



# Melville

Typee, Omoo, Mardi

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# HERMAN MELVILLE

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TYPEE

*A Peep at Polynesian Life*

OMOO

*A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas*

MARDI

*and a Voyage Thither*

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ISBN 978-0-940450-00-4 (print)

ISBN 978-1-59853-344-6 (mobi)

# G. THOMAS TANSELLE

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WROTE THE NOTES FOR THIS VOLUME

*This volume prints the texts of Typee, Omoo, and Mardi from The Northwestern-Newberry Edition of  
The Writings of Herman Melville edited by Harrison Hayford, Hershel Parker, and G. Thomas  
Tanselle and published by Northwestern University Press and The Newberry Library, with the  
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# Contents

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[TYPEE: A Peep at Polynesian Life](#)

[OMOO: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas](#)

[MARDI: and A Voyage Thither](#)

[Chronology](#)

[Note on the Texts](#)

[Notes](#)

# TYPEE

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*A Peep at Polynesian Life*

TO

LEMUEL SHAW,

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Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

*This Little Work is Affectionately Inscribed by the Author*



# Contents

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## Preface

CHAPTER 1 • The Sea • Longings for Shore • A Land-sick Ship • Destination of the Voyagers • The Marquesas • Adventure of a Missionary's Wife among the Savages • Characteristic Anecdote of the Queen of Nukuheva

CHAPTER 2 • Passage from the Cruising Ground to the Marquesas • Sleepy times aboard Ship • South Sea Scenery • Land ho! • The French Squadron discovered at Anchor in the Bay of Nukuheva • Strange Pilot • Escort of Canoes • A Flotilla of Cocoa-nuts • Swimming Visitors • The Dolly boarded by them • State of affairs that ensue

CHAPTER 3 • Some Account of the late operations of the French at the Marquesas • Prudent Conduct of the Admiral • Sensation produced by the Arrival of the Strangers • The first Horse seen by the Islanders • Reflections • Miserable Subterfuge of the French • Digression concerning Tahiti • Seizure of the Island by the Admiral • Spirited Conduct of an English Lady

CHAPTER 4 • State of Affairs aboard the Ship • Contents of her Larder • Length of South Seamen's Voyages • Account of a Flying Whaleman • Determination to Leave the Vessel • The Bay of Nukuheva • The Typees • Invasion of their Valley by Porter • Reflections • Glen of Tior • Interview between the old King and the French Admiral

CHAPTER 5 • Thoughts previous to attempting an Escape • Toby, a Fellow Sailor, agrees to share the Adventure • Last Night aboard the Ship

CHAPTER 6 • A Specimen of Nautical Oratory • Criticisms of the Sailors • The Starboard Watch are given a Holiday • The Escape to the Mountains

CHAPTER 7 • The other side of the Mountain • Disappointment • Inventory of Articles brought from the Ship • Division of the Stock of Bread • Appearance of the Interior of the Island • A Discovery • A Ravine and Waterfalls • A sleepless Night • Further Discoveries • My Illness • A Marquesan Landscape

CHAPTER 8 • The Important Question, Typee or Happar? • A Wild-Goose Chase • My Sufferings • Disheartening Situation • A Night in a Ravine • Morning Meal • Happy Idea of Toby • Journey towards the Valley

CHAPTER 9 • Perilous Passage of the Ravine • Descent into the Valley

---

CHAPTER 10 • The Head of the Valley • Cautious Advance • A Path • Fruit • Discovery of Two of the Natives • Their singular Conduct • Approach towards the inhabited parts of the Vale • Sensation produced by our Appearance • Reception at the House of one of the Natives

CHAPTER 11 • Midnight Reflections • Morning Visitors • A Warrior in Costume • Savage Æsculapius • Practice of the Healing Art • Body Servant • A Dwelling-house of the Valley described • Portraits of its Inmates

CHAPTER 12 • Officiousness of Kory-Kory • His Devotion • A Bath in the Stream • Want of Refinement of the Typee Damsels • Stroll with Mehevi • A Typee Highway • Taboo Groves • The Hoolah-Hoolah Ground • The Ti • Time-worn Savages • Hospitality of Mehevi • Midnight Misgivings • Adventure in the Dark • Distinguished Honors paid to the Visitors • Strange Procession and Return to the House of Marheyo

CHAPTER 13 • Attempt to procure Relief from Nukuheva • Perilous Adventure of Toby in the Happar Mountain • Eloquence of Kory-Kory

CHAPTER 14 • A great Event happens in the Valley • The Island Telegraph • Something befalls Toby • Fayaway displays a tender Heart • Melancholy Reflections • Mysterious Conduct of the Islanders • Devotion of Kory-Kory • A rural Couch • A Luxury • Kory-Kory strikes a Light à la Typee

