

strings of a very tiny white shell, only to be found on the Island of Nihau (Neehow), and which were worn as necklaces, but only by the reigning chiefs or their families.

In our frequent rides and drives we were interested observers of the process by which *poi* (pronounced with a short, sharp accent), the staple food of the natives, is made from the *taro* (tarro) root. This *taro* has leaves very much like the calla, and the ground in which it is to be planted is prepared in terraces, so that any stream of water can be diverted into the "patches," as they are called, and gradually completely irrigate them without any great exertion—a thing which the Hawaiian native abhors with a holy horror. A hillside covered with a succession of these *taro* patches is always a fresh, cool thing to look at, each patch being outlined by banks of grass, on which one may walk from one terrace to another. The *taro* roots, after being boiled until soft enough to have the rough, fibrous skin peeled off, are transferred to a wooden bowl, and mashed into a thick, heavy paste. This is diluted with cold water to the consistency of sago, of which it has much the same taste, and is then put into calabashes, sometimes into one for the general table. The whole family assemble to enjoy it; each man, woman, and child dips two grimy fingers into the glutinous mass, gathering as much as possible, and throwing back the head, when the fingers are placed in the mouth, and the food sucked off them with immense gusto. The process is performed with astonishing rapidity, and is a most horrible sight. *Poi* has all the elements necessary to nourishment, and is often prescribed to invalids as being remarkably easy of digestion. Many white people relish it eaten with salt fish, beef-steak, or with milk and sugar. The natives have what are called "poi dogs," similar to small, white, French poodles, which are greatly petted, fed on nothing but *poi*, and then—eaten! It is one of their most highly relished delicacies, but I never heard of an English visitor being induced to taste poi dog. In old times the natives lived on a nearly vegetarian diet—onions, sweet potatoes, bananas, and some species of seaweed, with the addition of fish, either cooked or raw; but now to these they add those choice delicacies, the flesh of the pig and poi dog. Their ordinary beverage at feasts is soda water, with large quantities of whiskey and gin. A most intoxicating liquor is obtained from the root of the *ava* plant, which is chewed into a slimy pulp by female retainers attached to the household for this purpose (a most revolting idea), then put into bowls, and left to ferment. A liquor resembling whiskey is made from the *ti* root, and also from the leaves of the sweet potato, as also from the prickly pear. In fact the natives will get drunk on anything. Eau de Cologne will form material for a debauch; pain-killer, also, they are fond of, and Worcester sauce is a great treat if they can get enough of it.

The Hawaiian, as a rule, cannot tolerate regular work, and as domestic servants they have no idea of business obligations, and will stay in a place until the novelty has worn off, and no longer. My first "help," as they are often most inappropriately called, was a daughter of the native minister, named Mary Mohoi (Mohoy), a tall, stout girl with a very black face and frizzy hair. She was fond of sitting with unoccupied hands in the same place for hours together, assuring me at frequent intervals how glad she was to come and help me. Her nights were spent at home, and the days when she came to us were scattered over broad intervals, until I gave up trying to employ her regularly. Part of the time she spent in a neighbouring wood, making long wreaths of strongly scented ferns and leaves, which I afterwards found hanging over my toilet table. Mary came one day to tell me of the festivities which were to take place at the wedding of an extremely pretty half-white girl and Ah Sam, a Chinaman. This girl we frequently met riding in a deep Mexican saddle, and looking quite a picture in her brilliant crimson *holobu*, the long flowing dress worn invariably by Hawaiian women, with a straw hat trimmed with fresh flowers on her small, well-shaped head. She was a very haughty looking damsel, and rarely vouchsafed a smile in return for our *Aloha!* Ah Sam was not an ideal looking bridegroom, being fat, greasy, and coarse in appearance. However, he strove to make amends for these deficiencies by presenting his bride elect with a very expensive trousseau, furnishing the wedding feast himself, and afterwards taking his parents-in-law to live with them.

A few months' residence in Hawaii will give the visitor a sufficient knowledge of the language for ordinary purposes. There are two odd terms which are invariably used in the Islands. If one wishes to describe the position of a house, field, tree, anything, in fact, and it is toward the mountain, you say it is *mauka* (mowka); and if nearer the sea, you call it *makai* (mākye). One never says north, south, east, or west, right hand or left, but always "mauka" or "makai." Even the place of a piece of furniture is thus designated. Another convenient word is *mahoppi*, the synonyme of by and by. It is the first Hawaiian word one learns, and the first unpleasant experience one has to submit to. A native never does a thing now which can by any means be done "mahoppi;" and some have said that *mahoppi*, like to-morrow, never comes!

