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THE PASSING OF LILIUOKALANI



*Liliuokalani, as Hawaii's Queen.*

*Her Majesty Liliu (Lydia) Kamakaeha Kaolaniālii Newelii Liliuokalani, Hawaii's only Queen; and now the most lamented of the former Sovereigns of the Kingdom of Hawaii who have gone out from the clay. This picture was taken while Liliuokalani waved the scepter of the Kingdom.*

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# THE PASSING OF LILIUOKALANI

BY  
WM. C. HODGES, Jr.

With illustrations from photographs

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Preceded by  
A Brief Historical Interpretation  
of the Life of  
Liliuokalani of Hawaii

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Honolulu  
Honolulu Star-Bulletin  
Publishers

~~996.902~~  
~~H667p~~

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PUBLISHED JULY, 1918

- - DEDICATED TO - -  
THE HAWAII THAT WAS





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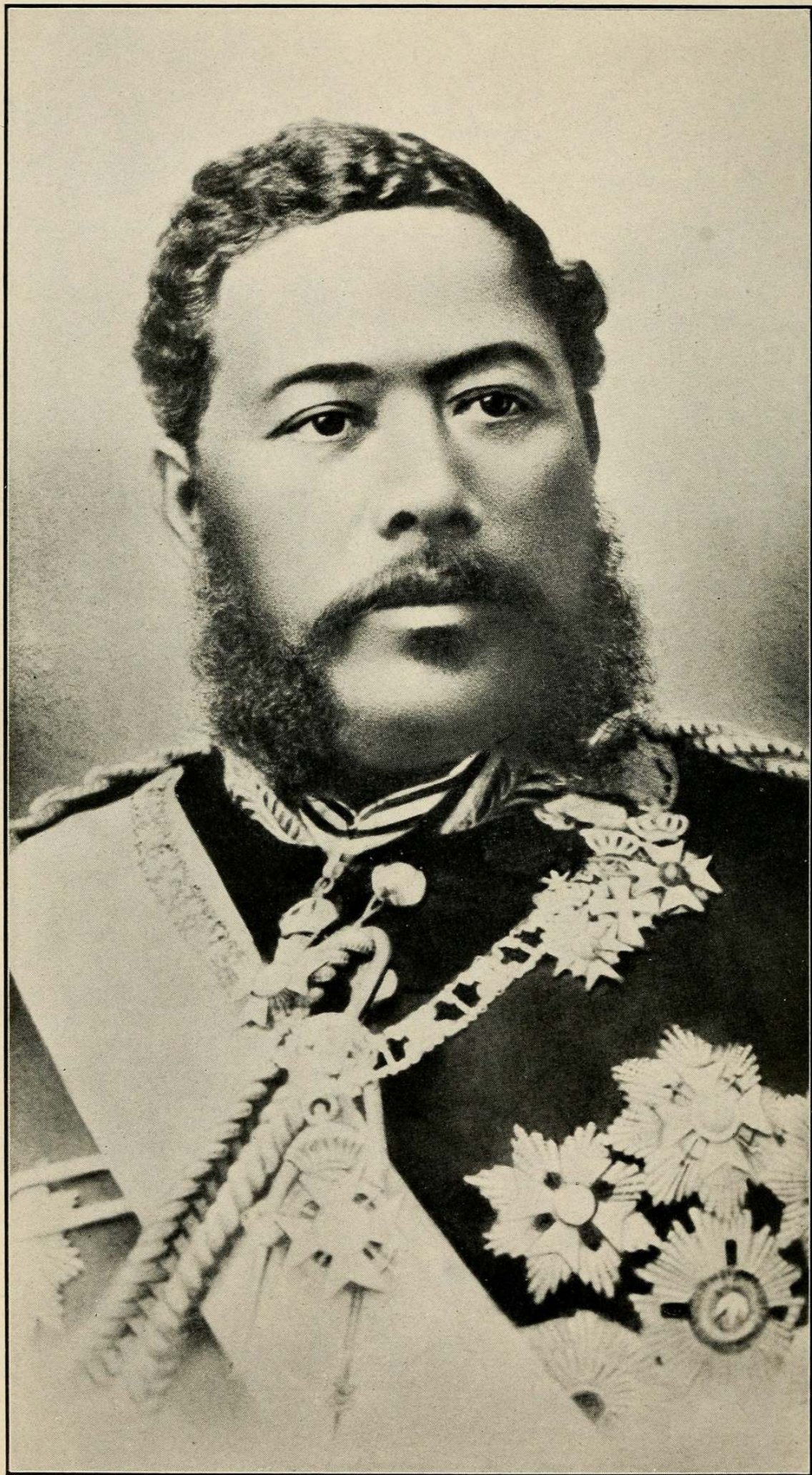
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A Brief Historical Interpretation  
of the Life of  
Liliuokalani of Hawaii

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**Q**UEEN LILIUOKALANI, last of the rulers of royal Hawaii, was born September 2, 1838; wielded the scepter from January, 1891, to January, 1893, and died November 11, 1917.

Her father was Kapaakea, and her mother Keohokalole, one of the counselors of King Kamehameha III, who, in 1840 gave the Hawaiian people their first written constitution. Keawa-a-Heulu, founder of the Kamehameha dynasty, was her great-grandfather and cousin of Keoua, father of Kamehameha I. One of the first converts to Christianity, Queen Kapiolani, was Liliuokalani's great-grand aunt. She it was who publicly defied the power of the fire-goddess, Pele, to embrace the new religion brought from strange lands overseas.

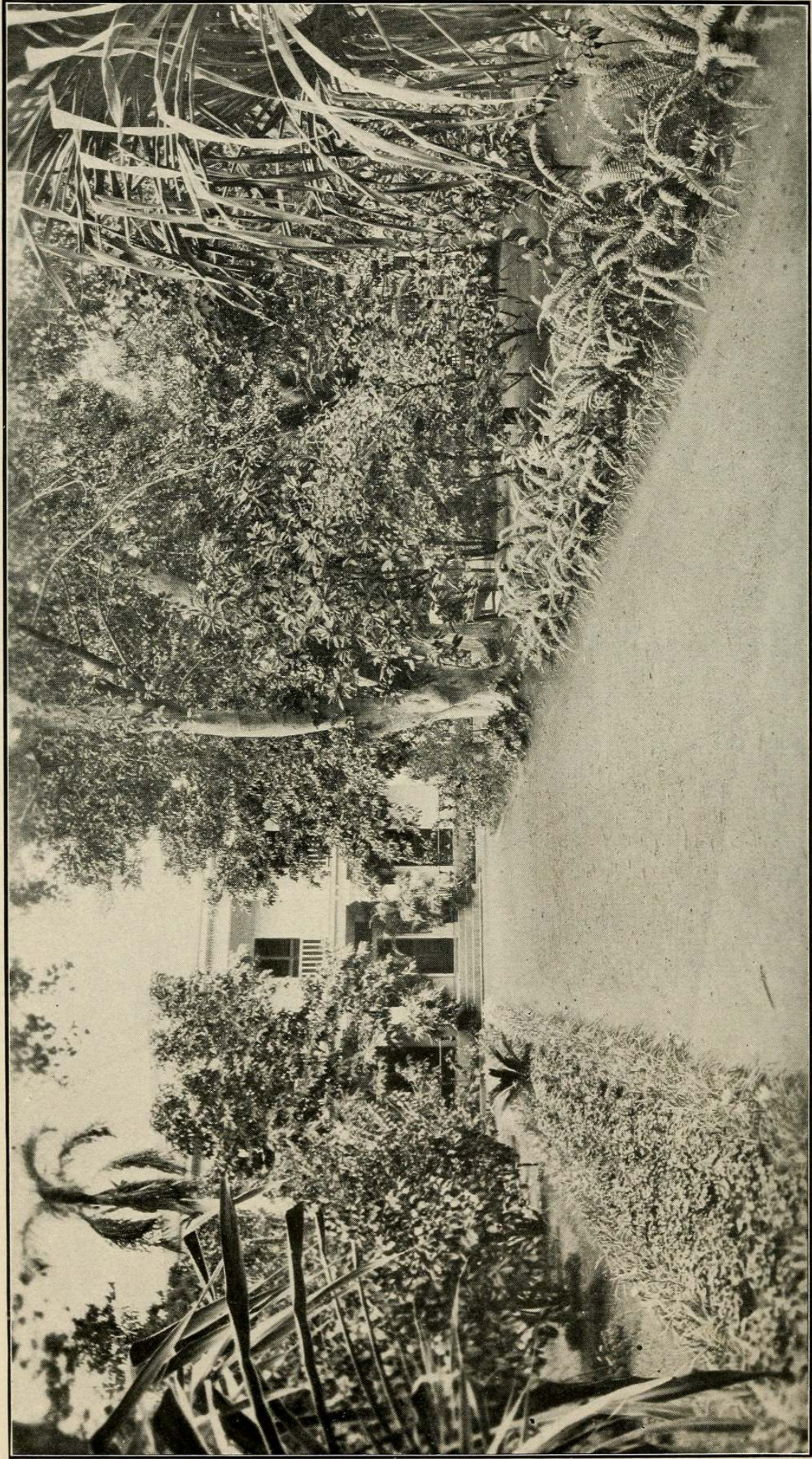


*His Majesty, King Kalakaua, brother of Liliuokalani, and her immediate predecessor on the throne.*

Soon after her birth Liliuokalani was adopted by Paki, a high chief, and his wife, Konia, a descendant of the first Kamehameha. Their daughter, Bernice Pauahi, later Mrs. Charles R. Bishop, was therefore Liliuokalani's foster-sister.

At four years of age the child Liliu was sent to the Royal School, where, says the Queen in her own book, English was well taught, tho' the children were frequently hungry. In this boarding school when Liliuokalani entered the institution, there were five future Hawaiian rulers—Kamehameha IV, Kamehameha V, Lunalilo, Kalakaua, (her brother), and herself.

A neighbor in her school days, was Mr. John O. Dominis, who afterwards became her husband, tho' she had no lack of royal suitors. The father of Dominis was a sea-captain of Italian antecedents, while his mother was an American from Boston, of English stock. The house known as Washington Place, in Honolulu, was built by Captain Dominis, as a family residence. It later became the home of young Dominis



*A glimpse of "Washington Place," the private residence of Queen Liliuokalani from the time of her marriage until her death, showing the beautiful tropical verdure on the grounds.*

and his wife; and, thereafter, it was the home of the Queen and widow, when she was not occupying Iolani Palace, now the executive building of the Territory, or her Waikiki beach resort, or other temporary abode.

Liliuokalani was a most studious child and well educated woman. When she left the Royal School she attended a day school. The years of her girlhood were passed, after her school days were over, in the house built by Paki, her adopted father — the old Arlington Hotel, which stood near where the modern Honolulu office structure, the Keauikeolani building, now ornaments King street, near Fort street.

Paki died in 1855. Then, Liliuokalani's foster-sister, and her husband, C. R. Bishop, moved to that residence, which still remained the home of the Princess. It was a mansion of many functions and much great and pleasant company, for, as we read in "Hawaii's Story By Hawaii's Queen," from Liliuokalani's own pen, "Mr. Bishop was a popular and hospitable man, and his



*The Princess Kaiulani, famed for her beauty and hospitality, who never reached the throne of the Kingdom.*



wife (Bernice Pauahi), was as good as she was beautiful.”

In 1857 Liliuokalani's mother died, placing the young woman more under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Bishop. Alexander Liholiho (Kamehameha IV, who reigned from 1854 to 1863) was then on the throne. He founded the Queen's Hospital, so named because of the interest taken in its erection by his wife, Queen Emma; and he translated the English prayer-book into the Hawaiian language. To him was due the introduction of the Anglican mission.