CHAPTER 15 • Kindness of Marheyo and the rest of the Islanders • A full Description of the Bread-fruit Tree • Different Modes of preparing the Fruit

CHAPTER 16 • Melancholy condition • Occurrence at the Ti • Anecdote of Marheyo • Shaving the Head of a Warrior

CHAPTER 17 • Improvement in Health and Spirits • Felicity of the Typees • Their enjoyments compared with those of more enlightened Communities • Comparative Wickedness of civilized and unenlightened People • A Skirmish in the Mountain with the Warriors of Happar

CHAPTER 18 • Swimming in company with the Girls of the Valley • A Canoe • Effects of the Taboo • A pleasure Excursion on the Pond • Beautiful freak of Fayaway • Mantua-making • A Stranger arrives in the Valley • His mysterious conduct • Native Oratory • The Interview • Its Results • Departure of the Stranger

CHAPTER 19 • Reflections after Marnoo's Departure • Battle of the Pop-guns • Strange conceit of

CHAPTER 20 • History of a day as usually spent in the Typee Valley • Dances of the Marquesan Girls

CHAPTER 21 • The Spring of Arva Wai • Remarkable Monumental Remains • Some ideas with regard to the History of the Pi-Pis found in the Valley

CHAPTER 22 • Preparations for a Grand Festival in the Valley • Strange doings in the Taboo Groves • Monument of Calabashes • Gala costume of the Typee damsels • Departure for the Festival

CHAPTER 23 • The Feast of Calabashes

CHAPTER 24 • Ideas suggested by the Feast of Calabashes • Inaccuracy of certain published Accounts of the Islands • A Reason • Neglected State of Heathenism in the Valley • Effigy of a dead Warrior • A singular Superstition • The Priest Kolory and the God Moa Artua • Amazing Religious Observance • A dilapidated Shrine • Kory-Kory and the Idol • An Inference

CHAPTER 25 • General Information gathered at the Festival • Personal Beauty of the Typees • Their Superiority over the Inhabitants of the other Islands • Diversity of Complexion • A Vegetable Cosmetic and Ointment • Testimony of Voyagers to the uncommon Beauty of the Marquesans • Feared Evidences of Intercourse with Civilized Beings • Dilapidated Musket • Primitive Simplicity of Government • Regal Dignity of Mehevi

CHAPTER 26 • King Mehevi • Allusion to his Hawaiian Majesty • Conduct of Marheyo and Mehevi in certain delicate matters • Peculiar system of Marriage • Number of Population • Uniformity • Embalming • Places of Sepulture • Funeral obsequies at Nukuheva • Number of Inhabitants in Typee • Location of the Dwellings • Happiness enjoyed in the Valley • A Warning • Some ideas with regard to the Civilization of the Islands • Reference to the Present state of the Hawaiians • Story of a Missionary's Wife • Fashionable Equipages at Oahu • Reflections

CHAPTER 27 • The Social Condition and General Character of the Typees

CHAPTER 28 • Fishing Parties • Mode of distributing the Fish • Midnight Banquet • Timekeeping Tapers • Unceremonious style of eating the Fish

CHAPTER 29 • Natural History of the Valley • Golden Lizards • Tameness of the Birds • Mosquitos • Flies • Dogs • A solitary Cat • The Climate • The Cocoa-nut Tree • Singular modes of climbing it • An agile young Chief • Fearlessness of the Children • Too-Too and the Cocoa-nut Tree • The Birds of the Valley

CHAPTER 30 • A Professor of the Fine Arts • His Persecutions • Something about Tattooing and Tabooing • Two Anecdotes in illustration of the latter • A few thoughts on the Typee Dialect

CHAPTER 31 • Strange custom of the Islanders • Their Chanting, and the peculiarity of their Voice • Rapture of the King at first hearing a Song • A new Dignity conferred on the Author • Musical Instruments in the Valley • Admiration of the Savages at beholding a Pugilistic Performance • Swimming Infant • Beautiful Tresses of the Girls • Ointment for the Hair

CHAPTER 32 • Apprehensions of Evil • Frightful Discovery • Some remarks on Cannibalism • Second Battle with the Happers • Savage Spectacle • Mysterious Feast • Subsequent Disclosures

CHAPTER 33 • The Stranger again arrives in the Valley • Singular Interview with him • Attempt to Escape • Failure • Melancholy Situation • Sympathy of Marheyo

