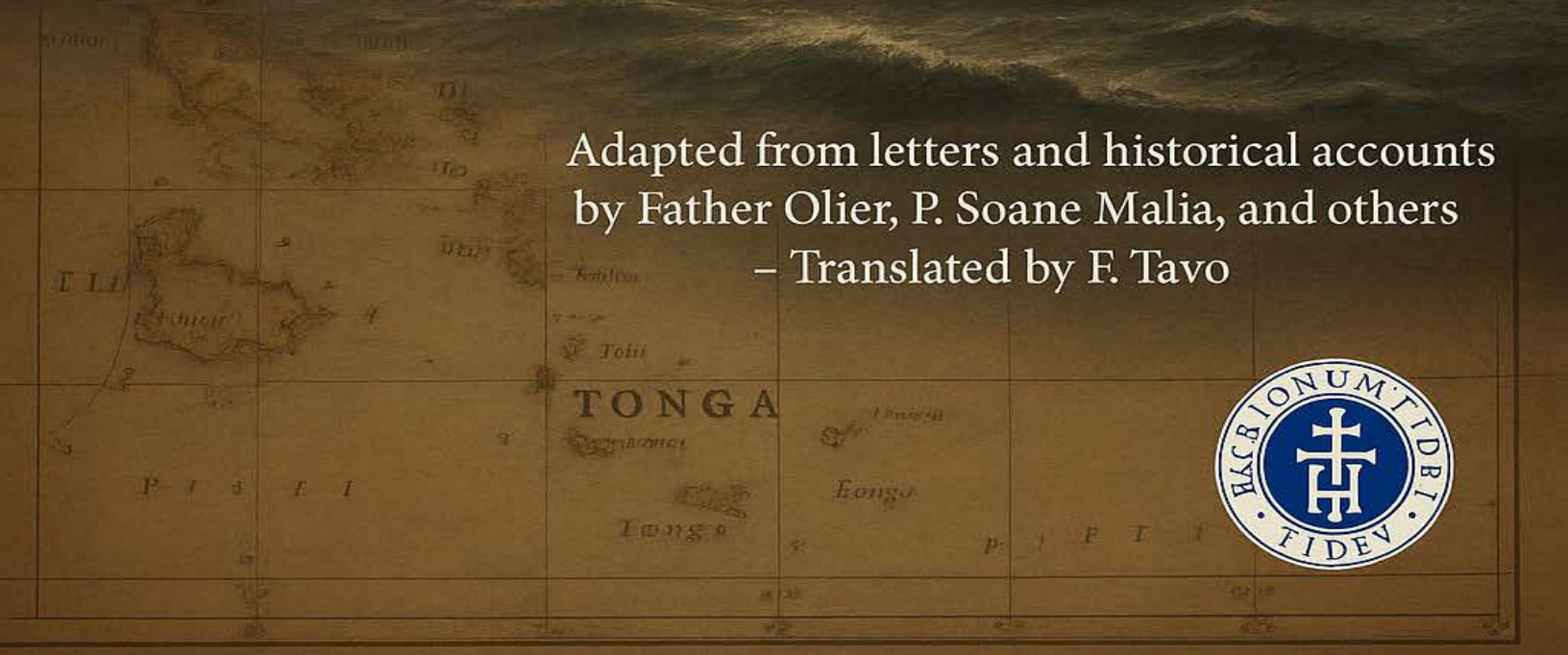
ʻApi Foʻou Brass Band & the Odyssey of Halatukutonga

A Pacific Voyage of Faith, Music, and Survival (1888–1889)

Adapted from letters and historical accounts by Father Olier, P. Soane Malia, and others – Translated by F. Tavo



