, when they were on the road home, the fish in the bag began to grunt. Then they all cried out that it was a ghost—so they said, “Brothers! a ghost, a ghost!” and they all began to run. They ran till they came to a tree covered with a white-blossoming orchid, and as they ran they kept saying, “It’s a ghost, it will eat us all.” So they all began to climb, but they merely kept striking their heads against the boughs, and crying out, “It’s the sky we are striking,” and that was all they did. Then the first who climbed jumped down again to the ground and was killed, and so they each did in turn down to the last. But the last one was the only one who was not killed; he was the wise one, and he it was who stowed the red fish away in his basket.

(7) *The Masi dive for the Sunbeam.*

Some of the *masi* who lived by the seashore found some bait used for catching porpoises, so they said to one another, “Come, let us launch our large canoe and see if we can catch a porpoise.” So they launched their canoe and took their places in it and began to paddle, saying to one another, “Paddle swiftly, paddle swiftly.” Those who embarked in the canoe were six in number. Then the first one who had taken his place in the canoe happened to look down into the water beneath him, and there he saw a sunbeam. “Friends,” said he, “down there there is a mother-of-pearl crescent-shaped ornament which we can get for ourselves; don’t paddle hard, but all back-water with your paddles.” They all sat very still, and looking down into the water underneath they saw the sunbeam. “Yes, yes, a mother-of-pearl ornament which we can certainly get.” So they said, and the leader said to the rest, “I’ll dive down and bring it up to you.” Then he jumped over, and the others all kept their paddles stiff so as to steady the canoe, but the leader could not reach the bottom where the sunbeam was. So the second said, “Well, keep your paddles stiff, and I’ll try what I can do, surely I can reach it.” But he could not, nor could any of them, though they all tried in turn. So they said to one another, “Come along, comrades, let us paddle back to the shore.” Back they went to the shore and searched for stones with a hole through them and tough creepers to tie to them, and then, each taking a stone, they once more embarked in their canoe. The next thing was to paddle out again to the deep water, and there they saw the sunbeam again, just the same as before. “There it is, comrades,” cried the leader, “steady the canoe and I’ll go down.” When the canoe was steady they tied a large stone to his foot, while he said to them, “You wait about here a long time, for I shan’t come quickly to the surface again, no doubt I shall have some trouble with that bit of mother-of-pearl.” Well, they let him down over the side, and down he went, down and down, deeper and deeper, but he never came up again. They waited about, watching the bubbles floating up to the surface in the spot where he dived, and saying to one another, “He’s sure to get it.” After a time the second one says, “Well, he seems to be a long time, I’ll dive down too and give him a hand.” So he, too, has a stone tied to his foot, and

is let down over the side, and goes down and down, deeper and deeper, while they say to one another, "The two of them are sure to get it." And when he, too, does not return, they all do the same as those two had done, one after the other; not one lived to tell the tale, nothing ever came up again but bubbles, where the *masi* were drowned diving for the sunbeam.

(8) *The Masi go on a Voyage.*

One day the *masi* decided to go for a voyage. They got a stout rope and tied the stern of their canoe to a large tree on the brow of the cliff. Then the one who was to do the steering said to the others, "All of you get in, and get out your paddles and sit ready." This they all did, and put into the canoe, too, all their possessions, and all got into it and sat ready. Then said the leader, "When I get in, all of you begin to paddle," and then, getting in, he cried, "Come, off we go," and they all began to paddle, and the rope was cut through, and down they all fell together to the bottom of the cliff and were all crushed to pieces, and lay dead at the foot of the cliff Mamarawa.

(9) *The Masi who climbed for Nuts.*

One day one of the *masi* went to an almond tree to get the nuts. He chose a long bamboo to take up with him to break off the nuts, and tied a string to the bamboo so as to draw it up after him when he had reached the branches, but the bamboo he chose was one still growing in the ground. He climbed up and tugged at the bamboo, but he tugged in vain, for the bamboo was fast in the ground. So he climbed down again and searched carefully along the bamboo to see why he couldn't draw it up. He found some ants on it. "So it's you, is it?" said the *masi*, and carefully killed the ants and climbed up again, but the bamboo held fast. Down he climbed again and found a butterfly on the bamboo. "So it's you all the time, is it?" said the *masi*, and drove away the butterfly. He tried again and again to pull up the bamboo, and again and again came down and drove away what he found on it. At last he asked the wise one, "What is the matter?" "Why," said he, "the bamboo is growing in the ground; cut the root." But the *masi* in trying to cut the root cut off his legs, and was killed.

(10) *The Masi cook a Fish.*

There were eight *masi* living in their village, Oloolo, near Hulihuli, and one day they went down to a stream called Waipaina to buy a fish which the people used to catch there, a fish called *a'are*. They bought one, asked the name of it, and were told it was *a'are*, but on the way home they could not remember what the fish was called, so they all went back to ask the name again. When they got nearly home they found they had forgotten the name again, so they returned once more. This happened eight times. At last, the ninth time, they managed to

remember the name. When they got home, they got an enormous bowl for their one fish, and poured four bamboos of water into the bowl and cooked their dinner. When it was done they all sat round the bowl and drank up the water till the bowl was dry. In doing so one of them swallowed the fish. When the bowl was dry they stared about them in surprise. "Why," said they, "where is our fish?" Then the one who had swallowed it said to the others, "I rather fancy it is inside me; I felt something hard going down." "Well," said they, "in that case we must look for it there," and they held him firmly and cut him open, and there sure enough was their fish. They did not understand that they had killed their fellow, and took and cooked the fish once more. When all was ready they said, "Wake him up; he is still sleeping, poor fellow; he is tired, no doubt." But they could not wake him. "Well, let him sleep," said they, and waited a day and a night, till the corpse began to smell. "Why," said they, "he must be dead; whatever can have killed him? It certainly is very strange."

Confusion of Belief.

We have no wish to rest any theories of origin or intercourse on the facts set forth, but no one who discusses these beliefs with Melaneseans can fail to be arrested by one striking fact—that there is a large amount of confusion in their naming of supernatural beings.

The chief confusion in San Cristoval is whether to call certain spirits *ataro* or *figona*. There is no doubt at all in the native mind that they are spirits, and not ghosts; the question is what sort of spirits. With some spirits there is no doubt: Ngoriaru and Tararamanu, spirits of the open sea, are *ataro*; so is Karingamou, the guardian spirit of Rotomana; while, on the other hand, Kagauraha and other snake spirits are undoubtedly *figona*; but when it comes to spirits connected with particular rocks, pools and trees, a native is very doubtful as to whether it is an *ataro hasimou* or a woodland *figona*—that is, one without a serpent incarnation.

There is a further confusion as to whether some of these rocks, pools and trees are inhabited by *figona* or ghost *ataro*; rocks along the sea coast seem now to be given up generally to shark *ataro*, that is to ghosts.

The worship of *ataro*, whether ghosts or spirits, has not destroyed the worship of *figona*, but exists alongside it. Both beings are sacrificed to, both are prayed to, both are believed in.

It would seem possible to separate the two as distinct cultures, the one the *ataro* culture, showing a belief in ghosts and a worship of them, with a belief also in spirits, the *ataro* of the sea and land, the *ataro here* and the *ataro* presiding over the unseen world of the dead. No *figona* are connected with Rotomana, but *ataro* spirits are; so the belief in Rotomana appears to go with the *ataro* culture, and naturally is prominent in the worship of ghosts. The confusion regarding the naming of the spirits at rocks, pools and trees seems to show that the one culture has not grown out of the other, but has probably come in from without. There

appears to be a tendency to substitute *ataro* for *figona* in these cases. Moreover, if ghost worship had grown up in San Cristoval, a ghost being called *ataro*, the spirits of the sea, about whom the natives have no doubt that they are spirits, would still have been *figona* if they were already known; when they came to be called *ataro* they would have become ghosts in the native mind. We take it, then, that we have to do with two cultures, one of which has been introduced from without and has since existed side by side with the other.

The question naturally follows as to which is the later, and therefore introduced, culture. To this we think the answer must be, the *ataro* culture.

In the annual sacrifices of first-fruits, the first-fruits are offered first to the *figona* and afterwards, sometimes on the next day, sometimes on the same day, to *ataro*.

Taking a more general survey, there seems to be reason for thinking the *figona* culture a survival. The same stories of creation, naming of remarkable phenomena, origin of death, are told of Koevasi in Florida and Qat in the Banks Islands as of Agunua in San Cristoval, but Agunua is worshipped and Qat and Koevasi are not: merely stories are told of them now. We do not know very much, however, about Florida: snake worship survives there, but has never been described. In the case of Qat, it is hard to disentangle the stories of Qat, the *vui* spirit, from those of Qat, the hero, which seem to have mingled in the tales. But in the light of San Cristoval facts, one cannot help thinking *figona* worship has been wider once. What Mr. Woodford described as the offering of the first-fruits to *tidalo* is so like the Agunua worship of San Cristoval that it is hard to resist the conclusion that *tidalo* have been substituted there for *figona*. So in South Mwala Dr. Codrington describes an early morning sacrifice by all the people to *li'oa*, which is very like the Agunua worship in San Cristoval; *li'oa*, in fuller form *ligoa*, for the break shows a *g* lost, means, Dr. Codrington says, a ghost. The people themselves say Agunua was worshipped more widely once—at least, over the greater part, if not all, of San Cristoval; and the Ulawa people once took part in this worship, though they have long ceased to do so.

The *pirupiru*, too, would seem to be properly the scene of *figona* worship. In the story, wherever the serpent *figona* landed there a *pirupiru* was formed. Since the tree *pirupiru* is often found at a *pirupiru*—and at Raumae, in the interior, the *pirupiru* is called *arite-ngari*, the names of two trees—it seems natural to suppose the *pirupiru* to have been originally a spot where there was a sacred tree or trees. Now, however, *pirupiru* is more often than not the name of a bare rock in the sea where shark ghosts are worshipped, a misuse of terms showing that the shark ghost worship is later.

The grove seems to go with *figona* worship, as the *hare-ni-asi* (sea-house) does with ghost worship. Why "sea-house" we do not know. It was the shrine for ghost worship generally, not only sea ghosts or sea spirits, and it was not always by the shore, but in the village.

Here we leave the question to others of wider knowledge than ourselves. It is

not only in San Cristoval that there is confusion. In Florida, Dr. Codrington says, the people think now that all *vigona*, beings that blessed the crops, are *tidal*—that is, must once have been men, but no San Cristoval native would dream of speaking of *figona* as formerly men, so it is probable Florida natives would not once have done so. Even they are sure that one *vigona*, Koevasi, was never a man.

