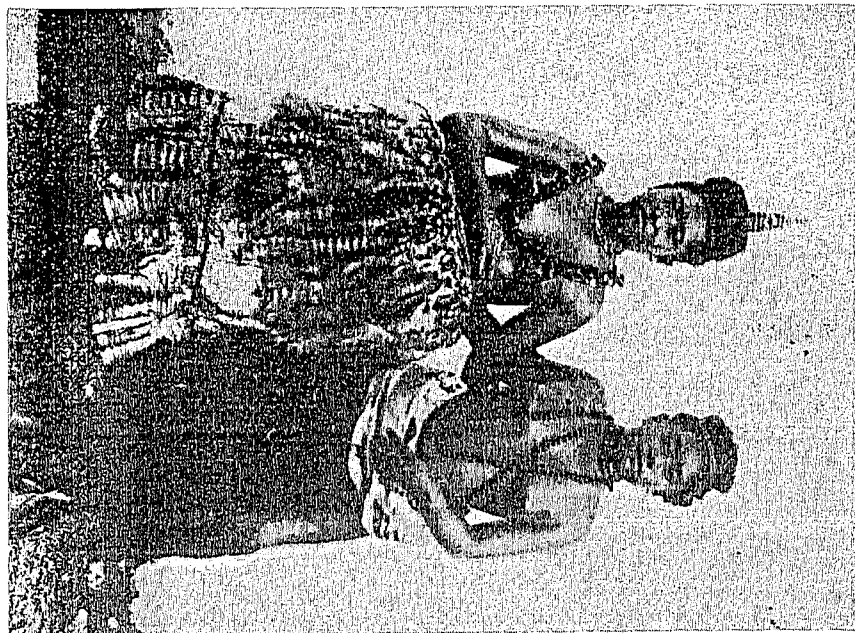


SAMOAN GIRLS.



SAMOAN WOMAN.



from *Tales from Old Fiji*  
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## HOW THE SAMOANS FIRST GOT PIGS

**I**N the old days there were no pigs in Samoa, nor fowls, nor ducks. Neither were there any in Tonga, nor did we, the men of Fiji, eat them, for we had them not. In those days we ate that which sprung up out of the earth, and fish which we caught on the reefs, so that we hungered after flesh, and killed men that we might eat and be full.

Now upon a time it fell out that no fish could be had in Samoa. What was the reason thereof our fathers did not fully know; but some said that a great monster came swimming into the Samoan waters, eating all the fish on the reefs, so that those fish that were left alive were afraid and swam away to other lands. Thus it came to pass that the men of Samoa were brought into great straits because of their hunger, for they had nothing to eat but the fruits of the ground, and their stomachs were always asking, "Alas! what shall be our food to-day?"

Now there was a chief, great and mighty, who dwelt in that land; and when the famine was heavy upon them he sent his messengers and took the children one by one, cooking them for his food, so that the souls of his people were sore; and they said one to another, "What shall we

do ? for we are perishing from off the earth ; we are eaten up by this our lord." And there was weeping in every house.

In the town of this chief there dwelt a man whose name was Kailufahe-tuugau, or the "Man of Luck," and Faei-puaka, his wife, and their children—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight : eight of them—so that it was a saying among the townsfolk, "A full house is the house of the Man of Luck."

But at length it fell to his turn to furnish a child for the chief's food, and the messengers came bringing a whale's tooth, which they laid down before him, saying, "This is the carrying away of your child that our lord may eat." Heavy then were the hearts of the "Man of Luck" and his wife, and bitter was their weeping ; but they said, "Good is the word of the chief," and made their child ready for death. It was their seventh child that they chose, because the mother loved the youngest more than all the rest, and could not bear to send him away. So they oiled the body of their seventh child, and combed his hair, plaiting the long locks that hung down behind his ear, and when they had tied a strip of white unpainted cloth to his arm they kissed him many times, ever more weepingly, and gave him up to the chief's messengers.

Then they sat down, bowing their heads, for their souls were very sore. No word did they speak, but they sat in silence and in great sorrow, as they thought of their son whom they had lost for evermore. While they were thus sitting the woman felt something small and hard beneath her hand, and looking upon it she saw that it was a whistle—the whistle of her dead son. Then she held



SAMOAN GIRL DRESSED FOR THE CLUB DANCE.

it up, saying, "Here is his whistle," and with a bitter cry they both fell on their faces and wept aloud.