Liliuokalani was engaged to John Dominis for two years, and it was their intention to have married on the twenty-fourth anniversary of her birth (1862), but the wedding was delayed two weeks because the court was in mourning for the little son of Kamehameha IV, whose death had occurred on August 27th. Rev. Mr. Damon, father of S. M. Damon, today Honolulu's senior banker, was the officiating clergyman. The ceremony occurred in what was later the Arlington Hotel. Honolulu's "400"

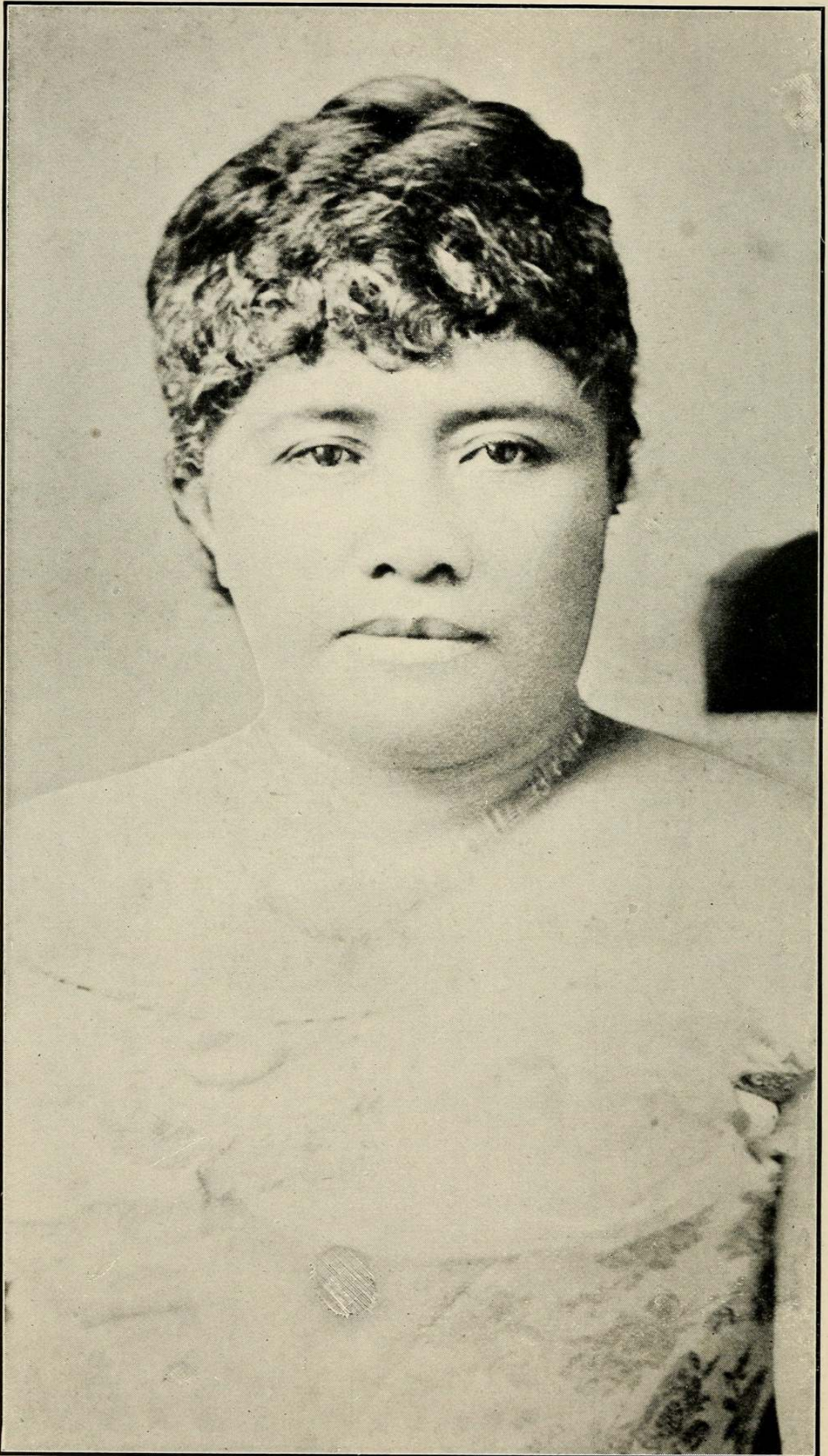


*Liliuokalani at about twenty years of age, dressed in the obtaining fashion of the day.*

attended, of course. Mr. and Mrs. Dominis then went to Washington Place to live.

On the ascension to the throne of Prince Lot, as Kamehameha the V, the last of the Hawaiian monarchs to bear that name, was known, Liliuokalani's husband was appointed his private secretary and confidential adviser, occupying that position during Lot's reign of ten years.

Further, Dominis was made Governor of Oahu, the island on which Honolulu stands, and remained such until the death of the King. "Besides this position," says Liliuokalani in her memoirs, "he held other offices of importance under the Hawaiian government, being at one time Governor of the Island of Maui; commissioner of the administration of crown lands; attached to the suite of my brother, the late King Kalakaua, on his visit to the United States in 1874, in the interest of trade reciprocity; and finally being a member of the Hawaiian embassy which visited the United States and Great Britain in 1887, representing the Kingdom of Hawaii at Queen Victoria's



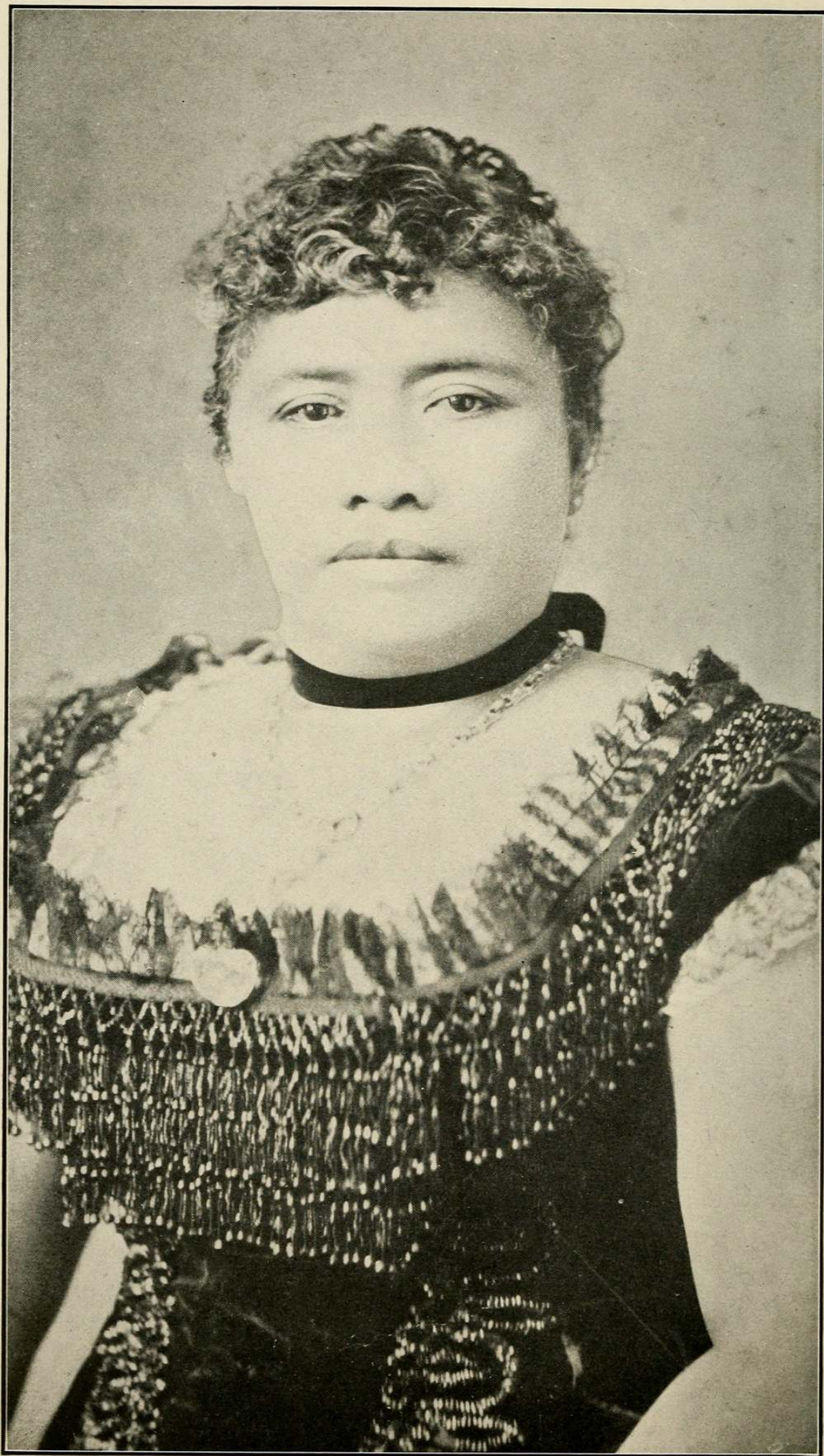
*A view of Liliuokalani, during the years of her prime, of which she was very fond.*

Jubilee. But in the fall of 1891, Governor Dominis, who was then Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, with the rank of His Royal Highness Prince Consort, was in rapidly failing health; and on the 27th of August of that year he died. His death occurred at a time when his long experience in public life, his amiable qualities and his universal popularity, would have made him an adviser to me for whom no substitute could possibly be found.

“I have often said that it pleased the Almighty Ruler of Nations to take him away from me at precisely the time when I felt that I most needed his counsel and companionship.”

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After Liliuokalani left school, her musical education was continued as occasion offered. She wrote the words and music for many songs, only about a quarter of which have been preserved in print, though many others will, for a long time, remain in the memory of her friends. That which has won the widest popularity was "Aloha Oe,"



*A bust view of Liliuokalani in court attire, at the age of about thirty.*

which has been played and sung wherever Hawaiians have gathered for the last twenty years. It has also become well known abroad, particularly in the United States.

In the year 1869, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred of England, arrived in Honolulu in command of the *Galatea*. Liliuokalani gave a luau (Hawaiian feast) in his honor, at her Waikiki residence. Eighteen years later they met again. This time, in London at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Prince Alfred was escort to the Hawaiian Princess at a state function; her nearest neighbor on her other hand, being the present Emperor of Germany. Little did she dream that thirty years in the future, she, a deposed monarch of the lost Kingdom of Hawaii, but a good citizen of the American Territory of Hawaii, would, from the flagpole in her tropical Honolulu garden, fling to the breeze the Stars and Stripes in honor of the day when America joined the world war against the Hun, and the despicable ruler who sat at her elbow on that memorable day.



*Liliuokalani in reception dress, taken during a visit to Boston.  
The Queen was about thirty-five years of age at this time.*



Liliuokalani appeared as a history maker soon after her brother Kalakaua come to the throne. David Kalakaua was elected king by the legislature, February 12, 1874. "Rex," as Kalakaua was often called, secured much of his support from Americans, on account of his friendliness toward the United States, and his support of the project to secure a treaty of commercial reciprocity with Hawaii's neighbor on the northeast. On April 10, 1877, Princess Liliuokalani was proclaimed heir-apparent to the throne. Late in 1880 Kalakaua started on a tour of the world, returning October 29, 1881. Liliuokalani was regent during his absence.

Liliuokalani's trip to London to attend Queen Victoria's Jubilee was made with Queen Kapiolani (Kalakaua's wife), Colonels Curtis P. Iaukea, J. H. Boyd and General John Owen Dominis (her husband). The party left Honolulu on April 12, 1887. Kapiolani and Liliuokalani were received everywhere with great attention.

As Princess Liliu (Lydia) Kamakaeha,



*Another picture of Liliuokalani taken while in Boston. Note the autograph at the lower right-hand corner. The remainder extended out onto the mounting of the picture and was cut off in reproduction. Original was presented to the author.*

heir-apparent, and regent in her brother's absence, Liliuokalani was hostess at many royal functions and festivals. In December, 1890, while Kalakaua was on his last trip to the United States, she gave a particularly brilliant and memorable reception in Iolani Palace.

Kalakaua's health was failing. His reign was troubled. Constitutional monarchy was not all that it might have been. Strenuous struggles between autocratic idealists were ever occurring. The cabinet continually underwent change.

Came the day when Kalakaua was due to return from San Francisco. Great preparations were made for his welcome home. But the King was dead. There was no cable in those days, and Hawaii could not know that Kalakaua had died. His death occurred January 20, 1891, in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. The remains were brought to Honolulu aboard the U. S. S. Charleston, arriving January 29.

And on that day — when the flag at half-mast on board the battleship announced to



*When Liliuokalani sat on the throne of Hawaii as its beloved Sovereign. The background shows a royal feather cape.*

Hawaii the passing of Hawaii's King — Liliuokalani was proclaimed ruler of the Hawaiian Islands.

On March 9th, the Princess Victoria Kaiulani, daughter of the late Princess Like-like (sister of Liliuokalani) and Archibald S. Cleghorn, since deceased, was appointed heir-apparent.

And then the new Queen — seven months later — lost her husband, when she most needed his counsel.

With enemies among her supposed friends the Queen was often ill-advised. She made mistakes. Her opponents rejoiced in her errors; her friends too often resented wise restrictions on the power of the crown. Her political opponents, not necessarily her personal enemies, would have nothing but restrictions.

Monarchy, constitutional or otherwise, was soon to be a memory of a Hawaiian yesterday. Liliuokalani's two years on the throne were stormy. On January 17, 1893, she was deposed. According to "Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen," the revo-



*An excellent likeness of Her Majesty during her  
seventy-fourth year.*

lutionists were conspirators. According to the revolutionists, they were saving the islands from ruin. The important point, historically, is that the revolution was successful. There are many who excuse or explain the methods of the revolutionists; but few there are who boast of them.

A provisional government followed the fallen monarchy, and, on July 4, 1894, it became the Republic of Hawaii. Judge Sanford B. Dole, who had acted as President of the Provisional government, was then elected President of the new republic.