CHAPTER 34 • The Escape

Appendix • Provisional cession to Lord George Paulet of the Sandwich Islands

Sequel • The Story of Toby

# Preface

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**M**ORE THAN THREE YEARS have elapsed since the occurrence of the events recorded in this volume. The interval, with the exception of the last few months, has been chiefly spent by the author tossing about on the wide ocean. Sailors are the only class of men who now-a-days see anything like stirring adventure; and many things which to fire-side people appear strange and romantic, to them seem as common-place as a jacket out at elbows. Yet, notwithstanding the familiarity of sailors with all sorts of curious adventure, the incidents recorded in the following pages have often served when “spun as a yarn,” not only to relieve the weariness of many a night-watch at sea, but to excite the warmest sympathies of the author’s shipmates. He has been therefore led to think that his story could scarcely fail to interest those who are less familiar than the sailor with a life of adventure.

In his account of the singular and interesting people among whom he was thrown, it will be observed that he chiefly treats of their more obvious peculiarities; and, in describing their customs, refrains in most cases from entering into explanations concerning their origin and purposes. As writers of travels among barbarous communities are generally very diffuse on these subjects, he deems it right to advert to what may be considered a culpable omission. No one can be more sensible than the author of his deficiencies in this and many other respects; but when the very peculiar circumstances which he was placed are understood, he feels assured that all these omissions will be excused.

In very many published narratives no little degree of attention is bestowed upon dates; but as the author lost all knowledge of the days of the week, during the occurrence of the scenes herein related, he hopes that the reader will charitably pass over his shortcomings in this particular.

In the Polynesian words used in this volume—except in those cases where the spelling has been previously determined by others—that form of orthography has been employed, which might be supposed most easily to convey their sound to a stranger. In several works descriptive of the islands of the Pacific, many of the most beautiful combinations of vocal sounds have been altogether lost to the ear of the reader by an over-attention to the ordinary rules of spelling.

There are a few passages in the ensuing chapters which may be thought to bear rather hard upon the reverend order of men, the account of whose proceedings in different quarters of the globe—transmitted to us through their own hands—very generally, and often very deservedly, receives high commendation. Such passages will be found, however, to be based upon facts admitting of no contradiction, and which have come immediately under the writer’s cognizance. The conclusions deduced from these facts are unavoidable, and in stating them the author has been influenced by no feeling of animosity, either to the individuals themselves or to that glorious cause which has not always been served by the proceedings of some of its advocates.

The great interest with which the important events lately occurring at the Sandwich, Marquesa

and Society Islands, have been regarded in America and England, and indeed throughout the world, will, he trusts, justify a few otherwise unwarrantable digressions.

There are some things related in the narrative which will be sure to appear strange, or perhaps entirely incomprehensible, to the reader; but they cannot appear more so to him than they did to the author at the time. He has stated such matters just as they occurred, and leaves every one to form his own opinion concerning them; trusting that his anxious desire to speak the unvarnished truth will gain for him the confidence of his readers.

# Chapter 1

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THE SEA • LONGINGS FOR SHORE • A LAND-SICK SHIP • DESTINATION OF THE VOYAGERS • THE MARQUESAS • ADVENTURE OF A MISSIONARY'S WIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES • CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN OF NUKUHEVA

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SIX MONTHS AT SEA! Yes, reader, as I live, six months out of sight of land; cruising after the sperm whale beneath the scorching sun of the Line, and tossed on the billows of the wide-rolling Pacific—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else! Weeks and weeks ago our fresh provisions were all exhausted. There is not a sweet potatoe left; not a single yam. Those glorious bunches of bananas which once decorated our stern and quarter-deck have, alas, disappeared! and the delicious oranges which hung suspended from our tops and stays—they, too, are gone! Yes, they are all departed, and there is nothing left us but salt-horse and sea-biscuit. Oh! ye state-room sailors, who make so much ado about a fourteen-days' passage across the Atlantic; who so pathetically relate the privations and hardships of the sea, where, after a day of breakfasting, lunching, dining off five courses, chatting and playing whist, and drinking champagne-punch, it was your hard lot to be shut up in little cabinets of mahogany and maple, and sleep for ten hours, with nothing to disturb you but “those good-for-nothing tars, shouting and tramping over head,”—what would ye say to our six months out of sight of land?

Oh! for a refreshing glimpse of one blade of grass—for a snuff at the fragrance of a handful of the loamy earth! Is there nothing fresh around us? Is there no green thing to be seen? Yes, the inside of our bulwarks is painted green; but what a vile and sickly hue it is, as if nothing bearing even the semblance of verdure could flourish this weary way from land. Even the bark that once clung to the wood we use for fuel has been gnawed off and devoured by the captain's pig; and so long ago, too, that the pig himself has in turn been devoured.

