

On Sunday afternoon the natives were going to church as the "Wulf" came into the harbour. Not many changed their intentions. Still, there was a considerable crowd around the establishment of Messrs. W. McArthur and Co. Malietoa's strongest supporters were there; Seumana, the hereditary chief of Apia, a fine, handsome man, known to all travellers; and George Leapii, the Magistrate appointed by Mataafa to keep order in the township, as upright a Judge as can be found in any centre of civilisation. Leapii last week fined Seumana's daughter Fanua a dollar for furious riding in the streets. This young lady is the "maid" or belle of the village. The German sailors make life dangerous by galloping about Apia on a Sunday, but Leapii has put this down amongst the natives. With the chiefs were Mr. George Fletcher, late manager of McArthur's extensive trading operation in Samoa, Mr. George Dunnett, the present manager, and the principal English residents. Leapii's quick eye soon recognised Malietoa on the deck of the "Wulf," and then a function took place which the Germans had not reckoned on. Two years ago Mr. Fletcher, as a sign of sympathy with Malietoa on his departure, hoisted the Samoan flag on a high tree on some land of the McArthurs; but an armed boat's crew from the German man-of-war pulled it down by order of the German Consul. Seumana helped them, but only to annex and preserve the flag himself, which was now run up on the high flagstaff in front of McArthur's, the first thing to let Malietoa know that he had sympathizers ashore. It is the only old Samoan flag in existence, Mataafa having adopted a standard of his own. There was a hearty British cheer when the red banner with the white cross and single star was wafted by the fresh trade wind across the road. The German sailors had to pass under this in their afternoon gallop. The German Consul, Dr. Steubel, had to pass beneath this on his way to the wharf to take boat to the "Wulf." It was an outward and visible sign of the new order of things in Samoa. The demonstration savoured, perhaps, of the theatrical; but it impressed the natives with the fact that England is their friend as well as America—the real *Deus ex machina* of Samoan independence.

Malietoa was here, but how would they land him? Dr. Steubel boarded the "Wulf," but no other boat was allowed near the ship. We were warned away by the armed sentry. Then much signalling took place between the "Sophia," the German war-ship stationed here, and the "Wulf." Dr. Steubel rowed ashore, and the rumour spread around that Malietoa would be landed in due form on the morrow. The sun went down and people went to dinner. But native eyes are keen in the gloaming. A boat was going from the "Wulf" to the wharf facing the present German Consulate, half a mile from the town. The people divined that Malietoa was in it. Service was over, and there was a rush towards the river, natives wading it, Europeans crossing by the single plank bridge. But we were all too late to welcome Malietoa ashore. He had landed and taken shelter in the house of Folau, who is the present native Chief Justice appointed by Mataafa. Mr. Fletcher and I entered the weatherboard structure, a building of the ordinary colonial type. Sitting in an armchair was the Samoan King, whose name has been for two years famous throughout the civilised world—a man dressed in sober black, altogether European in his looks as in his habit, who but for his dark complexion would be a type of a high-class English dissenting minister. Mr. Christie Murray has depicted exactly such a man. Malietoa has a pained expression, as of one who has suffered in the past, and is not sure of life in the future. He is evidently a man of thought, with more imagination than the average Samoan. There was a warm greeting between Mr. Fletcher and the returned Monarch. My companion had been a good friend to Malietoa, who was pleased to be thus welcomed by a white resident of position. Landed as he had been, he was not sure that he would be welcomed by anybody. Soon native chiefs dropped in, crouching down, kissing the King's hand. Other whites followed us, some in sympathy, some in curiosity. Malietoa began to brighten, but broke down when his three sisters came in. The meeting was one which made some of us also feel weak-eyed. Refreshment in the shape of lager beer appeared. Beer is a drink used by Royalty in England and Germany, but I never thought to quaff a bumper of foaming lager—one of four standing and touching glasses—with a Samoan King. Malietoa, Mr. Fletcher, Captain Hamilton, and myself drank to each other with "*So e fua*" (may you live). The other meaner mortals stood and drank to the King, but he only bowed acknowledgments.

So the reception went on till Mataafa came in. The camp of the warrior chief, who until now has called himself "King of Samoa," is not more than half a mile from where Malietoa took shelter, and a messenger had been sent to advise him of the landing. The two Kings embraced and stood face to face, a striking contrast—the man in black who had been exiled for his country's cause, and the man in white kilt and jacket, with bare brown legs and feet, and a demeanour as noble and commanding as that of any white prince in the world, who had fought and conquered the puppet King Tamasese and won the independence of Samoa. When Mataafa entered there was a change in the whole moral atmosphere. Everything seemed brighter, of a higher tone, by the mere presence of this great chief—a king amongst men, whose charm of manner impresses every one. The poor exiled King, crushed and dispirited, seemed to change with the hearty greeting of Mataafa. Then they were left alone with their two "talking chiefs," their personal advisers. But the conversation was not long. Malietoa and his three companions in exile had been put ashore supperless, and in the best native houses now there is a scarcity of food. Short-commons are general throughout the islands of Samoa. Mr. Fletcher had sent a hurried note to Mr. Dunnett to get dinner for the party at McArthur's mess, and we soon started back along the beach. A simple hospitable thought of Mr. Fletcher's became a stroke of policy. There could be nothing more impressive than this march, with the moon, light as day, shining on the fixed bayonets of Mataafa's guard, who were in advance, the two Kings following hand-in-hand, white and black garments contrasting strongly; behind them a long procession of chiefs. Samoans do not cheer; there was a solemn silence as of a religious ceremony. But Malietoa returned to Apia as a King honoured by the warrior Mataafa, the Washington of Samoa, honoured by the chiefs in the procession, honoured by the English and American residents, to be the guest of a great firm like that of W. McArthur and Co. If the spirit of the amiable baronet, once Lord Mayor of London, and head of this house, saw