In the Banks Islands it is not thought that *vui* were ever men, but there is confusion in a different direction, some beings recognised as spirits are not called *vui*, but *tamate*, which properly means a ghost. Dr. Codrington writes that *Tavogivogi* in the New Hebrides “ must be classed as spirits ; they are certainly not human beings and correspond to the mysterious snakes called *mae* in the Banks Islands.” The *mae valeleas* of the Banks is a spirit not a ghost ; and yet it is not called a *vui* by most natives, but a *tamate* ; some natives will say that it is a *vui*, but the majority call it a *tamate*. It is surely significant that this spirit is also known in San Cristoval, but is there not classed with the *figona*, but with the *ataro*, *ataro here*.

“ In these stories ” (of Banks Islands *vui*), writes Dr. Codrington, “ and no doubt in common belief there was a certain confusion between these spirits and the ghosts of the departed,” and again, “ it is true that the two orders of beings get confused in native thought and action, they think so much and constantly of ghosts, that they speak of beings who were never men as ghosts.”

Investigation along other lines, such as clanship and relationship terms, will probably prove or disprove the supposition that in this confusion we have evidence of the meeting of two cultures, the later *ataro* culture surely and steadily ousting the earlier one of *figona*.

6. WONDER TALES.

Before bringing this paper to a conclusion we give some “ wonder ” tales which do not tell of *ataro* or *figona*, but of men, heroes of old times, ogres and ogresses. The first tale is that of the hero Warohunugamwanehaora. It is interesting not only because it shows how full these native stories are of the marvellous, even when they include no *ataro* or *figona*, but also because it is clearly the San Cristoval version of the Banks Island story of Qat. It certainly is not the result of any recent intercommunication, it is much too different to be so. In this tale the San Cristoval Qat is not a spirit at all, but merely a man, yet his feats were certainly more than mortal. Andrew Lang has suggested that Qat the spirit and Qat the hero have been confused in native accounts. Indeed the New Hebrides people, while they had heard of Qat, considered him only a great man of old times, very high in the secret society. Qat is in many ways not unlike Maui the Polynesian hero, who also, perhaps, is a composite character, made up from several tales, and really a hero of old time. Warohunuga is a man of old times, of the times which produced also the giant Rapuanate and the hero Mauua, who fished

up the island of Ulawa from the bottom of the sea. But that Warohunuga is Qat in San Cristoval dress cannot be doubted. He was the youngest of a band of brothers, he grew up as soon as he was born and did wonderful feats, which caused his elder brothers to envy and hate him and try to compass his death. Even details are the same. One of the brothers, having persuaded Warohunuga to climb a tree, causes the tree to lengthen by a charm, so that he could not descend from it. But Warohunuga makes the tree bend down a long way off and descends safely. So Qat's brother charmed a tree to make it swell; and in another Qat tale, the tree on which Qat stands lengthens, bends, and he comes down on another island.

(1) *Warohunugaraiia and Warohunugamwanehaora (Ugi).*

In old times a family of brothers were living together, the eldest of whom was named Warohunugaraiia. The brothers began to build a new canoe-house, and while they were still building it another brother was born whose name was Warohunugamwanehaora. He grew up immediately and went off to see his brothers, with the umbilical cord still unsevered and coiled round and round his neck. At this time the brothers had just begun to build. They had put up the centre posts and were now trying to get the ridge pole into position, but up to this time no one knew how to hollow out the tops of the main posts, so that the ridge pole should lie firmly and evenly upon them. The brothers had merely cut down trees and set them up with square tops, and as often as they got the ridge up and shook the posts it fell down again. "Why is this," said the brothers to one another, "what can be the matter with our ridge pole?" While they were debating the matter, their youngest brother was on the way to them, and as he came along the path, a dog, attracted by the smell of the newly-born Warohunugamwanehaora, ran out after him. The dog came up from behind and the sun was shining on Warohunugamwanehaora's back, casting shadows in front of him, and suddenly he stopped and stared earnestly at the shadow of the dog's head on the ground, with the two ears sticking up, one on each side. Then he went on again to his brothers. But they were not at all pleased to see him. "What do you want here?" they cried to him, "you will be sure to bring some bad luck on our new canoe-house. Off home with you to the village." "I only want to look at your work," said Warohunuga, "there seems to be something the matter with your ridge pole." The ridge pole was lying on the ground where it had fallen, and Warohunuga went up to it and examined it and the main posts, and then taking an adze he cut the tops of the posts to represent the dog's ears as he had seen them in the shadow, just as all main posts are cut nowadays. "Now," said he, "put up your ridge pole again and shake it as much as you like, it will never fall." And so they did, and found when they hoisted it up once more that it lay firmly and evenly in the hollows of the posts. But they began to hate their youngest brother Warohunugamwanehaora. The main posts and the ridge pole were now finished, but they still had to put up the side posts and the wall plate, and the same thing happened

as before. They put them up a good many times and the least shake made the wall plate fall. At last their youngest brother offered to help them, and taking his adze, he adzed the tops of the side posts as he had the tops of the main posts, like the shadow of the dog's head on the path. His brothers had to admit his cleverness, but they disliked him none the less, and laughed at him, saying, "That's all very well, you have carved the tops of the posts, but let us see you go and get a post yourself, and set it up in its accustomed place in front of the canoe-house." So Warohunuga went off into the forest, and came across a *hata*, a very large tree, and he pulled it out, roots and all, and took it back to his brothers. He dug no hole, but simply drove the tree into the ground with great force, and there it stood firmly, branches and all. The brothers remarked to one another that they would like to eat him, but the eldest, Warohunugaraiia, said to the others, "Never mind, I know how to settle him; all of you must begin digging the holes for the posts on the other side, dig them deep and we will see whether we cannot get rid of him somehow." So the brothers dug the holes, and when the first of them was very deep, Warohunugaraiia said to Warohunugamwanehaora, "Get down into this hole and scoop the earth out with your hands." The hole was rather narrow, but he got down into it. "Now," said the eldest brother to the rest, "take up the biggest post, all of you, and let it down into the hole on top of him." So they all lifted the heaviest post and let it fall into the hole on top of Warohunugamwanehaora. As they did so a voice said to them from the top of the post, "Let it down carefully, that's right"; and there was Warohunugamwanehaora perched on the top of the post looking down on them. His brothers stared at him without saying a word, and finished the canoe-house, thatching the roof without saying anything more to Warohunugamwanehaora.

But when it was finished they said to one another, "We must kill him some other way," and at last the eldest said to them, "We will take our canoes and go out in them, two of us in each canoe, and I will go with him; we shall say we are going to look for a giant clam, and when we get near it, leave the rest to me."

So they announced to all the village that they wished to get a giant clam shell, and all got down their canoes, the brothers among the rest, and Warohunugaraiia said to Warohunugamwanehaora, "Come with me, we will go together in my new canoe." So all the canoes paddled out to look for the giant clam, and when they got near it, it was such an enormous clam that all the canoes sheered off in fear, lest it should close upon them. But the one canoe, in which the two brothers were, kept straight on towards the clam, and soon got to where it was, for they were well able to see it, looking down on it through the clear water. "Jump down and bring it up," said Warohunugaraiia to Warohunugamwanehaora. Now Warohunugamwanehaora had been chewing betel nut, and the red liquor was still in his mouth. He jumped overboard and dived deep, and as he did so he spat out the red juice, and all the waters were stained blood red. His brother was sure the clam had seized him and was tearing him to pieces, and paddled off as fast as he could go to the rest, shouting to his brothers, "Cheer, brothers, cheer,

Warohunugamwanehaora is dead at the bottom of the sea," and they all raised a shout of triumph and paddled home.

Meanwhile Warohunugamwanehaora took the giant clam and swam under water with it to the landing place, which he reached long before the others in the canoes. He carried the clam to the canoe-house and set it up in front, and went and sat down inside in the shadow. Presently the brothers landed, and came up talking about the success of their plan, when suddenly they saw the clam in front of the house, close to them. They stared at it, wondering how it could have got there, and a voice came to them from the shadow inside the canoe-house, saying, "Well, brothers, you have been very slow, I have been back a long time with the clam," and there was Warohunugamwanehaora sitting inside. "It's he," said they to one another, "but how did he get here?" They said nothing more, and the clam was cooked, and a great feast made in honour of the killing, and when it was all eaten the brothers met to consider what they should do next.

At last Warohunugaraiia said to his brothers, "We will all go out again in our canoes to catch an *ulahu*, a large man-eating fish, and I will take him with me as before in my canoe, and we shall see what will happen." So they told the people of the village, and they all took their canoes and paddled out to sea, Warohunugaraiia and Warohunugamwanehaora in the first. When they got near the *ulahu* it was so large that all the other canoes paddled off to a distance, but the two brothers kept straight on. Warohunugaraiia said to his brother, "Land on the reef, and go along to the *ulahu* and see if you can catch it." So he went along the reef, but he had put a sharp piece of obsidian in his mouth, unknown to the others. When he got near, the man-eating *ulahu* jumped at him, and seized him in sight of everybody. "Cheer, brothers, cheer, for Warohunugamwanehaora is dead," shouted Warohunugaraiia, paddling off to the rest.

Meanwhile the *ulahu* had swallowed Warohunugamwanehaora, but he cut his way out through the belly, and swam rapidly under water with the great fish till he came to the landing place. He set it up in front of the canoe-house, and sat down in the shadow as before, waiting for his brothers. They came up, talking of his death, when suddenly they saw the fish in front of them. They stopped staring at it, when a voice came from the shadow, saying, "Well, brothers, I have been waiting for you some time, there is our fish"; but they had nothing to say. The fish was cooked and a great feast made; and when it was all eaten the brothers met together again.

When they had all discussed different plans, Warohunugaraiia said to the rest, "Let us take him up into the hills to the place where the great wild boar lives, and when it comes out to us we will all run away and leave him alone." This was a famous boar of enormous size and strength, so old that bamboos growing out of the dirt on its head were tall and thick, and no man in all those parts dared venture near the hill where it lived. So the brothers set out, taking Warohunugamwanehaora, and when they got near they saw the boar coming at them in the distance, and all were afraid. Then Warohunugaraiia said to Warohunugamwane-

haora, "Go up and kill it," and Warohunugamwanehaora had no fear of it, but went forward, carrying in his hand a coconut. The wild boar saw him and charged, but he held out the coconut, and while the boar seized it he managed to spear and kill it. Meanwhile the brothers had all run home, thinking all was over with Warohunugamwanehaora, but he took the boar on his shoulders and ran home fast through the woods, and got there before his brothers, and set the pig before the house. When they got home, talking to one another about his death, they suddenly saw the pig, and stared at it in astonishment. "Well, brothers," said a voice from the shadow, "where have you been all this while, I have been back some time?" The brothers had nothing to say, so the pig was cooked and a great feast made, and when it was all eaten, the brothers met together again.