Part I: From Ma’ofaga to Niuatoputapu

On October 16, 1888, Ma’ofaga’s Chief Fakafanua placed his two-masted schooner *Halatukutonga* at the disposal of the Catholic mission. After verifying the loading of all the materials necessary for the construction of two residences for the missions on Niua Fo'ou and Niua Toputapu, Father Olier gave the signal for departure. He was accompanied by his students, all members of the famous 'Api Fo'ou brass band. Their mission was to demonstrate their musical talents to the isolated populations of these islands, and they had also been designated to lend a hand to local laborers for the work that Fathers Olier and Jouny would oversee. The ship weighed anchor, and a strong breeze quickly swept across the flats, while on the horizon, the shores of Tongatapu gradually disappeared. Each of the passengers organized the stowage of their few pieces of luggage and prepared for their first night at sea. When everything was ready, Father Olier gathered his young companions on deck to recite a prayer together. Everyone congratulated themselves on finally having been able to undertake this long-planned voyage. The gaiety, a little noisy at first, gave way to more serious conversations, then to silence, the words drowned out by the sound of the wind in the sails. The ship began to rock from one side to the other. The wind strengthened while seasickness bothered some of the passengers, who sheltered themselves from the cold and sea spray in the blankets from their boarding school. Night was approaching and the wind seemed to be intensifying in violence. The swell grew stronger and threatened to become even worse, with the sea spray flooding the luggage tied up on deck. The captain gave the orders from all sides to prepare the crew for a storm.

Father Olier took refuge in his cabin where he hoped to rest. But suddenly, he realized that water was flooding the room. He immediately ordered a run to the pump, which broke after a few moments. Brother Charles tried in vain to repair it. In desperation, everyone obtained a container to bail out the water invading the ship to keep it afloat. Father Olier and the captain took stock of the situation: they were sailing off the coast of Nomuka in the Ha'apai archipelago. Father Olier suggested stopping at this island. But the docking maneuver was made impossible by the lack of light and the multitude of reefs that dotted the surrounding area. Together, they decided to return immediately to Tongatapu, where they arrived at daybreak, exhausted from bailing out all night. It was 9:00 a.m. when the ship arrived in front of the port of Maofaga. Immediately, rescuers came to the aid of the exhausted sailors, who took a well-deserved rest. Their stay in port lasted for a week while the storm raged. Meanwhile, the ship was being refitted to allow the small group to set sail again before the end of the month. However, some of the young people, discouraged by their previous experience, preferred to remain ashore. In order not to overload the ship, the materials for one of the two residences were entrusted to Mr. Treskow, a Tongatapu merchant and schooner owner who was due to travel to Niua Fo'ou soon. On October 27, Father Olier attempted once again to fulfill the mission entrusted to him by his bishop, that is, to travel to Niua Fo'ou to visit the priests in the Niua’s and to build new mission settlements. To successfully complete this second voyage, he was reassured by the presence on board of Mr. Formans, a sailor from Newfoundland who had sailed all the world's oceans throughout his life. This navigator usually resided in Tongatapu where he tried to make up for his idleness. Interested in the missionaries' enterprise, he asked Father Olier to take him on board for a small fee.

After passing Ha'apai and then Vava'u, the ship was within sight of the shores of Late when a sudden and violent wind blew up. The sky was covered in a black veil and the waves crashed forcefully against the

ship's deck, which quickly transformed into a vast expanse of water. Since the barometer showed no signs of improvement in the coming hours, Father Olier considered returning to Vava'u, where the passengers could take refuge while waiting for the storm to pass. But all-day Sunday, they had to contend with an easterly wind that kept the ship away from land, and all efforts were futile. Entering the port was then impossible, and the crew was forced to continue their journey to the Niua’s. Although very agitated, the night passed without notable incidents thanks to the courage and skill of four of the sailors that Father Olier had designated to hold the helm: Malio, Vaea, Lutoviko, and ‘Alusa Mikaele of Pea. In the early morning, the ship passed the island of Toku, then that of Fonualei in the Vava'u archipelago. The island of Toku was once inhabited, but the inhabitants had decided to leave their island to take refuge in Vava'u because of the frequency of earthquakes which did not allow them to maintain their crops. The island of Fonualei, located northwest of Toku, was also deserted due to the lack of anchorage and whims of a volcano that deterred any organized life.

