

like Doc. Haggerty, he met his doom. Cronin's case is a sad one. He certainly had the material in him for a grand man. He had energy, activity, ambition; he had many virtues and no vices; but his mind was undisciplined and his ambition ill-directed. JUNIUS.

A TRIP TO SAMOA.

By courtesy of Brother Charles H. Bassett, we are enabled to publish the following extracts from a letter addressed to him by his son, Elder Henry L. Bassett, on a mission on the Samoan group:

We boarded the *Alameda* and left San Francisco Saturday, June 28th, 1890, about 2:30 p. m. A week later, Saturday, July 5th we reached Honolulu. We hunted up the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints, but the President was not in. We waited awhile and were soon surrounded by a great many native women. Next door to the house was the meeting house and the women had gathered to hold a meeting. One of them could talk some English and she treated us finely. They gave us bananas and mangoes. We were invited into meeting and asked to speak. We did so through an interpreter. President Hammond now arrived and came in to see us. He was much pleased to meet us. After meeting we went into the house to dinner. We here met Brothers Fox and Bailey, two of the missionaries to the islands. We here had a chance to taste the "poi" of which I have heard so much, but appreciate so little.

We went back to the town, and viewed the principal points of interest, which consisted in part, of the "Kings palace," the "Government buildings," "Park," and "Fish market." There is also a place or street almost like Chinatown in San Francisco, where the Chinese and Japs are actively engaged in business, and manufacturing shoes, clothing, fans, baskets, novelties, etc.

Bros. Hammond, Fox, and Bailey accompanied us to the wharf to see us off. Before we left port the king came on board our steamer. He presented to "Murphy," the Champion featherweight pugilist of the world, a fine gold headed cane. We steamed out of the harbor at ten thirty. On Monday, July 14th, at 2:30 a. m., I was aroused from my bunk and told that Samoa (pronounced Saw moah) was in sight. Sick as I was the thought that I should soon leave the *Alameda* and reach "terra firma," inspired me with energy so that I got out of my bunk with an agility that would do credit to an acrobat. I soon was up on deck gazing with satisfaction at the twinkling lights on the shore. We had to wait some time for the boat to come out and get us, so long in fact, that I began to have apprehensions as to our getting off. Presently one of the lights in the distance began to move and we could see that our signal light was answered. Soon after we could hear (very faintly at first) the chant of the natives as they pulled

away, keeping time to their singing with the dip of their ears. In a few minutes they had reached us, and I was to see a type of the people with whom I must become so intimately associated. There are several boat loads of them and when the ropes are let down from the steamer they come over the boat sides in hordes. They are chattering and motioning to every one on deck trying to sell their wares which consist of fans, baskets, beads, etc. The baggage is soon all lowered and we, five of us (two Assyrians, one Jap and two Mormons) climb down the rope ladder into the boat below. We are soon sandwiched in amongst the natives, who, naked, save a diminutive breech cloth, pull for the shore. The natives can hardly be driven from the deck but still hang on notwithstanding the peremptory orders of the mate to "get down, you black scoundrels!" Some of them jump into the sea and swim for the boats, which are now far from them and overtaking them, jump in dripping with water. Two of them got into our boat, which seemed already crowded to excess. We take a good-bye look at the *Alameda*, and utter a silent God speed on her journey westward to New Zealand. The natives now begin their singing again, and we are swiftly skimming over the waves in response to the strokes of the dusky oarsmen. Though it seemed but a little way from the *Alameda* to the lights on shore, it took quite a while to reach them. It must have been two miles or more. We did not land, but went aboard the schooner some distance from the shore. Having paid for being brought from the steamer to the schooner, we bid our boatman "tofa" and were soon dancing over the waves with full sails flying. It not being light yet, we could see but little of Tutuila, though not more than about one hundred yards from shore. We were now bound for Apia on the island of Upolu, a distance from Tutuila of about sixty miles.

It usually takes from two to three days to make this trip, but Dame Fortune smiled graciously upon us, and we reached Apia by ten o'clock the same night. The postmaster came out in his boat for the mail and consented to take Brother Summerhays and myself ashore. We got in, and after a pull of about three hundred yards we landed at Apia. Brothers Dean and Booth were there to meet us. It being so late we did not go home with them (a distance of about three miles), but, upon the invitation of Mr. Davis, we stayed at his house. It was a pleasure to lie down once more and not be rolling and tossing on the deep. We awoke with the day dawn and arose. We went out of doors when it was light and took a look at the Apia harbor. Our eyes were greeted with the wrecks of the men-of-war that had been dashed to pieces on that memorable night in the worst storm on record. The *Trenton* stands out of the water all right, but the *Vandalia* is sunk with only the spars out of the water.

One of them, German boat, was dashed to pieces entirely and is scattered along the shore like driftwood. Another lies on its side with its hulk high in the air. Soon, Brother W. O. Lee (a dear friend of mine), at his old tricks of trying continually to do some one some favor, came along on horseback, leaving two other horses for us to ride out to the home of his and Brother Dean's family, a distance of about three miles. Most of the way was through a large plantation of coconut, banana, orange and bread fruit trees, and miles of hedge fence of citron and lime fruit. They make a beautiful hedge and the long thorns on them make them almost as impregnable as a barbed wire fence.

After breakfast we rode back to Apia to get our things from off the schooner. We reached Apia, and got a boat and rowed out in the bay, passing within three or four feet of the wrecked men-of-war, and at last reached the schooner, only to learn that the captain had gone ashore. The man in charge refused to let us have the things without the captain's order. We wrote a note and sent it ashore by a native, who took it but did not return to tell us anything about it. We waited a while, and at last, exasperated, we pulled for the shore. We found that the native had been there (to where he was directed), and the captain had received for the money. We got the receipt and again rowed out to the schooner. This time, after a good deal of jangling, we succeeded in getting our things. It was getting late and we must now hurry, as we had to row out by water to Fagali, unload our baggage and row back to Apia. It was almost night, so we pulled with a will, and after getting stuck on the rocks and sand bars several times, we at last reached Fagali, exhausted—at least Brother Summerhays and myself were. We had such a large load that we sat all cramped up, and had to row that way against the wind and tide.

We got back to Apia just before dark, left our boat, got our horses and rode over the plantation again, to Fagali. On Friday, July 17th, Brother Dean and myself started for a trip to the other end of the island on foot. We had extra clothing and some books to carry, so had to have satchels or knapsacks to carry. We started in the afternoon and walked about eight miles. The island (Upolu) is mountainous in the interior and the villages are built along the shore, short distances apart. Almost every three or four miles we traveled, we came to a village.

The natives all know us, and as we pass through their villages they run out or call to us to come in and rest. Their houses are usually round and rise dome shaped at the top. The roof comes down to within about four feet of the ground, so when you go in you stoop your head. In the daytime this four feet high space is open all around, so you can see through the house from any direction. At night it is all closed but one space about three feet wide. They arrange it this wise: They