There is but one solitary tenant in the chicken-coop, once a gay and dapper young cock, bearing himself so bravely among the coy hens. But look at him now; there he stands, moping all the day long on that everlasting one leg of his. He turns with disgust from the mouldy corn before him, and the brackish water in his little trough. He mourns no doubt his lost companions, literally snatched from him one by one, and never seen again. But his days of mourning will be few; for Mungo, our black cook, told me yesterday that the word had at last gone forth, and poor Pedro's fate was sealed. His attenuated body will be laid out upon the captain's table next Sunday, and long before night will be buried with all the usual ceremonies beneath that worthy individual's vest. Who would believe that there could be any one so cruel as to long for the decapitation of the luckless Pedro; yet the sailors pray every minute, selfish fellows, that the miserable fowl may be brought to his end. They say that the captain will never point the ship for the land so long as he has in anticipation a mess of fresh meat.

This unhappy bird can alone furnish it; and when he is once devoured, the captain will come to his senses. I wish thee no harm, Peter; but as thou art doomed, sooner or later, to meet the fate of all the race; and if putting a period to thy existence is to be the signal for our deliverance, why—truth to speak—I wish thy throat cut this very moment; for, oh! how I wish to see the living earth again! The old ship herself longs to look out upon the land from her hawse-holes once more, and Jack Lewis saw right the other day when the captain found fault with his steering.

“Why, d’ye see, Captain Vangs,” says bold Jack, “I’m as good a helmsman as ever put hand to spoke; but none of us can steer the old lady now. We can’t keep her full and bye, sir: watch her ever so close, she will fall off; and then, sir, when I put the helm down so gently, and try like to coax her to do the work, she won’t take it kindly, but will fall round off again; and it’s all because she knows the land is under the lee, sir, and she wont go any more to windward.” Aye, and why should she, Jack? didn’t every one of her stout timbers grow on shore, and hasn’t she sensibilities as well as we?

Poor old ship! Her very looks denote her desires: how deplorably she appears! The paint on her sides, burnt up by the scorching sun, is puffed out and cracked. See the weeds she trails along with her and what an unsightly bunch of those horrid barnacles has formed about her stern-piece; and every time she rises on a sea, she shows her copper torn away, or hanging in jagged strips.

Poor old ship! I say again: for six months she has been rolling and pitching about, never for one moment at rest. But courage, old lass, I hope to see thee soon within a biscuit’s toss of the merry land riding snugly at anchor in some green cove, and sheltered from the boisterous winds.

\* \* \*

“Hurra, my lads! It’s a settled thing; next week we shape our course to the Marquesas!” The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very name spirit up! Naked houris—cannibal banquets—groves of cocoa-nut—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs—and bamboo temples; sun-burnt valleys planted with bread-fruit-trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—*heathenish rites and human sacrifices*.

Such were the strangely jumbled anticipations that haunted me during our passage from the cruising ground. I felt an irresistible curiosity to see those islands which the olden voyagers had so glowingly described.

The group for which we were now steering (although among the earliest of European discoveries in the South Seas, having been first visited in the year 1595) still continues to be tenanted by beings as strange and barbarous as ever. The missionaries, sent on a heavenly errand, had sailed by their loved shores, and had abandoned them to their idols of wood and stone. How interesting the circumstances under which they were discovered! In the watery path of Mendanna, cruising in quest of some region of gold, these isles had sprung up like a scene of enchantment, and for a moment the Spaniards



believed his bright dream was realised. In honor of the Marquess de Mendoza, then viceroy of Peru—under whose auspices the navigator sailed—he bestowed upon them the name which denoted the rank of his patron, and gave to the world on his return a vague and magnificent account of their beauty. But these islands, undisturbed for years, relapsed into their previous obscurity; and it is only recently that anything has been known concerning them. Once in the course of a half century, to be sure, some adventurous rover would break in upon their peaceful repose, and, astonished at the unusual scene, would be almost tempted to claim the merit of a new discovery.

Of this interesting group, but little account has ever been given, if we except the slight mention made of them in the sketches of South-Sea voyages. Cook, in his repeated circumnavigations of the globe, barely touched at their shores; and all that we know about them is from a few general narratives. Among these, there are two that claim particular notice. Porter's 'Journal of the Cruise of the U.S. frigate Essex, in the Pacific, during the late War,' is said to contain some interesting particulars concerning the islanders. This is a work, however, which I have never happened to meet with; and Stewart, the chaplain of the American sloop of war Vincennes, has likewise devoted a portion of his book, entitled 'A Visit to the South Seas,' to the same subject.

