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*Anna Elsie Holt -*

# Anna Cate Bole

Memoranda

By her Husband

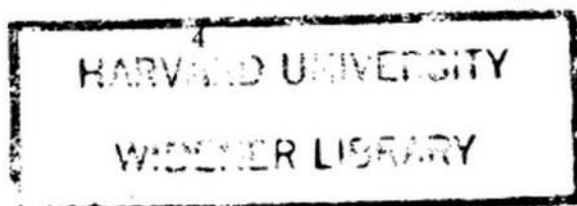


THESE pages are for those who loved and still love Anna—my dear wife.

Her home was Castine, a historic old town, much associated with the early settlement of America, having its own share of the strife and fighting of those times. It is a small town and is still isolated from the railroad system of the State of Maine; it stands on rising ground at the head of Penobscot Bay, near the mouth of the Biguiduce River. Broad reaches of water extend in front of the town in different directions, diversified by islands and headlands crowned with forests of cypress and white birch, with the huge dome of Blue Hill on the eastern horizon and the distant Camden Hills on the western. In this enchanting landscape she grew up and doubtless imbibed some of her love of beauty from her surroundings.

The early business of Castine had much to do with the sea. There was ship-building; there was much activity in the fishing enterprise, especially the cod fishery on the Newfoundland banks; there was trade with England and Spain and New Orleans; red-capped European sailors gave a foreign atmosphere to the harbor front and the streets of the town. With the commercial prosperity much attention was given to education; a state Normal school was established there in the sixties. Although the commercial importance of Castine has much declined in recent years, its educational standing has continued.

In this atmosphere it is natural that Anna grew up interested in study and books; she early became a teacher in the high school, and after a course in Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Connecticut, she taught with much acceptance in the Normal school. In a recent letter from Mrs. E. P. Adams, formerly of Honolulu, who succeeded to her position in the Normal school, she says: "I remember when I first went to Castine, taking Anna's



place in the Normal school. Anna came in one day and I thought with a sinking of the heart how can I ever fill the place of that beautiful girl."

She became fond of poetry under the influence of her mother, who led her children through its haunts and made them acquainted with the classic gems of literature. Anna had a good memory, remarkable, as it seemed to me, and she memorized many choice pieces of verse that she loved and delighted sometimes to repeat them to willing listeners. She also memorized extensive portions of the Bible—mainly the Psalms, and portions of the new Testament including the Gospels. In responses at church services she needed no book. The "Paradise and the Peri," and the "Culprit Fay" were among her favorites which she loved to recite.

The city of Boston was the chosen metropolis of the family where they loved to go for shopping and for the various entertainments of metropolitan life. It was in Cambridge, I think, where they had family associations.

In 1870 she came to the Hawaiian Islands with Mr. Joshua and Mrs. Dickson, to visit her uncle, Mr. Edward P. Adams, in Honolulu, where she entered into the social life with much zest. Modest, and with unassuming manners, she had a striking personality, and made an immediate impression on all she met. I do not know that Kamehameha V, who was then the reigning king, met her personally, but he must have observed her at some of the royal functions, and was so favorably impressed with her that he sent her by his kahuna woman, whose name I have forgotten, a wreath of beautiful Oo feathers—then, as now, a rare and costly gift.

I find in an old letter written her by Mr. Adams shortly after her return home, a reference to his small boy's nightly prayers for Anna which were about as follows: "God bless cousin Anna and let her come out all safe, and don't let the sword fish make a hole in the vessel, and take care of Mr. Dole when he goes after her." Mr. Adams continues: "Isn't that good? Johnny heard a story about a sword fish sinking a ship and so he





wishes to save you from that calamity. Somehow you won the hearts of all the children, as well as those of maturer years—how did you do it?"

It was here that I became acquainted with her, and here that our courtship began and was carried on to our engagement.

She returned to Castine in 1872 with her uncle, and early in the following year I went on for our wedding. I was cordially received by the family and was hospitably entertained at their home during the days preceding our wedding. Of course, in a way, I was under interested, but kindly inspection during this time, not only by members of the family, but also by many of their friends. It was somewhat trying, but I had other and enchanting matters to occupy my attention. Our wedding was in May and took place in the Cate home, a capacious house of the plain New England type. It was a sunny day with the springtime flowers everywhere and the birds singing and the new foliage on the elms and maples.

