SAMOAN HOSPITALITY.

A Pleasant Five Days' Journey Across the Country.

A WARM WELCOME EVERYWHERE,

and Many Excellent Opportunities, All Well Improved, to Bear Testimony to the Gospel's Truth.

PALAUTI, Savaii, Samoa,
Jan. 10th, 1893.

Editor Deseret News.

The DESERET NEWS is always a welcome messenger to us in these far off islands in the South Pacific, as by means of it we learn the progress of the work of the Lord in different parts of the world as well as in Zion. It is with especial interest that the writer reads letters which are published therein from time to time from Elders in different parts of the world, who give accounts of their travels and experiences in the missionary field; and as many of your readers have dear ones laboring among the natives in these islands, and again others of your readers are but slightly acquainted with the nature of our labors here I thought a short account of a trip made last week might perhaps prove of some interest to the readers of your widely circulated newspaper.

The writer, in company with Elder C. B. Thomason and two of our school boys left Salelesin on the afternoon of January 2nd to visit some of the Saints in Palauli, a village some forty miles distant in the south west portion of the island of Savaii. We slept that night at a village lying inland some four miles, where lived the grandmother of one of our boys, and who had been baptized the year previously. The old lady to be nearly blind received us with much joy. She was cared for by her daughter who, with her husband, treats us just as if they were one of us. It being sunrise when we reached there we spent the few hours resting in visiting with the folks, also with the head speaking man of the village who visited us and made "ava" for us, which is the Samoan sign of respect and friendship. He apologized for not having any chickens or pigs to kill for us as he had been spoiled of all his property by the brute chiefs of the village who had been dispossessed with his conduct in representing them as "saints," where King Malietoa Laupepa holds his court; therefore on his return to his village they took summary vengeance on him in the Samoan fashion, by spoiling him of all his movable property and leaving him to begging as best he could. We spent the most time in talking about the Gospel, and then retired to our "fainauna" (sleeping mats to escape from the sesame attentions of the mosquitoes, we were lulled to sleep by their busy humings combined with the wierd music of an old reed flute, manipulated by old half-blind sister Salome.

The next morning we arose at dawn, and with our two boys to pack our effects we commenced a walk over a rocky path of some twelve miles, closed by high brush. Before sunrise on this path we passed by the old Roman Catholic church on Samoa. It was here, a village called Leulatele, that some priests landed many years ago and first established their religion in Samoa; the old building with its stone-work walls and slatted glass windows, is the only building that I have seen on Samoa that bespeaks age, and the history attached to it makes it all the more interesting. After about four miles' walk through the bush, we sat down and ate our breakfast; a piece of "taro" and a "niu," or young cocoanut, which gave us fresh energy to resume our journey. We went along slowly, as fast walking in this much perspiring climate I cannot say well accommodate myself to, and then again the rocks with their sharp, uneven edges play sad havoc with one's sole leather. It was therefore about 11 a. m. before we reached the end of the rocky bush path and once more saw the thatched roofs of some Samoan houses. We refreshed our parched throats at a nice cool spring; our two boys here left us, desiring to return to Salesula that same evening. They had helped us over the worst part of the road, for which we were truly grateful. Samoans, from their earliest years are trained to carry heavy baskets, balanced on a pole, like a Chinaman, so the feat of carrying our satchels did not affect them very much, or as it would have done us, for we soon felt the difference when we shouldered our own satchels.

We walked along about half a mile and were called by a young woman to come in and rest in the house. We readily accepted the invitation. The proprietor of the establishment, a man of about 40 years, was making a fish trap, which they plait with the fibres of a long trailing root of a tree indigenous to the soil, and make after the pattern of large sister traps which can be met with in parts of England and elsewhere. His wife and a young woman, each with a young child, and a young man of 20 years, completed the household; and we were not long getting acquainted with one another. Although they had not conversed with our Elders before, yet they knew who we were, as no other white people live on Samoa as do our Elders, and often as we enter a village we hear on all sides "Mamona, Mamona," (i. e. Mormons) and little coterie of children who can just toddle round and are learning to talk, join with the rest in yelling from a safe distance the name of which we are known, and which they are taught sound by many of their religious advisers, as in the case in some civilized countries, signifies that which is evil and not to be trusted. But I am glad to say that this feeling of disrespect and insult is gradually diminishing as the Samoans get more acquainted with us, and they find while we converse with them that we have here to benefit them and sing them the truth.

