

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.  
JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XXIV.

Sunday, August 11 After breakfast Mr. Wm. Wilson, the chief engineer of the Nausori sugar mill placed me on a cane truck and called on two Indians to act as propeller; and off we started for Na Korociriciri, two and three-fourth miles distant. The poor fellows ran their best, at least a part of the way, endeavoring to give me a good ride, which was pleasant throughout for me. The road bed built to conduct the sugar cane from the vast plantation fields to the mill, passing through the central part of the fields. Na Korociriciri, consists of a cluster of houses (located on a hill) which serves as quarters for one of the plantation overseers and a large number of Coolies and Indians. At this place I met according to appointment made the previous evening, Mr. Eardley J. Mare, one of the plantation overseers, and Charles J. Morey, a man who has spent twenty five years in Fiji, and understands the native language almost to perfection. With these two gentlemen I started out on a four-mile walk through a hilly country covered with a dense tropical forest, in the direction of Bau, the old native capital of Fiji. On the road we passed a point where a pitched battle was fought many years ago between two tribes or nations of Fijians, in which the side commanded by the king of Bau were victorious and killed about eight of their enemies, whose bodies they took with them to the island of Bau, where they cooked and devoured them in regular cannibal style.

At the end of our walk we found ourselves in the native village of Namata, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of a river or very wide creek called Wai Namata. Here we were well received and treated to luncheon in the house of Ruta Marika, who was once a great chief and also a judge under the Colonial government. He is a stout, well built man, with a dignified bearing and a very intelligent look for a Fijian; he also occupies the largest house in the village, and has an interesting family. He could not tell us how old he was, but said that he had a beard when the missionaries first arrived in the islands (in 1835.) He and his people seemed to feel quite proud of their little new church which had recently been built upon the hill top immediately behind the village; upon which I showed him a picture of the Salt Lake City Temple, and a sample of the rock of which it is built, and had Mr. Morey explain the nature and size of the building to him. He seemed astonished, as if he had never known before that buildings of such dimensions existed in the world. He also for the first time in his life heard the name of Utah and the Mormons mentioned, and wanted to know if I and my people were Christians. Our interpreter explained to him that I also cater Christianity in its primeval purity, and preached the Gospel exactly the same as it had been preached by Christ and his Apostles in ancient days. This seemed please him very much; and I only wished that I had possessed a knowledge

his language so that I might have given him further explanations. At the chief's house we also met Ratu Tuisevura, the district doctor, who is a grandson of old King Cakobau. He decided to accompany us to Bau, where his father, the head chief of Fiji, still resides.

We next hired a boat with four stout young fellows to row it, and down the river, down the river it went merrily, for the rowers seemed to be in the best of humor and broke out into hearty peals of laughter whenever they noticed anything in the movements of their passengers or surroundings which pleased them. At length after rounding several points and bends in the river we reached the ocean, when our jolly oarsmen pulled straight for the island of Bau which we reached about 2 o'clock p. m., about three miles from where we got into the boat. We were met at the landing by quite a number of natives whose curiosity had been somewhat aroused at seeing three white men nearing their island town.

Soon after landing we met Mr. A. J. Small, the Wesleyan Methodist minister residing here, and his wife. They were going off to fill an appointment on a neighboring island. I had a hurried and quite interesting conversation with Mr. Small, who told me that the Wesleyan Methodists had 99,000 adherents on the group, to whom nine white missionaries and a large number of natives were "discouraging the word of God" every Sabbath. Ten white missionaries were the number allotted to the group, but one of their number had died quite recently. So thorough has been the labors of the Wesleyans on Fiji, that there is not a village on the whole group which is not included in their field of operation. The headquarters of the Wesleyan mission are at the native town of Navolova, situated at the mouth of one of the outlets of the Rewa river, about eight miles from Bau. Mr. Small expressed his dislike for the Catholics who were a continued menace to the labors of the Wesleyans, as they were following in their track nearly everywhere, sowing the seed of discord and dispute, as he said, among the natives.

Bau is a little island with an area of about twenty-five acres lying less than half a mile off the east coast of Viti Levu. It consists of a small round tapped hill with a rim of flat land three parts around it—a very narrow rim at the side, but running out like the peak of a cap into a good building level on the northeast. The mission premises occupy the hill top; the native houses of the town with their tiny gardens, trees and small water holes are all on the flat. The Wesleyan Methodist church, a rock building with an iron roof, is also situated on the flat, but right at the foot of the hill. The flat portion of the island is artificial; the natives (perhaps centuries ago) having brought the soil from the main land. The hill rises to an height of about fifty feet above the sea level. There is nothing on the hill except the missionary buildings and the grave of King Cakobau (pronounced Thakombau.) The village on the flat consists of nearly fifty native houses built very irregularly with narrow alley ways between them, and surrounding the raised square on which formerly

stood the heathen Temple, before the portals of which so many poor Fijians in bygone years ended an inglorious existence by having their brains dashed out upon a large stone which still occupies a prominent position at the foot of the great pedestal. After being killed they were eaten by their countrymen. Bau sustains the proud distinction of being the scene of more cannibalism than any other spot on the Fijian Islands. Tradition says that on one occasion when the king of Bau returned from a victorious war-fare against the tribes in the mountain regions of Viti Levu, the dead bodies of their enemies were piled up in a long row about six feet high, and the whole nation who obeyed the King of Bau were invited to a grand cannibal feast on the island.

We spent about three hours on the island of Bau during which we visited all the points of interest, among which the old heathen Temple site was one of the most important. The pedestal on which the temple once stood is well preserved and stands about ten feet above the level of the ground surrounding it. The historic stone on which so many heads were crushed in times past is still there; and Mr. John Acraman, a native of England and the only merchant of Bau, who was with us, related some extravagant stories about old Fijian cannibal times, associated with Bau and the heathen Temple. These, however, I do not feel disposed to give to the readers of the News at present; but will merely say that the last cannibal tragedy enacted on Bau according to the best memory, was associated with a visit of some very high native dignitaries to the court of Bau. The king who desired to show extra honors to his distinguished guests sent his men out to secure "long pig" for the occasion; and these men seeing a number of women fishing on the island a short distance went and captured eight of them, forced them up to the Temple front, killed them on the rock above mentioned and then delivered their bodies to the cooks who prepared them for the great cannibal feast which follows.

We also called on the old chief, Ratu Epeli Nailatikau, who is the eldest living son of King Cakobau. He is a very stout and muscular built man, unusually dark-skinned for a Fijian, wears a heavy mustache and side whiskers and looked at first cross enough to eat a man, even at this late day. I induced him to give me his autograph, but he seemed too tired to get the ink, so he wrote it with a lead pencil on one of my business cards. He became quite interested when I showed him my Salt Lake views and wanted to know if the navigation was very extensive on that great American inland sea. By way of reciprocating he showed us a horrid picture of a cannibal feast, which took place at Bau in 1849. It was painted from nature by some English sailors who were visiting the island at the time.

We also visited King Cakobau's daughter-in-law, a Tongan woman of rank and the relict of the late Ratu Timoci (Timothy) and mother of the so-called princesses to whom I was introduced in the native village near Suva. By request she gave me her autograph as Ane Tubou, and said she was thirty-eight years old, though she might pass for twenty-five. She felt highly pleased when we referred to her youthful appearance, and that she was as good