

**A**  
**UNITED STATES**  
**MIDSHIPMAN**  
**IN THE**  
**SOUTH SEAS**

*by*  
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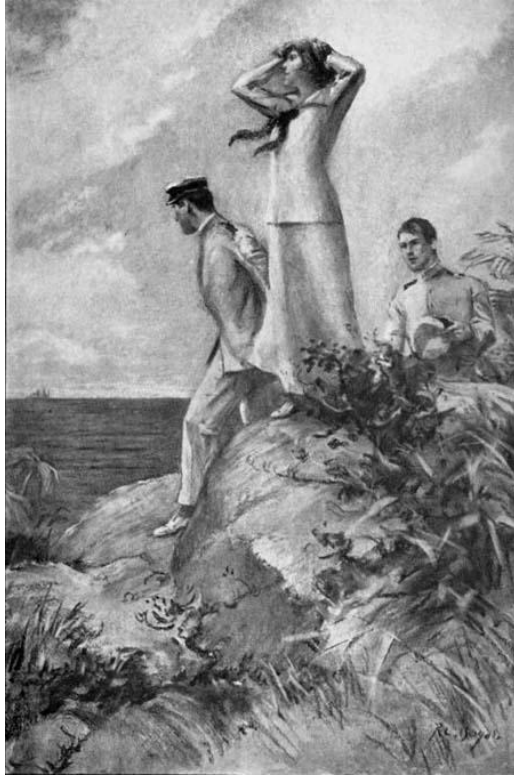
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**"ISN'T IT WORTH COMING FOR?"**

*During the process of empire building, even to-day carried on by the great powers, the far distant South Sea Islands received their share of attention from designing cabinets.*

*In their patriotic desire to further the cause of their country many sailors laid down their lives in battles with the natives.*

*These small wars are scarcely remembered at home, but in the islands where the rivalry between the nations was bitterest, there stand impressive monuments to these sailor heroes, and in their songs the chivalrous islanders praise the virtues of their fallen foes.*

*To the sailors of all nations who thus met death, fighting in their country's cause, these pages are dedicated.*

# Introduction

In this story Midshipmen Phil Perry and Sydney Monroe, together with Boatswain's Mate "Jack" O'Neil, act through an historic drama of a South Sea war.

The same characters have seen active service in many parts of the world.

In "A United States Midshipman Afloat," life in a battle-ship of the Atlantic fleet, together with a typical South American revolution, furnished the setting. In "A United States Midshipman in China," the midshipmen and O'Neil help to rescue an American Mission and put an end to a "Boxer" uprising. In "A United States Midshipman in the Philippines," the same officers see very active service on board a gun-boat in cooperation with the army against the Filipino insurgents.

In "A United States Midshipman in Japan," they discover a plot to bring the United States and Japan into open hostilities over the purchase of some foreign war-ships. War is narrowly averted through the detective work of the midshipmen and their Japanese classmate at Annapolis, but now a lieutenant in the Imperial Navy.

The present volume carries the midshipmen through further thrilling scenes that occurred in an island of the far-away South Seas. The portrayal of native life is faithful and many of the incidents are historic.

**A United States Midshipman  
in the South Seas**

# CHAPTER I

## THE RIVAL CHIEFS

A MAN-OF-WAR boat propelled by six sailormen and with the flag of the United States flying from its staff navigated the tortuous channel through the fringing coral reef and landed upon the sandy beach of the harbor of Ukula.

Three American naval officers from the cruiser "Sitka" stepped from the boat upon the shore.

In the great public square on Kulinuu Point at one end of the town many thousands of the natives of the Kapuan Islands had gathered. They had come from all the villages of the islands by special invitation from the Herzovian consul for the purpose of giving welcome to their great war chief Kataafa, who had but just returned from five long years of exile in a foreign land.

Toward this assemblage the three officers bent their steps. They were shown to their chairs by obsequious Herzovian sailors and found themselves placed with the English officers from their war-ship in port. The Herzovian officers sat close to their consul, who, in all the splendor of a court uniform, his chest covered with medals, was enthroned under a bower of freshly cut shrubs and flowers.

The American captain, Commander Tazewell, regarded the Herzovian officials, a twinkle of merriment in his eyes.



“All their paint and powder is on thick,” he said, smiling good-humoredly, to his two companions, Midshipmen Philip Perry and Sydney Monroe, who had accompanied him ashore to be present at this novel ceremony.

Phil was gazing with open-eyed admiration at the handsome islanders.

“I mean the Herzovinian officers,” Commander Tazewell added. “It’s a hot day for special full dress uniform, but ‘noblesse oblige,’ I suppose.”

The American consul, Mr. Lee, accompanied by the chief justice of Kapua, Judge Lindsay, walked solemnly behind their sailor escort and seated themselves in chairs reserved for them between the English and American officers. Their ladies were escorted to seats in another stand.

Mr. Lee remained standing until the two young women who had accompanied him had been shown seats, then he sat down with an audible exclamation of annoyance.