Within the last few years American and English vessels engaged in the extensive whale fisheries of the Pacific have occasionally, when short of provisions, put into the commodious harbor which there is in one of the islands; but a fear of the natives, founded on a recollection of the dreadful fates which many white men have received at their hands, has deterred their crews from intermixing with the population sufficiently to gain any insight into their peculiar customs and manners.

The Protestant Missions appear to have despaired of reclaiming these islands from heathenism. The usage they have in every case received from the natives has been such as to intimidate the boldest of their number. Ellis, in his 'Polynesian Researches,' gives some interesting accounts of the abortive attempts made by the Tahiti Mission to establish a branch Mission upon certain islands of the group. A short time before my visit to the Marquesas, a somewhat amusing incident took place in connection with these efforts, which I cannot avoid relating.

An intrepid missionary, undaunted by the ill-success that had attended all previous endeavors to conciliate the savages, and believing much in the efficacy of female influence, introduced among them his young and beautiful wife, the first white woman who had ever visited their shores. The islanders at first gazed in mute admiration at so unusual a prodigy, and seemed inclined to regard it as some new divinity. But after a short time, becoming familiar with its charming aspect, and jealous of the folds which encircled its form, they sought to pierce the sacred veil of calico in which it was enshrined, and in the gratification of their curiosity so far overstepped the limits of good breeding, as to deeply offend the lady's sense of decorum. Her sex once ascertained, their idolatry was changed into contempt; and there was no end to the contumely showered upon her by the savages, who were exasperated at the deception which they conceived had been practised upon them. To the horror of her

affectionate spouse, she was stripped of her garments, and given to understand that she could no longer carry on her deceits with impunity. The gentle dame was not sufficiently evangelised to endure this, and, fearful of further improprieties, she forced her husband to relinquish his undertaking, and together they returned to Tahiti.

Not thus shy of exhibiting her charms was the Island Queen herself, the beautiful wife Mowanna, the king of Nukuheva. Between two and three years after the adventures recorded in this volume, I chanced, while aboard of a man-of-war, to touch at these islands. The French had then had possession of the Marquesas some time, and already prided themselves upon the beneficial effects of their jurisdiction, as discernible in the deportment of the natives. To be sure, in one of their efforts to reform they had slaughtered about a hundred and fifty of them at Whitiho—but let that pass. At the time I mention, the French squadron was rendezvousing in the bay of Nukuheva, and during an interview between one of their captains and our worthy Commodore, it was suggested by the former that we, as the flag-ship of the American squadron, should receive, in state, a visit from the royal pair. The French officer likewise represented, with evident satisfaction, that under their tuition the king and queen had imbibed proper notions of their elevated station, and on all ceremonious occasions conducted themselves with suitable dignity. Accordingly, preparations were made to give the majesties a reception on board in a style corresponding with their rank.

One bright afternoon, a gig, gaily bedizened with streamers, was observed to shove off from the side of one of the French frigates, and pull directly for our gangway. In the stern sheets reclined Mowanna and his consort. As they approached, we paid them all the honors due to royalty;—manning our yards, firing a salute, and making a prodigious hubbub.

They ascended the accommodation ladder, were greeted by the Commodore, hat in hand, and passing along the quarterdeck, the marine guard presented arms, while the band struck up ‘The king of the Cannibal Islands.’ So far all went well. The French officers grimaced and smiled in exceedingly high spirits, wonderfully pleased with the discreet manner in which these distinguished personages behaved themselves.

Their appearance was certainly calculated to produce an effect. His majesty was arrayed in a magnificent military uniform, stiff with gold lace and embroidery, while his shaven crown was concealed by a huge chapeau bras, waving with ostrich plumes. There was one slight blemish, however, in his appearance. A broad patch of tattooing stretched completely across his face, in a line with his eyes, making him look as if he wore a huge pair of goggles; and royalty in goggles suggests some ludicrous ideas. But it was in the adornment of the fair person of his dark-complexioned spouse that the tailors of the fleet had evinced the gaiety of their national taste. She was habited in a gauze tissue of scarlet cloth, trimmed with yellow silk, which, descending a little below the knees, exposed to view her bare legs, embellished with spiral tattooing, and somewhat resembling two miniature Trajan’s columns. Upon her head was a fanciful turban of purple velvet, figured with silver sprigs, and

surmounted by a tuft of variegated feathers.