The following lines are from her rythmical reference to this day, written on one of its anniversaries:

Lilacs bloomed in golden glory,  
Eyebrights lifted faces fair,  
And the promise of the Springtime  
Filled the earth and filled the air.

Oh, the violets in the woodlands!  
Oh, the ferns in mossy dell!  
While the blessed, blessed sunshine  
Like a benediction fell.

Relatives and intimate friends of Anna were the guests and Mr. Brigham, of the Bishop P. Museum, my only old friend obtainable in this far-away place, came over from Boston and stood by me as best man.

It was in the morning that the simple ceremony took place the much loved and venerable pastor of

their church officiating. Outwardly, it was a merry party but for her mother and the family and her friends and for herself, perhaps most of all, it was an event involving much that was pathetic; it made it easier for her that she had already lived in Honolulu and been part of its community.

Some of the wedding party accompanied us down the hill to our boat that was to carry us away. It all reminds me in memory of Thomas Hood's lovely poem, Fair Inez:

“O saw ye not fair Inez?  
She's gone into the west;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best;  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Were there no bonny dames at home  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I saw thee, lovely Inez  
Descend along the shore,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore;  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
If it had been no more!  
Alas, alas, fair Inez!  
She went away with song.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But some were sad and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang Farewell! Farewell!  
To her you've loved so long!

Alas, for pleasure on the sea  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!"

I have quoted these parts that seem to have portrayed, almost literally, our eventful day and its kindred associations.

Of that seemingly merry company but few remain; her own family have all preceded her to the real homeland.

We enjoyed a short honeymoon in Boston and neighboring places, going as far as Lake Champlain, where we visited my cousin, Rev. Charles F. Dole, then administering to his first church; thence returning to Castine to say good-bye, before starting for Honolulu. We tarried at Niagara Falls a day or two for its beauty and majesty. At the hotel in Chicago she had a tearful breakdown, feeling, perhaps, more keenly than she had, the severing of the home ties, but on the whole she was in good spirits and eagerly enjoyed the beauty and varied aspects of nature as our trip gave them to us.

Our first year in Honolulu brought us in touch with the exciting events connected with the death of King Lunalilo and the riot following the election of Kalakaua. Everything in her new home interested her deeply and she had apparently given herself without reserve to the new life with all that belonged to it.

In her enthusiasm for poetry and romance, and with her impulse to be a part of her new home community and to contribute toward its well being, she early gathered around her a class of young girls for the study of the masterpieces of classic literature.

For the first few years after our return we boarded in different places, keeping house for a brief period in her uncle's home. For a time we had a rented cottage on Nuuanu avenue, taking our meals with a near-by neighbor. It was a diminutive house, but comfortable,



and with Anna's taste, became an attractive and home-like residence. She was of all impulses of inclination, an enthusiastic home-builder; it was her dominant mood, and when the opportunity came to build our own home, she entered into the enterprise with all the heartiness of her nature.

I well remember our careful study of plans. One evening our friend Mr. Tom Walker came with paste-board, and skilfully constructed a model of the cottage as we wished it to be, so we had it on a small scale to study; and so in course of time, the lot on Emma street was cleared off and graded and the important work began. We did not have much money and so had to build accordingly, and yet nothing that was cheap was acceptable for that reason. It was a little house of only four rooms, but we moved into our own home at last with a very heartfelt feeling of satisfaction.

We had at first only two servants—an unskilled Chinese and the yard boy, and Anna did most of the work for the table and care of the rooms—somewhat beyond her strength. She was very hospitable and fond of entertaining. But her heart was in the home growth and beautification; flowers and pictures and furniture and rugs, and draperies and vases and statuary. She was always on the watch for new additions. I remember in the early days of the housekeeping how we put aside a little change every week until we had amassed a fund which would pay for a rug. It was a blue rug that was obtained. She was an ardent lover of almost all flowers, but roses were her passion, and she gave much attention to their cultivation, and with ample success, until the introduction of the Japanese beetle; but she never relinquished her efforts afterwards, and with much care and attention still was able to have now and then a few of her own production, appreciating them with all the more affection from their rarity and from the care she had bestowed on them. Truly our home owed much to her rare taste in its arrangement and adornment. She always raised a few nasturtiums, enjoying them for their perfume as well as their color.