On October 29, the sea was terribly rough, and in the evening the elements raged again. To reduce wind resistance, the sail area was reduced. Fear gripped minds and hearts; Father Olier gathered his students to invite them to take refuge in prayer. Great joy greeted the dawn, giving rise to new hopes. Around nine o'clock, the students exclaimed at the sight of land. The outlines of Tafahi appeared on the horizon, then finally those of Niua Toputapu. All day long, the crew struggled to approach the shores and combat the opposing winds and currents. On the fourth night, the ship tacked to maintain its course while awaiting the decisive next day. At the first light of dawn, Father Olier decided to proceed to the port, despite the unfavorable elements and the absence of a pilot. But the ship was suddenly carried away by an irresistible force. The captain ordered various maneuvers to reestablish his position, but the rudder no longer responded. The sailors dropped anchor, but the capstan gave way. They dropped a second anchor with no more success. The ship was then driven onto the reefs. After so many ordeals, it lay on its side, abandoning itself to the fury of the sea. Immediately, the young men dived into the waves to try, at the risk of their own lives, to save the ship. A fatal wave submerged the deck and carried away the rudder, broken by the force of the movement. Father Olier, caught by the sea which dragged him into its undertow, threw off his heavy cassock, abandoning it to the raging waves. Thus lightened, he clung to the rail while the men still on deck folded the sails and seized the trunks and packages which they threw into the sea to lighten the ship. All participated in the work while from time to time the hull was lifted like a feather by the raging waves, only to fall back with a crash on the rocks.

Even before help could be alerted, the ship was dragged into the channel. Twenty times it nearly sank. In his despair, Father Olier promised one hundred Masses to the souls in Purgatory if they saved the men and the ship, and only ten if the ship was lost. As for the Newfoundland sailor, gripped by an irresistible panic and overwhelmed by grief, he began to cut down the masts. He was rescued at this moment of bewilderment by Father Olier, who wrapped him around his waist. At that moment, a providential wave restored the ship's balance. A burst of hope was reborn. Father Olier immediately rushed to his cabin to retrieve the musical instruments kept safe from the water. All the objects were gathered on deck where the men had gathered to await help. After an hour, they observed the population gathering on the shore as the canoes approached the stricken ship. Rescue had begun. Lasike, the island’s chief judge, commanded the first canoe. Finaulahi, the police chief, arrived immediately after him. Both directed the maneuvers. Orders were sent from all sides while the men rushing around the ship promptly carried them out. Many were forced to swim; their bodies disappeared into the troughs of the waves before reappearing on the crest.

Some collected the luggage and packages and carried them to the boats that shuttled back and forth between the shore and the ship to deliver their cargo; others secured the keel to prevent the ship from being swept back towards the reefs. The difficulty of the operations was compounded by pouring rain that hampered visibility. Exhausted, frozen, and soaked to the skin, the unfortunate travelers were finally disembarked safely onto the shore, where they were welcomed by all the island's villagers, who had come en masse to render their help. Late in the afternoon, after several hours of renewed effort and with the benefit of the rising tide, the men managed to free the hull from the grip of the reefs and towed the ship to the channel. Like a captain, Father Olier did not leave his post until the operations were completed. Having arrived safely, he headed back to Vaipoa to Father Jouny's residence. In the absence of the latter, who was assisting the shipwrecked, he hurried to get himself a shirt, trousers, and cassock in order to receive in respectable attire the people already appearing on the doorstep with their offering of kava.

Fathers Jouny and Sosefo [Mougateau] soon showed up and all embraced warmly while recounting the trip’s misadventures. As soon as the emotion of the reunion was shared and the welcoming speeches delivered, Fathers Jouny, Olier and Sosefo set to work preparing for the All Saints' Day celebrations. On this occasion, the brass band performances attracted a crowd of curious onlookers. No one on the island had ever heard anything like it, and most stared wide-eyed in astonishment, trying to figure out how such pleasant sounds could be produced by blowing into copper tubes bent and twisted in all directions. In the days following the festivities, Brother Charles was finally able to get to work with the joyful participation of Catholics, carrying out improvements to the premises of their mission. As for the ship, it was actually only slightly damaged. Some copper sheets had been torn from the hull, and the rudder was missing. Father Olier sought the help of local craftsmen to make a temporary rudder strong enough to sail the ship to Wallis, where he knew he could find a blacksmith and skilled workers. His desire was to be back in Maofaga for the Christmas holidays. While waiting for the construction of the residence and repair of the rudder to be completed, Father Olier got on quite well with his two colleagues. During this period, Catholics expressed their satisfaction at being honored by his presence through continually preparing abundant meals for him. Since his arrival, twenty-four roast pigs had been offered to him. Lasike and Finaulahi, both Protestants, showed friendliness toward the priests. But this attitude aroused the wrath of the Wesleyan missionaries who prepared their response.