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The ship's company crowding into the gangway to view the sight, soon arrested her majesty's attention. She singled out from their number an old *salt*, whose bare arms and feet, and exposed breasts were covered with as many inscriptions in India ink as the lid of an Egyptian sarcophagus. Notwithstanding all the sly hints and remonstrances of the French officers, she immediately approached the man, and pulling further open the bosom of his duck frock, and rolling up the leg of his wide trowsers, she gazed with admiration at the bright blue and vermilion pricking, thus disclosed to view. She hung over the fellow, caressing him, and expressing her delight in a variety of wild exclamations and gestures. The embarrassment of the polite Gauls at such an unlooked-for occurrence may be easily imagined; but picture their consternation, when all at once the royal lady, eager to display the hieroglyphics on her own sweet form, bent forward for a moment, and turning sharply round, threw up the skirts of her mantle, and revealed a sight from which the aghast Frenchmen retreated precipitately, and tumbling into their boat, fled the scene of so shocking a catastrophe.

## Chapter 2

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PASSAGE FROM THE CRUISING GROUND TO THE MARQUESAS • SLEEPY TIMES ABOARD SHIP • SOUTH SEA SCENERY • LAND HO! • THE FRENCH SQUADRON DISCOVERED AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY OF NUKUHEVA • STRANGE PILOT • ESCORT OF CANOES • A FLOTILLA OF COCOA-NUTS • SWIMMING VISITORS • THE DOLLY BOARDED BY THEM • STATE OF AFFAIRS THAT ENSUE

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I CAN NEVER FORGET the eighteen or twenty days during which the light trade-winds were silent sweeping us towards the islands. In pursuit of the sperm whale, we had been cruising on the line some twenty degrees to the westward of the Gallipagos; and all that we had to do, when our course was determined on, was to square in the yards and keep the vessel before the breeze, and then the good ship and the steady gale did the rest between them. The man at the wheel never vexed the old lady with any superfluous steering, but comfortably adjusting his limbs at the tiller, would doze away for the hour. True to her work, the Dolly headed to her course, and like one of those characters who always do best when let alone, she jogged on her way like a veteran old sea-pacer as she was.

What a delightful, lazy, languid time we had whilst we were thus gliding along! There was nothing to be done; a circumstance that happily suited our disinclination to do anything. We abandoned the fore-peak altogether, and spreading an awning over the fore-castle, slept, ate, and lounged under it the live-long day. Every one seemed to be under the influence of some narcotic. Even the officers aft, whose duty required them never to be seated while keeping a deck watch, vainly endeavored to keep on their pins; and were obliged invariably to compromise the matter by leaning up against the bulwarks, and gazing abstractedly over the side. Reading was out of the question; take your book in your hand, and you were asleep in an instant.

Although I could not avoid yielding in a great measure to the general languor, still at times I contrived to shake off the spell, and to appreciate the beauty of the scene around me. The sky presented a clear expanse of the most delicate blue, except along the skirts of the horizon, where you might see a thin drapery of pale clouds which never varied their form or color. The long, measureless dirge-like swell of the Pacific came rolling along, with its surface broken by little tiny waves sparkling in the sunshine. Every now and then a shoal of flying fish, scared from the water under the bows, would leap into the air, and fall the next moment like a shower of silver into the sea. Then you would see the superb albacore, with his glittering sides, sailing aloft, and often describing an arc in his descent, disappear on the surface of the water. Far off, the lofty jet of the whale might be seen, and nearer at hand the prowling shark, that villainous footpad of the seas, would come skulking along, and at a wary distance, regard us with his evil eye. At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters, and fade away from the

sight. But the most impressive feature of the scene was the almost unbroken silence that reigned over sky and water. Scarcely a sound could be heard but the occasional breathing of the grampus, and the rippling at the cut-water.

As we drew nearer the land, I hailed with delight the appearance of innumerable sea-fowls. Screaming and whirling in spiral tracks, they would accompany the vessel, and at times alight on our yards and stays. That piratical-looking fellow, appropriately named the man-of-war's hawk, with his blood-red bill and raven plumage, would come sweeping round us in gradually diminishing circles, till you could distinctly mark the strange flashings of his eye; and then, as if satisfied with his observation, would sail up into the air and disappear from the view. Soon, other evidences of our vicinity to the land were apparent, and it was not long before the glad announcement of its being in sight was heard from aloft,—given with that peculiar prolongation of sound that a sailor loves—"Land ho!"

The captain, darting on deck from the cabin, bawled lustily for his spy-glass; the mate in still louder accents hailed the mast-head with a tremendous "where-away?" The black cook thrust his woolly head from the galley, and Boatswain, the dog, leaped up between the knight-heads, and barked most furiously. Land ho! Aye, there it was. A hardly perceptible blue irregular outline, indicating the bold contour of the lofty heights of Nukuheva.