As you know, we had no children—much to our sorrow; in one of her rythmical letters to me from away on her first visit home, she wrote:

“And the children, Oh, the children!  
Ah, the tears will fall like rain,  
For my heart is aching sorely  
For these blooms of love and pain.”

The mother nature was unmistakable in her from childhood. She has confessed to me that she could hardly give up her dolls long after the usual doll period with girls. All through her life she loved to have her friends bring their babies, when they called and she would enjoy holding them in her arms.

Shortly after our marriage she had a bad fall from a horse which ran away with her in a Christmas morning ride; this kept her in bed for several days, and permanently left her nervous with horses.

In 1877 she took a trip home for her health, which had been delicate, and for treatment, spending a considerable part of her time in Portland and Boston. The next year I joined her in Castine, but returned to Honolulu without her, as she was still under medical care. The year after that, I went over again and staid with her a few months in Boston. In the summer we returned to Honolulu, making long stops at Denver and Colorado Springs on the way.

On our return, Elizabeth Low, then Elizabeth Napoleon, came to live with us, then between thirteen and fourteen, staying permanently with us until her marriage in 1887, growing in our confidence and affection and becoming at length our adopted daughter in reality, if not in legal form. Anna came to depend on her and trust her.

In 1885 Anna's health remaining delicate and the old home associations being still powerful with her, she made another visit home, but spent much time in Boston for medical care. While there she studied art and paid much attention to the painting of flowers. She

was loyal to her home in Honolulu and suffered from homesickness. In the latter part of 1886 I met her in California and returned with her to Honolulu.

During the next year occurred the somewhat sensational uprising against the Kalakaua administration in which he was compelled to proclaim a new constitution. Anna was, of course, deeply interested in the movement. I remember once at midnight when the conspirators, at work on the draft of the new constitution, broke up their conference, on account of an alarm of an approaching attack on the Executive Building where their forces were stationed, and scattered each to his own residence to arm and reinforce the Executive Building. Anna, who, with a friend, was still up, helped me to get ready for the fray and sent me off with a smile and a kiss. It turned out to be a false alarm.

Toward the end of the same year I accepted a position as one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court and our hoped-for visit to Europe was put off indefinitely.

In 1890 I had a leave of absence and we took a pleasure trip to the United States, visiting Riverside, California, where my brother George had located on leaving Hawaii and Boulder, Colorado, where one of Anna's sisters was living, and Chicago, Washington, New York, Boston and her old home in Castine. Anna enjoyed much in the large cities, especially the theatres and picture galleries. After a few weeks of delightful summering in Castine, we came to her aunt's place in Hartford, Connecticut, and after a day or two there, I started for Honolulu, leaving her to return to Castine for a good visit with her mother's family. In the latter part of the year I joined her in California, and after a short stay at the Hotel Del Monte, we returned to Honolulu.

The death of Kalakaua and the accession of Liliuokalani to the Hawaiian throne, occurred early in the following year. Following these events, news of her mother's alarming illness caused Anna to return to

Castine, where she remained nursing her mother until her death some months later, when she returned to Honolulu.

The somewhat stormy events of Liliuokalani's brief reign interested her deeply in Hawaiian affairs, probably more so because of my official connection with the government. During her stay in New England in 1885 and 6, she followed my election campaign with enthusiasm and rejoiced in my success, but lamented the failure of the opposition party to elect a majority to the legislature, foreseeing for us, uphill work and political trouble. She was very loyal to me and keen to have me win all possible honorable distinction. She must have talked these things over freely with the Scudder family of Brookline, with whom she was staying, and interested them in Hawaiian affairs, for I find in one of her letters, written at that time, a statement that Winthrop Scudder, the young man of the family, had said that I would some time be president of the Hawaiian Islands. I had entirely forgotten this letter.

The long session of 1892 extended into the early months of 1893, and ended with the breakdown of the monarchy. Of course my elevation to the presidency of the Provisional Government was a surprise to her as well as it was to me. I am sure she was pleased on my account, although she must have been a prey to many anxieties; as for herself, I feel that she accepted the new social position with many misgivings that she, a comparative new comer, should have received this high distinction instead of some worthy woman of Hawaiian birth or long local residence, to whom it would seem as a logical birthright. At any rate she accepted the responsibilities of the position sweetly and bravely, and set out to perform its duties. It is for others to say how well she succeeded in these. I may say that in the simplicity and cordial hospitality of her functions and entertainments, and the absence of show, she sought to disarm prejudice and charm away the bitterness of feeling which the events of the political changes had engendered.