We were not long in making known to our worthy host the purport of our mission here on Samoa and I enlightened him on the first principles of the Gospel. They brought out their Bible and the young woman read and compared the passages I quoted. We noted awhile and the dinner consisting of "taro," "palusami" (cooke from the leaves of the "taro," and a soaking of squeezed cocoanut juice and sea water) and fish; another man coming in at the time, our host related to him what I had told them, so I was pleased to hear he had retained what I had tried to enlighten him on. I bore my testimony to the family and we then resumed our journey, having a standing offer to call there again any time when passing. We walked on a couple of miles, when we were accosted by a young man who we found was a teacher or preacher in the London missionary persuasion. He also urged us to come in and rest in his house. While walking along a Roman Catholic preacher also came out of his house to talk to the first named teacher and desired us to rest in his house, but we thanked him and decided to keep to our first invitation and finally reached his house, where was the head teacher, an old grey headed man, reading his Bible. He did not have much to say to us, but left it mostly to our companion and another young man in the house. Of course our conversation soon drifted on to the doctrines of our respective religions and our conductor soon showed his true character. His semi-pious smile soon left no one the state of his heart, and anyone who is acquainted with Charles Dickens' Dombey & Son would feel assured Mr. Carker is our quasi-religious teacher. While talking on the gifts which follow those that believe and which I testified were in this Church, he in a moaning tone asked me if I would please be kind enough to turn a stone in the home there into bread for his special satisfaction. I warned him to what such sign-seeking denoted, but he still persisted and wanted me to go inside heat a sick man in the village to show him that I had the power. I told him those signs only followed those that believed and not to please his mocking curiosity. A Roman Catholic chief having come in at the time, seemed to the conversation and wanted to know where the true church was. I did not feel like allowing the precious truths of our Gospel to be ridiculed and made light of by our Samoan Carker, so I bore testimony to him and all in the house my testimony, telling them to repent and be baptized for their sins and that this since was the only true Church recognized by God. Some of them left before I finished, and when I ended we left, and further pursued our journey.

We passed the night with a friendly native chief who I trust soon will embrace the Gospel, for he believes in it and always makes us feel welcome. He gave us the best his house afforded and a nutritious feed for a Samoan house, to may say the least. We reached the house in the afternoon through my long, rocky walk, and not having walked for some time, the tendon of my right leg was so strained at the knee that I could scarcely walk and I almost fell down in my efforts to walk to the house. Being lame for the night I anointed it with some consecrated oil and asked the Lord's blessing on it, and when I rose in the morning the pain had gone and I have not felt it since. I know it was only His mercy and power that healed it, and to Him be the praise. It may be only a small thing to relate, but to one traveling like myself, a sprained leg means considerable; I just mention this small instance out of scores of others I have experienced here, to testify I know the signs that follow those that believe, but they do not seeking sign-seekers.

We had intended leaving early the next morning, but our kind host begged us to stay until he had cooked some food, which he did, consisting of bread-fruit; the tide not being fit to catch fish until the afternoon, he begged hard for us to stop another night so he could get some better food for us so we have a longer chat on the Gospel. He begged so hard that we could not refuse him. We then went off and visited some other friends near, and the afternoon soon passed away. While we were in two of these houses, two separate dancing parties came along, which is the custom here at the beginning of the new year. It is much the same principle as that of the waits or musicians who come around at Christmas time in England and sing and play carols for money.