This island, although generally called one of the Marquesas, is by some navigators considered as forming one of a distinct cluster, comprising the islands of Ruhooka, Ropo, and Nukuheva; upon which three the appellation of the Washington Group has been bestowed. They form a triangle, and lie within the parallels of  $8^{\circ} 38'$  and  $9^{\circ} 32'$  South latitude, and  $139^{\circ} 20'$  and  $140^{\circ} 10'$  West longitude from Greenwich. With how little propriety they are to be regarded as forming a separate group will be once apparent, when it is considered that they lie in the immediate vicinity of the other islands, that is to say, less than a degree to the north-west of them; that their inhabitants speak the Marquesan dialect, and that their laws, religion, and general customs are identical. The only reason why they were ever thus arbitrarily distinguished, may be attributed to the singular fact, that their existence was altogether unknown to the world until the year 1791, when they were discovered by Captain Ingraham, of Boston, Massachusetts, nearly two centuries after the discovery of the adjacent islands by the agent of the Spanish Viceroy. Notwithstanding this, I shall follow the example of most voyagers, and treat of them as forming part and parcel of the Marquesas.

Nukuheva is the most important of these islands, being the only one at which ships are much in the habit of touching, and is celebrated as being the place where the adventurous Captain Portlock refitted his ships during the late war between England and the United States, and whence he sallied out upon the large whaling fleet then sailing under the enemy's flag in the surrounding seas. This island is about twenty miles in length and nearly as many in breadth. It has three good harbors on its coast; the largest and best of which is called by the people living in its vicinity 'Tyohee,' and by Captain Portlock

was denominated Massachusetts Bay. Among the adverse tribes dwelling about the shores of the other bays, and by all voyagers, it is generally known by the name bestowed upon the island itself—Nukuheva. Its inhabitants have become somewhat corrupted, owing to their recent commerce with Europeans; but so far as regards their peculiar customs and general mode of life, they retain the original primitive character, remaining very nearly in the same state of nature in which they were first beheld by white men. The hostile clans, residing in the more remote sections of the island, and very seldom holding any communication with foreigners, are in every respect unchanged from their earliest known condition.

In the bay of Nukuheva was the anchorage we desired to reach. We had perceived the loom of the mountains about sunset; so that after running all night with a very light breeze, we found ourselves close in with the island the next morning; but as the bay we sought lay on its farther side, we were obliged to sail some distance along the shore, catching, as we proceeded, short glimpses of blooming valleys, deep glens, waterfalls, and waving groves, hidden here and there by projecting and rocky headlands, every moment opening to the view some new and startling scene of beauty.

Those who for the first time visit the South Seas, generally are surprised at the appearance of the islands when beheld from the sea. From the vague accounts we sometimes have of their beauty, many people are apt to picture to themselves enamelled and softly swelling plains, shaded over with delicious groves, and watered by purling brooks, and the entire country but little elevated above the surrounding ocean. The reality is very different; bold rock-bound coasts, with the surf beating high against the lofty cliffs, and broken here and there into deep inlets, which open to the view thickly wooded valleys, separated by the spurs of mountains clothed with tufted grass, and sweeping down towards the sea from an elevated and furrowed interior, form the principal features of these islands.

Towards noon we drew abreast the entrance to the harbor, and at last we slowly swept by the intervening promontory, and entered the bay of Nukuheva. No description can do justice to its beauty; but that beauty was lost to me then, and I saw nothing but the tri-colored flag of France trailing over the stern of six vessels, whose black hulls and bristling broadsides proclaimed their warlike character. There they were, floating in that lovely bay, the green eminences of the shore looking down so tranquilly upon them, as if rebuking the sternness of their aspect. To my eye nothing could be more out of keeping than the presence of these vessels; but we soon learnt what brought them there. The whole group of islands had just been taken possession of by Rear Admiral Du Petit Thouars, in the name of the invincible French nation.

This item of information was imparted to us by a most extraordinary individual, a genuine South Sea vagabond, who came alongside of us in a whale-boat as soon as we entered the bay, and by the aid of some benevolent persons at the gangway was assisted on board, for our visitor was in the most interesting stage of intoxication when a man is amiable and helpless. Although he was utterly unable to stand erect or to navigate his body across the deck, he still magnanimously proffered his services

pilot the ship to a good and secure anchorage. Our captain, however, rather distrusted his ability in the respect, and refused to recognise his claim to the character he assumed; but our gentleman was determined to play his part, for by dint of much scrambling he succeeded in getting into the weather quarter boat, where he steadied himself by holding on to a shroud, and then commenced issuing his commands with amazing volubility and very peculiar gestures. Of course no one obeyed his orders, but as it was impossible to quiet him, we swept by the ships of the squadron with this strange fellow performing his antics in full view of all the French officers.