During the period immediately following her overthrow Liliuokalani was removed to the Royal Palace and made a political prisoner, then charged with high treason by the Provisional government. She was thusly detained for several months, ultimately, however, being released after a hard-fought trial which resulted in her conviction; the sentence being a parole, which gradually diminished, with time, in its restrictions.

The United States annexed the islands in



*One of the last pictures ever taken of Liliuokalani, taken on the lanai (veranda) of her home, shortly before she took to her final bed.*



1898, the Stars and Stripes being raised in Honolulu on August 12 of that year. On June 14, 1900, the present American territorial government was inaugurated, and President Dole then became Governor Dole — the first governor of the new American Territory.

Hawaii is, at this writing, in her eighteenth year as a daughter of Hail Columbia!

As much as she condemned the leaders of the revolution, and as strenuously as she fought for her restoration at the hands of official Washington, Liliuokalani grew to understand that her beloved Hawaii, and its people, had at last come to safe fortune under the folds of Old Glory. And she often expressed this conviction during her declining years.

The Territorial government allowed her a substantial annuity, and she continued to reside in beautiful Washington Place, devoting herself to educational and literary works. She disposed of much of her property in trust for the benefit of orphans and destitute children, as well as devoting much time to various other charitable works.







*A scene in Kawaiahae Church during the period Liliuokalani lay in state on the open bier, surrounded by kaleidoscopic and colorful splendor; showing the sacred kahilis, tabu-sticks and kahili-watcher.*

# The Passing of Liliuokalani

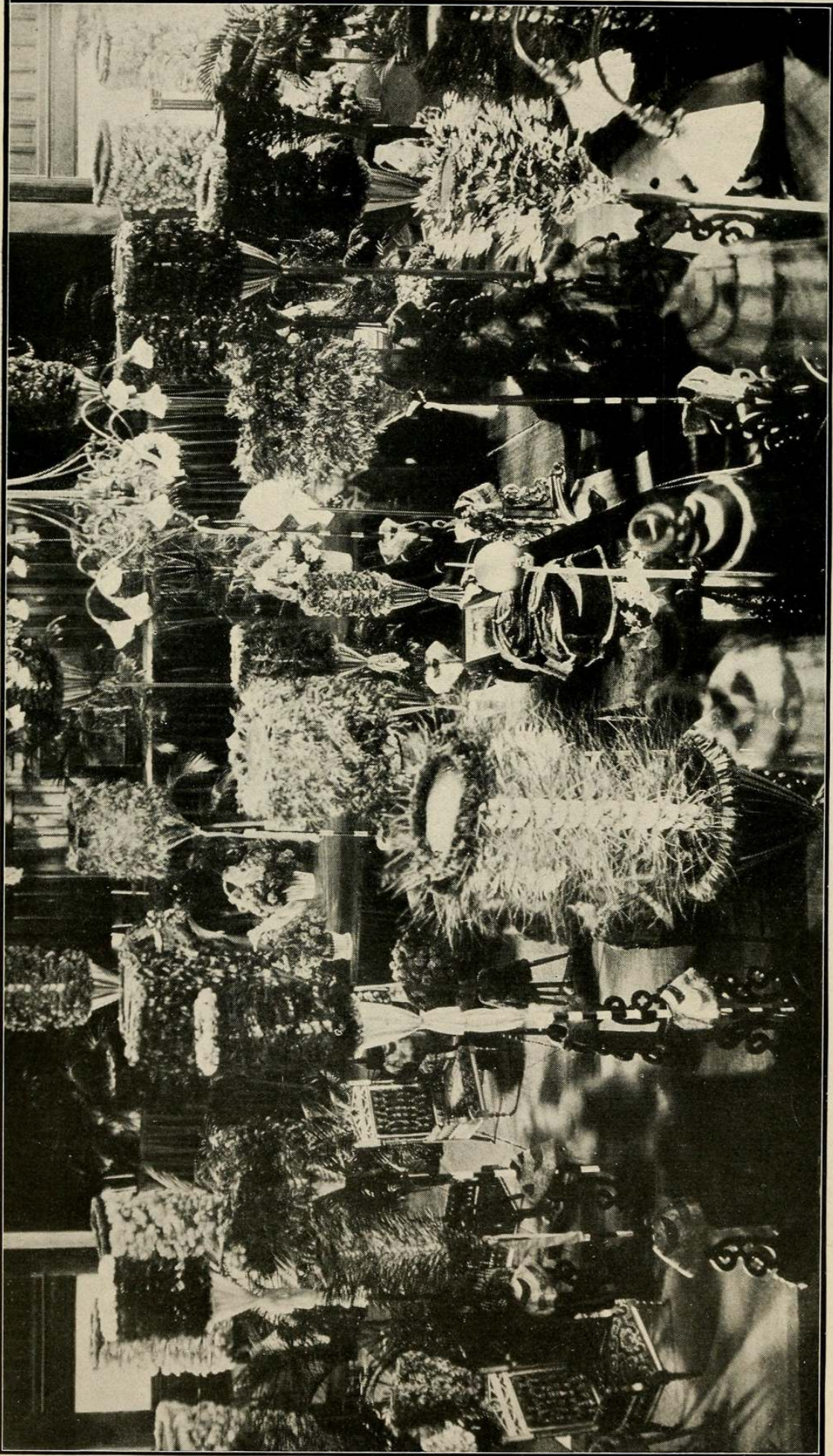
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WM. C. HODGES, JR.

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**S**T. ANDREW'S bells tolled, and Honolulu knew it had come — the passing of Hawaii's last and most gracious Queen, Liliu (Lydia) Kamakaeha Kaolamalii Liliuokalani; poet, authoress, musician, brilliant and regal hostess, charming personage, honored and respected figure of the highest court circles of the world, last connecting link between the monarchical Hawaii that was, and the United States Territory of today and lastly, and most pronouncedly, the most beloved and idolized of all Hawaii's alii (royalty).

All Hawaii had been breathlessly awaiting the word for several days, while the ex-Queen rallied and sank in the throes of her last, lingering illness. She had been notably failing for a number of months, consequently, the end was not entirely unexpected.

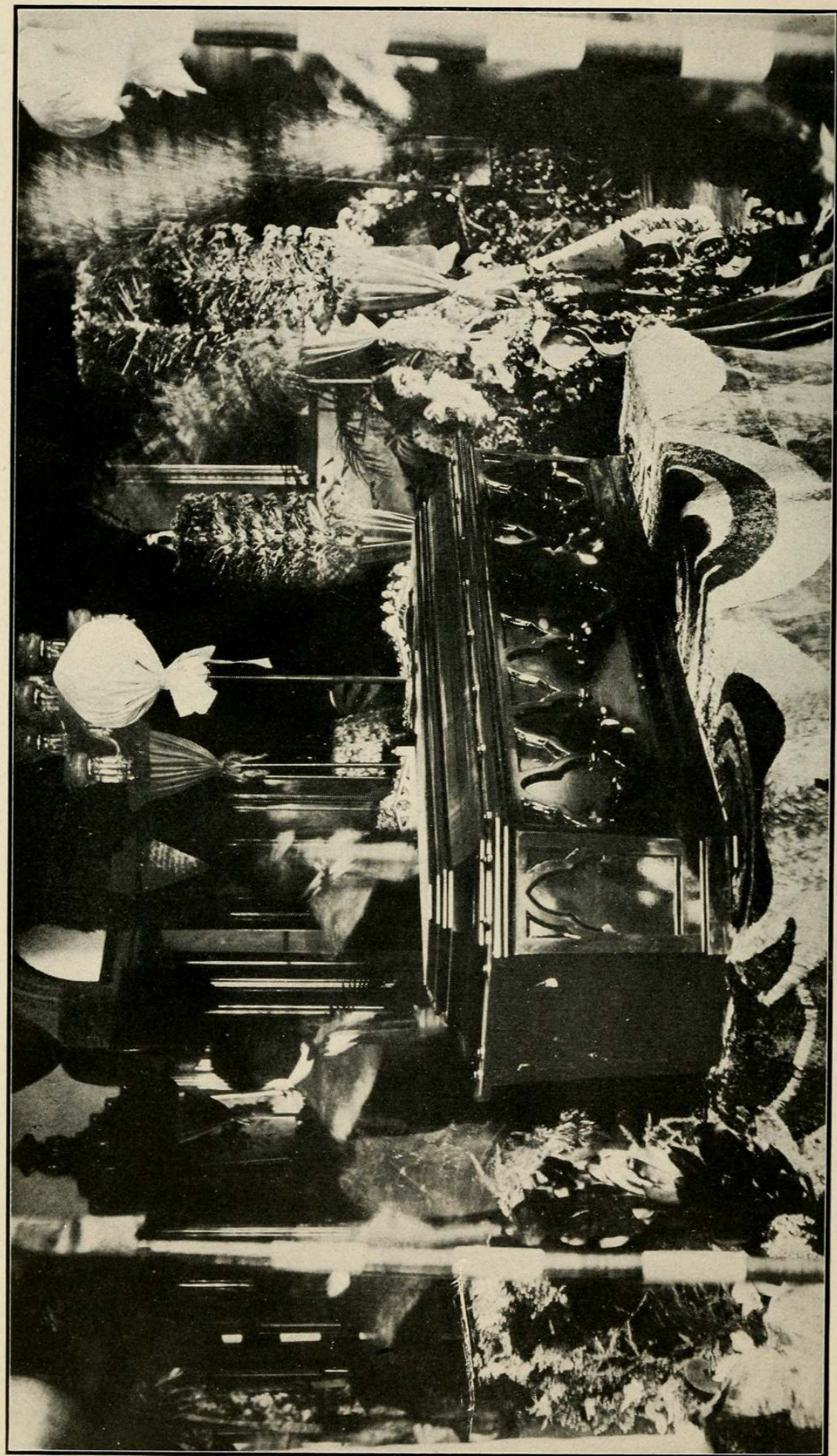


*Another scene in Kawaiahao Church, after the Queen's body had been sealed in the casket. A large ahuula is draped over the foot of the casket, and King Kalakaua's famous tabu-stick—the round ball on the end of a stick—shows in the center of the picture.*

She had lived a full life in years, being seventy-nine when she died, and a much fuller one in experience and tribulation.

'Twas in the early brightness of one of those wondrously quiet and soothing tropic Sunday mornings — at about eight-thirty on November the eleventh — that the most pathetic and respected figure in the history of the former romantic Island Kingdom departed in spirit from Washington Place — the Queen's lovely private residence — to join the spirits of those others of Hawaiian alii who had gone before her.

For several days it had been known that the Queen was dying; the newspapers of the Territory held in momentary readiness "extras," to be released only after filling in the time of her actual demise. Certain preparations and arrangements, usually entirely post-mortem, had been made by those closest to Her Majesty; and hundreds of native survivors of the Hawaii of old visited Washington Place to chant and sing their olis (songs) to their dying Queen—weeping copious and reverent tears the while.