The Wesleyan missionaries alerted their many preachers to urge the population to ignore the Marist priests or avoid them, and especially not to attend the band's performances. The children who came to the mission for the pleasure of observing the gleaming instruments and listening to the rehearsals were chased away by a Protestant police officer who thereby exceeded his duties. As a result, Father Olier, accustomed to more peaceful relations with the Protestants at Maofaga, became very angry and immediately visited the pule kolo or the village chief. The result of this action was immediate and the police officer ceased his actions. On the other hand, Father Olier wrote a letter to Mr. Baker, informing him of the numerous vexations imposed on the Catholics of Niua by the Protestants who thought that by doing so they would satisfy the inclinations of the Prime Minister. Despite these protests, the Catholics were expelled from the village's communal hut by the Protestant ‘Aliki, who denied acting on behalf of the deputy governor, Lapuka. He gave as a pretext the need to accommodate the passengers of the *Kumete*, the government ship, which had left Tongatapu on the same day as Father Olier. Its crew dropped anchor three weeks later, after having repeatedly come close to disappearing body and soul into the depths of the ocean. In the end, the Catholics were unable to win their case despite making their appeal to the Chief Judge, Lasike. However,

they were encouraged and supported in their faith by Fr. Olier, whose presence broke their daily isolation. Fr. Jouny also noted the positive effects of his colleague's stay and so everyone hoped for his return.

Part II: From Niuatoputapu to ʻUvea, Niuafo’ou, Vatulele, Beqa, Suva, Ma’ofaga

But what were they to do now? Resign themselves to staying in Niua until a boat came by? Two opportunities to leave the island had already presented themselves while the carpenters were building the house. The priests had handed over the management of the work to Brother Charles and, expecting to see the *Halatukutonga* afloat soon, had not even thought of asking for passage on passing ships. As for Brother Charles, he had seen the schooner at work, and perhaps the secret desire not to go back on board had given him hope that a little delay in the repairs would make them impossible. It was better to sacrifice the boat than to expose so many lives again. But Father Olier saw the situation quite differently. The goal of the voyage had to be achieved, and therefore the schooner had to be made seaworthy at all costs. Brother Charles was given the task of felling a large tree and extracting a new rudder from its trunk. And the keel? Chief Lasike suggested bringing a long, massive piece of wood that the sea had deposited on the opposite shore of the island. It was taken, and dragged across the island by hand. But there were no tools to square it and fix it. So it was decided to take it on board to Wallis for repair. We still need to be able to fit the new rudder. Its iron frame had perished. The new captain, an island merchant, had it replaced by a rope ingeniously arranged at the base of the stern.

Wallis is only a hundred miles to the north. The crossing was a happy one, and the welcome the local people gave the newcomers removed any memory of the difficult days they had been through. The whole island was celebrating. The brass band from Ma’ofaga had not the slightest share in the ovations. It was to be feared that the time would be spent in festivities, while the ship's damage would only get worse. Nothing of the sort happened. The pleasure of being celebrated did not absorb our Tongans to the point of depriving themselves of the even more delicate pleasure of being seen at work. On the day fixed for the start of the work, standing on the sharp edges of the coral, surrounded by Wallisians who helped them with their shouts and their arms, some leaned against the hull of the unfortunate ship and, following the rhythm of an old song, they shook it by pushing together, while others, in a long line, pulled on a cable fixed on board. Hauled ashore after much effort, the *Halatukutonga* finally showed her hull, miserably plastered with bits of planking and bundles of tar, souvenirs of the passage into Niuatoputapu. The mission provided the necessary tools, and a proper sealing operation was carried out, as well as the replacement of the keel.