"Well," said Warohunugaraiia, the eldest, "we must kill him with a charm. We will get him to go with us to get betel nut, and when we get to the tree I shall tell him to go up and get us something, and then we will charm the tree and get rid of him." So they went off to get the betel nut, taking Warohunugamwanehaora, and when they got to the tree they sent him up. Then Warohunugaraiia stood at the foot and pronounced a charm, and the betel nut tree lengthened and grew taller and taller, and carried Warohunugamwanehaora up into the sky till he was lost to sight. Then the brothers gave a great cheer and went home. Meanwhile Warohunugamwanehaora plucked a bunch of nuts, and with a charm made the tree bend over till it bent down before his home. Then he got off and sat down to wait for his brothers, chewing betel nut. They were still a long way off, but at last they came out from the path before the house, and there was Warohunugamwanehaora, chewing betel nut, and waiting for them. "Well, brothers," said he, "here you are at last; I came home without waiting for you." But the brothers had nothing to say.

When the brothers met together again, the eldest said to the rest, "I see the only plan is to kill him ourselves; let us make a big oven and throw him in and cook and eat him." To this they all agreed. The eldest made Warohunugamwanehaora help them, and they dug a large oven, and made him collect firewood and pile it on top till the fire was very hot. "Take off the fire," said the eldest to Warohunugamwanehaora; he did so. "Put two leaves at the bottom"; he did so, after removing the stones above. Warohunugaraiia then seized his brother and threw him in, and all the brothers hastily threw the hot stones on top and piled them up and sat watching the oven, talking gaily about the coming feast. Presently they heard something crack. "That's his eye," said they. Presently they heard something crack again. "That's his other eye," said they; "he must be about cooked by now." "Let us make quite sure," said Warohunugaraiia, "when we touch the stones and they are quite cold to the touch we will open the oven, but not before." So they all sat round and waited a long while, till at last the stones were cold enough for them to put their hands on them, and then they opened the oven. It had been so hot that even the stones were cooked and quite soft, but as they removed the last a voice behind them said, "Is it quite cooked,

brothers?" and there was Warohunugamwanehaora sitting behind them, looking on. Then Warohunugamwanehaora got up and came to Warohunugaraiia, for he had become annoyed at the continued attempts on his life, and coming up to him he said, "You do nothing but try to take my life, whereas I have never tried to harm you, but now it is my turn." Then he made a small oven, and took only a small amount of firewood, and heated it to a gentle heat. He removed the fire, and said to his brother, "Lie down in the oven." He did so, thinking no harm could come to him in such an oven. Warohunugamwanehaora piled on the stones, but did not wait long, and soon took them off and opened the oven, and there lay Warohunugaraiia done to a turn; and Warohunugamwanehaora and his brothers ate him.

The Story of Kamusigauwi (Kufe).

Kamusigauwi (Madam Claw Finger) lived near the village of Hunahau. In a neighbouring village lived a man and his wife, and they had a son. The woman used to frighten her little son when he cried by saying to him, "If you cry, Kamusigauwi will hear you and come and eat you." One day the man and woman left their son in the bush and he cried, and Kamusigauwi heard him crying and came up and ate him. She took the entrails and hung them up on the branch of a tree which overhung the path, saying, "If your father and mother pass by this way, drip blood on them, otherwise not." Presently they came by and the blood dripped on them and they knew it was their son and that he had been eaten by Kamusigauwi. Soon afterwards the dead boy's two brothers were playing with the other children in the village and began to hit them. Said the children, "It is easy to hit us, but you are afraid to revenge the death of your brother on Kamusigauwi." So they set off and gathered nuts and rattan and sticks near the village of Kamusigauwi and then came into the men's house there. Kamusigauwi heard they had come and went to the men's house and tried to persuade them to sleep with her in her house, but they refused. Presently they climbed for coconuts and when they came down Kamusigauwi was standing by and said, "There is a stick to husk your nuts with," but when they came to it, it was a snake. Then they took their coconuts into the men's house and one slept while the other watched. Kamusigauwi came to them and gave them a pudding to eat in which she had cooked the finger of their dead brother, but they refused to eat the food she offered them. Again one slept while the other kept watch. Kamusigauwi came and tried to climb in under the eaves, but the brother who was on watch threw coconuts at her. Several times during the night she tried to climb in, but was always driven back by coconuts. In the morning she came to them and asked them to pick the bugs out of her hair. They agreed to do so, but instead of biting the bugs as people do, they bit nuts and deceived her. At last she became weary and went to sleep. Then the brothers tied her up firmly with a good stout rope, carried her to her house and staked her down to the ground in the middle of the floor. When she woke they set fire to the house and burnt her alive.

The Ogre and the Boy (Rumatarì).

One day two boys were climbing an apple tree, and while they were still among the branches, a man-eating ogre came and stood under the tree and said to the boys, "Throw me down some apples," but they refused. "Very well," said the ogre, "I shall eat you instead." The boys tried to climb out of reach along the branches, but a branch broke and one of them fell to the ground. The ogre seized him and dragged him off to his house, where he shut him up till it should be time to cook the meal, and when he went out to get yams and taro to eat with him, he told his son to look after their dinner. When they were left alone, the captive said to the ogre's son, "Do you see that pretty bird out there, just go and get it for me." "No, no," said the ogre's son, "you will run away while I am gone." Presently the boy said to him, "Where is your mother's bed?" "Over there," said the ogre's son. "Where is your father's?" "Over here," said he. "And where is yours?" said the boy. "Here, close beside me," said the ogre's son. "Lie on it and let me see," said the boy. But as soon as he lay down on it the boy sprang upon him, killed him, cooked him, and took his entrails to wash in the stream close by. No sooner had he gone than the ogre returned, smelt the human flesh cooking in the oven, and heard the boy washing his son's entrails in the stream, with a sound like a person flapping water. Thinking it was his son, he called out, "Come along, my son, or you'll be too late for dinner," and with that opened the oven and ate the right eye of his son. Then he knew he had eaten his own son and, crying out, he rushed after the boy. But the boy made a fire, and when the ogre came near he ascended in the smoke. The ogre came to the fire and poked about in the ashes, but could find nothing. As for the other boy, he returned home and said to his father and mother, "An ogre has seized my brother, but I don't know whether he has eaten him or not."

Rapuanate and the Wars of the Three Sisters (Ugi).

The following tales of Rapuanate, the giant, who lived on Marau Raro, one of the islands called the Three Sisters, differ from the foregoing in that they are largely history. There can be little doubt that such wars really happened, and that Rapuanate really lived. Some time must have elapsed, for though the Three Sisters were inhabited when the Spaniards visited the group in 1567, for more than sixty years at least they have been deserted. Moreover, in the tales the bow and arrow are as prominent in war as the spear, but this state of things has long passed away, and neither of us has ever seen a war-bow, either on the coast or inland. When the Spaniards visited San Cristoval the same state of things prevailed as that described in the tales. In some respects Rapuanate resembles Orormal, the gigantic hero of the Banks Islands. Both were giants. Rapuanate's thigh bone may still be seen at Marau Raro, his home, and is said to be the size of the main post of a house. His canoe was enormous. The canoe of Orormal was so large that it stuck in the passage between the island Ravenga and Vanua Lava. The stone that he cracked his nuts with is still to be seen at Rowa and weighs half a

ton. Both were great fighting men and killed numbers of people. Both went on a voyage to buy winds, Orormal to Maewo, where he bought wind and rain, and Rapuanate (in some stories) to Mwala for the same purpose. The introduction of mosquitoes into their islands is ascribed to both. Orormal brought them from Maewo in a bamboo, and when his canoe stuck, the bamboo was overturned and the mosquitoes got out, which is why there are so many at Vanua Lava. Rapuanate went to Ulawa, not long fished up from the sea by Mauua, and brought the mosquitoes from there in a bamboo, in order to keep his followers awake at nights, since his enemies were so many that a watch was always necessary.

The stories of Rapuanate were told us by an old man named Liohaa. He is a famous tale-teller and wherever he goes people collect to listen to his tales. The old man, now becoming infirm, sits on his mat as he tells the tales, the boys who have collected round him drinking in his words and uttering exclamations from time to time. As he tells of the great deeds of the hero his eyes flash, his voice kindles, and he lifts his right hand as he shouts aloud the brave words of Rapuanate. One feels one has seen a story-teller as he ought to be, not writing in a book, but giving life and colour to the story with voice and gesture.

We venture to think that there is no better method for getting true information about natives than that of listening to their stories. Every native has a story to tell. Boys are as good as old men in this respect, or even better in many cases, as they have freshly heard the stories from their mothers. Some boys know quite a number of tales. In this way many things are mentioned, about which the natives might otherwise be reticent; and if the story-teller is not interrupted he may be questioned afterwards about certain customs he has mentioned in the course of his story, which he will willingly try to explain to make the story clear. For example, in these Rapuanate stories, we learnt of a sacrifice quite new to us, that of a coconut on landing from a voyage. When the canoe touches the shore, the first duty is to climb a coconut tree. Only one nut is taken, each of the voyagers touches it, and it is put in the bow of the canoe and left there, after which the travellers may eat food. In the stories many customs that have died out are referred to, customs which one would not be likely to hear of in any other way.

The following stories relate to Marauraro (Rapanate's home), Maraupaina, Ariite, the three islands now called the Three Sisters, and Teonimanu, the submerged island half-way between Ariite and Ulawa, where there is now shoal water only seven fathoms deep. One story tells of the destruction of this island.

*The War with Maraupaina.*¹

The name of Rapuanate's father was Poroirohatautauwaiu; his mother's name was Huaratanapwalo. His eldest, and his favourite, brother was named Rohimanu,

¹ The word *paina*, great, is a common Ulawa word, but is only found in names in San Cristoval, e.g., Takibaina, son of the chief Bo.

the second brother Ruairokalani, and the third Ruawaliata. Rohimanu was married to Pwaholasau. Rapuanate was not yet married. He and his brothers were passing through the period of seclusion (*maraufu*), learning to catch bonito. They could not have any intercourse with wonten for a year. One day the brothers went fishing, and landed at Maraupaina. The people of the place welcomed them, and they said to one another, "Who will climb the coconut tree to get the nut for the landing sacrifice?" But the tree was covered with hornets' nests, and no one could climb it. Rapuanate's brothers would not; Kalitalu of Teonimanu refused, so did Sohoimanu of Mwala and Ruangangataiealuawa. At last Rapuanate said he would climb it. He climbed up a little way, but the hornets stung him and he fell back. "You are very brave," said they; "but even you can't do it." Then he climbed half-way up, threw away the climbing line, and climbed unaided to the top, the tree swaying from side to side with his weight. He threw down all the nuts, broke the top off the tree and threw it down, and descended to his brothers. Taraeramo, his bought and adopted brother, broke open the nut; they all touched it and put it in Rapuanate's canoe. Then they all returned to their homes, Kalitalu to Teonimanu, Rapuanate and his brothers to Marauraro, Roraimanu (the young chief of Ariite) to Ariite, and the Mwala chiefs to Mwala. Thus they met together at the sacrifice as friends, who were to slay one another till the islands were desolate, and hundreds of the people had been killed.