Although she had some of the common feminine timidities, she met the apprehensions and dangers of our position through the long period of political unrest until annexation with the United States was accomplished, without a sign of fear. Sometimes, when there were rumors of danger to me in the way of personal attack by night or attempts of kidnapping, we deemed it prudent for a night or two to go to a neighbor's residence, not far away, to sleep; she took these occasions, to all appearances, in a merry, light-hearted mood.

From time to time we had added rooms to our home and so it happened that when the demand came for the more extensive duties of hospitality, we had suitable accommodations. There were many dinners and luncheons and garden parties and receptions to give for officials and others. Anna gave herself to such enterprises with great heartiness; she was a bountiful provider and there was usually cake or pies or ice cream to give away afterwards. The Queen's Hospital, near by, was sometimes a recipient of large untouched containers of ice cream. There was no Country Club then where such affairs could be given, and she personally attended to almost everything at home, often beyond her strength, and when the last guest had departed on these occasions she would turn to me with a relieved smile—tired and happy, as she liked to express her feelings over the termination of a strenuous period of enjoyment.

She had, during the few previous years, devoted herself with enthusiasm to the painting of flowers and fruit and shrubbery for the decoration of our home. Sometimes she would place her easel in a grove of bananas and cocoa palms and get the out-of-door atmosphere. Sometimes she would take her easel to a big grove of cocoa palms a mile away. She finished two huge paintings of such out-of-door subjects, one of which was begged of her by Dr. Brigham, the Director of Bishop Museum, and framed by him and placed in that institution; the other she hung in our beach lanai. She was much disappointed that she could not paint



landscapes from nature. She often tried and hardly succeeded, not having had the benefit of sufficient instruction in perspective. She spent considerable time and paint in a frieze for one of our added new rooms. It had the flowers of the year and was an effective and beautiful decoration. She did some good copies of landscapes by other artists. She was very industrious and happy in this artistic work. Although she gave some of her pictures to friends, her efforts were mainly for the home. She was a connoisseur in pictures, and as our means allowed we, from time to time, made purchases of the works of other artists. It was her taste that influenced the manner of the enlargements of our home. There was no desire for show or splendor in her or an ambition to rival others, but worshipping the beautiful, she gave it unstinted praise wherever she found it.

Beauty was one of the Divine attributes to her; she rejoiced in the various phases of Nature. To be in a forest was a delight, or to be on the seashore, the sun-rises, the sun-sets. It was her invariable practice to go out every night, just before retiring, for a last look at the stars. She seemed to realize an accession of serenity from such interviews with Nature. In a letter from Castine in 1886, she writes: "I have come into a world of apple blossoms and lilacs. Oh, the beauty of it!! Oh, the glory of it! Oh, the odours! My whole being, my very soul goes out into it all and rejoices in it. I cannot express to you how much I feel it." Hers was a nature of very deep feeling; my plummet was never able to sound its depth. This, with great sensitiveness, made her very appreciative of kindness from others, which she met more than half way, and the same qualities brought her instant suffering from slights, which I am happy to say were few, if any real ones, and which occurred more from thoughtfulness than from intention. Her friendships were strong and she was very faithful to them.

At one time she and her uncle and I were led to to seek admission to the then Fort street church of

Honolulu. As we could not confess the somewhat medieval creed of the church, we proposed to be allowed to come in under the confession of the Apostles' Creed, but were turned down. She smilingly met this rebuff and continued with unflagging support to the church and its successor, the Central Union, in its different phases, many of its members taking it for granted from her interest that she was one of the accepted flock. For a considerable period she was one of its teachers in the Sunday school. Many of you hardly need any reminder of her life and character, yet it is a satisfaction that I could not forego, to record some of the incidents of her life and some of the qualities which have made and make her personality so rare.

She occasionally composed verse. In moments of deep feeling her impulse seemed to be in that direction. Her verse was full of poetical feeling.

When in the year 1898 the government of the Republic of Hawaii recommended and provided for my mission to Washington in the interests of our policy of annexation, she accompanied me with quiet enthusiasm, it being deemed that the addition of a social element to the enterprise would give it a standing in the interest of the American public which it might otherwise not have. She met the attentions we received on our journey with unassuming dignity and sweetness. Our stay in Washington was crowded with functions and invitations to various entertainments. I believe it was the first time that a ruler of an independent government had officially visited Washington accompanied by his wife. Mr. McKinley was the President, and, besides a reception, he gave us a state dinner, taking Anna out and giving her the seat of honor by his side. Some of Anna's family came from the State of Maine to be with us during our stay, and were duly recognized in the affairs given us.