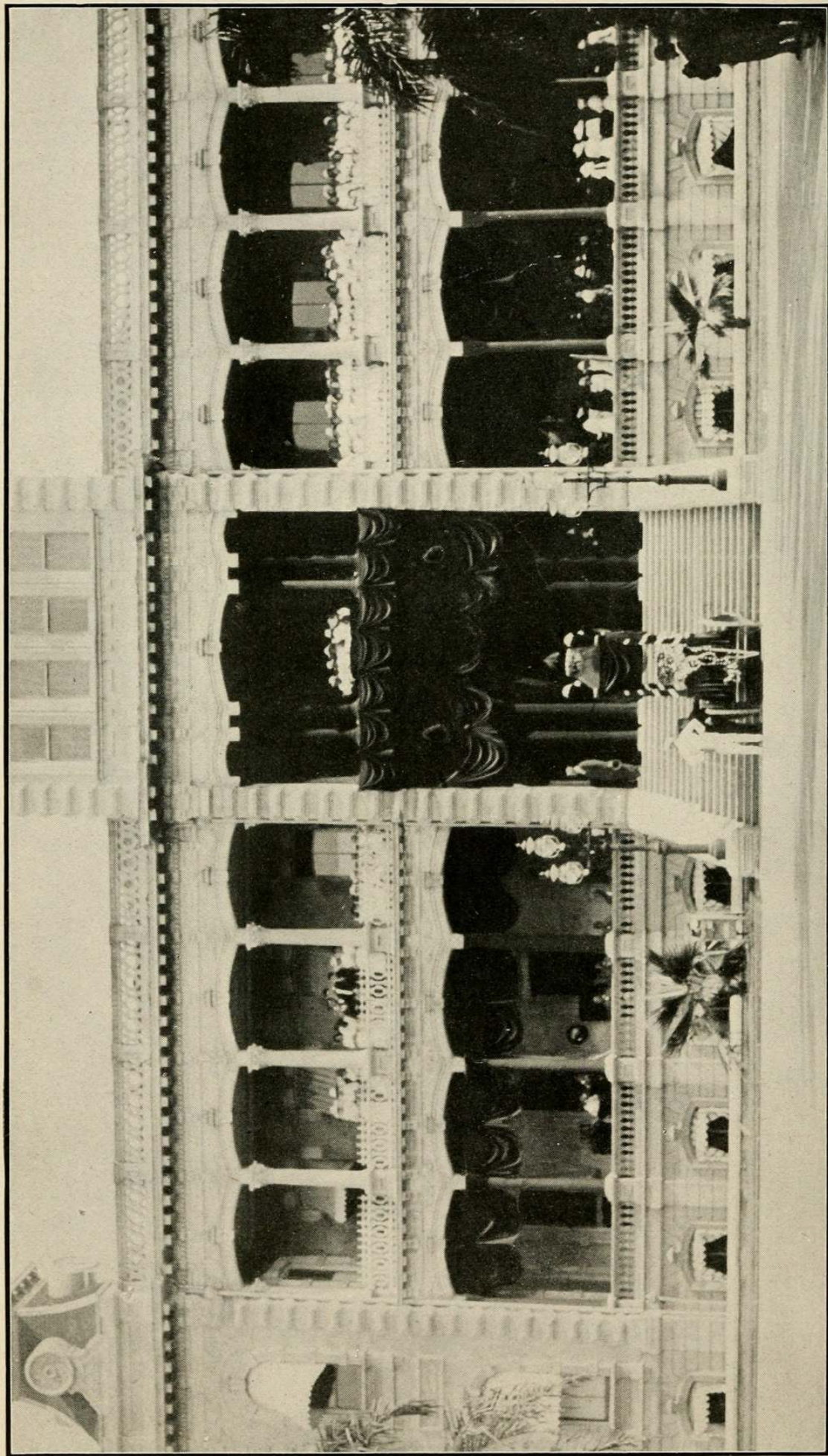
*The wonderfully beautiful koa-wood casket, especially built to receive the body of the Queen, as it rested on royal feather  
ahuulas—capes—in the throne room of former Iolani Palace, where once Liliuokalani swayed the scepter  
as Monarch of the Kingdom.*



An atmosphere akin to that of suspended animation pervaded the entire city of Honolulu, and all seemed funereal in mein hours, even days, before the royal spirit of the Great Chiefess passed from out the realm of things mundane.

At midnight of the day following that during which the death angel had laid, for the last time, for all time, its grim hand in the ranks of Hawaiian royalty; and after the ancient Hawaiian custom of funeral ceremonies, the mortal remains of Liliuokalani were borne, with all the actions of respect accorded dead monarchs of the former kingdom, from her home to the ancient Hawaiian Kawaiahao church, there to lie in royal state for a period of one week, or until the arrival of the next Sunday—since royalty must always be buried on the Sabbath day.

Leaving Washington Place for the last time, the royal remains lying on an open bier, canopied by a royal yellow pall, were placed by tender hands in a closed hearse which took its place in the procession that



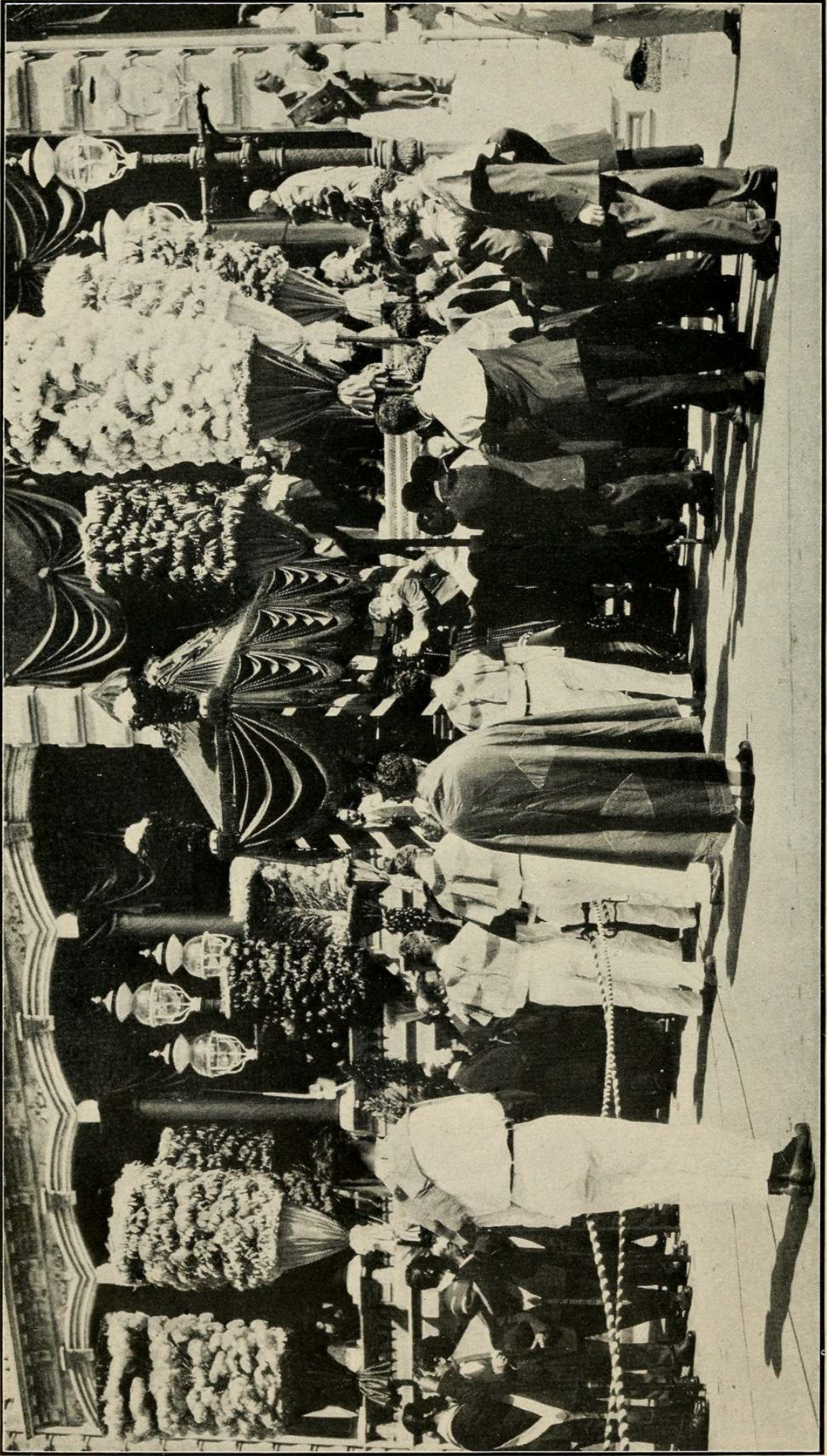
*Facade of former Iolani Palace—now the Executive Building of the Territory of Hawaii, showing the crepe-festooned entrance, with the catafalque drawn up to the foot of the steps, awaiting the casket and its burden of royalty.*

was to accompany it to the church, following immediately after a double line of kahili-bearers, led by the two royal torchbearers. The hearse being followed, in turn, by two long lines of old Hawaiian men and women bearing other kahilis and torches; these escorts incessantly chanting the sacred olis to the royal dead.

Kahilis are myriad in style and significance, and pertain only to things royal, consisting of a long pole — or stick, in the smaller kind. The top end is profusely and varyingly adorned with the feathers of innumerable varieties of now practically extinct birds of the islands. The feathers are variously dyed, and their arrangement varies greatly, as does their character, according to the significance of each differentiating style of kahili.

A flaming torch was the emblem of the Kalakaua dynasty, of which Liliuokalani was a descendant — and must always accompany the funeral corteges of members of the dynasty.

Certain kahilis, designated for use, only,

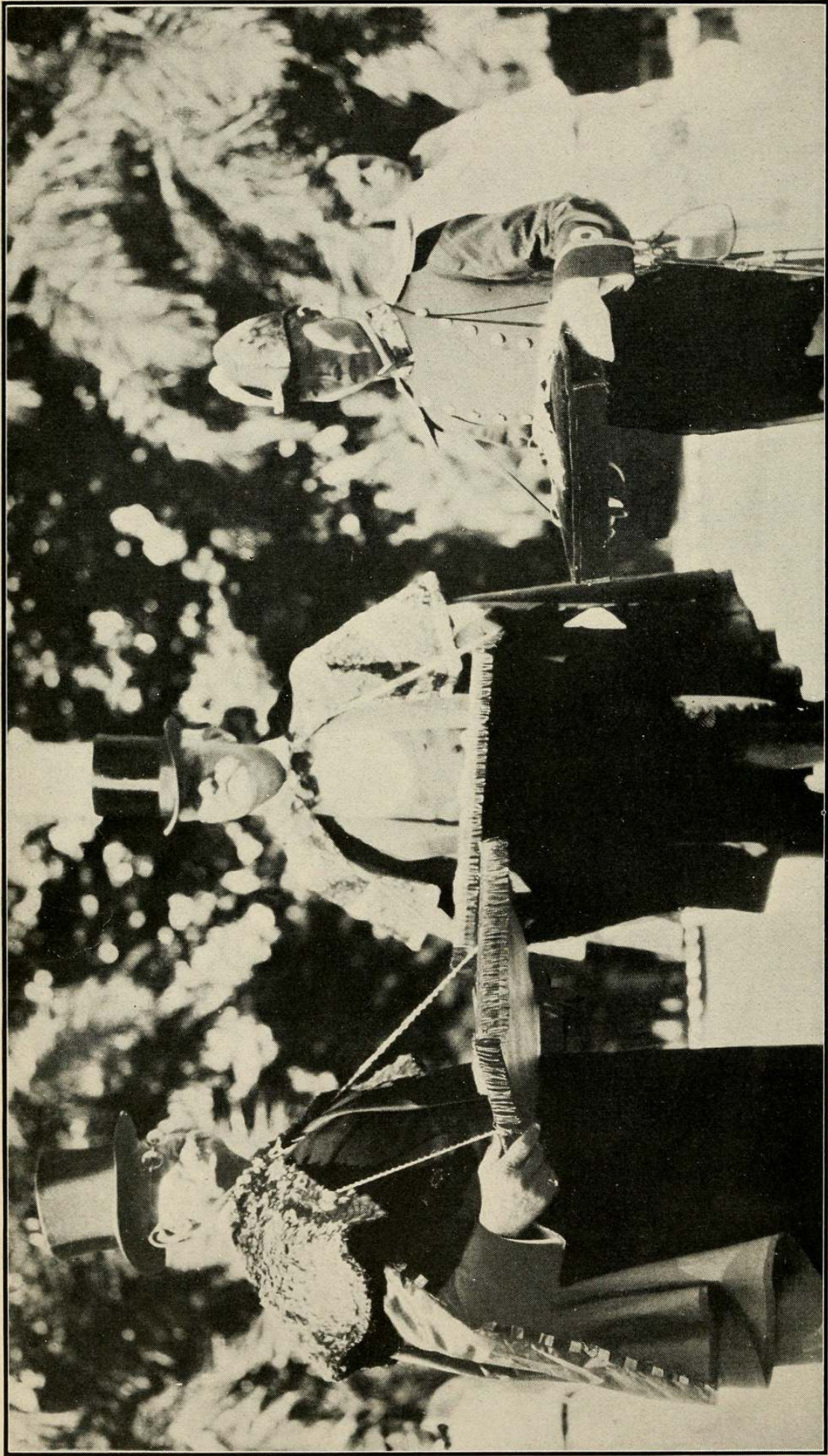


*The casket being placed on the catafalque, following the obsequies, enacted in the former palace, and just prior to the start on its final journey. This gives a good view of the kahilis.*

in accompanying royal dead, when being moved from one place to another, must never be moved but under certain conditions, one being that the hour of midnight obtain. This accounts for the removal of the Queen's remains at that hour; neither must a royal corpse be moved without the accompanying presence of the prescribed kahilis, among other provisions for such occasions.

In the olden days, all royalty and court attaches of high rank, chiefs, etc., in affairs of state wore ahuulas — small capes, also of the feathers of rare birds. The remaining comparative few of these capes were worn by certain of those attendant on, and participating in, the many and varying ceremonies included in the extensive funeral rites enacted over Liliuokalani.

