

of the Solomon Islands than that of any other white man in the Pacific, and that he was able to get more 'blackbirds' than any other recruiter, through his curiosity in natives desiring to come into personal contact with the man 'who could change his eyes.' Then, too, he made use of them in another manner, which helped to fill his pockets—he was supposed to have great *mana* (occult powers), and did a thriving business by selling rubbishy little wooden dolls, whistles, charms, etc., to the natives who believed that the articles were impregnated with Maria's *mana*, and possessed all sorts of power, such as ensuring a good crop of yams, producing rain, giving immunity from poison, and ensuring longevity, etc. There was scarcely a *gamal* house in the northern New Hebrides that did not possess one of his nonsensical things which was treasured with other objects of veneration in the *gamal* house, and as he would accept nothing under half a dozen hogs or £5 worth of pearl-shell or ivory-nut for a toy that had cost him a penny or twopence, he did remarkably good business.

"The noble pair remained on board the barque for an hour. Proctor asked me if the *Meteor* had called at Mutavat, a big cannibal town about ten miles distant from the west side of Kabaira Bay. I said no, and that furthermore, even if I had wanted to fill up the ship, I would not risk going there with such a weakly-manned vessel as ours (we had a third of our crew down with fever). 'And, anyway,' I added, 'what is the use of anyone going there? No labour ship had ever tried Mutavat yet. The harbour is chock full of reefs and tide rips, and if a ship once got ashore there, she would