Now when Rapuanate climbed the coconut tree he was seen by two beautiful girls of Maraupaina. He was the last to leave, and these two beautiful girls, called Ruatakanie (the two flowers of the tree), followed him about, admiring him and desiring to be his wives. But at this time he was forbidden all intercourse with women, and tried to avoid them; but they stood in his path, and when he embarked they tried to climb into his canoe, his bonito canoe into which no woman may go. Four times this happened, till at last Rapuanate said, "Let them come, they shall be my wives," and he and Rohimanu and Ruatakanie paddled back to Marauraro, where he took the two girls as his wives. But all the women of Marauraro admired Rapuanate, and used to follow him about; and seeing this, Ruatakanie grew jealous, and one night took a canoe and paddled home to their father, Porongarimwane, taking the splendid strings of shell money which Rapuanate had given them. Now there was a man named Kalimatawarepa, who had relations in all the islands, so that all called him *marau* (mother's brother), and even in time of war he could go backwards and forwards without fear. Him Rapuanate called, and sent to Maraupaina with instructions to bring back Ruatakanie or the shell money; but neither would Ruatakanie return, nor would they send back the shell necklaces. Then Rapuanate set out himself one night alone, and landed on Maraupaina, where the branch of a tree hangs over the water at Rongofote, and he climbed up into the tree and set his canoe in the branches out of sight, and walked up to the village. There on the platform, before the house of Porongarimwane, he saw Ruatakanie with the youths of the village, and two young chiefs lay with their

heads on the bosoms of Ruatakanie, while Rapuanate watched them unseen from the shadow of the wall. Then he took a dracaena leaf, and tied it round his big toe. When he tied tightly they slept heavily, and when he loosed the knot their slumbers grew light. But now he tied the leaf tight, and all the people of Maraupaina slept heavily. He walked hither and thither, but all were sleeping. Then he returned to the house, and stamped with his foot on the platform. "Do you sleep, you two? Why don't you sleep within the house, Ruatakanie?" cried Rapuanate. But they heard no sound. Again he stamped his foot and cried aloud, "How is it, Ruatakanie, that you sleep without?" But they slept on. Then Rapuanate took from his bag a sharp shell, and seized the two young chiefs by their hair, and cut their throats. He put their heads into his bag, and went back to his place in the shadow; but none of the sleepers so much as stirred in his sleep, for the knot was fast. Then Rapuanate loosed the knot of the dracaena leaf, and the people woke, and Ruatakanie started up, for they were covered with blood, and two headless corpses lay beside them. Porongarimwane ran out of the house and quickly divided his people into six bands, led by his brothers, and they spread out, looking for the murderer along the paths. Then Rapuanate came out from the shadows and walked boldly into the midst of the first band, led by Saupurutapia, where he asked if the murderer was found; and so he went to all the bands, and no one knew him, because it was a dark night and because of his magic, until he came to the last. "Sit down," said he to the captain of the band, "and I will creep out and look for the enemy." So he crept down to his canoe and launched it, and paddled silently out to sea. And when he was already far out, he stopped and called aloud to Porongarimwane, his father-in-law: "I came but to get my shell money. I have done no harm, save that I stumbled on two leaves in my path. Is it peace or war, Porongarimwane? It shall be whichever you wish." And Porongarimwane answered and said, "You have gone too far, Rapuanate, and now I will do as you wish, and I will destroy you and your people." "Very well," said Rapuanate, "your relations and friends are very many. Send messengers and call them to your aid. As for me, I shall not call in my friends and relations at Ulawa and Teonimanu; but I and my people, one hundred and sixty, will wait for you within the bounds of our village."

Then the people of Maraupaina equipped thirty war canoes and set out for Marauraro, and the people of Marauraro set out in twenty canoes led by Rohimanu, but Rapuanate himself took no part as yet in the war. They met between the two islands in the open sea, and the people with Rohimanu wounded ten men and killed two of the enemy, who fled in their canoes back to Maraupaina. But in all this Rapuanate had no share. Then Porongarimwane put out money all along the north-east coast of San Cristoval, from Bauro eastward, and told all his friends to assemble in ten days' time. Presently they began to arrive in their canoes, till two hundred canoes were drawn up on the beach at Maraupaina, and two thousand fighting men were assembled to attack Rapuanate at Marauraro. A Maraupaina man, secretly friendly to Rapuanate, went in the night to Marauraro and told

them of the plans of the enemy, and warned them to keep good watch on the two following nights. Next day before they set out Porongarimwane sacrificed, but when he did so the sky darkened, the thunder crashed, and a great storm of wind and rain passed over them. As night fell the two hundred canoes paddled quietly away for Marauraro.

Early next morning Rohimanu rose and went out of his house with his wife. Two spears flashed by and stuck into the wall of his house, the first spears of the fight. "The enemy have come at last," said Rohimanu. He and his wife withstood them and gathered together their followers, eighty in number, while eighty remained at Tawaodo with Rapuanate. A thousand of the enemy landed at each end of the island and drove their foes steadily before them till they came to Salukawe. The people of Marauraro then sent a messenger to Rapuanate at Tawaodo, saying, "You sit quietly at home, while we are being defeated and your brother Rohimanu has two arrows and two spears in his body." "What is that?" said Rapuanate, "let him fight awhile. This is nothing much yet. I see no spears or arrows." After a time another messenger came to Tawaodo saying, "The enemy are carrying all before them, and spears and arrows are sticking into the body of your brother, Rohimanu, as thick as the hairs upon his head." "What is that?" said Rapuanate, "let him fight awhile yet." However, he went into his house and took four areca nuts and four leaves for betel chewing, and his famous club, Apohonuwainiora, with a hundred pieces of inlaid mother of pearl on each side of it. Then he went outside and threw his club into the air, and such was his strength that he finished chewing his four areca nuts before the club came down again. Then he caught it and struck it once with his great hand, and a hundred mother-of-pearl ornaments fell out to the ground with the force of the blow; again he struck, and again a hundred ornaments fell out; and then with his great club, Apohonuwainiora, he set out for the battle with eighty of his people, while eighty went towards the other band of the enemy, with Taraeramo as their leader. Rapuanate strode along through the shallow water of the lagoon, and before him were the canoes of the enemy following the fight along the shore. They soon saw him, and a great chief named Poroamae exclaimed, "The day has come for him to die," and sprang from the canoe to meet him. So great a man was Poroamae, that when he sprang from the canoe the prow, relieved of his weight, flew up into the air. Then Poroamae began to shoot arrows like a shower of rain, but Rapuanate took no notice and came on to meet him. Poroamae then threw six great spears which struck Rapuanate, but he came on as though untouched. When he came near he kicked up the water in Poroamae's face and taking one of his eight huge spears, he threw it so straight and with such force that it pinned Poroamae to a casuarina tree. Rapuanate laughed and cried to his people, "Don't kill him, leave him where he is, he will do no more harm, and strode on. Another chief came out against him and shared the fate of Poroamae, and each of his eight spears killed a great chief. Then he took Apohonuwainiora in his hands, and as he went he struck down forty, as he returned he struck down forty more, and then another twenty in one fierce rush at the other end of Marauraro. Taraeramo and his

band were doing similar feats of war. With one arrow Taraeramo shot four men. So the battle went, till only two hundred were left alive of the two thousand who set out, and twenty canoes alone went home to Maraupaina of the great fleet that set out the night before. As they fled, Rapuanate cried to his father-in-law, "You have had a welcome to my home, soon I will repay the visit, but no crowds of bought strangers shall go with me, only I and Taraeramo and our men. Wait four days; on the fifth I shall be with you."

On the fifth day Rapuanate set out in his war-canoë, Tohtalau, with his one hundred and sixty men, and the rest of the men of Marauraro in twenty other canoes. Again he landed at Rongofote and surrounded the village of the enemy in the night. There were only forty men in it, as forty were afraid and had gone off into the bush and hidden themselves. In the morning Rapuanate destroyed and burnt the village and killed everyone in it except Porongarimwane, whom he forbade his followers to harm. Rapuanate then sent his people to find those in hiding while he went down alone to the canoes. As he went his huge body stuck fast between two rocks where the path was narrow, and the enemy, coming up, riddled him with spears, but he caused them all to stick into his belt. Then Porongarimwane cried, "Let him stay where he is, with our spears sticking into him. He will do no more harm." The people of Marauraro now came down to the canoes and embarked, but Taraeramo looked vainly for Rapuanate. "Where," said he, "is Rapuanate?" "The enemy have killed him," replied his people, and they began to put to sea. But Taraeramo sprang ashore, taking his famous bow, and as he did so, Rohimanu said to him, "Why go to look for him, is he not the cause of all this war? Let us return." But Taraeramo replied, "Let me but see the place where he died," and went off alone to find him. He came to where Rapuanate stuck fast between the two rocks, with the spears of the enemy sticking into his belt. "Is that you, Rapuanate, are you still living?" cried Taraeramo. "Yes," replied Rapuanate, "their spears have not hit me." Taraeramo went up behind him and gave him a powerful kick, whereupon Rapuanate, with a struggle, split the rocks that held him. They went down to the canoes and paddled away from the shore and Rapuanate called to Porongarimwane, "Porongarimwane, is it peace or war? Choose which you please," and then went home to Marauraro. Porongarimwane sent Kalimatawarepa to Rapuanate, saying, "Let us have peace, you have killed very many of us," and he gave two lengths of money for Rapuanate; Rapuanate then sent in return the same amount, and peace was agreed on. "Is he already afraid?" said Rapuanate, "Did he think I was a child, but let there be peace if he wishes it"; and he accepted forty fathoms of choice money and ten yards of other shell money. Then he gave the same amount to the four bearers, and the war was ended.

(2) *The Drowning of Teonimanu.*

Teonimanu was formerly an island between Ariite and Ulawa, but now it is only Hanua Asi, the land of the sea, and the ghosts of the dead of Teonimanu dance on the beaches by night among the breakers, and are sometimes seen there by living

men. This is the story of the drowning of the people of Teonimanu, by the magic of Hualualua, a woman of Mwala.