Mr. F. M. Hatch was at that time our minister at Washington and added much to our stay, giving us one evening a large reception at the hotel.

Events moved rapidly on our return. The war with Spain materialized, which doubtless had an influence on

our negotiations for annexation with the United States. Anna was of course intensely interested in the outcome. I cannot forget the day while we were spending a few hours at our beach place, when one of the China steamships appeared off the point beyond us draped in flags from the mastheads down; we knew what it meant; it was our first news of Americas consent to our policy of annexation. There was no cable at the time. We hurried to town—Anna in her carriage to our home and I on my horse to the wharf.

There were festivities connected with the annexation ceremonies in which she shone with an unconscious distinction and graciousness, as had been her happy faculty in our previous social affairs. As I was appointed Governor of the Territory, her social duties continued. In 1903 I resigned from the governorship and was appointed Judge of the Federal Court. On the occasion of my assumption of my judicial duties, Anna with a few friends was present and listened with pleasure to my welcome from the Bar. It was a relief to her to be free from the social duties connected with the executive position. She had given herself to them with zeal and willingness—often beyond her strength, and needed quiet and rest.

In my public life and responsibilities, she stood aside, full of sympathy with me in my problems, yet showing no mood of interference or of acquiring the influence in public affairs sometimes referred to as "the power behind the throne."

In 1911, the Department of Justice in Washington granted me a six months' leave of absence for a visit to Europe, which was afterwards extended to eight months. Going and returning she made brief visits to her old home in Castine—sad ones, as then only a sister remained to welcome her. Her remaining brother, living in Cleveland, we also visited. I can hardly do justice to her delight and eager enthusiasm in this European trip; as she says, somewhere, the ambition of a lifetime. We were in London during May and June and she was a good sightseer, often overdoing. We visited Oxford

and Cambridge. Her enjoyment in these places with their old associations and their beautiful architecture was keen. Then to Stratford on Avon, which, with its Shakespearean associations and relics, and Ann Hathaway's cottage, was full of interest to her. Warwick—I quote from her journal: "Beautiful, picturesque Warwick! How can one describe it! We went to the Woolwich. . . . It was quite a pretentious hotel but pretty old. We went down three or four steps to get into our room and it looked out from a long, old-fashioned window into a courtyard with many vines, the vines clambering high on the walls; and here you saw the maids going and coming, and the homely things of life—which are indeed the best, and one little maid sang at her work all the time—such a pretty voice and so light-hearted that it was a pleasure to hear her."

And then on to Lincoln, York with its Cathedral and its Fountain's Abbey ruins, and then to Alexander Mackintosh's parsonage at Holme next the Sea, where she had a happy rest of a couple of days, and then back to London with the Coronation over. Then to Paris for a few happy weeks, and Belgium, Germany, the Austrian Tyrol, and then Venice—the "brilliant Aurora of my dreams," as she expressed it. It seemed that reaching Venice was, in a way, the culmination of her interest in the European trip. She tells in her notes of our arrival; leaving Verona she says, "Now for Venice, beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea! We passed over the long bridge or causeway . . . and stepped into the gondola in waiting. The gondolier pushed off and the dream of many months was realized." The next morning going from the rear of our hotel on the Grand Canal, we came into a street of shops and went leisurely through it looking at the various articles exposed for sale; at length coming out from under an arch, unexpectedly to Anna, into the plaza of San Marco; the cathedral of San Marco and the great Campanile were before us; Anna could not speak for a moment and her eyes filled with tears. Our week in Venice was full of thrills to her. The moon was full and nights she would rise and go out on a little stone balcony that opened out of our room



onto the Grand Canal and stand for a long time with the Grand Canal before her with its imposing buildings—more dreamlike than by day, doubtless reviving in her imagination the old and picturesque and romantic and tragic times of the Doges.

Nearly opposite our hotel was the church of Maria del Salute and opposite and further to the right were old and beautiful and discarded palaces now used for hotels and commercial purposes. Shopping was good in Venice and she purchased many of the smaller pictures and in our last evening, worn out with her eager sightseeing, she sent me out to buy a beautiful painting that she had often passed and admired.