“Judge,” he exclaimed, “be prepared to be outraged. I know these pig-headed Herzovinians well enough to appreciate that they never do things half-way.”

“We were fools to come and be insulted,” the judge snapped, removing his soft “Panama” and wiping his moist forehead. “Look at that stand of theirs; looks like a Christmas tree—the very thing to catch the savage eye. Here are we in our democratic simplicity.”

The two midshipmen gazed about; the wonderful spectacle delighted them. Several thousands of Kapuan men and women collected in mathematical accuracy had formed a great square about the Herzovinian officials. In front were the women, garbed in colors of flaming hue, their dark hair loose over their shoulders. The scarlet hibiscus blossom woven into necklaces and entwined in their blue-black locks was both effective and startling. The men were naked to the lava-lava covering about their waists, their copper brown skins glistening with cocoanut oil.

“There’s Kataafa,” Commander Tazewell said to his companions at his side. “He and Panu-Mafili are rivals to the Kapuan throne, and the final decision is now in the hands of Judge Lindsay.” The midshipmen had arrived in Kapua only that morning on the mail steamer from San Francisco.

“Kataafa is the high chief who has always rebelled against the king,” the commander added. “The Herzovinians deported him to one of their penal islands after his warriors had killed many of their sailors, and now they are giving him a royal welcome.”

“Where’s Panu-Mafili?” Phil asked excitedly, after he had feasted his eyes upon the high chief sitting next the Herzovinian consul.

Commander Tazewell indicated a small native squatting on the ground in front of the assemblage. He seemed dwarfed in comparison to the giant next him.

“The big one alongside of him is Tuamana,” the commander explained. “He has always been loyal to the legal king, and is a

fine character and a great fighter. We'll call upon him by and by."

With a flourish of trumpets the ceremony began. The band then struck up the impressive Herzovinian national air, and all rose to their feet.

The Herzovinian consul, Mr. Carlson, moved forward after the music had ceased. He held in his hand a paper which he raised above his head, praying silence.

The midshipmen listened eagerly.

"What language is it?" Phil whispered. He could not recognize a word. From different quarters of the great crowd could be heard the native "talking men" repeating the words until they were heard by every native.

Phil riveted his attention upon the sea of native faces opposite him, endeavoring to surmise their thoughts, and thus obtain knowledge of what was being said.

"I can't follow him," Commander Tazewell whispered to Phil, "but I see it's making a great impression." He turned slowly in his chair to observe the effect upon Judge Lindsay and Mr. Lee, both of whom spoke Kapuan fluently.

Judge Lindsay's under lip was noticeably quivering, while Mr. Lee ground his teeth in silent rage.

An exclamation from Phil caused the commander to turn again. The tall warrior and Panu-Mafili, the other candidate for kingship, had turned their backs upon the speaker and were talking to their followers behind them. Almost as one man they

obeyed the call, and nearly five hundred natives slowly and with great dignity marched away, leaving a gaping hole in the symmetry of the square.

Mr. Carlson's flow of native eloquence came to a sudden stop. He gazed in apparent bewilderment about him. Then from the departing natives came in melodious rhythm the words, sung over and over again—"Malea-Toa-Panu-Tupu-e-Kapua"—Malea-Toa Panu is King of Kapua.

"I'm afraid I can't stand to hear the rest myself," Judge Lindsay declared, unable to Control himself longer. He rose to his feet and walked away with great dignity. Mr. Lee and the British consul followed.

"I am going to stick it through," Commander Sturdy, of the British war-ship "Hyacinth," exclaimed as he changed his seat to one next to Commander Tazewell. "I can't understand a jolly word, you know, but it's as good as a musical opera at home."

Chief Kataafa now stood beside Mr. Carlson, while Klinger, the manager of the Herzovinian firm's plantations in Kapua, called the "Kapuan Firm," called loudly to the natives for silence.

"The worst is yet to come," Commander Tazewell laughed. The Herzovinian sailor company of a hundred strong, their rifles shining brightly in the sunlight, had smartly taken the position of "present arms." "But quiet must be restored before the remainder of this impressive ceremony will be retailed out to us," he added impressively.

Mr. Carlson solemnly placed a wreath of royal yellow about the chief's neck. The assemblage suddenly burst forth in

uncontrolled savage joy. Then as if by magic this demonstration was stilled by the music of a gun. The Herzovinian war-ship was firing a salute in honor of the returned exiles.

“Nineteen guns, I suppose,” Commander Sturdy said. Every one was counting, the natives most of all. The nineteenth gun had fired. All held their breath. This was the salute usually given a high chief. There seemed a perceptible pause and then another crash reverberated across the water, and yet another.

“A royal salute,” all gasped. Again pandemonium broke loose among the Kataafa adherents. Herzovinia had acknowledged Kataafa as king of Kapua.

Commander Tazewell’s face suddenly dropped its joviality. The British captain said things under his breath, while the American and English officers gazed at each other, utterly speechless with surprise.