Who could have suspected that the brig was preparing for a decisive battle? On the contrary, hearts were so full of joy that not only did the Tongans receive many gifts, but new fellow travelers joined them. Since the next stage was to take the expedition to Niua Fo’ou to deposit there Fr. Jouny, called to evangelize this island, several of its inhabitants, who were then living in Wallis where they had been married, had a precious opportunity to repatriate. Fr. Jouny was happy to take these recruits with him, around whom it would be less difficult for him to group a few catechumens. The Wallisians did not want to let the travelers leave without celebrating their departure. On such occasions, the Oceanians are prodigiously generous. The food gathered was more than enough for the farewell meal, the spectacle of which was reminiscent of the Gospel story of the multiplication of the loaves. The food, in fact, was not

tiny, for such was its abundance that large piles were heaped up: heaps of yams, taros and bananas, and roast pigs lined up by the dozen on the grass, all ready to be taken on board for the journey. But almost nothing was taken. "What's the point", said the Tongans, "in two days we'll be there". Unbeknown to them, for more than twenty days, they will have to live on little more than the strength they had drawn from this farewell meal. It was a marvelous demonstration of strength. In the early hours of the second night after departure, the island of Niua Fo’ou appeared. There are no reefs there, but there's no port either. We resigned ourselves wholeheartedly to spending another night at sea. The captain had said so confidently: "We'll pass by the coast, tomorrow we'll be on land".

The wind was gentle, but changeable, which the captain took no notice of, as the island was fast approaching. But on the next day, the island had disappeared. The sky was covered in clouds. The boat had lost its direction. To find it again, a professional sailor would not have had too much trouble. But where would we find one? Fr. Olier had to help the merchant get some information from the map and compass. The sky was so overcast that it was impossible to find the spot. And when the day's research was over, the *Halatukutonga* was sailing like a ship that knows where it's going... although it still didn't know where it was. But the good merchant didn't want to let the few bits of nautical art he possessed go unnoticed. So the night and the following day were spent in a succession of tacking maneuvers which, he said, would soon bring him within sight of Niua. Fr. Olier did his best to entertain the passengers and put them in a good mood with stories and songs. Then, seeing that the captain's efforts were futile, he took the helm himself. It was about time; disturbing murmurs were beginning to be raised against the poor man. As there was a desire to change direction and aim for the south, Fr. Olier agreed. After covering several dozen miles on this direction, the uncertainty, instead of decreasing, only increased. Food was becoming scarce; fresh water was lacking; kava was being prepared with seawater; oh, that horrible thing! Two or three young men took turns climbing up to the top of the foremast to look for any sign or clue in the vast expanse surrounding their lost ship. One morning, the cry: "Fonua! Land!" came from up above. Everyone rushed to the rail; some climbed onto crates, others pulled themselves up onto the ropes, all wanting to see the land that had just appeared. Alas! it was an illusion of the tired eye of the lookout. Several times in succession, the same cry was heard, causing the same alarm and followed by the same disappointment. It was only a mere cloud, a darker hue of the sea on the horizon, but no land. Two novenas had already been completed, and it didn't look as if Heaven was answering the prayers of the lost. But the air was becoming fresher and the sea had changed its appearance. Fr. Olier said: "We're too far south; if we continue, it's all over". And so he ordered them to head north. At the same time, he started another novena to the venerated Father Colin, and made him a promise. In the course of conversations, made languid by boredom and disarray, we sometimes heard him say: "The first country we find, that's where I'll escape to". Wood was now in short supply to prepare the remaining food. They began to pull up from the deck the pieces of wood that were not of necessity; they even made a fire with the precious kava root. And then there was nothing left to burn. There was also a large pig that had been brought on board while the ship was at Wallis; it was killed and eaten raw.

But one evening, Fainapiu came to tell Fr. Olier: "The provisions have run out; there's nothing left for tomorrow. Fr. Jouny had a small sack of flour with him, to be used to make his hosts when he arrived at his post. Even though it cost him a lot, he offered it. And the cook began to knead balls of flour with seawater. Everyone was given one for a day. At this rate, the weakest among them were soon exhausted. And when all that was left of the sack of flour was a small tin box in which Fr. Jouny kept a handful for a