Then on to Florence with its Duomo, and Baptistery with its bronze gates of Paradise; Giotto's tower, its picture galleries, churches, statues and its innumerable historic associations.

Then a few days in Rome where St. Peters, the Vatican, the Coliseum and, most of all, the Forum held her eager interest. Then Pisa with its cathedral and leaning tower, and Baptistery. Next, to Milan and its interesting cathedral, then through a part of Switzerland and its beautiful scenery to Lausanne and the nearby Castle of Chillon with its tragic associations of Bonnivard, then into France to the town of Dole with its old cathedral, Notre Dame de Dole, and then back to Paris. The trip through Italy was a continuous and joyous thrill to Anna. She seemed to have a power of appreciation and judgment of the works of art and especially of the historic associations that I confess was far beyond my capacity.

A little more of Paris and London, and we started homeward. Smooth seas favored her in all the sea journeying both going and coming and she came home happy and satisfied over the accomplishment of her life-long dream.

Our next few years were quiet ones. Parts of several summers were spent on the slopes of Haleakala, Maui, where in happy isolation she had the society of



the woods and fields and the enchanting distant views of that locality.

In 1917, we spent the summer in her home town of Castine at the house of one of her nieces . Her own home had been sold to congenial friends. In our walks about the town she would often contrive to pass the gate and would stand there for many minutes in silence, doubtless reviving in imagination and memory the scenes and incidents of the old family life. A very few friends of her youth remained to welcome her. Some came from distant places to be with her again for a few days. Her own family had all passed on. No one can tell how full of sad interests this visit was to her. She did not talk much about her inmost feelings over the sacred memories of her past. It was as a keen revival and a good-bye.

Our travel going and returning home was accompanied at stopping places with the hospitable attentions of friends, which, with her eager enjoyment of the drama and art exhibits, seemed too much for her moderate strength, for before reaching San Francisco she began to be troubled with annoying attacks of dizziness. Her health was somewhat better after our return to Honolulu, and she was still active socially. She took up Red Cross work for the war necessities with much devotion, working long hours in preparing bandages, etc. Her head trouble would not allow her to work at knitting, but she purchased considerable quantities of yarn which she would give to others to work up for the soldiers.

Then came her breakdown. We had been to the Methodist church in the morning; the rest of the day passed as usual, in reading and relaxation; late in the afternoon I came from a nap upstairs and observed her from a window dressed as if for a walk; I spoke to her but she made no reply, only faintly smiled without looking up. She was different from usual, but I did not surmise anything serious. As soon as I was dressed I went out to find her; she had passed across the yard and was standing near the street; I spoke to her and she faintly smiled as before without noticing me; I took her

arm, noticing that something was wrong, and led her toward the house, she yielded to me, yet would stop now and then and look wistfully away in a certain direction as if she thought she had lost herself and was seeking a way out, then she would yield and go on with me but without taking any notice of me; I tried to interest her in flowers as we passed them but without success. When we reached the house, she came easily up the low steps with me, but resisted my suggestion to sit in her favorite easy chair on the porch. We came together into the parlor and she readily allowed herself to be seated on the sofa and then to be put into a reclining position. All this time she had not said a word and was apparently in a dream. In a few minutes distressing convulsions began, which continued at intervals until toward morning, when she fell into a restful sleep, awaking in the morning in her normal consciousness, although weak and much exhausted. She rapidly gained strength and soon could join us at the table, and enjoyed walking out with someone in the yard or on the sidewalk. It seemed for a while as if she would recover her usual health, but I do not think that she expected it. She sat much in her accustomed veranda-chair on the street-side porch, and I sometimes felt her expression and demeanor was that of one who was letting go one by one of the familiar things and associations—the grounds and trees and flowers she loved so well, and the inside features of the home which she had been so instrumental in creating. She spoke of the good opportunity of passing out while unconscious in her first attack as if she was rather disappointed that such a result had not occurred.

After a few weeks of encouraging improvement, unfavorable symptoms returned and for a few days she became steadily weaker and one evening at sleeptime she gently fell asleep. Her death occurred two months after her first attack. Her illness was a cheerful, almost a merry one at times. Her mind was bright and clear to the last. She enjoyed seeing friends and being read to, had not the slightest dread of dying, but feared helpless invalidism. She once perceived friends who had passed

on; without any signs that her mind was wandering, she said in a matter of fact way to Mrs. Low, 'Jennie is here,' and a moment later, 'Father is coming.' Jennie was one of her sisters who had passed on a few years before.

