

who sit two abreast, and are guided by a steersman. The seat of honour is on the forward deck, in the centre of which is a row of pegs, to which the large white ovula shell is attached by way of ornament. The natives find no difficulty in occupying this place, as they manage to sit in almost any position with ease to themselves; but a stranger who attempts it, and is for any time confined to one of these places of honour, will repent of the distinction he enjoys before many minutes are over. One of our gentlemen was treated with this distinction, and will long recollect the words of the song they sing.

“Lelei tusilava le tau mua,  
Leango tusilava le tau muri.”

“Good above all is the part before,  
Bad above all is the part behind.”

The uneasiness, from his account, does not only proceed from the small place left to sit upon, but also from the constant apprehension of being precipitated into the sea. This *faa Samoa*, or Samoan fashion, is any thing but agreeable.

Having both a prow and stern, these canoes cannot be manœuvred without tacking; consequently the out-rigger, that constitutes their safety, is, in using their sail, alternately to leeward and windward, and does not, when to leeward, add much to the stability of the canoe. They carry less sail than the canoes of the other natives of Polynesia, and to guard against the danger of upsetting, the natives rig a sprit or boom (*suati*), projecting from the opposite side to that on which the out-rigger is fitted. This boom is secured with guys to the top of the mast. When the wind blows fresh, some of the men go out upon it, and thus balance or counteract the force of the wind. Those on the other side of the canoe are kept ready to go out on the out-rigger when that becomes necessary. The sail is made of a mat, of a triangular shape, with its apex below: some of these are ten feet high.

None of the canoes we saw at the Samoan Group are calculated for long voyages. Those used in their intercourse with the Tonga Islands, are the large double Feejee canoe, of which I shall speak when I treat of those islanders.

In their trips from town to town, they are generally on parties of pleasure, termed *malanga*, and are frequently to be met with singing their boat-songs.

These songs have but little variety, are destitute of melody, and have small pretensions to harmony. They consist, for the most part, of two short strains, repeated alternately, the first by a single individual, and the second by several. Their voices are loud, and have