Here in Samoa it is only another form of begging. A company of twenty, more or less, of young men and women, decorated up in Samoan style with leaves and flowers, appear in front of a house. One acts as spokesman and tells the inmates of the house that he and his company are poor and they want their hearts to give them a "taupo" or fine mat or whatever they think the household has. They then commence to dance, going through all sorts of gestures, many of which are by no means elegant, and they work their bodies into all sorts of contortions as they get worked up by their music, which generally consists of beating a stick on a tin can in lieu of a drum, which sometimes they have; they put their hands together and sing some old song belonging to their especial town or district, as the case may be; keeping this up until something is brought out to them, and woe be to the household that will not give them anything. The desire of approbation is very highly developed in a Samoan and they throw work on one another, rather than be called poor and of no account, which certainly they would be by the dancing company if they did not give them something. They would rather pauperize themselves and give away what they have. I spoke to many about it who were grumbling at the custom and how it pauperized them, but there it rested and the matter was not mended. Thus these dancing companies keep it up all day, followed by the fruits of their labors carried on poles, consisting of native cloth (siapo) and all kinds of common articles, which they divide out when they reach their village, stiffened and tired out by their numerous genuflections and contortions of their bodies. So much for "ai sina," or dancing parties of New Year beggars in Samoa, although properly speaking there are no beggars (as we apply the term to tramps in America) here in Samoa, there being a pretty general distribution of the few riches which a Samoan can possess as their custom is not allow of poor or rich, living as they do in a sort of patriarchal nation.

On reaching our host at Sundown, we found he had been waited by some dancing parties, and was anxious some "taupo" through the same, much to his annoyance. He had been blessed in his fishing in the afternoon, and we had a good supper and passed a pleasant evening chatting on the principles of the Gospel. He gave freely of it to make us comfortable and give us the best he had we truly genuine, and we left him and his hospitable wife the next morning with a feeling of parting with old friends.

Elder T. and myself one more resumed our journey along a sandy beach and in a hot glaring sun. The villages on this east side of the island are pretty close together, the distance being known as Amoa and Fuga. Before entering in the latter we were called into a large native house in a village called Sasai, which was filled with some twenty or more chiefs and reasoning men. They were just making "ava" and desired us to partake, which we gladly did; they then desired me to talk to them about the "lotu Mamona," as we are here called. I gladly availed myself of the chance, and spoke to them on the restoration of the Gospel and the authority given to Joseph Smith, as well as baptism. We had quite a large crowd who came into the house, also many outside, I should say some sixty or seventy people, and I must have spoken for over an hour to a very attentive audience. They then desired us to get some food prepared where they desired us to remain and partake of, several came round us and asked questions and brought their Bibles to prove my quotations, and we had a standing offer from three or four to visit their houses and converse when passing. We refused to think we had had such a chance of preaching and converting in a village where they knew but little of us.

Elder T. and myself then resumed our journey in the hot sandy path and about two miles further on visited a family I had called on and preached to with Elder Booth some nine months ago. They would insist on our staying until dinner was ready and we spent the time, an hour or two, conversing with them on the Gospel and bearing our testimony and left them with feelings of kindness towards us. We then passed along and reached the south sea of the island and commenced along west. Here we were greeted by "Soi mai ma malae" (i. e., come in and rest), although the day was getting along we felt inclined to accept the invitation. Two young men and their mother and a young woman formed the household. They asked many questions concerning our work, and hoped when things were a little more settled in Samoa that we would get an opening in their village, which has hitherto been closed to our "ava" was made, but I was so interested in speaking to the people that I did not notice the method of its manufacture; but when we left Brother T. told me that the dusky damsel had first chewed it with her teeth instead of grating it as is now the custom on a grater, or pounding it with a rock, and I must confess the truth of the adage, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," applied in my case, and also that all the months I have been on Samoa, this is the first and only time I have been caught drinking "ava" thus manufactured, and if I had not been told perhaps it would have been all the better. We were pressed to stay longer but the sun was low and we had two miles more to walk, so had to leave and refuse two or three other invitations on the way to call in and rest. We at last reached Iva and put up for the night at the judge's house, who received us very kindly. We sat up until midnight talking on the Gospel, which was something apparently new to him. His daughter was the maid of the village, a young girl of 17, and the only Samoan girl I have ever met who could talk and understand English, for Samoans seem to be very backward in acquiring a foreign language. We were treated here with great kindness, and we trust were enabled to remove much prejudice. We left next morning and stayed with a family who time in the near future will be one of us, for they believe. The chief's wife came from Tutuila and some of her family joined the Church over 20 years ago when Manoa and Beba came from the Samoan islands, having been sent by Mr. Gibson during his rule in those islands. We had a long interesting talk of those old days, and how the work fell through lack of proper authority. We stayed there that night and finished the last ten miles of our trip through a rocky, weary part and reached Palauli at noon on the 7th inst., having been blessed with beautiful sunny weather and no rain, which is the bane of traveling in Samoa, as the paths are so choked with weeds that it is like wading through a river. We landed our family here in good spirits and we left them.