I think all who knew her will agree that an abiding quality of her character was a divine pity for suffering—whether in man or beast. Her long and enthusiastic connection with the Honolulu Humane Society, in which she held a leading position, was a much appreciated opportunity for her in this direction. A crying child on the street at our residence never failed to draw her out to soothe its trouble or to adjust any existing difficulty with its playmates. With an element of imperiousness in her disposition which sometimes appeared, a sweet humility lay hidden—a dominant trait, unobtrusive, yet infusing a quality of charm into her relations with all. Her mind was no market for acrimonious gossip; always unwelcome, such wares went no further.

In our occasional differences, she was always—I am ashamed to admit yet very proud of her—the first to want to make up. With quickness of temper, she was quick to get over it. Her faith in God was strong and cheerful and her confidence unshaken. She believed in the life to come without questioning. In a letter written in 1815 to a lifelong friend, she said: "Well, we are all approaching the other world, and this dear old world is such a beautiful one that we should be loth to leave it if it were not for the dear ones gone; we must see them." She met the increasing infirmities of age cheerfully—almost merrily, as all in the game of life; yet doubtless they were a hard trial. She was always young in spirit. Helpless invalidism she dreaded. Always a helper, it was very hard for her to face a condition in which she could not help herself; death was welcome rather than that. An innate and unconscious refinement was an abiding element of her character and helped her to meet all situations with sweetness and dignity.

A dominant trait in her was a keen sense of honor—more vital to her than life itself, and her public spirit

was always to the fore. In our occasions of military active service, she was untiring in her devotion to the needs of our volunteer soldiers, campaigning among the hills around the town, sending them from time to time huge containers of coffee and other supplies.

Of our mutual relations I need not speak. We had our misunderstandings and I have much to make amends for, and yet through clouds and through sunshine her love enthroned, remained steadfast.

I know I have your sympathy for in some measure you knew her worth, her innate delicacy and purity of soul.

After her death, many letters came to me from different parts of the world—letters of sympathy and very dear testimonies of the hold she had on many hearts: too numerous to quote from, but comforting to keep and refer to.

I would end this memorial with her own words, "This dear old world is such a beautiful one that we should be loth to leave it if it were not for the dear ones gone; we must see them."

After preparing the above, a letter came from Miss Mary Allen, the daughter of the late Chief Justice Allen of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, containing the following somewhat extended record of her impressions of Anna. She was a friend of long standing and had been prevented by illness in the family and its pressure on her time and strength from an earlier expression.

S. B. DOLE.

I not only wanted to express to you my deep sympathy for your own personal loss, but also to testify to my own feeling of love and admiration for Mrs. Dole, who was one of the rarest, most exquisite natures I have ever met. There was something so beautiful and poetic about her that one instinctively associated her with the best and finest they knew.

Her absolute incapacity to see anything but the good, gave to all her thoughts such a purity that was, it seemed to me, little short of divine.

My memories of the Islands are filled with the most precious associations connected with Mrs. Dole.

No one, I am sure, whether gentle or simple, ever approached her threshold without a happy quickening of the pulse, nor left it without regret; and all who entered your wide open doors were conscious of a welcome rarely met with elsewhere—so true, so kind it was and marked by such a generosity and liberality of mind that they became speedily at home and able to express the best that was in them. . . . Consequently this made a visit to Emma street or Waikiki an ever remembered and cherished happiness.

In any community such an influence as . . . Mrs. Dole shed abroad is incalculable and must have a beneficial effect on both mind and heart quite beyond our power to estimate.

This beautiful service . . . Mrs. Dole rendered for years, and if in the days to come those who follow you are touched with the same generous and liberal spirit, it will be largely the result of the seed sown by . . .



Mrs. Dole; and this sowing, we must remember, began at a time when political passion and prejudice were intense and bitter—so that the kindness and sweet spirit which emanated from Emma street were of incalculable value to the moral life of the Islands.

Much else that was helpful and enduring found its beginning in Emma street, and those who were fortunate enough to know the beautiful spirit which presided there, may give reverent and loving thanks for having come in any measure within its rare and inspiring presence.







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