Historic old Kawaiahao church was made the scene of indescribable beauty and picturesqueness for the reception of the Queen's body. And into the very center of this unique setting was conveyed the royal bier,

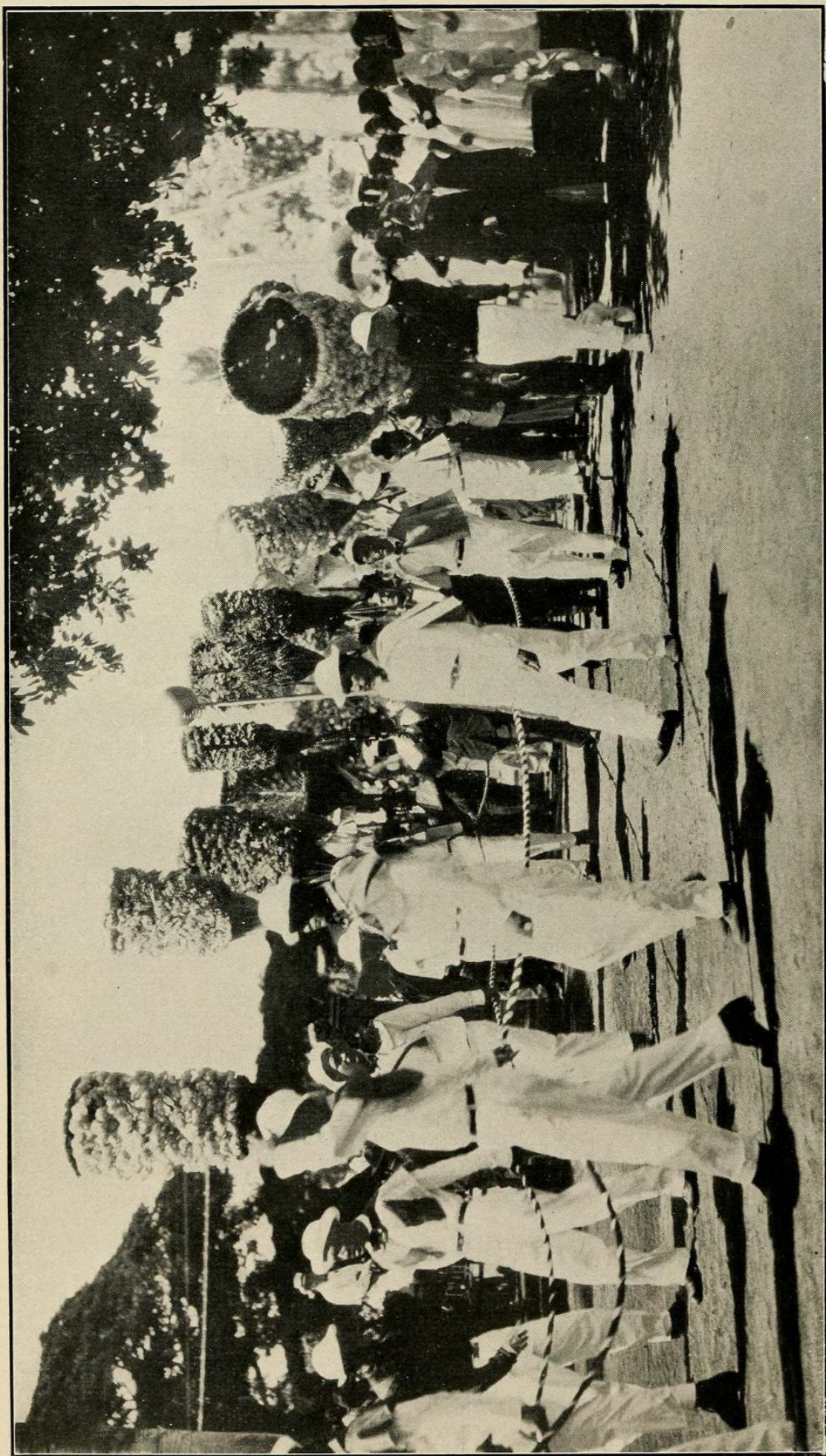


Bearers of the crown-jewels, who immediately preceded the catafalque to the cemetery. The figure at the left is the Honorable John Baker, former Governor of the Island of Hawaii, under Kalakaua, and the man who was chosen to pose for the statue of Kamehameha I, which now stands before the Judiciary Building in Honolulu. The man at the right is Lieutenant Oku, of the Imperial Japanese Navy, with the decoration presented to Her Majesty by the Mikado of Japan.

immediately the weird cortege arrived at the church.

The bier was laid upon a large and beautiful table of the native Hawaiian koa wood. The pall was lifted and Her Majesty lay at full length, and in attitude of peaceful repose, as though but asleep in her favorite bedroom, a stone's throw away.

The burial gown was fashioned after the native holoku (loose mother-hubbard), and beautifully made of rich brocaded silk, trimmed with delicate point lace. The peaceful, but a trifle drawn, face of the eternal sleeper was lightly veiled by a wisp of tulle. In the sleep of death, Her Majesty, according to her expressed wish, was again crowned with the diadem of her former Kingdom, which she had not worn since her dethronement in 1893. Other crown jewels were brought forth from the chill vaults wherein they had reposed in darkness for so many years, that, for the last time, they might again adorn their queenly mistress. These included a beautiful bracelet presented to Her Majesty by the Duke of



*View of a number of the poolas—pullers—of the hand-drawn catafalque (there were two hundred and ten) on which the remains of Hawaii's only Queen were borne to their final resting place.*

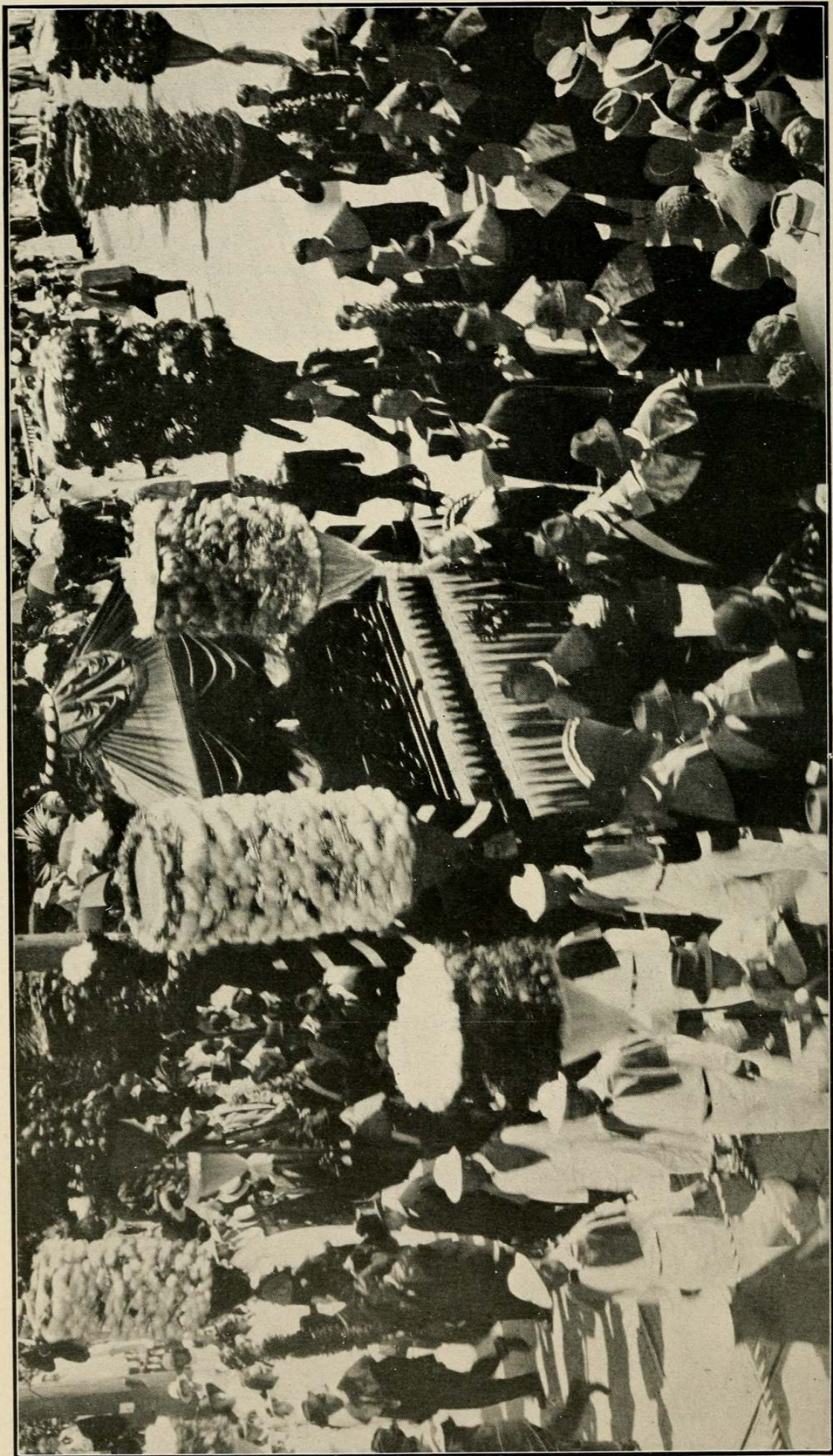


Edinburgh, while visiting Honolulu years before.

A picturesquely beautiful and fantastic picture was Her Majesty as she lay in state in the church of her childhood, and her people; surrounded by the most beautiful, royal, stately, colorful and sacredly-tabu collection of ancient and priceless kahilis — soon to be looked on as but relics of a kingdom vanished into oblivion.

According to old Hawaiian custom, the dead-watch must never lag; consequently the bier, flanked on both sides by rows of kahili-bearers, with the watch-captain at the foot facing the Queen, was constantly attended, from the hour of its impressive arrival at the church until its departure — and even after.

The outer file of watchers bore a tall and large variety of the kahili, while the inner rank carried much smaller ones, which they waved in regular horizontal rhythm, in the prescribed manner, over the royal bier. The watches consisted of two-hour periods each, and comprised members of certain



*The catafalque as, surrounded and followed by sacred kahilis, it passed through the lines of countless thousands of reverent watchers who assembled along the line of march en route to the royal burial plot, in Nuuanu Cemetery, high up in the valley of that name, above the City of Honolulu.*

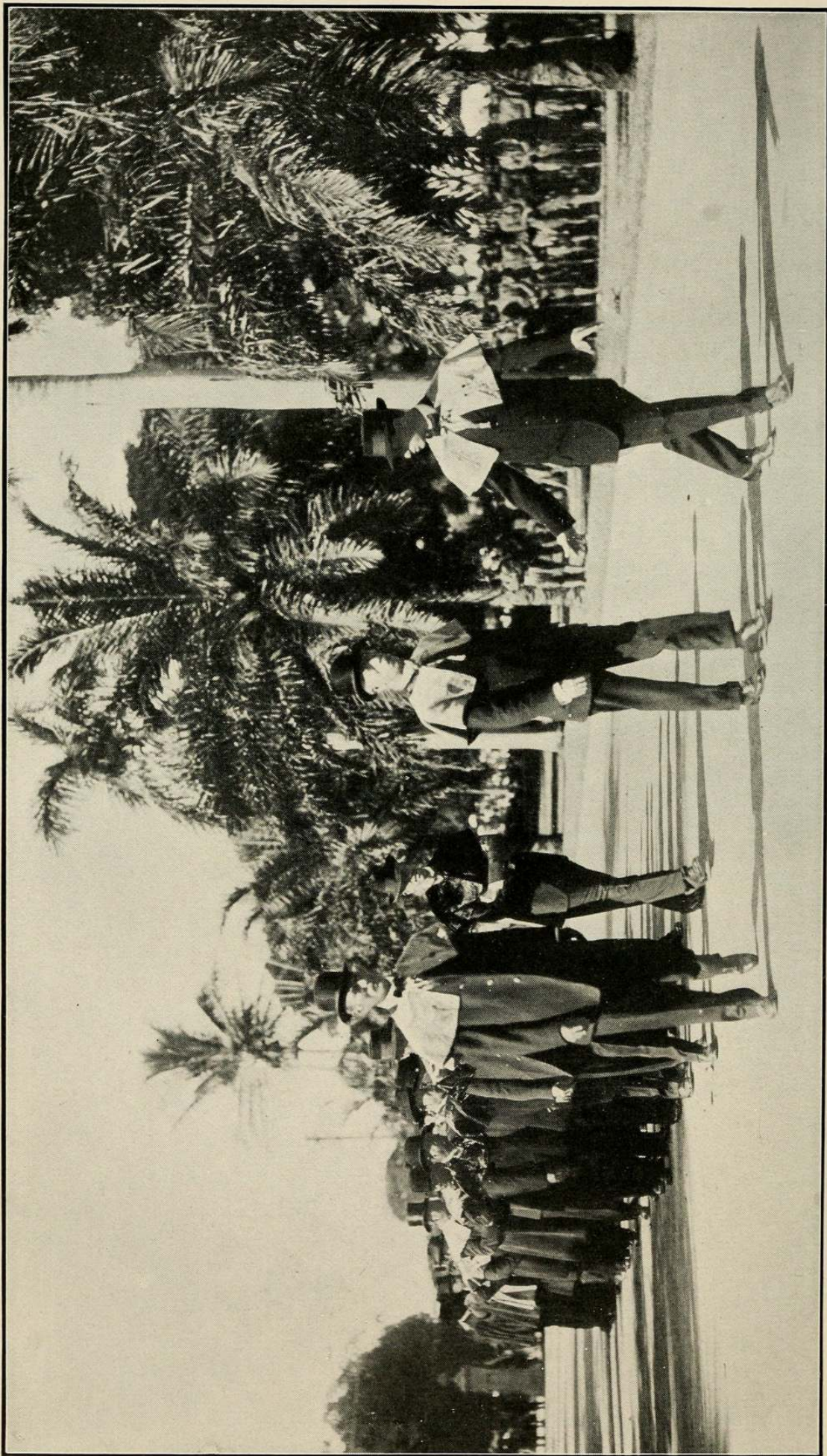
Hawaiian societies to which fell the honorable and silent duty of thus serving — since speech among the kahili-watchers was strictly tabu while on duty.