Mass he still hoped to be able to celebrate, some empty sacks of sugar were spotted and shared out to suck on the molasses-soaked lumps. It had been more than twenty days since the boat had left Wallis, and this famine lasted five long days. The women wailed, while all the men lay motionless. Only three or four helped Father Olier with the boat’s maneuvers. Finally, one afternoon, the cry of "Land!" It had been heard so many times in vain that it didn't cause any stir. But, little by little, land indeed appeared on the horizon. At first only perceptible to a marine eye, so small and vague was the point it formed, it was nevertheless becoming clearer, gradually widening its base and showing off its ashen stain more and more in the mists of the horizon. We were in the direction of Fiji; it must be one of its islands. However, a few hungry people have got up and, barely supported by their emaciated legs, were dragging themselves towards the rail. Now the island appeared distinct in its mountainous forms. Soon everyone was on their feet, and those who thought their time was up began to live again. The prospect of finally finding something to eat gave strength to empty stomachs. But was this really an inhabited land? A few timid people and those who had suffered the most expressed doubts. If, instead of being on the deck of their boat, they were riding one of their poor Tongan horses, ah! how they would whip it to make sure it was real! It was getting late; the night prevented us from landing. Who knows, if they waited until tomorrow, would many find their strength betray them? Fr. Olier pointed out that this day, on which the land of salvation has shown itself, was the penultimate day of the novena. We must bless God and no longer fear anything.

At night, the *Halatukutonga* dropped anchor. Lights on the shore indicated the position of a village. Without further ado, the skiff was launched and ‘Ahio and Fainapiu, who knew a few words of Fijian, went ashore to scout it out. After more than three long quarters of an hour, the sound of voices reached the boat, then came the lapping of oars, which fell without rhythm and in a hurry. A few moments later, a flotilla of canoes surrounded the schooner. Large, black, savage-looking human forms could now be made out, their only clothing being the night sails. In each boat, they were struggling to get alongside the *Halatukutonga* as best they could. Then voices were raised, calls in a tone that relieved the hungry crew of any uncertainty. Yes, they were well received; and, in the twinkling of an eye, quantities of bananas, coconuts and sugar canes were brought on board. Poor people! They pounced on the food, while their saviors, satisfied with their act of hospitality, laughed and showed off their beautiful white teeth. They were no less humane than the Maltese when Saint Paul was shipwrecked there: "These barbarians offered us the most generous hospitality". Whoever would be surprised at this from Fijians, reputed to be ferocious and cannibalistic, should note that, since 1877, acts of cannibalism had become increasingly rare in Fiji; and it was curious to read in the Chronicle of the Travels of King George I of Tonga how, on landing at Gau, he made the people of that island promise to abstain from human flesh in the future: "In that country too, it was customary to decorate meals with the human remains of sailors who strayed into these parts. So early in the morning, the king had the two main chiefs, Tui Lamisi and Tui Savaieke, and many others brought to him, and His Majesty admonished them. Momotu acted as interpreter. The king ordered them, with the utmost severity, to put an end to this detestable custom of receiving foreigners who entered their country by killing them. They listened to him with great gravity and promised not to do it again". So say these chronicles. The day after arriving at Vatulele - that was the name of the island where the *Halatukutonga* had landed - everyone went ashore. It was a Sunday. Father Jouny, happier than Saint Paul who, on such an occasion, had thrown his flour into the sea, brought the box he had kept and a bottle of wine he had hidden, and set about offering up the Holy Sacrifice. To make a host, he improvised a mould from two old

tins stacked one on top of the other. A rustic altar was set up in the largest house in the village. The villagers did their utmost to provide whatever services were requested of them. It was a beautiful sight to see, on that Sunday morning, the faithful who had just escaped death thanks to a visible protection from Heaven, and the pagans of Vatulele who, for the first time, emerging from the darkness of death, were attending the celebration of Catholic worship.