We feel to rejoice in our labors, although it seems but few Samoans have at present joined us. The seed of the Gospel has been scattered among them, and I can see a growing interest awakening in their hearts towards us and our message; not only the Spirit of the Lord can teach them; therefore we ask your many readers, the Saints, to remember us in their prayers, also their poor brethren on Samoa.

I fear my letter is about too long for space to be spared it in your valuable publication; there are many other items I would like to have written about, but time and space forbid. Samoa is very unsettled just now, and we never know when war may break out in our midst, but we feel the Lord is directing His work and all will turn out for the best, and for the redemption of fallen Israel and prepare them for their gathering from their long dispersion. Ever praying for the fulfilment of the same, believe me to remain yours sincerely,

J. HAYDEN CARPENTER.

Labor's Celebration.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, writes in the New York Press of the workingman's debt to Columbus for discovering the New World. He remarks that until the beginning of the present century the workingman or artisan in America did not make his "very humble and insignificant appearance." This is hardly fair either to America or to the workingman. The truth is that until the beginning of the present century there were hardly anybody else than artisans, workmen and farmers in the country. Plain farmers were among the heroes of the Revolution. Benjamin Franklin, the greatest philosopher this country has produced, was a plain printer, with no education to speak of, even equal to that of many a printer of his age today.

The rich and noble of class in Europe did not come here in the early days of the country any more than they do now. They had good enough titles where they were. With few exceptions every man who crossed the water was a mechanic or farmer, and the smith and carpenter belonged to his owner and were leaders of the Four Hundred of those days.

If Mr. Gompers means that there were no organized trades unions to speak of till a century ago he is right. There was no occasion for them, for the workingmen had matters all their own way. All were workingmen. Mr. Gompers is right, too, in his opinion that the conditions and environments of the laborer were never so good as they are today, and that better things yet are in store for him.

The Far North.

Interesting News from Sweden, Norway and Denmark

SWEDEN.

Zacharias Topelius, the famous Finnish poet, was 75 years old the other day.

A statue of King Charles Gustaf X, the grand father of Charles XII, will be erected in Malmo.

The chair factory, owned by S. G. Karsson, of Malmbeck, near Jonkoping, was burned to the ground.

Their golden wedding was celebrated by Jonas Larson, a farmer of Tranemyl, near Vexio, and his wife.

A. C. Lundstrom, one of the most prominent citizens of Eskiljung, died at the advanced age of 84 years.

Rev. A. G. Hall of Fergus Falls, Minn., is at present visiting with friends in Stockholm. He will return in April.

Consul N. Person and his wife have donated 4,000 crowns to the proposed "people's kitchen" in Helsingborg.

The Swedish Rikedag has now 229 members, of whom 148 have seat in the upper house and 228 in the lower house.

The "Rev." E. Bodin, of Gunnarsund, who has appeared drunk at several occasions, will no longer be allowed to preach the gospel.

Influenza is raging epidemically in Stockholm. At present more than ten men of the mounted body guard of the king are lying sick.

G. Schelin a letter carrier at Nassjo, Smaland, was discharged the other day, when it was found that he had tried to steal 250 letters sent from America.

R. Ericson, who represents the Stockholm skating club, is said to be the best Swedish skater now living. He carried off the first prize at the tournament in Amsterdam.

The oldest inhabitant of Stockholm is Carl Aberg, owner of the house No. 11, Little Water st., who recently celebrated his 99th birthday. The old gentleman is yet in the best of health, and looks to be only a little over sixty.