Now there was an imp who dwelt with them, living in the loft above the fireplace. His name was Ilo-anga, the "Cunning One," and every evening they put food for him upon the shelf; for it was his custom to sleep through the day, and by night he guarded the house while they slept, keeping them safe from the evil ones, and from enemies that creep into the house by night. They never saw him, though they were often climbing up after the things that were kept on the loft, but sometimes, when they woke in the night, if they lay still, listening, they could hear him munching his food and chuckling over it; moreover, when he had finished he would clap his hands softly, and sing in a low tone:—

"Good is the yam, and good the *taro*;  
 Good is the fish from the salt sea-water;  
 Good is the love of the Man that's Lucky;  
 Good is the cooking of Faei-puaka!"

So on this day the imp was sleeping on the loft when he was roused by their bitter weeping, and said, "What is this? What is the matter? Why are you thus weeping?"

And when they heard his voice they were afraid, for never before had they heard him speak aloud, so they kept silence and answered not a word.

Then the imp tapped the floor of the loft, and said, "Do you hear there, O Lucky One, O wife of the Lucky One? Do you hear? What is the matter that you are

thus weeping? Tell me, for am I not the Cunning One, Ilo-anga?"

Then they feared no longer, for they knew that he was their friend; and the woman answered—

"We are weeping, sir, because of our boy—our seventh child—he who used so often to climb up to the loft with your food."

"What about him?" asked the imp in an anxious voice. "Is he ill? or has he perhaps fallen from a tree? or what other evil has befallen him?"

"Alas! sir," answered the man, "it is worse than that: the chief has eaten him; and now we live in fear, for our turn will soon come round again. Wretched parents that we are!"

"Why did I bring forth children?" cried the wife. "What is the good of them to me, miserable woman that I am? There were eight; there are now but seven, and soon will the house be empty, for the hunger of our lord is not satisfied."

Thus they bemoaned themselves, and the sound of weeping came down also from the loft above the fireplace, for the imp pitied them.

"Weep not," said he; "weep not, O Lucky One! weep not, O wife of the Lucky One! for I will save your children. A strange thing will come to pass to-night. Therefore, fear not; for is not the Cunning One your friend?"

Glad then was the heart of the Man of Luck; and he said: "Let not your soul be small, my wife, for the Cunning One will help us, and our children shall live."

But his wife refused to be comforted. "Alas!" sobbed she, "what can he do? They will die. They will be eaten.

No one can save them," and she wept more bitterly than ever.

Then there was a rustle and stir among the things in the loft above the fireplace; and the voice of the imp came angrily down to their ears.

"What words, perchance, are these?" said he sternly. "Am I not the Cunning One? He that is eaten is dead, and we cannot save him; but the living shall live. Have I not said it: I, the Cunning One?"

Then the woman dared weep no more; but she wept still in her heart, for she disbelieved his words. When darkness came over the land, they put the imp's food up in the loft, and lay down to sleep among their children; and in the middle of the night great pains took hold of the wife, and she woke her husband, saying, "Rise, husband, rise and go for the midwife, for I am very ill." But the man laughed and said, "Surely you are dreaming, my wife"—for they were both very old, and their youngest child was a big lad. But the woman cried all the more, beseeching him to go; till at length he went, though indeed he was ashamed, for he said, "Now will they laugh at me;" and he went wandering through the town, not daring to do as he was bid. Then came to his mind the words of the imp, "A strange thing will come to pass to-night," and he said, "Lest this perhaps should be it! Truly nothing could be stranger; for I am old, and my wife is old likewise." So he went at once to the house of the midwife, and begged her to come quickly to his wife. Then the midwife and her husband laughed at him, and mocked him; but he said, "Listen but a little while to me," and told them all that had happened. "And now,"

said he, "love us and come to my wife ; for who knows what the Cunning One is about to do ?"

When the midwife heard this, she said, "Let us go ;" and they two went together through the night. Stepping softly into the house they heard the imp singing in the loft above the fireplace, and this is the song that he sung—

"Great now is the grief of Faei-puāka,  
Though great her grief her joy shall be greater ;  
Not grievous are tears that are followed by laughter,  
One is dead, but alive shall be saved the seven.—  
One and two, and three and four, and five and six,  
and seven and eight !"

Then the midwife went in behind the screen, and the Lucky One sat down with his children in the middle of the house. Not long had he waited before he heard, within the screen, a strange squeaking and squealing, and the midwife cried out, "I am afraid ! There are eight ! Oh, their cheeks, their feet, the length of their noses ! What are these, O Cunning One ? My fear is great."