The people of Bio gave a great feast, not of pigs, but of giant clams, and invited the people of Maraupaina (what was left of them), Marauraro, Ariite, and Teonimanu, and all went to the feast. Rapuanate went and Roraimanu, chief of Ariite, and one of his wives, Paakeni, but his other wife, Sauwete, refused to go, and remained behind at Ariite. But in all the four islands the only chief who did not go was Kalitaalu, who was catching fish for his mother at Maraupaina, a woman fasting from all ordinary food. As he went past Ariite on his way to Maraupaina, Sauwete asked him from the shore where he was going, and he told her. When he came to Maraupaina they stayed one night, and when the people pressed him to stay another night, he replied that he must hasten home to Teonimanu, as he was afraid the enemy might arrive in his absence, but really he was thinking of Sauwete, whom he had seen on the shore, and wished to return to her. They came again to Ariite, and one of them said, "Let us go on to Teonimanu and not land here," but Kalitaalu rejected his counsel, and they landed, and Kalitaalu and Sauwete went off together in talk. When night came, Sauwete spread mats for the travellers, but for Kalitaalu apart by himself; and in the night they made their plans. As soon as it was day Sauwete took the eight famous bonito hooks of her husband and went off with Kalitaalu to his home in Teonimanu.

Two days later all returned from the feast and Roraimanu found his wife gone and his eight bonito hooks, and sat sad and silent, especially because of the eight hooks, for there were none like them in all the islands. Kalimatawarepa was sent to make inquiries, and he came in his canoe to Teonimanu, and went up to the village of Kalitaalu. Kalitaalu's sister cooked food for them and then Kalimatawarepa asked Kalitaalu to return the hooks and there should be no war. But Kalitaalu refused. "Rather let there be war," said he. So Kalimatawarepa went home and passed on the way Huarapa, the entrance to the home of the dead, Rodomana; and came to Ariite and told Roraimanu the result of his visit. Roraimanu listened and sent him back to Kalitaalu. "Tell him," said he, "that if he will only give me back two or three hooks there shall be no war." But Kalitaalu refused. Again Kalimatawarepa made the journey with the message, "Give back but one hook and there shall be no war." "Tell him," said Kalitaalu, "the giant clam has closed on his hooks." "Very well," said Roraimanu, "let him keep them, let him build a canoe-house, let him go and catch bonito." Then Roraimanu called his friends and relations together and they took four strings of choice money and went to Mwala to buy magic. They came to Saa, but went on to Ramarama and past there to a big rock, where they spent the night; and next day they came to Asitai, where they landed and went inland to Kao, where they had relatives. Roraimanu gave the shell money to Hualualuaikau, a woman full of magic, but she refused the money and would only take a shell chisel. She gave him eight dracaena leaves, and eight coconuts, and eight dogs' teeth, and said to them, "Land nowhere till you come to Teonimanu; eat no food, and take no drink; bury four of each in Teonimanu, and four sink

in the sea ; return to Ariite and on the fifth day look towards Asitai." So they took the magic and went fasting till they came near Teonimanu, and lay on their paddles till the night came on. Then they landed secretly and went up into the bush, and buried four dracaena leaves and four coconuts, and four dogs' teeth, and returned to their canoes and paddled off from the land and sank what remained of the magic things. After this they returned to Ariite, and sacrificed a coconut, and landed and waited four days. On the fifth day they climbed the hill of Ariite and looked towards Asitai, and a storm was coming up over the sea. Then they saw four great waves coming from the direction of Ulawa, and they rolled over Teonimanu and covered it to the tree tops, and then four other great waves came from Guadalcanar and sank Teonimanu deep under the sea. Some of the people of Teonimanu floated away on tree trunks to Ulawa and San Cristoval, but these were few. Kalitaalu was drowned and with him Sauwete.¹

(3) *The War for the Rao Belt.*

Amaeoo, chief of Alai in Mwala, went on a voyage to Ariite, taking his famous belt of *rao*, flat pear-shaped pieces of shell strung together. Roraimanu welcomed him to Ariite, and the news of his arrival reaching Marauraro, Rohimanu, the brother of Rapuanate, went to Ariite to see the belt. No sooner had he seen it than he determined it must be his. "It is mine," said he, "I must have it, if anyone else desires it he must marry my wife." Amaeoo, however, refused to let him have it and he paddled home very angry to Marauraro. Now Roraimanu also desired the belt, and when his guest was returning to Mwala he persuaded Amaeoo to sell him the belt. Soon after this the men of Ariite, fishing for bonito, chanced to meet the men of Marauraro, who were also out fishing, midway between Marauraro and Ariite. The canoe in which Rapuanate and Rohimanu were sitting passed close to that of Roraimanu, and as they passed Roraimanu was bending over in the act of pulling in a bonito and Rapuanate saw the belt. Instantly Rapuanate stopped the canoe. "Why do you stop the canoe?" cried Rohimanu, "Do you not see we are close to a bonito? We shall lose it." "Why think about bonito," replied Rapuanate, "when the thing which you desire and swore to have is here before your eyes?" They paddled home, but Rohimanu would neither eat nor drink, for his eyes saw nothing but the *rao* belt. After a time Rapuanate said to him, "Well, if you must have the belt I will help you to get it," and, taking his bonito canoe, he paddled off alone one night to Ariite. He landed and went to a betel pepper plant, which Roraimanu had tabooed, which was creeping over a stone near the village. He took stone and all, put them into his canoe and paddled home to Marauraro.

¹ If Teonimanu was really destroyed by volcanic forces, there might very likely be a recollection of great waves. The Rev. W. G. Ivens writes of the word *walu*, eight, that it expresses a large number. "*Walu malau*, the world (many islands), *walu ola inau*, all my belongings, etc." *Journal of the Polynesian Society*, vol. xxii, No. 2.

In the morning Roraimanu saw what had happened, and who had stolen the plant and broken his taboo, and sent to all his people to assemble and make war on Marauraro; and that evening ten canoes set off. They landed at midnight and surrounded the village in which Rohimanu lived. That night Pwaholasau, the wife of Rohimanu, dreamed a dream, in which she saw an enemy kill her husband, and waking, she warned Rohimanu to be careful. Rohimanu, however, took no notice of his wife's warning. The Ariite people, who still lay hid in the bush, saw him go to the reef to fish, and surrounding him, killed him, and then all went back to Ariite. They knew that Rapuanate would avenge his brother's death, and decided to flee to Mwala, all the people of Ariite, and accordingly set out in their canoes. First, however, Roraimanu sent Kalimatawarepa to try to make peace with Rapuanate. Rapuanate sent the message, "I must go seeking my brother Rohimanu"; whereupon the Ariite people embarked. Rapuanate with his three brothers, and Taraeramo steering, went first in one canoe, and his people followed in other canoes, in pursuit of the Ariite people. They came to Ariite and found it deserted, and some proposed to turn back, though they could see the Ariite canoes, far away, making for Mwala. But Rapuanate said, "I must go seeking my brother Rohimanu," and they all followed him. Rapuanate took nothing in his hands but stout poles. When they drew near he threw these with great force, breaking up and sinking the canoes of the enemy, and leaving his followers to spear them as they struggled in the water. All were killed, but they saw one other canoe far ahead, the canoe of Roraimanu, and Rapuanate followed it. When he came near, Roraimanu cried to him, "Spare me, Rapuanate, all my people are dead save these four with me, and my home is destroyed; why will you take my life?" "Go unharmed," said Rapuanate, "and live if you will on Mwala, I have no desire to kill you, I am seeking my brother Rohimanu," and he turned back home. Roraimanu came to Mwala, and stayed there for a time with the four men who were with him, but after a time he began to think of home, and longed for Ariite. So he and his followers embarked again in their canoe and went back. When they reached Ariite, Roraimanu sent Kalimatawarepa to Rapuanate, saying, "Tell Rapuanate I have come back, will he accept money and pigs, and make peace with me?" Kalimatawarepa came to Tawaodo, and saw Rapuanate sitting in front of his house. He gave Roraimanu's message, and Rapuanate replied, "Have I not called him Rohimanu? No one shall slay him. Tell him to come here on a visit to me, I shall spare him." So Kalimatawarepa went back with his message, and Roraimanu went to Tawaodo. Rapuanate received him in a friendly manner, calling him Rohimanu, the name of his dead brother, and sending Taraeramo with a message to Pwaholasau to "cook some food for Rohimanu." "Rohimanu!" said Pwaholasau, "Who is he? Rohimanu is dead." "No," said Taraeramo, "he is sitting with Rapuanate; cook his food, and take him some betel pepper." So Pwaholasau cooked his food, and took it and the betel pepper to the canoe-house where they were sitting, and placed it outside by the wall where women put the food for their husbands, and Taraeramo went in and told Rapuanate. Rapuanate turned to

Roraimanu and said, "Rohimanu, go and get your food," and as he went out Rapuanate called to Pwaholasau, "That is your husband Rohimanu going out to you, give him his food and betel pepper." And so she did, and Roraimanu took and ate the food, and began to chew the betel pepper. Then Rapuanate said to Pwaholasau, "Go back to your house and make some pudding for Rohimanu." When she had gone, Rapuanate rose and said to Roraimanu, "I thought you would never come back again, but you have, and you have eaten my brother's food and drunk his drink, without understanding that it is my brother you killed," and he sprang upon him and threw him heavily to the ground, where his people despatched him with clubs. Pwaholasau heard the shouting, and hurried back. "What!" said she, "have you killed Rohimanu?" "I have indeed," replied Rapuanate, "because he could not understand what it was to kill my brother; now you can marry whom you please." Then as they had themselves killed him they paid themselves with ten pigs and 2,000 strings of money. All gave; and then each took what he pleased.

7. TALES IN FOUR DIALECTS OF SAN CRISTOVAL.

In conclusion, we give some tales in the original, in order to illustrate the language of San Cristoval, as represented by four main north-eastern dialects:—Heuru, Wango, Fagani and Kufe.

(1) *Heuru.*

Na onioni inia Hasihonueero.
A tale concerning Hasihonueero.

