

occupied a central position between them, being lashed to the timber, and thus prevented from sinking. Secured in this manner all the people after deciding to make their way to Tahiti if possible, left the capsized vessel at 6 o'clock on a Friday evening, the capsizing having occurred in the morning. A woman's shawl fastened to a short stick or paddle which was raised from the raft served the purpose of a sail, the canvass taken from the schooner having been used to wrap around the boat. Being exposed to the mercy of wind and waves, the unique rafter was kept heading in the direction of Tahiti for three days, but as the wind was contrary, that island was about as far off at the end of that time as when they started out. The wind blowing in the direction of Rurutu, it was now decided to change course and head for that island and after suffering terribly from want of food and water, a single box of oranges being the only eatables secured from the schooner, Rurutu was finally reached on the Saturday, just eight days from the time of the shipwrecking. As the raft was thrown violently against the reef, all the people were cast into the sea, but they had strength enough left to swim to shore, and thus they were all saved. The people of Rurutu treated the unfortunate navigators with great kindness, and after recuperating for several days, they were taken back on another vessel to their own island, Tubaa. As an appreciation of bravery and true merit, Captain Teuira was subsequently awarded a gold medal by the French government, of which he appears to be justly proud.

Tuesday, February 18th. Early in the morning the island of Kaukura was seen straight ahead, and we were making good speed towards it when the wind suddenly died out and left us drifting helplessly at sea. About noon, however, a breeze sprang up which enabled us to reach that particular motu or part of Kaukura which is known as Raitahiti where some of the people are located temporarily to gather and dry cocoanuts for the markets. At 2 o'clock p. m., the ship boat was launched and Elder Cutler and I landed together with a part of the crew who were going to work with the cobra. The passage over the reef at this point is a dangerous one, and several accidents have happened of late both to men and boats, but the weather being good, we got safely in. On landing we met a number of natives, who greeted us warmly and invited us into one of their huts, where we were given cocoanut milk to drink. We then engaged in long conversations with some of the leading men present, among whom were Tetuarere who presides over the Josephite organization on the island of Kaukura. Elder Cutler talked a long time to the people who gathered to see us, and they all seemed very much pleased with what they heard, and when we left, they presented us with two baskets of cocoanuts and two live chickens. We returned to the ship after sundown.

The island of Kaukura is twenty-six miles long from northwest to southeast and ten miles broad on an average. Its west point is in latitude 15°43' south, longitude 146°30' west, and about 195 miles northeast of Tahiti. It has a boat entrance near the northwest end. About 200 tons of cobra is exported from the island per year. The lagoon also abound with pearls, but it is closed at

present. Among those Elder Cutler and I met on shore the two white traders of the island, one (Peter Peterson) was a Shaleswick Dane, the other (George Richmond) an American from the State of Massachusetts. No schooner or other vessel from Tahiti having called for a long time, the island had been short of provisions for over two months, and even the traders asserted that they had been without bread for three weeks. All the flour consumed here is imported from San Francisco, and is sold by the local traders at the rate of seven Chilean dollars per 100 pounds. Mr Richmond has married a native wife with whom he has twelve children. The other man simply lives with a native woman.

Wednesday, February 19th. The shipping of cobra was continued from yesterday, and it took all day before the crew finished their labors. In the evening all the men came on board, and the ship stood off and on all night as she had done all day. Elder Cutler and I remaining on board, spent the day reading and writing. The day was exceedingly hot, and life on the Teavaroa that day was in consequence anything but pleasant. About fourteen tons of cobra was taken on board. Cobra has only been known in the Pacific ocean during the last twenty years. It was first introduced by Godeffroi and company, the well known Hamburg House, who laid the foundation of the German interests in the South seas. The introduction of cobra changed the face of the oil trade and gave a new value to the low atolls or lagoon islands which are the cobra's natural home. The kernel of the nut is dried and sent to Hamburg or other European ports, where the oil is extracted, and the refuse sent as oil cake to England. The cobra palm loves the sea air, and the salt spray; and on these low atolls it gets both. The absence of grass or other competing growths makes the cost of cultivation small. The cost of gathering the harvest is also easy. The fruit which ripens on the tree, is collected and husked when it falls; and the kernel, after being dried in the sun, is cut up and loaded in bulk in the ship's hold. The natives are very skillful in the preparation of cobra, and they seem to like the work connected with it.

Thursday, February 20th. We awoke early enough to behold the beautiful sunrise, at which time we were only half a mile off Panau, the only village of any importance on the island of Kaukura. At 6 o'clock a. m., Elder Cutler and myself landed with the ship's boat which brought goods on shore. The boat landing here is quite safe, and consists of a break in the reef through which a small vessel can approach the dry sandy beach within one hundred feet or so. As soon as we landed the inhabitants of the village flocked around to shake hands and bid us welcome, and we were at once conducted through the main portion of the village to the house of Teura, the native trader whom we had met before on the neighboring motu. The principal men of the island soon gathered or rather followed us there, and we now spent about an hour in lively conversation, telling them something about Church history, and showing them views, specimens of rocks from some of our Temples, etc., which seemed to interest them very much. When we were ready to leave, some of them made us presents of shells, and said they were much pleased with our visit.

The village of Panau occupies nearly the entire surface of the motu known by that name, which is about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, and is covered with young thrifty cocoanut trees. These have all been planted since the cyclone in 1878, when the entire island was bereft of its fine growth of trees and brush of every kind; also the whole village was destroyed, only one house being left standing, and the ruined condition of that one was pointed out to us as we passed. The most imposing structure of the village is the Catholic Church, a stone building surmounted with a little spire, which presents a fine appearance from the sea. The meeting house which the Josephites are using is a plain lumber structure with board shutters instead of windows. This also was built after the cyclone, mostly from the material which had been in the former one that was blown down by the storm. The main thoroughfare of the village is lined on both sides with cocoanut trees, and the houses, many of which are built in European style, lie scattered somewhat irregular on both sides of the alley. Before the cyclone the island contained over 200 inhabitants; now it has scarcely much above half of that number according to the best information we could obtain, as one hundred persons perished during the storm. This catastrophe need not have happened; but when the natives saw their island almost inundated by ocean water which the terrific wind blew over it, and their cocoanut trees pulled up by the roots or break square over in other instances, some of them seemed to lose their presence of mind, and ordinary judgment, as they took to their boats and pushed off on to the lagoon; but of course no boat could live upon the water in such weather, and the consequence was that all those who embarked were drowned, while all who remained on land escaped with their lives though they lost nearly all their property. No other island of the Tuamotu group suffered in that storm to such an extent as Kaukura, as the centre or the heaviest part of the cyclone seemed to strike it with all its force.

Among the natives with whom we conversed at Panau was an old man by the name of Telohepa, who claimed to have met the late Elder Benjamin F. Grouard on the island of Ragihoa about the year 1852, or just before that Elder returned to America. He also said that there was a continuous branch of the Church on Kaukura from the time the American Elders left till the Josephites came.

About 7:30 a. m., we returned to the ship which about half an hour later set sail for the neighboring island of Arutua about twenty miles distant. About 10 a. m., the tree tops of that island were seen ahead; but as the wind was contrary, it took us till late in the afternoon to reach a point off Rautini, the name of that particular motu of Arutua where the village stands and the people live. About 3 p. m., the ship's boat was launched and left for the village. I jumped in at the last moment, but Elder Cutler, who was not through with his toilette, was left behind. As the wind blew toward the island, the ship dared not go in close to the reef, hence the crew had to row the boat a long distance to the place of landing, and as the sea had a very heavy swell on, the rowing was difficult, and we were tossed about