Fr. Olier gave them an instruction that the Tongan catechist ‘Ahio repeated to them in Fijian. Like the seed carried by the winds, the *Halatukutonga* deposited the seeds of life on the beaches where it landed. To make them blossom in Vatulele, endurance was still needed. While the expedition was ashore, a storm broke out. The schooner soon broke the hedge, and a huge wave swept her like a feather to the shore. For eight days, the sea was so rough that no one could think of refloating the schooner. But those who, in distress, had promised to flee to the first land they set foot on, were the first to try to refloat their boat when the calm returned. This stay on dry land had reawakened their instinctive attachment to their homeland. Even though they didn't know what the ocean still had in store for them, they preferred to confide in it than to stay away from home. What's more, the success of the last novena had instilled a confidence in their hearts that made it possible to face new tribulations. It took three days to cover the short distance from Vatulele to Suva, the capital of Fiji. And the schooner almost lost its way in trying to avoid the breakers that seemed to cut it off on all sides. From the island of Beqa, a Fijian spotted this sail whose uncertain maneuvers were indicative of newcomers. He climbed into his canoe and managed to pilot the *Halatukutonga* to the port of his village. The island of Beqa is famous for a strange fact: there is a clan there whose members have the power to walk on fire without burning themselves. Reliable witnesses have seen them walk barefoot over a layer of white-hot pebbles, and move about at ease. By what prestige do they achieve this? It's a legacy from their ancestors, they say. Our travelers had neither the time nor the curiosity to ask to see this spectacle. The port of Suva was nearby. They were shown the way and finally reached the capital.

Both the Catholic Mission and the Fiji Government welcomed them warmly. The story of such an eventful voyage aroused interest everywhere. The Governor of Fiji, Sir Thurston, took the initiative of organising concerts at which the brass band from the college at Ma’ofaga were much applauded, perhaps less for their music than for their odyssey. And the proceeds of the collections made at these evenings enabled them to buy supplies for the return to Tonga. The Governor would not let them leave without giving them an experienced sailor, Captain Castles, to guide them home. Like a juggler who prefigures his finest tricks with a few sleights of hand, the new captain, even before leaving port, gave a foretaste of his prowess by throwing the former captain overboard following a minor discussion. It was a master stroke to win the confidence of his crew and passengers, for the natives cannot resist the impression of physical strength. But the captain also had the qualities of a true sailor. He had to use them all in the crossing that brought the *Halatukutonga* back to her home port of Ma’ofaga. When the last islands of Fiji had disappeared in the distance, the sea became so heavy that it was impossible to follow the planned course. Fr. Jouny, who was so keen to land at Niua Fo’ou, had to resign himself to making for Vava’u. The schooner was battling a terrible hurricane. For three days and three nights, the captain remained at the helm. On the second day, he left it to a native, with strict instructions on how to maintain the ship's course. He was going to rest for just five minutes, he said. No sooner had he laid down in the cabin than he felt his boat faltering. In one leap he was on deck, violently pushing off his helmsman and managing to right the

ship. During this alarm, a man fell overboard; the mizzen sail was in the water, but he had the deftness to hold on to it and was saved.

It's hard to imagine the ordeals that the men and women, young and old, endured aboard the *Halatukutonga*. Death, which had already been so narrowly avoided several times, loomed larger than ever. The priests had heard the confessions of their neophytes, and gave them what was presumed to be their last Absolution. In the same storm, a whole squadron of warships - six out of seven - was wiped out in Samoa, off Apia. Only the English ship *Calliope* was able to take to the high seas and escape. Those historic days of March 16-17, 1889 are still being remembered in Samoa. From Samoa, news of the disaster reached Tonga quickly. By the same post, we learned that the *Halatukutonga* had had to leave Fiji before the storm. There was great commotion. The families who had a member on board the unfortunate *Halatukutonga* were so alarmed that, after a few days of anxious waiting, the cries and funeral laments broke out. The village of Ma’ofaga was already in mourning when suddenly, on March 20, 1889, a sail appeared on the horizon. The beach was covered with people. A few hours later, those whose death had been mourned were able to embrace families and loved ones. *Halatukutonga* was finally home and all were alive!

[Sources for Part I: Letter of Fr. Olier from Vaipoa, Niuatoputapu dated November 22, 1888 (Olier Letters 054-057); Caroline Toutain, *Prêtres Maristes à Tonga: Histoires de Mission*, 1992, pp. 72-78; source for Part II: P. Soane Malia, *Chez Les Méridionaux du Pacifique*, 1910, pp. 170-186; English translation by F. Tavo]

Seen below is Fr. Olier and his brass band who made the trip to the Niua's in 1888; photo dated late 1880s.