Ma e rua haiwai na sae mwane na atana ia Bworouharimamu
And two marry the man male the name-his Bworouharimamu

ma na ata na i urao ana ia Saumamaruitaaru raru na one na i
and the name her the woman his Saumamaruitaaru the two on shore in the

oma ada rua. Mia S. a bwote ma raru a ari suria i one
village their. And S. conceives and they go along it the shore

ma raru omesia i hua i uri, na taresia huraa mai, suria
and they see it the fruit of the *uri*, that floats out hither along it

i wai raha ma gu hatara na i one, ma raru haua,
the water big and then reached on the shore, and they seize it

raru haate oa ni "Na hei na wa mai ie hua i uri ni?" ma
they say like this, "Where that originates hither at there fruit of *uri* this?" and

raru suruia i taetaai, raru tae. Ma raru ari wou,
they carry it the small-canoe, they embark. And they go out,

raru siri suria i wai raha. Mea B. a oa ni inia urao ana
they go in along it the big water. And B. thus to the woman his

S. "oi kukuha haagorohia i abe, ma na i oha
S. "Thou wilt cover carefully the body, and in the time
gara i suria i bobo i uri bo huraa mai me ioe oi abu
we shall follow it the side of the *uri* side out hither and thou, thou must
i siri wou na i oha na i utaora na gara i tae raurau ahoi."
not go in onwards in the time in the sunshower that we shall embark quickly again."

Ma raru sio uri wou na i muri na i uri baaro bo araa wou.
And they pick *uri* onwards in the back of the *uri* overhanging side out onwards.

Ma na adaro a gu orisia ahoi a ru mai mana na gu
And the spirit then changes itself back comes down hither and then
utaora mana adaro si a haaheuheu inia, do na urao si ;
sunshower and the spirit that one changes-form at it, so that (it is) the woman that-one ;
na ata na i adaro si ia Warungarae ; a haate oani, " gara i tae raurau,
the name his the spirit that one Warungara ; says thus, " We shall embark quickly,
a gasi gu ngau garaa ia Warungarae." Ma raru tae, mana adaro
lest then eat us Warungarae." And they embark, and the spirit
si a tae na i nao, mea B. na tae muri, a harutanga ini rarua. Ma
that-one embarks in front, and B. embarks behind, paddles away with them. And
oha raru huraa mau wou ia S. urao ana moo si,
the time they go out still onwards S. woman his that one yonder,
a gu boi, ome, ma raru bwani tae, ma awara a haate oani,
then comes hither, look, and they long-ago embark, and cries says thus,
" Inau ni nau mau ni, e na adaro o rutangia si." Mana adaro a haate
" I this I still this, the spirit thou carry her that." And the spirit says
oani : " A pwarii na si, na adaro na na gu nasi, o i haruta raurau,
thus : " Deceives that one, the spirit that then that one, thou must paddle quickly,
a gasi ngau garaa." Mana urao si a totoro maato ma
lest eat us." And woman that calls-loudly in vain and
raru aia araisuria, ma huraa suria i rau na i suu, ma
they do not agree to her, and go along it the side its the harbour, and
ome haai rarua, ma raru ahunia. Ma gu hane araa
see make lost the two, and the two lose-to-sight her. And then climbs up
suria i daro na maoro huraa i asi ma tatarau huraa suria i
along it the *daro* that leans out the sea and crosses outwards along it the
raraa na maoro auru i asi ma ruhasia i duru ia na awa na
branch that leans down the sea and loosens it the necklace fish that stays on
i uuna ma sasahua e taai riho ia, ma gasia auru ma ra tatae
the neck hers and breaks it off, one tooth fish, and throws it down and they come-up
mai mwani ia nai asi rau a boi oa si, ma oa ni ini rau :
hither all fish in the sea they come hither thus, and thus to them :
" Au bwai ari wou be iamou, mou gasi gu tarihanga ini amou inia
" I cannot go on with you, you lest then chase for yourselves for it

maho mou i ngau, ma mou tegera ini au moi, mou bwai adoado au,
 the things you eat them, and you throw-off me merely, you cannot think (of) me,
 ma moi haai au moi"; ma gasia rou auru i taai riho ia rou, ma
 and you will lose me merely"; and throws it again down one tooth fish again, and
 tatae mai baewa, ma oa ni rou, "Au bwai ari wou be iamou, mou gasi
 come up hither sharks, and thus again, "I cannot go on with you, you lest
 tariha inia moi ta ora, ma mou haa tegera ini au moi." Ma na
 chase it merely some canoe, and you cause-to-throw off me merely." And the
 riho a gasia rou auru, ma unua mau oa si. Mana taai riho haa-hako
 tooth throws it again down, and says it still thus. And the one tooth last
 na gu gasia auru ma rau tatae i honu, ma gu haate oa ni, "Oi ta!
 that then throws it down and they come up turtles, and then says thus, "Well!
 wa gui rege wou na si," ma unua ia waeana. Ma rege
 I shall jump onwards that one," and calls it the grandmother hers. And jumps
 wou bania i rara i daro a abwa na i hunga na i honu si, ia Hasi-
 out from it the branch of the *daro* sits on top of the turtle that one, Hasi
 honueero ma suu be ia, a waia ari matawa, ma haua oa ni,
 honueero and dives with her, takes her to (goes) the open-sea, and does it thus,
 a suu auru, a arungana i garangia ana i maesia i bwoue, ma ranga
 dives down, feels near it it will die of breathlessness, and comes-up
 ahoi araa i urina i asi. Ma manawa hako ma gu suu ahoi rou.
 again up the skin its the sea. And breathes finish and then dives again back.
 Ma haua oa ni na i oha na suusu ahoi si, a waiwai hau ma haua i ariari,
 And does it thus in the time that dives back that, takes stones and makes a path,
 ma na oha na taringa hau mai, a omesia i gere totoa araa i urina i asi,
 and the time that a few stones hither, sees it a little reaches up the skin its the sea,
 a haa urasia naie, ma na asi a tari na i konokono na. Ma na honu
 makes stand it there, and the sea reaches at the throat. And the turtle
 si oha na taringa hau totoa i marau ma gere taritari a araa
 that one the time that a few stones round the island and a little (almost) reaches it up (to)
 bwaebwae na, ma taringa hau moea mai, ma taria na i waipo na
 armpits her, and a few stones only hither, and reaches at the breast her,
 ma taringa hau moea mai, ma taria na i waa na ma uraura ta, ma na asi
 and a few stones only hither, and reaches at the waist her and stands, and the sea
 a taria na i ruruna ma na honu si a taringa hau ta mau mai,
 reaches at the knee her, and the turtle that one a few stones only still hither,
 ma na asi a taria na i pwapwangosi na i uwa na. Mana honu
 and the sea reaches it the ankle her of the foot her. And the turtle
 si a taringa hau mau mai, ma na asi a taria na i pwapwahe uwa na,
 that one a few stones still hither, and the sea reaches it at the sole foot her,
 ma na honu si a taringa hau mau mai, ma ome, a mamata a,
 and the turtle that one a few stones still hither, and see, dry already,
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ma haua i marau. Ma tatariori na iei, ma ome, aia hasi ei, ma
and makes it an island. And walks about there, and see, no trees, and
haate oa ni, "Io, na gu marau na haua ni a wae, mana hasi ei
says thus, "Yes, that then island that makes this grandmother, and trees
moi na gu aia." Ma ome, ra rabwoa mai i hasi ei, mana haharisi,
only that then not." And see, they spring up hither the trees, and the grass,
mwani ngarutanga i mwani hasi ei nei ra ngangau, mana nei
all sorts of all trees those they eat them, and those
ra aia ngangau —bwareo, ngari, ei tabi, niu, mana mwani
they do not eat them —breadfruit, almond, nut, coconut, and all
maho-i-ngau— uhi mana hana mana bwaa. Ma haate oa ni, "Io gu
food— yam and prickly-yam and taro. And says thus, "Yes then
gui mwani maho i ngau nai ra ini, mana eu moi ta na gu aia." Mana
all things-for-eating those here, and the fire only that then not." And the
honu si a boi garangia i one ma haate oa ni, "O i sigihia ta
turtle that comes here near it the shore and speaks thus, "Thou must choose it one
baba i una bania i surigu, ma oi ha i ruma inii, ma
slab of shell from it the back my, and thou must make house with them, and
ta nei oi rabasia ta, oi sie eu na i hungana," ma haua oa si, ma
a certain thing thou wilt wish, thou must rub fire on top its," and does it so, and
awaawa wou. Ma ha susua i gare, na bwote inia si, ma na gare
stays on. And bears the child, that conceived it that one, and the child
a abara waewae, ma haa hairihua i honu si inia,
carries on shoulder joyfully, and makes-to-nurse it the turtle that concerning it,
a haate oa ni, "Wae, oi rihua gau tana au i gare ni."
says thus, "Grandmother, thou must nurse a little-while for me the child this:"
Mana honu si a boi ma haa heinagua na i hungana, ma na honu
And the turtle that comes here and makes-to-sit it on top its. and the turtle
si a waia ari matawa.
that carries him to the open sea.

(2) *Wango.* (See p. 193.)

Mamani usuri ini Kakamora.
Tale handed down about Kakamora.

'E noni a ari hane ngari ma hane araa noa ma haneia ta
A man goes climbs almond and climbs up already and climbs it
rara ma hane haa honu i anga, na waii ma gu rongo
a branch and climbs fills the bags, that takes them and then hears
rau i Kakamora haatau rau manene ta gege i abaaba. Mia adou
them the Kakamora afar they chatter one side of the slope. And he is

monoa gau tanei ni araa i aro, ma gu rongo bahu rau. Ma
 silent entirely awhile certain one this up above, and then listens to them. And
 irara monoa huni e rai Kakamora. Ma gu ome wou, marau
 knows certainly that they are Kakamora. And then looks out, and they
 taha noa araa mai i tarahane. Rau ado anga tatarasi,
 arrive already up hither the ridge. They bring bags gather (nuts on ground)
 ma nasi oha na gu dio. Ma dio beia i kaokao i anga i hua i
 and that the time that then descends. And descends with it half a bag the fruit of the
 ngari. Ma ringi sikohainia noai ano noai maruna i ngari
 almond. And pours spreads it out on the ground in the shade of the almond
 na haneia si. Ma gu dadao i gege i ahora. Ma ra gu
 that climbed it that one. And then lies down the side farther. And they then
 boi tarasi, ma rau gu haate oani, "Siohia i hasi hua marawa
 come gather up, and they then say thus, "Gather together it fruit green,
 toonia i hasi ei rawa a raha." Tanei rou na haate oani,
 stow-it-in the basket of leaf large." A certain one again that says thus,
 "Siohia i hua rorodo, toonia i hasi anga doo." Ma rau tarasi
 "Gather together it fruit dark (purple) stow-it-in the bag dirty." And they gather up
 monoa araa mai, tanei ni, "Taha i ahorana i ngari?"
 entirely up hither, a certain one this, "What the farther side the almond?"
 Ma rau ome sadoia moo ani na dadao. Ma gu gasii heiriu
 And they look and see certain one there that lies down. And then throw about them
 i uwa na mana ruma na. Marau hora gau. Marau gu
 the legs his and the hands his. And they flee awhile. And they then
 ahoi mai, ma rau omesia mia aia mamanawa, i mae koerau ana,
 come back hither, and they see him and he does not breathe, the death deceives them his,
 ma rau ohainii kakau na tarainei. Ma ta wera tai a oa
 and they count them the fingers his some (of them). And one remains
 haatau nasi ; mi rau angohia monoa. Mana nei na oa haatau
 afar there ; and they feel him entirely. And the one that stays afar
 ani a oani, "Ai, kakarewa, kokone mwa tage, wauramoru." Mirau rau
 there thus, "Hi, take care, look only, brothers." And they
 oani, "Na pwapwafe uwana ni mara ikia, na kakauna ni mara ikia,
 thus, "The sole foot his it like us, the toe his it like us,
 na poupou ni uwana, na mamarou ni uwana, na pwaruruna, na kotana
 the heel of foot his, the bend of leg his, the knee his, the ankle bone
 ni uwana, na huki uwana, na tangana ni mara ikia." Ma na nei ani a
 of leg his, the calf leg his, the crotch his it like us." And that one there
 haate monoa tanarau oani, "Kakarewa, kokone mwa tage, wauramoru ;
 says only to them thus, "Be careful, look only, brothers ;
 na boona ni mara ikia, na waana, na agoagona, na ahuna, na
 the flank his it like us, the waist his, the shoulder blade his, the stomach his, the