Alfred Gustafson of Rya, Linnerud, Smaland, was a queer fellow, and he emigrated to America 11 years ago. He has now returned to his native country, where he has bought a farm in the parish of Lungaryd, for which he paid 12,000 crowns cash.

A 35 year old gentleman, named Lars Jonsson, was found dead in Helsingborg the other day below the stairs of a house, to which a disreputable woman was known to have access. Now a Welsh English engineer, was arrested charged of being the murderer. He acknowledged that he had quarreled with Jonsson, and pushed him down the stairs.

A Stockholm paper says: "A river of millions runs from America to Sweden from the sons of the north, who have succeeded in building up new homes in the far west. During the 40 odd money orders, representing an amount of about five million crowns, were sent to Sweden from the United States. These numbers speak a beautiful language. They show how our countrymen in America are citizens in good circumstances, and that they have not forgotten their native country."

NORWAY.

The English steamer "Fernside" was wrecked off Sunnmoe. The whole crew was saved.

The Rev. Boeckman will probably be elected bishop of Tromsoe vice bishop Skram.

Navigation was completely stopped on Lake Mjosen during the month of January.

Christian Krogh's large picture representing Leif Erikson at the moment of his discovery of America is now ready, and is being exhibited at Chr. Fredrik. The painting is well spoken of, the hero in particular making a fine impression.

The Stage Life Insurance company, says the Aftenposten, has introduced some new features in its policies. According to these, the insured person is exempt from keeping up his payments in case of total blindness, insanity, various total inability to make a living, extending over a period of at least two years, and incurable paralysis of at least one year's duration, incurable and so always loss of the hand (likely used to work with) loss of both feet or one hand and foot.

DENMARK.

Herman Bang, the author, who has lived at Hamburg for some time, has returned to Copenhagen. After a short stay there he will go to Sweden.

"The Witch," an opera by the young Danish composer Foss, proved a brilliant success when played at the Royal Opera House in Berlin the other day.

The secretary of the navy has proposed that Denmark be represented at the great naval review at New York on the occasion of the opening of the World's fair.

The aldermen of Copenhagen have declared that eight new church buildings are needed in the city, and it is almost certain, that a majority of the Folketing will vote in favor of building them.

NORWEGIAN AMERICANS.

A certain minister, not a thousand miles from here, loves a dollar with a close affection. Not long ago a young man asked him how much he would charge to marry a couple.

"Well," said the minister, "the bridegroom gets what he pleases, but I never charge less than two dollars."

"Whew!" exclaimed the prospective bridegroom, "that's a good lot of money. I thought that kind of work went in with your regular salary."

"Oh, no," exclaimed the minister, "salvation is free, but it costs money to get married."—Detroit Free Press.

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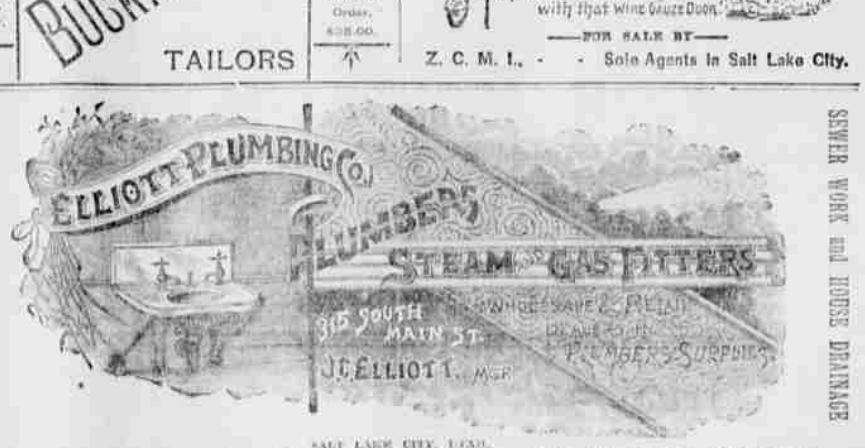

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