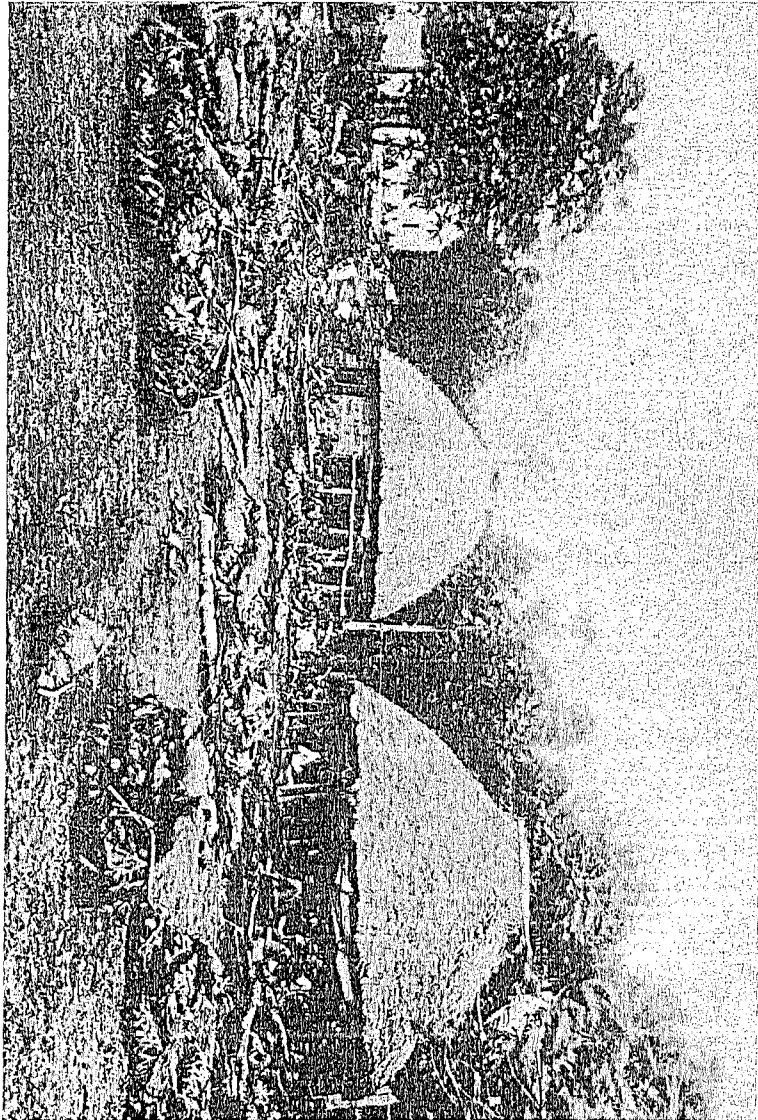
Then the imp laughed down from the loft above the fireplace, "Fear not, helper of women," said he, "for this is the thing that I promised to these two wretched ones. Now shall their children live. Rise up, O Lucky One, and build a little fence in the midst of your house for the creatures which I have now brought to you. Their name is 'Pig': they shall grow large and fat ; and they shall be for the chief's food, so that your children may live. They will also multiply exceedingly ; therefore be not covetous, keeping them all for yourself, but give of them to the

strangers who come sailing hither, that they may take them to their own lands, and eat them instead of eating one another, lest they all perish from off the face of the earth through cannibalism."

These were the words of the imp, and the Man of Luck followed them, building a fence for the pigs, wherein they stayed till they grew large, and fat, and strong; and then he made a great fence for them out of doors, wherein they multiplied exceedingly, according to the words of the imp. Great was the joy of the chief when he tasted the first pig that the Man of Luck brought him, saying, "This, my lord, is our offering, which the gods have sent us: our offering, my lord, that our children may live." Great also was the joy of the Samoans, and they said, "Two good things have the gods now sent us. one, that our children shall no more perish in the ovens; and the other, that our hungering after flesh is at an end for ever more. True indeed is the saying, 'A full house is the house of the Man of Luck.' Blessed be the Lucky One, and blessed be Faei-puaka; for they have saved us alive—us and our children also."

Moreover, the Man of Luck was obedient to the words of the imp in the matter of giving pigs to strangers, so that when the men of Tonga came to Samoa, seeking the shell of the turtle, he gave them pigs, which they took back with them to their king. And, when they returned a second time, he gave them more, which they brought with them in their flight to Fiji, when they fled hither from the wrath of the Lord of Tonga, because they lied to him about the turtle.

And this is how the Samoans got their pigs.



A PIC-FEAST IN SAMOA.