“Kataafa Tupu-e-Kapua<sup>[1]</sup>—ah,” the song burst forth, drowning out all other sounds.

The stands were quickly emptied. The American and English officers joined the resident ladies of their nationality and escorted them in angry silence away from the scene.

Judge Lindsay and Mr. Lee were encountered only a few hundred yards away. Mr. Lee called Commander Tazewell to his side.

“We are waiting to hear from Mr. Carlson what is the meaning of this treachery,” he exclaimed. “Judge Lindsay goes so far as

to believe that now a war over the title of king of Kapua cannot be averted. It is outrageous.”

Phil and Sydney gazed with interest at the daughters of the American consul, Mr. Lee, whom they had not met, and were greatly disappointed when they heard him direct them to return home immediately. The midshipmen remained behind with their captain.

The Herzovinian consul, accompanied by Klinger and a stranger and followed by several naval officers, soon appeared. Their faces were wreathed in smiles and their shoulders were decorated with circlets of flowers placed there by the jubilant Kataafa adherents.

Judge Lindsay placed himself squarely in their path. His face was pale, and he held his cane clutched firmly in his hand.

“Mr. Carlson,” he exclaimed in a clear vibrant voice, “I desire you to state to me, as chief justice of Kapua, publicly and at once, your authority in making such a speech, acknowledging for Herzovinia the claim of Kataafa to be king of Kapua. Further, I desire to hear the authority for the salute of twenty-one guns, a salute given only to a king. As chief justice of these islands I represent the Herzovinian law as well as the law of England and America. Do I understand, sir, that you have set aside law, the law of the treaty between the three great nations, and have rendered a decision in favor of Kataafa, even while I am still deliberating upon the justice of these two claimant chiefs for the title of king?”

Mr. Cartoon's face was a study. He looked appealingly to the stranger beside him as if for support. Phil was astonished to note the evident gleam of triumph in the stranger's eyes. The lad regarded him closely. He was tall and finely built; his face was pale and highly intellectual in appearance. He appeared to be a man of great force of character.

"My dear judge," Mr. Carlson floundered hopelessly. "Come with us to the consulate. This is really not the place for dispute."

They had been surrounded by inquisitive natives of all sizes, who are quick to scent an altercation, and even though not understanding the words, like all nature's children, can read the language of the eye, the face and the hand.

"Don't dear me," the judge exclaimed, even more angrily. "Your treachery was public; my condemnation of it shall be public also."

Mr. Carlson's face streamed with perspiration. He was a big man and inclined to be fat. His gorgeous uniform fitted like a glove. Under a torrid sun he was a picture of woe.

The stranger whispered in the consul's ear. Phil noted that the red face suddenly cleared.

"You have misunderstood, judge," Mr. Carlson began, not at all certain of his ground, but his voice gained strength as he continued. "I did not say he was Tupu<sup>[2]</sup> of Kapua. That you must decide. I only hailed Kataafa as Tupu. Being the choice of so many villages makes him Tupu. That was my meaning. Kataafa and Panu-Mafili are both Tupu, but neither is yet Tupu-

e-Kapua.” Mr. Carlson was now smiling benignly upon the judge.

Judge Lindsay made a sign of disgust.

“Do you take me for a babe in arms?” he exploded. “How dare you insult my intelligence by such an absolute and unnecessary falsehood! Whether you know what you read or not, I do know. I heard and understood. You did not mince matters there.” He drew himself up haughtily and glared defiantly and for the first time at the stranger and Klinger.

“The Kapuan language, to one who knows it, is not difficult. I advise you, Mr. Carlson, hereafter to stick to a language you know, otherwise your able co-conspirators will be putting embarrassing words into your innocent mouth.”

A ripple of suppressed merriment rose unrebuked at the judge’s sally. Mr. Carlson seemed too dazed and worried to make any reply.

The judge bowed ceremoniously, linking his arm in that of Mr. Lee, and walked away.



## CHAPTER II

### DISCORD AMONG THE WHITES

THE day after the ceremony of welcome to Kataafa, Phil and Sydney again accompanied their captain on shore. Commander Tazewell took a lively interest in everything that was going on and was delighted to have such enthusiastic young supporters.

“You’ll find,” he said after they had landed and sent the boat away, “that the natives of both factions are equally friendly to us. That is a good sign and I hope it will continue.”

The highroad of Ukula was filled with half-naked muscular men and lithe, graceful, dark-eyed women. Every native exhaled the acrid odor of cocoanut oil. The men’s long hair was plastered white with lime and tied on top in the form of a topknot.

“The lime bleaches the hair red, you know,” Commander Tazewell explained, noting the lads’ curiosity at this peculiar custom. “The oil is to prevent them from catching cold. They go into the water, you see, any hour of the day, and when they come out they are as dry as ducks.”

The officers had landed at Kulinuu, the traditional residence of the Malea-Toa family, from which many kings had been chosen and to which Panu-Mafili belonged. On every hand they encountered good-natured smiling natives. “Talofa, Alii”<sup>[3]</sup> was on every lip.

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