waipona, na waiburuna, na susuna, na rumana, na kakauna, na ngona,
 navel his, the chest his, the nipple his, the hand his, the finger his, the mouth his,
 na tatetena, na rihona, na meameana, na bwarisuna, na maana, na
 the chin his, the tooth his, the tongue his, the nose his, the eye his, the
 hauraena, na karingana, na bwauna, na waraehuna ni mara ikia."
 forehead his, the ear his, the head his, the hair his it like us."
 Ma rau gu idirai ma daua noa tanei, marau hora.
 And they then start away and seizes him already a certain one, and they flee.
 Ma na nei na oa haatau ani a oani, "Ki bwani tatawaia ta mwa."
 And that one that stays afar there thus, "We before told it only."
 Nei na wari rau horahora bania. Tarainei rau oani, "Ki totori,
 Ones that old they flee from him. Some they thus, "We wait,
 ki totori." Mai waia monoa tanei ni ani taha i oma,
 we wait." And he takes her only a certain one this there reaches the village,
 ma haa manata. Ma rau gu raba ririsia ini nagi, mara bwai marisi
 and makes tame. And they then wish shave her with flint, and they cannot shave
 warehuna. Mia na gu oani, "Iami na hereho mi ririsi inia, garaa
 hair her. And she that then thus, "We the thing we shave with it, we two
 boi surii ani, rawa tewa moi i ano." "Mi ae irari," ma oani,
 come follow them there, leaf long merely on the ground." "We don't know," and thus,
 "E rei ta gasi, ae." Mia oani, "Io na ia mou tu arihia
 "Rei grass, perhaps, you." And she thus, "Yes that it you just go for it
 ta rawa, mamou risiau inia." Ma rau arihia i rawa, rau risia
 a leaf, and you shave me with it." And they go for it the leaf, they shave her
 inia, ma gu marisi warehuna inia. Ma na Kakamora nasi nini
 with it, and then shaved hair her with it. And the Kakamora that one here
 e urao. Ma raru gu haiwai, ma raru haua i mou, ma raru tagua
 a woman. And they two then marry, and they make it the garden, and they weed it
 hako, ma raru araia hako, ma na mou si a rago e kehasu noai iei,
 all, and they cut it down all, and the garden that plenty of bamboo there,
 ma sinaria, a maria goro, ma raru ari ini sungia, mana Kakamora
 and sun-dry it, withered properly, and they go to burn it, and the Kakamora
 a wawaia i anga i haa adarua. Raru ari wou i bo rungana i mou,
 takes the bag for money their. They go on the side its the garden,
 a haa urasia iei, ma oani inia, "Uraura tai ini, wai tere sungia
 stands her there, and thus to her, "Stand a little here, I will go down burn it
 i mou nani, ai neanene araa mai eu garangio ma oi horahora."
 the garden this, it will blaze up hither fire near thee and thou wilt flee."
 Ma gu noro i mou ani, agu rareae i kehasu, ma nene araa
 And then burns the garden there, then crackles the bamboo, and blazes up
 mai hunia, ma hora monoa tanei ni beia i anga i haa ani.
 hither upon her, and flees only certain one this with it the bag for money there.

Mia moo ani a gu taha araa mai, a ome tarisia, ma totoro oani,
 And the man there then arrives upwards hither, sees misses her, and shouts thus,
 "Ioe ihei?" mia oani, "Inau ni," ma oani, "O boi,"
 "Thou where?" and she thus, "I here," and thus, "Thou come here,"
 ma ari wou i dora na rongoa iei ani, ma ae reia.
 and goes on to the place that heard her there that one, and does not see her.
 Ma oani, "Ioe ihei?" ma oani rou haatau, "Inau ni." Ma suria
 And thus, "Thou where?" and thus again afar, "I here." And follows
 rou wou, ma totoro rou oani, "Ura nasi au i isi." Ma taha
 her again on, and shouts again thus, "Stand wait for me there." And arrives
 rou wou iei dora na rongoa iei ani, ma ae reia. Ma
 again on there place that heard her there that one, and does not see her. And
 oani rou, "Ioe ihei?" ma oani rou "Inau ni." Ma oasi monoa.
 thus again, "Thou where?" and thus again "I here." And so only.
 Ma torai susuria wou, na rahe, oani, "O aari wou, ma o gui
 And in vain follows her on, that is tired, thus, "Thou go on, and thou wilt
 gagariria mai mou agaraa i oha nai meo : mumui i ohu,
 then visit it hither garden of us two the time that mature thy sugar canes,
 wai hasii i bo runga." Mana kakamora ani a ari monoa tanei ni
 I will plant them on the side." And the kakamora there goes only this one
 beia i anga i haa ani. Mia moo ani agu ahura i mou
 with it the bag for money there. And the man there then digs up the garden
 ma hasia i tatara i ohu noai bo runga. Ma na oha na meo i mou,
 and plant it a row of sugar cane on the side. And the time that mature the garden,
 na kakamora ani agu boboi tanei ni, magu ngangasia
 the kakamora there then comes hither certain one this, and then chews it
 i ahui i ohu noai uruha, mia moo ani a ari wou omesia ma ngasia
 the shoot of cane in the middle, and the man there goes on sees it and chews it
 noa ta abe i ohu ani. Ma ari rou wou, ta dangi, ma rosia i huna
 already a stalk of cane there. And goes again on, a day, and sets it a trap
 noai ahui ohu ani. Agu boi rou i kakamora agu raba
 in the shoot of cane there. Then comes here again the kakamora then wishes
 haua rou ta abe ma too monoa i huna ani. Ma gu omesii
 to take again a stalk and strikes only the trap there. And then sees them
 i mwamwa ra riuriu, ma gu oani, "Gere gawasiau ta, ae, bania i
 the insects they go about, and then thus, "Please loose me, you, from the
 huna ni." A torai haate oasi, ma gu buna mae monoa. Mia moo
 trap this." In vain says so, and then until dies entirely. And the man
 ani agu ari wou gariria i huna na haua ani, mana kakamora
 there then comes out visits it the trap that put there, and the kakamora
 ani a bwani too, ma mae noa. Mana anga i haa monoa
 there, before struck, and dead already. And the bag for money only

na gu hau ma na kakamora ani a ahosia, a gu waia
 that then took and the kakamora there takes down her, then carries her
 ma gasia haatau bania i mou. Mia a taha ahoi i oma
 and throws her afar from the garden. And he arrives back at the village
 beia i anga i haa, ma a goro ahoi i ahuna, ini hau ana ahoi
 with it the bag for money, and good again the stomach his, because of getting his again
 i anga i haa ani.
 the bag for money there.

(3) *Fagani.*

Ginia o Tararamanu.
 Concerning Tararamanu.

O Tararamanu a mora nataro ni matawa i gae wagarana
 Tararamanu a true spirit of the open sea not beginning his
 finua ana. Hoi na matora gana ni gau tarawaga agi faga rapea,
 land his. Well the time that it first began make a shrine for him,
 mara, i fatagi tangara na mwane na taori. Wafagiasita¹ a
 thus, he appears to them the men who follow-bonito. Brothers
 rou, waira rou, atata orou maraa, o Waisi, o Gaumafa, ma
 three, comrades three, names their thus, Waisi, Gaumafa, and
 o Fagarafe, ira orou nga o wáfagiasita. A ogaoga mara mana rou
 Fagarafe, three those brothers. Dwelling and they
 tafea na iora ni waiau, mara mana rou fagafoa na iora taorou,
 make a canoe for bonito, and they make ready the canoe their,
 mana rou gau gurimagi tauni gana, a waro mana tiku² mana taki.
 and they then prepare utensils its for it, lines and large hooks and small hooks.
 Mana rou tafaria na gau ni muri tanga o mwarefa o Pairi. Mara ma
 And they hire it a rod for the stern from the chief Pairi. And
 o Pairi ni watea ni rua apena tanga orou na gau ni muri gana na iora
 Pairi he gives it two stocks his for them a rod for the stern for the canoe
 taorou. Hoi, ma o Pairi ni farau "A mwane wa! na gau aku morou
 their. Well, and Pairi he says "Friends! (Men!) the rod my you
 foria ai atana nga na Wakio" (a manu iraira na Wango na tomani
 buy it that name its that the Wakio" (a bird they at Wango call
 ana aragau). Mara ma Gaumafa ni farau, "Atana noga na iora
 that is to say aragau). And Gaumafa he says, "Name its already the canoe
 akaorou nga na Wakio." Maraea mana rou gau fautana na iora taorou
 ours that the Wakio." So and they then call the canoe their

¹ There are a number of terms in San Cristoval for two (or three) people of a certain relationship, taken together.