We afterwards learned that our eccentric friend had been a lieutenant in the English navy; but having disgraced his flag by some criminal conduct in one of the principal ports on the main, he had deserted his ship, and spent many years wandering among the islands of the Pacific, until accidentally being at Nukuheva when the French took possession of the place, he had been appointed pilot of the harbor by the newly constituted authorities.

As we slowly advanced up the bay, numerous canoes pushed off from the surrounding shores, and we were soon in the midst of quite a flotilla of them, their savage occupants struggling to get aboard of us, and jostling one another in their ineffectual attempts. Occasionally the projecting outriggers of their slight shallops running foul of one another, would become entangled beneath the water, threatening to capsize the canoes, when a scene of confusion would ensue that baffles description. Such strange outcries and passionate gesticulations I never certainly heard or saw before. You would have thought the islanders were on the point of flying at one another's throats, whereas they were only amicably engaged in disentangling their boats.

Scattered here and there among the canoes might be seen numbers of cocoa nuts floating close together in circular groups, and bobbing up and down with every wave. By some inexplicable means these cocoa nuts were all steadily approaching towards the ship. As I leaned curiously over the side endeavoring to solve their mysterious movements, one mass far in advance of the rest attracted my attention. In its centre was something I could take for nothing else than a cocoa nut, but which I certainly considered one of the most extraordinary specimens of the fruit I had ever seen. It kept twirling and dancing about among the rest in the most singular manner, and as it drew nearer I thought it bore a remarkable resemblance to the brown shaven skull of one of the savages. Presently it betrayed a pair of eyes, and soon I became aware that what I had supposed to have been one of the fruit was nothing else than the head of an islander, who had adopted this singular method of bringing his produce to market. The cocoa nuts were all attached to one another by strips of the husk, partly torn from the shell and rudely fastened together. Their proprietor inserting his head into the midst of them, impelled his necklace of cocoa nuts through the water by striking out beneath the surface with his feet.

I was somewhat astonished to perceive that among the number of natives that surrounded us not a single female was to be seen. At that time I was ignorant of the fact that by the operation of the

“taboo” the use of canoes in all parts of the island is rigorously prohibited to the entire sex, for whom it is death even to be seen entering one when hauled on shore; consequently, whenever a Marquesa lady voyages by water, she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body.

We had approached within a mile and a half perhaps of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard of us at the risk of swamping the canoes, directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel. At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured that it was caused by a shoal of “whihenies” (young girls), who in this manner were coming off from the shore to welcome us. As they drew nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm bearing above the water the girdle of tappa, and their long dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids:—and very like mermaids they behaved too.

We were still some distance from the beach, and under slow headway, when we sailed right into the midst of these swimming nymphs, and they boarded us at every quarter; many seizing hold of the chain-plates and springing into the chains; others, at the peril of being run over by the vessel in her course, catching at the bob-stays, and wreathing their slender forms about the ropes, hung suspended in the air. All of them at length succeeded in getting up the ship’s side, where they clung dripping with the brine and glowing from the bath, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and hair enveloping their otherwise naked forms. There they hung, sparkling with savage vivacity, laughing gaily at one another, and chattering away with infinite glee. Nor were they idle the while, for each one performed the simple offices of the toilette for the other. Their luxuriant locks, wound up and twisted into the smallest possible compass, were freed from the briny element; the whole person carefully dried, and from a little round shell that passed from hand to hand, anointed with a fragrant oil: the adornments were completed by passing a few loose folds of white tappa, in a modest cincture, around the waist. Thus arrayed they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bulwarks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. Many of them went forward, perching upon the head-rails, or running out upon the bowsprit, while others seated themselves upon the taffrail, or reclined at full length upon the boats. What a sight for us bachelor sailors! how avoid so dire a temptation? For who could think of tumbling these artless creatures overboard, when they had swam miles to welcome us?

Their appearance perfectly amazed me; their extreme youth, the light clear brown of their complexions, their delicate features, and inexpressibly graceful figures, their softly moulded limbs, and free unstudied action, seemed as strange as beautiful.

The ‘Dolly’ was fairly captured; and never I will say was vessel carried before by such a dashing and irresistible party of boarders! The ship taken, we could not do otherwise than yield ourselves prisoners, and for the whole period that she remained in the bay, the ‘Dolly,’ as well as her crew, were completely in the hands of the mermaids.



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