The facade of the quaint old church presented a study in black and white; the mourning black festooned strikingly against the white pillars and coral-stone walls and entrance foyer. The interior was bizarre and kaleidoscopic; practically every known color, shade and tint was so harmoniously blended as to at once, to a degree, alleviate the pervading funereal atmosphere, and lent a tone of quiet dignity to the unusual scene.

It is doubtful if anywhere else but in Hawaii was ever such a scene set.

The royal remains lay in state from the midnight of their arrival until the dusk of the following Saturday, when they were ceremoniously removed to the former Throne Room of erstwhile Iolani Palace, once the palatial home of she who had departed.

Every day and night — in fact, every hour, for which Her Majesty lay in state



*One of the male Hawaiian societies following the remains of their former Sovereign to her cradle-of-all-time.*

in the church there were different traditionally prescribed ceremonies, accompanied, incessantly, by the waving of the sacred kahilis. Innumerable olis, prayers, chants and meles were offered; and the significance of each were equally numerous.

All throughout the day, and far into the night of the Tuesday following the placing of the royal bier in the church, countless thousands, representing all nationalities, ages and conditions of life, silently passed, with evident reverence, into, and out of the royal presence, paying last homage to the dead Queen.

In the opinion of the writer, no one who was fortunate enough to be present early on this notable Tuesday morning is likely to ever forget one of the first, and perhaps the simplest, bits of homage paid the beloved Queen: The singing, by the ladies of one of the kahili-watches, of the Queen's own "Aloha Oe." The tender rendition of this now famous refrain from Liliuokalani's prolific pen, seemingly brought home to the somewhat dazed consciousness of the as-

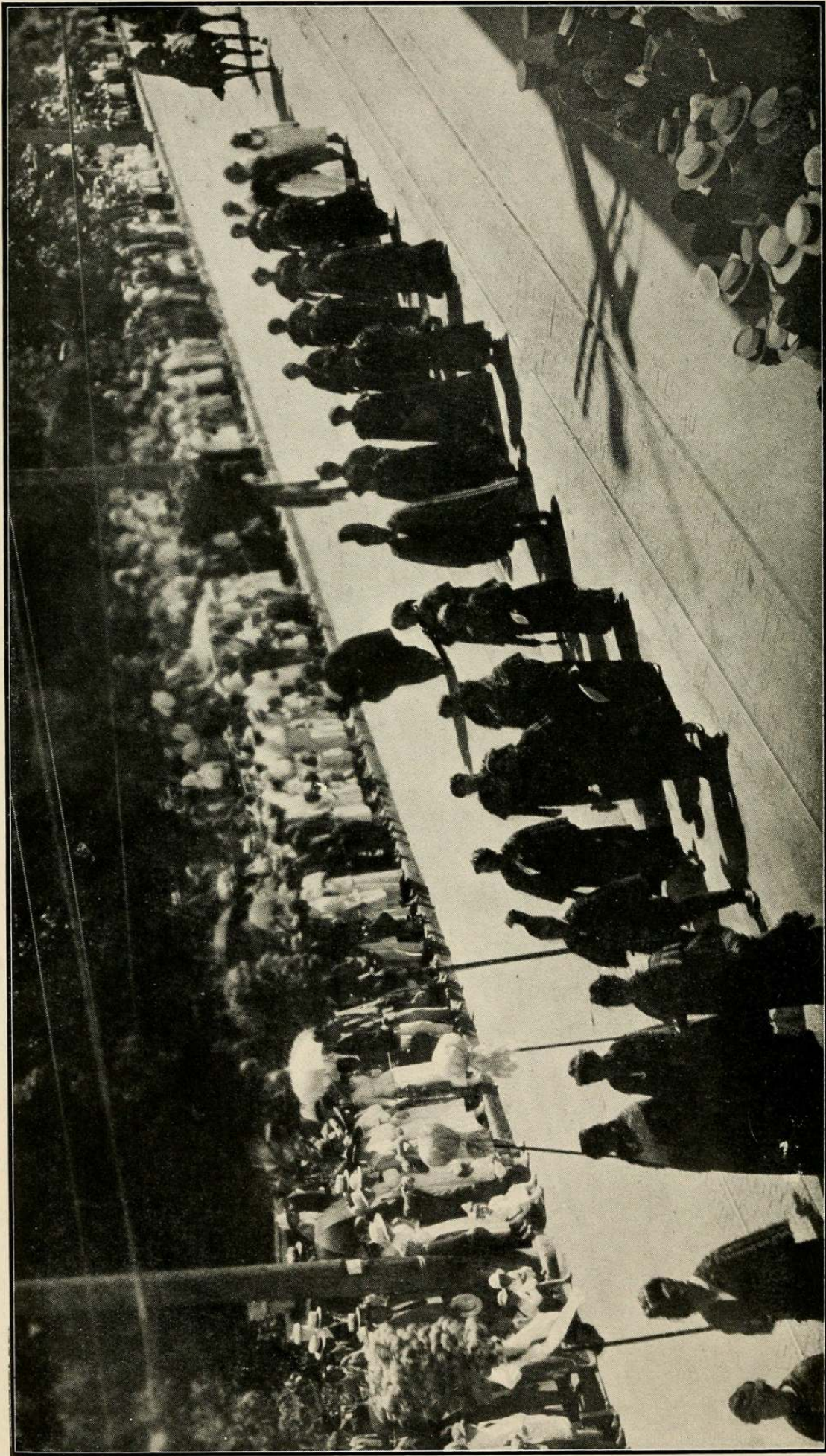
semblage the fact that, indeed, was Liliu departed forever, and that the time of the final aloha was come. Tears came uncommanded to every eye in the place, and many were moved to audibility. Nothing else throughout the entire week of ceremonies seemed to so move every living soul within earshot. 'Twas as if the very heart and soul of every one present was physically attempting to escape the body, that it might ascend to the spirit of the noble, dead ruler of a vanquished kingdom — there to dwell in eternal communion.

Immediately the last of the reluctant throng had passed out through the crepe-festooned portals of the church, late in the night of that memorable Tuesday, the steel coffin was brought into the church, and, in the presence only of Prince and Princess Kalaniana'ole, Col. Curtis P. Iaukea (former Chamberlain in the courts of King Kalakaua and Liliuokalani, and secretary to the latter until her death), and two very old Hawaiian women, the funeral directors tenderly lifted the withered form of Hawaii's last

Queen into the cradle-of-all-time and hermetically sealed it. It was then covered, excepting the face-glass, with a pall of royal yellow, heavily embroidered with the coat-of-arms of the Kalakaua dynasty.

The remaining days during which the queenly remains lay in state in the church were consumed with the many, many weird, unique and quaintly-sacred Hawaiian funeral rites. And after that memorable first Tuesday, as if by tacit understanding, the general and considerate public, for the most part, all but gave over the entire proceedings to those of native blood. The usual morbidity, which oddly seems to predicate much curious visiting by superficial crowds at such occasions, was notably and happily absent. Those who appeared on the scene did so with the air of those who desired to do sincere homage to a great personage in the hour of her passing into the realm of immortals.

Shortly before dusk on Saturday, November the seventeenth, the steel coffin containing all that remained on earth of she who



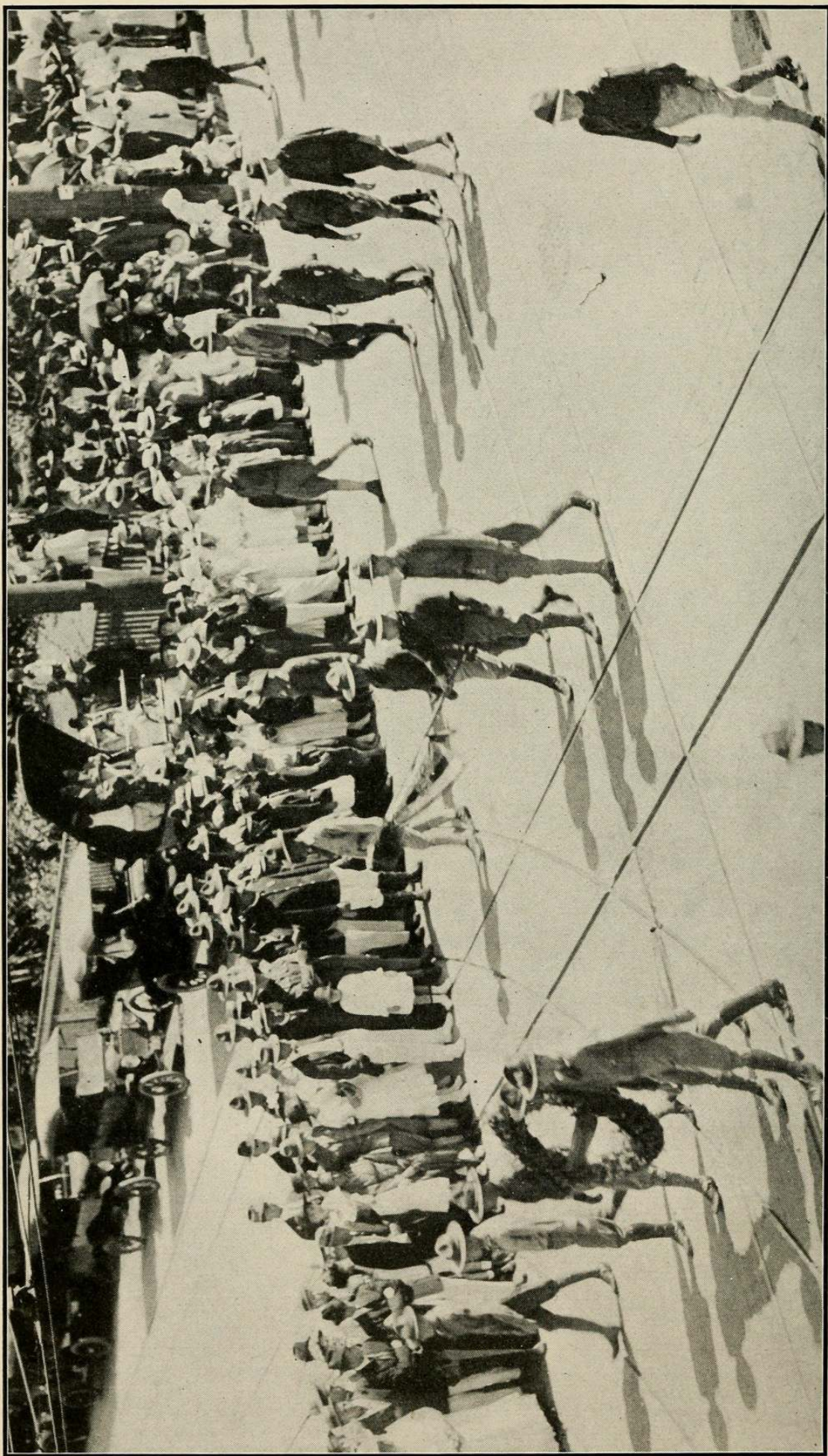
*A section of the funeral cortege of Liliuokalani, formed by marching, black-holokued women of one of the many Hawaiian societies of a like nature.*



was no more, together with the sacred kahilis, the numberless floral pieces and other appurtenances to the occasion, were again ceremoniously removed. This time, to be conveyed, according to the custom prevalent in monarchial days, to the Throne Room of the former royal palace — the room in which, as a court belle, Liliu had danced and led in the merry-makings of the court circles, while her brother Kalakaua sat the Throne, as ruler of the Kingdom.

All the accompanying dictates of ancient tradition were punctiliously observed, even to the action of the elements; for the proverbial rains had properly fallen (according to the legends of old Hawaii) during the period in which the royal dead lay in state. Liquid precipitation at such times signifies, in the lore of Hawaii, that the spirit of the departed alii has found favor in the heavens, and that a place has been fittingly prepared for the royal spirit there to abide in everlasting peace.