² The *tiku* and *taki* are tortoiseshell hooks, the *gau* a bamboo fishing rod.

ana Wakio. Fagagafu iraira na taori iai na Wakio are
 that is to say Wakio. Often they followed-bonito in it the Wakio this
 mana agoago waiiau iai na iora, agoago ni oru ma ni fai mani rima
 and catch bonito in it the canoe catching three and four and five
 waiiau mwanoga maraea. Maraea iai tani na tangiana a orou tageagi
 bonito only so. So in it a certain one its day they go
 taori mene. Mara nga na rou farutai fafagapere ginia na imoro
 following-bonito again. That they paddle missing concerning the
 i koa, i arou rafusi, arou rafusi, ma marisina atafua na nai tabworia
 of the big-bonito, they dip the rod, they dip the rod, and its failure a single fish taking
 ta tiku, iaiga ma ta taki, iaiga taenoga. Mara mani arafu na imoro
 the large hook, nor the small hook, not one. And it is lost the
 i waiiau ia, arou gau atataorou mwa, na rou rararago suria
 of bonito that, they then float merely, they go and go towards
 na matawa. Arou kone, mara mana sifo a mera, ni mara makarina
 the open sea. They see and a rainbow red it like piece its (of)
 bwana merameraga na rasia noga bwarasia na Ugi na rofea;
 cloth red that spread already against Ugi that pulled up;
 mara mana maagufa ni togofi raorou, arou farau, "tai tataro
 and they were afraid (lest) it strikes them, they say, "Soon some spirit
 ni matawa . ni fafanasi kaoru," mana mani fato na sifo amera, mana
 of the open sea he shoots us," and it is finished the rainbow red, and
 sifo rangi ni sifori raorou mara ni fato fano na sifo a mera mana
 drizzle of rain it wets them and it is finished going on the rainbow red and the
 sifo rangi ni arito gurimagi tanga raoru kone mara mani mara
 drizzle of rain, it shines (the sun) clearly for them see and it is like
 na apena¹ oguogu na kusia mara na gabworaginia fagaforo suria
 the form its white that peeled like that spread over across towards
 na matawa, mara mwa na giu ni nene goro ni ginia na imoro i waiiau
 the open sea, like merely the fire it burns bright it concerning the *imoro* bonito
 ngaungau ni rerefia mai Imara tafa? rafa igi? Ginia
 eating it is leaping for food hither. Like what are they? big things! Concerning (for)
 o Tararamanu ni sifotora noga mai, iai na sifo a mera, sifo na rangi
 Tararamanu he comes down already hither, in the rainbow red, drizzle of rain
 ma sifo rara. Ma iaia nga ni toraia mana imoro waiiau ngaungau ia,
 and shining sky. And it that it brings him and the *imoro* bonito eating that,
 nga raorou na mwane na taori ira, na rago sua i matawa, mara ma
 that they the men followed them, that went right out to the open sea, and
 o Tararamanu i fafaganega agi watewate waiiau noga ni oru ni fai
 Tararamanu he begins giving bonito already three four

¹ That is, like a tree barked, whose white form can be seen far off.

ni rima ma ni ono. Mana imoro waiiau are na agoa ni, tagai tangarau,
 five and six. And the of bonito this that catch it, one hundred,
 ka nai rua tangarau, mana i matara, mana iora ea i gani toto tagini
 perhaps two hundred, and some over, and the canoe that it nearly sinks from
 raoru noga, mara mani tatawe noga i ngona o Waisi ginia
 them already, and he possesses already the mouth his Waisi concerning
 na iora, i farau mara i ngona wani are, "A iora a murua muru bwafe agi
 the canoe, he says like the mouth his person this, "The canoe you two you two don't
 fautana natana na Wakio, ma muru fafautana natana ginia
 call the name its the Wakio, and you call the name its concerning
 na iora aku na 'Sautatare Irobwo,' ma mu fafagarape au irarona ma inau
 the canoe my the 'Sautatare Irobwo,' and you make-a-shrine-for me in it and I
 au wawate tanga gamiu irarona, mamu fogasiau i asi
 give to you in it and you sacrifice-to me in the sea
 ma i rima ni asi i finua." Maraea na tarawagana o wani are o Tararamanu
 and in the sea-house on shore." So the beginning its person this Tararamanu
 mana ateatenga tafamora tangara na mwane na fafagafoua, mara
 and words from the beginning to them the men that venerate him
 ma na kone giraraa ani wate waiiau tangara, i raira na fogasi
 and see clearly him that he gives bonito to them they that sacrifice
 tanga agi tani na iga era na agogi ira, o Tararamanu ataro
 to him certain fish those that catch them they, Tararamanu spirit
 ni papane waiasinga, tangara na mwane na fafagafoua mana
 he gives freely all-sorts-of fish to them the men that venerate him and
 fafagarafesia mana fofogasia. A inuni ni fafaga tai opwana
 pray to him and sacrifice to him. A man he makes bad the stomach his
 i nanafuia i fafanasira ginia na ipage ana, a omo nga na mwarore
 he kills him he shoots them with the bow his, the arrow that the garfish
 na tari raaraa mai i asi, mani tari raaraa mai, i gau ato su i kekera mu,
 that skims hither over the sea, and he skims hither, then he dives down at thy side,
 ataro na iaia ni fana ea. O Tararamanu irua katomagifa nga i faginia :—
 spirit that he he shoots that. Tararamanu two thoughts that with him :—
 i wawate ka ni papane waiasinga, ma mene ni fafaifainafu mene,
 he gives perhaps he gives freely all sorts of fish, and again he fights again,
 irua mwane na katomagifana¹ na bwai ataro² wafagimarafuta³ ia.
 two men the thought his the spirit, two friends he.

¹ Tararamanu is said to be two, like a man and his friend (*marafu*) with whom he has exchanged names.

² *Bwai* or *bwei* is prefixed to words with little alteration to the meaning ; cf., *Kufe gai*, tree ; *pweigei*, stick.

³ See note 1, p. 224.

(4) *Kufe.*

	¹ Ragaragakifa ge nago,	Wanimaniaru	ma	Waniwagawaga	Mara	
	Tale of old,	Wanimaniaru	and	Waniwagawaga	(Connective)	
maaku	takini	rarua	kine	nafi ra,	tara na	na fai arifa
afraid	of	the two	of	killing them,	the reason of it	the fighting
takine na ngaufa	mara mana figona	taua,	kasia	na ngaufu	banira,	
with the food ²	and the spirit	took it,	threw it ³	the food	from them,	
mara mana nuni	na rago	fato	bani rarua	nogai	Kufe,	ma irau
and the men	went	all	from the two	to	Kufe,	and the two
neka, na ru	maesia	na fiore	mai rarua	na ru	ngaua	mana poo
not, the two	die of	the hunger	and the two	the two	eat it	both the pig
mana ngari	mara mana figona	ni tagafi	rarua	mara mani	watea	
and the nut	and the spirit	he pities	the two	and he gives		
poki mai na	ngaufa	tanga	rarua	mara ma	o Waniwagawaga	rike
back hither the	food	to	the two	and	Waniwagawaga	sees
na ufi	ni pwito	i ma rima ana,	mana mani	pakea	mara mao	
the yam	it shoots	at the door of the house his,	and he twines it		and	
Wanimaniaru	ni rike	naro	ni pwito	mara mani	parapara	mara mani
Wanimaniaru	he sees	the taro	it shoots	and he fences		and it
maua	na ru	gapase	na ganoni,	na ru	pogase	na figona
matures	the two	make pudding	the tubers,	the two	sacrifice-to	the spirit
mara manaru	perange	na mu	manaru	puru	riki ki	na ngaufa
and the two	work	the garden	and the two	cut up	small them	the food
ni gafu	i mu	mara mana inuni	atarua	rike	mai	mu tarua
it plentiful	at the garden	and the men	their	see	hither	the garden their
mara mana	poki	mai	ge-fa-kini	rarua,	mara mana tafa	mai
and	back	hither	with	the two,	and arrive	hither
na fagate rarua,	“Kamurua	mu	tatafi	mau?”	Mara mairau	
ask the two,	“You two	you	live	still?”	And the two	
a marare,	“Miri	tatafi	mau,”	mara mana inuni	atarua na	seinga
thus,	“We two	live	still,”	and the men	their	ask-of
kini rau	a marare,	“Ta nga	mu	ngaua?	mu	tatafi
the two	thus,	“What that	you two	eat it?	you	live
mau ia?”	Mai rarua	a marare,	“Kamiria	na poo	mwa	nga
still?”	And the two	thus,	“We two	the pig	only	that
ngaua,”	mana	ngari,	Waniwagawaga	ni nafia	na poo,	ni porose
eat it,”	and the	nut,	Waniwagawaga	he kills	the pig,	he cuts-off
na pwauna	tanga	Wanimaniaru.				
the head	for	Wanimaniaru.				

¹ This dialect called Kufe is really a bush dialect but is now spoken between Fagani and Mwanihuki, and widely known.

² That is throwing it about.

³ Took it away.

A masi na agago.
The masi catch fish.

A masi na agago, mara mana ago na ika ni ngungurunguru
The masi catch (fish), and the catch the fish it grunts,
mara mana na mwane ni aitangi ni tugune, mara mana rarago
and the man he is wise he stows away it, and they go
ge tara mana ika ni ngunguru mara mana tomane ana ataro,
in the path and the fish it grunts and they say that it is a ghost,
a mara mana tamasi "mara ataro, Ware!" mara mana asifura,
so and they say "like a ghost, friends!" and they run,
mara mana rago togona na gai na munui ni oga iai, mara mana
and they go reaching the tree the white orchid it stays there, and they
asifura mana rongo ni ngunguru mana tamasi, "ataro, ni ngau koru,"
run and they hear it grunts and they say, "a ghost, it will eat us,"
mara mana fane akau, na totogo sua na bwauta, mana tamasi,
and they climb up, they strike right on the heads their, and they say,
"a bwabwe aro ni marare," ma wani ge nago ni reke a ru
"the sky it like this,' and the person in front he jumps down
ge sora, ma ni mae, a tua marare ea, ni tafa kene wani ge muri,
on the ground, and he dies, it is done like this that, it reaches to the person last,
mara ma wani ge muri nga ni tafi kene iaia, ni aitangi wani,
and the person last that he lives he, he is a wise person,
ni tugune na ika gana garao.
he stowed away the fish in the basket.

A masi ma na pwipwi
The masi and the frog.

Ni sasa wai mara ma ni atia na pwipwi mara ni tamasi ana fefene
He goes eeling and he meets a frog and he says that it is woman
ana, mara ma ni torea mara ma ni tafa ge funaa mara mani tuki
his, and he takes her and he reaches the village and he hangs up
na aro mara ma ni guro na ki, mani kase akau na aro, ma ni tamasi
the taro and he lights the fire, and he throws up the taro, and he says
tangaa, "Gu fanu gakaraa aro," mara ma ia na mwane ni rago
to her, "Thou broil food of us two taro," and he the man he goes
pane na pwipwi, fakine na ki ni aro, ni goga ge tofe,
from the frog, with the fire for taro, he stays in the canoe-house,
ni tatamu, mara ma ni fagaukure ani fanu gatarua, ni tamu
he chews betel, and he trusts her as to broiling food their, he chews
arere, ma ni fiore, mara ma ni rago ge rima ane ngaungau
a long time, and he is hungry, and he goes in the house to eat,
i rago mai ma na aro ni tifu fato.
he comes hither and the taro it is burnt all.