This inborn aversion to labour is, no doubt, the result of the tropical climate, in a land where nearly everything grows almost without care and culture. The luxuriance and variety of vegetation is forcibly suggested by the varying tints of green in a Hawaiian view. I remember Miss Bird speaking of this in her "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," and fully agree with all she says as to the extreme beauty of the foliage there, though perhaps no colour but green may be seen for miles. The ragged—always ragged—leaves of the banana have a deep green, slightly yellowish tint; the cocoanut palm has even more yellow in its feathery tops; the *chia*, or mountain apple, has the rich green of an oak, the *maile*, mangoe, and lime trees the same; while the *rukui* is a light, almost pea-green colour. The *pauhala* or *hauhala* (ho-ha-la) is, while a sapling, very like a young aloe, the leaves being long, pointed, and of two shades of green; in

growing it assumes a curious shape, the main trunk throwing out straggling branches and clumps of leaves, each clump, like a separate plant, growing at the ends of these strange-looking arms; at a distance they are very tropical in appearance. The *koa* is an ugly tree, but the wood is beautiful in appearance, and is much prized for furniture. At one time sandal wood was found in great quantities in the Islands, but from sheer carelessness the tree has almost disappeared. The magnolia tree is especially admired from its lovely white blossoms, set like ivory jars among the thick glossy leaves of deep shining green.

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M. TAINÉ ON NAPOLEON.

M. TAINÉ has published in advance a few chapters of his long-expected fifth volume, on the "Origin of Contemporary France." After finishing with the Revolution, he naturally arrives at Napoleon Bonaparte. The historian is dazzled by the man, and frightened by the conqueror. He views Napoleon as the constructor of a social edifice of which he was himself the architect, builder, and proprietor, from 1799 to 1814. He made modern France, and profoundly stamped on his collective work the indelible mark of his unparalleled individuality.

M. Taine writes, or rather compiles, his history after his later method, which is not the best. He ransacks official archives, and the contemporary records capable of shedding light on Napoleon's career. He collates and co-ordinates this mass of documentary evidence; sums it up; presents it to the jury—the public—and leaves them to judge. The reader is invited to read and study a *résumé* of the *pros* and *cons* bearing on the greatest of men since Alexander or Julius Cæsar, but of whose private life we know but little. Even those best posted in Napoleonic bibliography will find many curious and interesting details respecting "the little corporal." By his instincts, temperament, faculties, passions, imagination, and morality, Napoleon seems to have been cast in a separate mould, and made of different material, than other men. Corsican, that is to say Italian, he was only French by compulsion, for after the defeat of Paoli, Corsicans became subjects of France. Napoleon adored Paoli, and asserted that his own father, instead of signing away the independence of his country, ought to have died for its maintenance. The sentiment explains why Napoleon remained all through his adolescence anti-French. At the college of Brienne, he hated his fellow-students so intensely as to never associate with them during recreation hours; he preferred to remain in the library, assuring Bourienne he would inflict all the evil he could on the French, and this lava-hate still flowed till Barras, having heard of Bonaparte's decision of character from Junot, sent for him, and after three minutes' reflection, Napoleon was entrusted to administer to Parisians that Vendémiaire grape-shot they never wholly forgot. It is only just to add, he would have given *mitraille* with the same impartiality and indifference to the *Conventionnels* who employed him.

It was from his mother, Letitia Romolino, that Napoleon inherited his temperament and will. During the invasion of Corsica by the French, his mother, then *enceinte* of her future great son, took part in the resistance; flying over mountains on horseback; joining in night surprises; using a musket; braving and supporting all the privations, fatigues, and losses of war. She was "a head of a man on a woman,"—a woman primitive, unspoiled by civilisation; who cared nothing about well-being; had even no exalted ideas of personal cleanliness, but energetic as a Highland chief; with heart as strong as body, habituated to danger, and accustomed to extreme resolutions.

Madame De Staël observed that Napoleon was a Robespierre on horseback. She was more exact when she said he could neither evoke nor feel sympathy. He was more or less than a man, who viewed a human being as a figure, a thing, but not an equal. He hated no more than he loved; there was only himself, for himself; and mankind—all pawns—composed, in his eyes, merely a game of check or stale-mate. He belonged to the petty Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But he was the direct descendant of the grand Italians, of the men of action, of military adventurers, usurpers, and founders of transitory States. He inherited their blood and their innate moral and mental structure. When the Pope hesitated to come to Paris to crown Napoleon, the Conclave being divided by the Austrian and Italian vote, the latter won. "After all," said they, "it is an Italian family that we impose to govern the barbarians; so we shall be revenged on the Gauls."

Bonaparte was a tremendous worker; three hours' sleep sufficed him. And he could just engage in the latter with the same business regularity as any other matters he took up by turn. He often worked with his Ministers from ten in the evening till five in the morning; he roused them up if they commenced to nod, and reminded them that France expected they would give value for their salaries. At other times he would retain them in consultation from nine in the morning till five in the evening, with only a quarter of an hour for a meal; he himself never sat longer at table than ten minutes. He was as fresh at the close of such councils as at their commencement. He knew the smallest details of each Ministry, and fatigued Ministers to death by the minuteness of his questions, which he disdained to notice. What exhausted other faculties appeared to be a recreation for his own. His mind was not only a magazine of facts, but a factory of ideas, always producing, ever storing up; insatiable as the grave; inexhaustible as the ocean; incessant as time; and his brain worked thus during thirty years.

Neither mind nor body appeared weary with Napoleon; he could deal with several questions simultaneously; good or bad news never deranged him; he was quietly engaged draughting the Code when he received the news of the disasters of the Egyptian expedition. He quietly began to