Thus, with all favoring omens in perfect accord, and on the day following the usually



*The Queen's own troop of Boy Scouts marching in the great cortege which followed her to the crypt. Their floral wreath is shown at the left of the picture.*

celebrated birthday of Kalakaua, the Throne Room of the old palace, once the rendezvous of royalty, and where the "Merry Monarch," as Kalakaua was popularly known, and his sister, Liliuokalani, had both waved the royal scepter, became the scene of one of the final episodes in the sadly-picturesque drama of the passing of the Hawaii of old.

Immediately the royal cortege and its sleeping burden arrived in the magnificently decorated Throne Room, the pall was removed from the steel coffin and it was placed in a wonderfully beautiful, and especially built, casket. This outer casket was made, in the main, of the marvelously grained Hawaiian koa wood, trimmed with kou wood, also indigenous to the islands. Its highly polished exterior was truly a work of art and surpassing beauty. On the cover were mounted engraved silver plates — the crown of the Kingdom of Hawaii, and the coat-of-arms of the Kalakaua dynasty. These, too, were especially made and engraved.

All throughout the long night the Queen

lay in the Throne Room of the palace, the kahili-watches were made eloquent by the unforgettable Hawaiian wail for the dead. There is no other sound quite like the Hawaiian dead-wail; no other sound could possibly have within it the same wild, weird note of primitive grief, and the storming of outraged agony that refuses to submit to the onrushing ages and their ever-advancing changes.

Not beginning in a low murmur and rising in an ever-increasingly voluminous crescendo until the very atmosphere is seemingly surcharged with its melody, as do many of the wails peculiar to the funeral ceremonies of the Hawaiians; the wails that filled the air during that memorable Saturday night were entirely different. There was nothing of gentleness in them. They began with a piercing shriek of agony, as if in protest against nature, time and man, ending quite as loudly and abruptly as begun. It was as if the wailers were wittingly, but perforce, sounding the death-cry of their very race.

When the bright rays of the Hawaiian sun broke through the tropic clouds, dappling the azure heavens of the succeeding perfect Sabbath morning, Hawaiian history was written for all time; and all that was mortal of ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii was given stately burial, amid scenes of superlative beauty, vivid color and impressiveness; combining ancient and modern days — the regime of a Pacific monarchy and a Territory of the United States.

Time was turned back the span of three decades, there in the Throne-room, with its present-day furnishings replaced by the emblems of the glories of other years forming the setting for the funeral ceremonies over the body of she who last ruled a happy people from the Throne, which in days of old, dominated the scene now so differently set, because that beloved Queen was gone to the great beyond.

From ten to eleven-thirty, the impressive funeral services were read by haole (white) clergy, while little else within the vision of those in the room suggested the existence

of anything but that which was purely Hawaiian.

The cessation of the death wail, which shall never be heard again, was immediately followed by a soft, sweet chanting in Hawaiian of Queen Liliuokalani's name song, which was sung the first time when the name "Liliu" was given the baby by her father. As this chant died away on the perfume-laden air of the great room, the clergy entered and took their stand beside the dias, beginning at once the services.

At the foot of the casket, and at either side of the great puloulou (tabu-stick) of Kalakaua, stood two court officers bearing the crown jewels and decorations of Liliuokalani. One of the officers, John T. Baker, was under Kalakaua, Governor of the Island of Hawaii; and in later years posed for the great statue of Kamehameha I, which stands, today, on a pedestal before the judiciary building of the Territory, just across the street from the former palace.

Between these two officers and immediately behind the puloulou, stood Lieut.

Oku, of the Imperial Japanese Navy, bearing the Japanese decoration presented her Majesty by the Mikado.

With the final amen, Lucius E. Pinkham, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, and his staff, slowly left the Throne-room, and the assemblage moved out onto the wide lanais (verandas) surrounding the old building, where it held its place until the feather-caped kahili, and pall bearers passed out with the casket and its inner burden of steel and royalty.

At this point the burning torches, symbolic of the Kalakaua dynasty, were lighted, and their bearers took their places at the head of the catafalque, on which the casket was placed for its final journey to the royal mausoleum in Nuuanu cemetery, high up, in the valley of the same name, above the City of Honolulu.

The placing of the casket upon the hand-drawn catafalque was accompanied by further rhythmic chants, by old Hawaiians, of other rites; as the poolas (pullers), more than two hundred of them, began drawing

taut their black and white swathed ropes, preparatory to the journey.

Never before in Hawaii, and probably never in any other part of the world, has such a funeral, uniting such diversified elements and striking contrasts of color, custom, nationality and settings taken place, as was Liliuokalani's. And nowhere but in Hawaii—and that never again—could such a picture be produced as was given to sight of the thousands, as the Queen's casket was borne on its black-silk-crepe-hung catafalque to the royal mausoleum.

When Liliuokalani breathed her last, the land she loved so well was being visited by a large party of United States Congressmen; the famous Ishii mission was in Honolulu, en route back to its own Japan, after its important political visit to Washington, and a warship of the Flowery Kingdom was also in port. These, together with the extensive military representation on the part of the United States, paid honor to the dead queen and had place in the long and stately procession which followed the catafalque to the



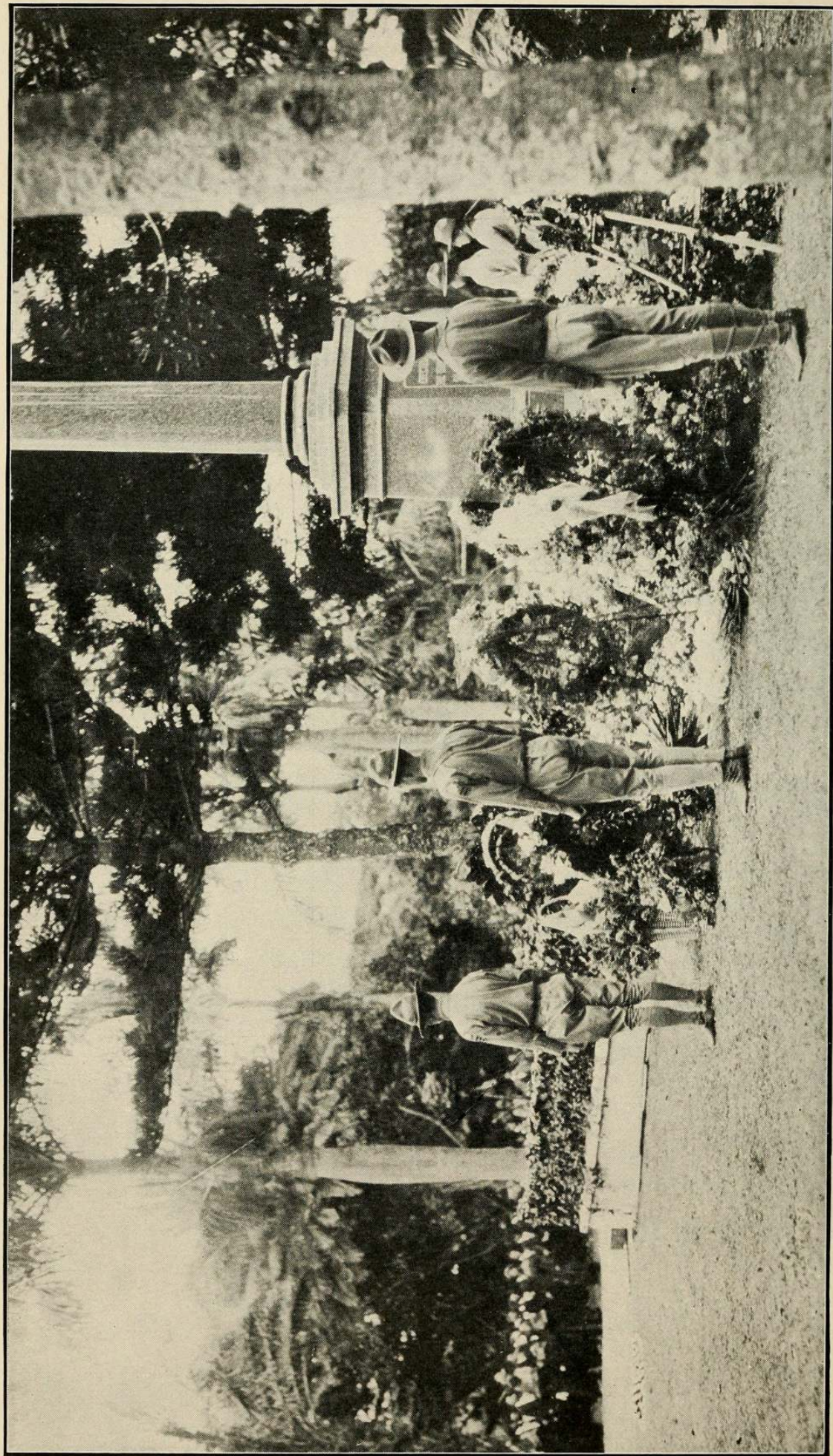
crypt. There were also honor contingents from the many schools of the City.

As the catafalque slowly drew away from the steps before the capitol, a battalion of United States field artillery, drawn up on the spacious lawn, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the highest honor the military is capable of conferring on the dead.

Notable in the procession were several men who, as prominent figures in the revolutionary days of the monarchy, had suffered imprisonment in the cause of the queen to whom they now paid their final earthly respects. Also, was noticed an aged Hawaiian woman of ninety-three winters, who insisted on walking the entire distance of more than two miles from the capitol to the cemetery, that she might thereby, for the last time, do honor to her former sovereign.

It is estimated that a crowd of forty thousand souls assembled, comprising a score of nationalities, crowding the line of march, to witness the last spectacle of its exact kind the world shall ever see.

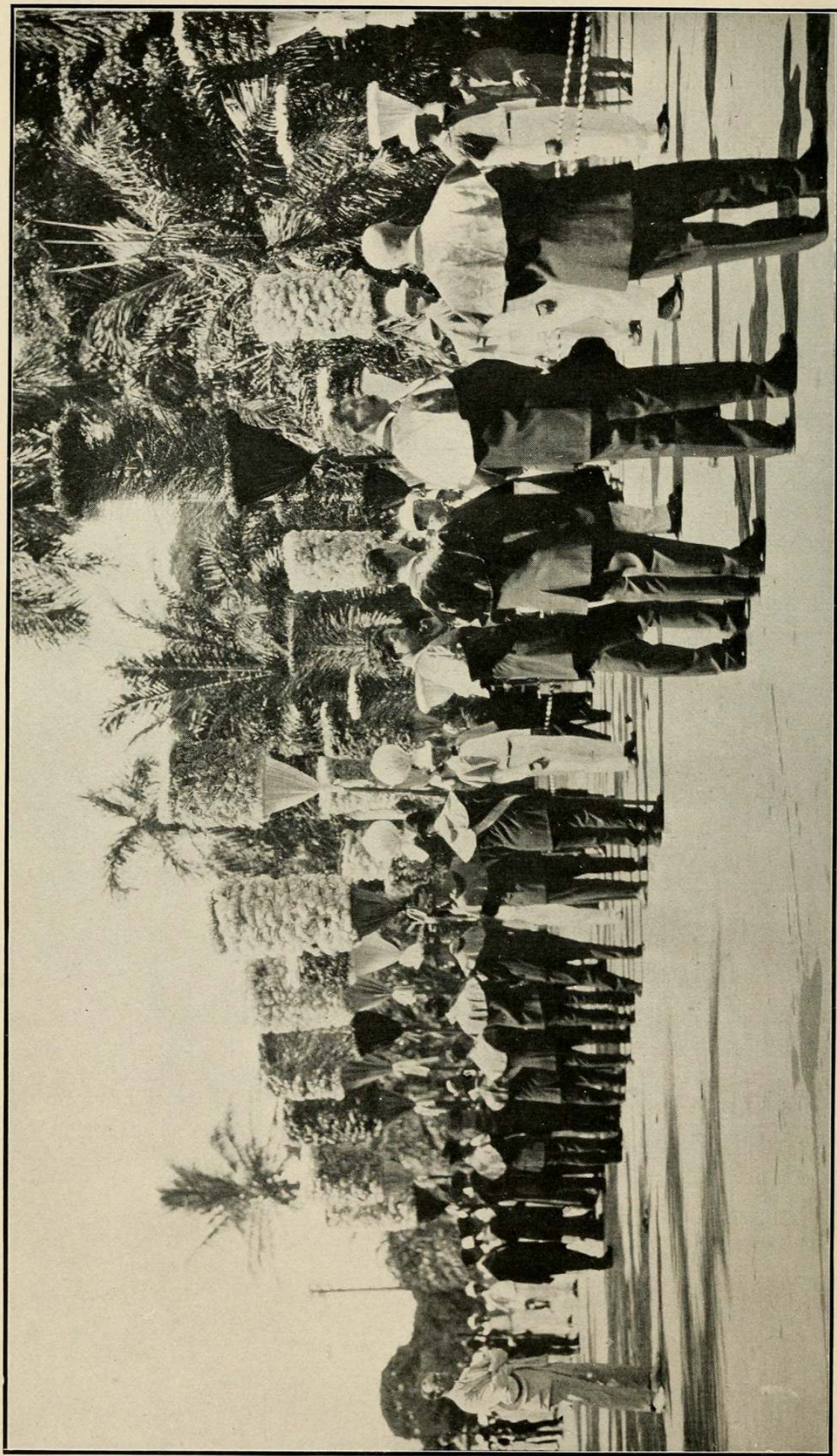
Oddly enough, United States Senator



*A scene at the royal mausoleum, showing a part of the floral contributions, with the Queen's own troop of Boy Scouts on guard.*

William H. King, of Utah, who introduced in Congress the first resolution to annex Hawaii to the United States, was among the party of sojourning Congressmen, and he witnessed the final obsequies in honor of she who was the last queen of the kingdom which his resolution, in due time, converted into a United States Territory—but of such are the idiosyncracies of history.

And while such scenes shall never be enacted again, in real life, thanks to the art of photography, those just past are to live in celluloid and prints for many a day. Hundreds, if not thousands, of cameras were trained on every important ceremony and action that took place in the church, capitol, en route to the royal burial ground and there at the sanctified spot itself. Too, the moving picture men, representing the greatest syndicates of their kind, made reel upon reel, preserving for aye, if it be desired, a pictorial record of the passing of Hawaii's last sovereign; and with her the last vestige of a Kingdom relegated by the advance of modern politics to the limbo of things that

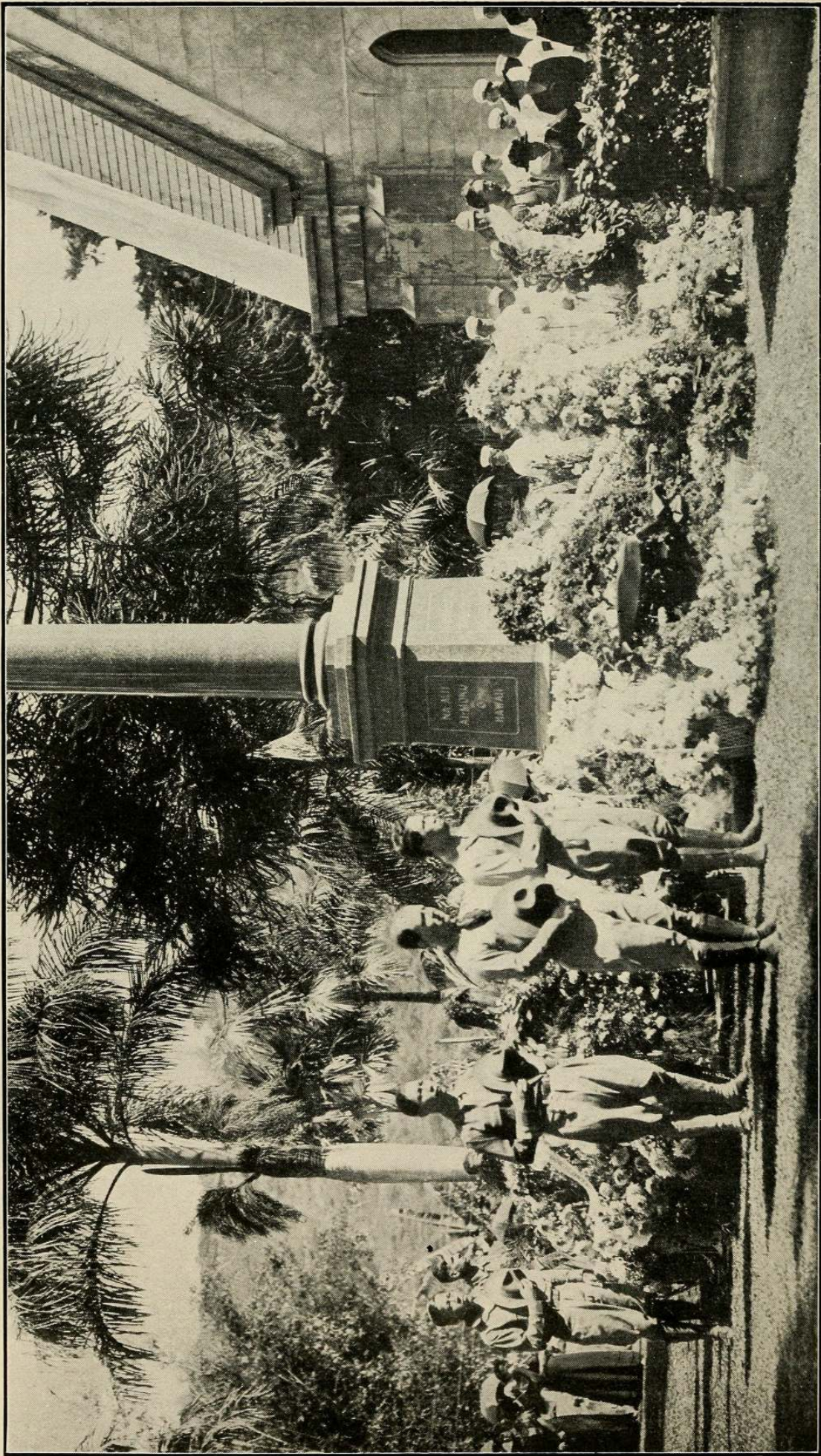


*Another sectional-view of the funeral procession, showing marchers wearing the feather ahuulas and bearing the sacred kahilis.*

were. Even unto the lowering of the casket into the crypt, where lie the bodies of Kalakaua and others of his dynasty, were these records continued. The films taken must be pregnant with the fact not alone was Liliu honored in death by her own people; for representatives of the races of the civilized world joined, in their presence, to pay final honor, not only as a former queen, but as a beloved woman as well, to she who, though deprived of the scepter, reigned still in the hearts of her people, for more than a score of years.

The funeral procession must have been more than two miles in length, for as the last of it passed the gates of Iolani palace, the leaders stood at the mausoleum; giving a place of honor to the beautiful floral piece which Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, had seen fit to order by cable, as his personal and official tribute to Her Majesty.

There were approximately seventy contingents to the procession, including a dozen or more native Hawaiian societies.



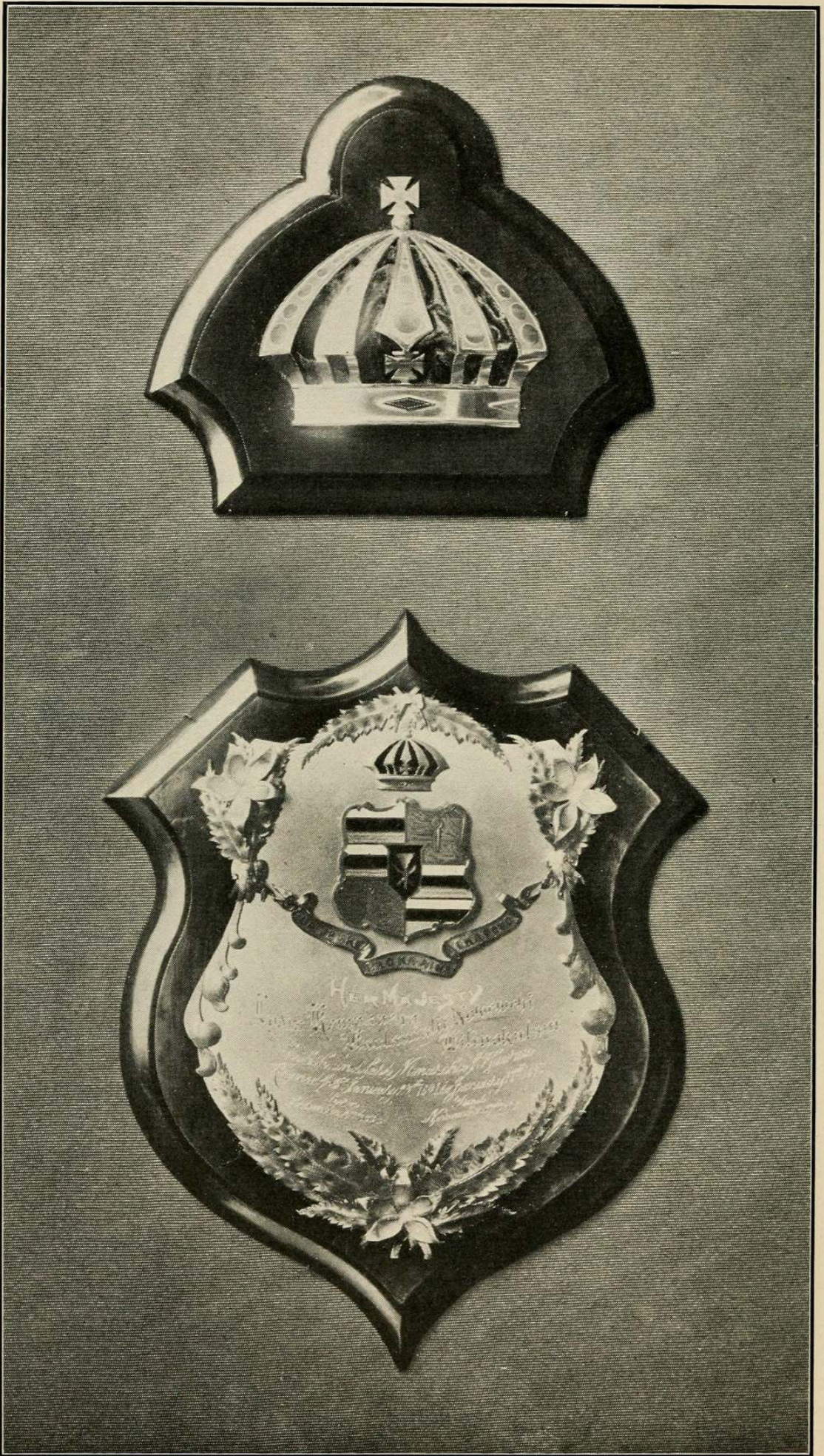
*Another scene at the royal burying-ground, showing corner of the mausoleum at the right.*

As the casket was taken down from the catafalque, at the end of its last journey and prepared for entrance into its last resting place, and while the sweet strains of "Aloha Oe," the sweetest folk-song of Hawaii nei, and now endeared to millions of Americans as well, filled the air; unchecked and unashamed tears streamed down the cheeks of many, particularly of Hawaiians, as they sensed the actuality of the departure of the very essence of their dear monarchial days and alii.

The clergy droned the burial ritual, to the accompaniment of further weird and plaintive wailings by the Hawaiians who surrounded the stone parapet of the sepulchre, and the combined sounds were caught by the gentle breeze and wafted on perfumed air to the distant corners of the place of tombs.

As the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played, the military stood at rigid salute, while the remainder of the reverent crowd stood with bowed, uncovered heads.

A moment later the honorary pall-bear-



*Replica of the Crown of Hawaii, the coat-of-arms of the Kalakaua dynasty, the motto of Hawaii and inscription plate, mounted on the casket of Hawaii's last Monarch.*



ers wheeled the casket to the head of the stairway leading down into the crypt; and the members of the band sang "Hawaii Ponoï"—the old Hawaiian national anthem—"Hawaii Forever." The mourners drew close and the kahili-bearers ceaselessly waved their royal wands in a fond and sad farewell. The brief ritual drew to its close as the bishop murmured the committal "Earth to earth," etc., while another reverend formed a cross of the earth as he sprinkled it upon the casket.

The casket was then placed on the carriage-way down which it slipped, guided by the hands of members of the Order of Sons of Kamehameha, into the vault, while the choir chanted "Perfect Peace." Then again rose, in chanting song, the Queen's own "Aloha Oe," starting with the members of the band and taken up by the kahili bearers as the tropical zephyr carried its soft and melodious strains down with the queenly authoress thereof, into the depths of the death-manse, there to be with her down through the ages, until Gabriel's trumpet shall awaken all sleeping souls in the eternal resurrection.

Once more the wailings broke out afresh. The kukui-nut torch-bearers snuffed out their lights; and the pall-bearers returned slowly up the steps, some with streaming tears making new grooves down their perspiring cheeks. From across the street boomed the grave-side salute of the United States artillerymen, reverberating in three resounding concussions, and as the last salvo died away, the gates of the vault clanged to, forever shutting out the tumultuous world from the peaceful presence of the royal remains of she who, though Queen no more, had been the most beloved—for merely the woman she was—of all the entire line of Hawaiian Monarchs.

For the soul of Liliuokalani, who had believed devoutly in the motto handed down to her people by Kamehameha the Great, founder and first ruler of the Kingdom of Hawaii, "Ua mau ka ea o ka aina i ka pono"—the life of the land is established in righteousness; and she whose personal motto, in addition to Kamehameha's, had been "Oni paa," be steadfast—had winged its way from the soil of her late earthly realm, into the Kingdom of Eternity.





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