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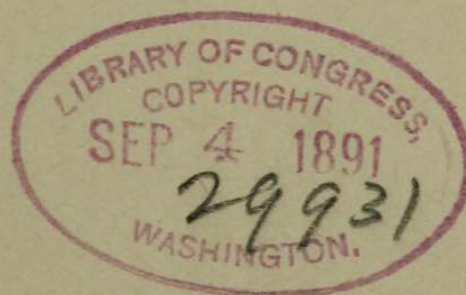




# HAWAII

BY

✓  
ANNE M. PRESCOTT  
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ANNE M. PRESCOTT  
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To  
My Dear Sister,  
Dorcas De Silva Prescott,  
this Little Book  
is Lovingly Inscribed.





## THE KAMEHAMEHAS.

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**T**HE Sandwich Islands or in other words the Hawaiian—the Hawaiian Kingdom—Hawaii—the Home of the Kamehamehas.

Kamehameha I, a man of shrewd sense and courage, formed the islands into one kingdom, and in 1810 caused them to be placed under British protection.

Under Kamehameha II idolatry was abolished throughout the islands.

Kamehameha III granted a constitution, consisting of King, Assembly of nobles, and representative council.

In 1843 the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom was declared.

Kamehameha IV came on in 1854, and after a brief and useful reign of nine years, was succeeded by his brother, Kamehameha V.

Lunalilo was elected in 1873, Kalakaua in 1874.

On the death of Kalakaua I, January 20th, 1891, his sister, Princess Liliuokalani, became Queen of Hawaii.

The first missionaries came in 1820. In forty years the entire Hawaiian nation was taught Christianity, besides learning to read and write, to cipher and to

sew. But there was good material to work with—never the like in any known heathen land,—and the finest climate the sun ever shone upon! A guileless, happy, laughter-loving, flower-loving, song-loving, willing-to-be-taught race, with hands and feet and heart eager to help on the work! No dearth of fruit in the valleys and on the hill-sides—no scarcity of fish, no lack of water!

This chain of islands runs from southeast to northwest, and lies in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. While the largest of the group, Hawaii, has an area of nearly 5000 square miles, the next largest, Kauai, has but 780, Maui 750, Oahu 600, Niihau, the smallest of the seven, 110. There are a few islets. The entire population is about 90,000.

These islands are of volcanic origin, and contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiescent, in the world. The most prominent physical features of the group are the two lofty mountain peaks of Hawaii, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, each of which is 14,000 feet in height.

Kilauea, on the Mauna Loa mountain, the largest active volcano in the world, has a crater nine miles in circumference, and is 6000 feet above sea-level. On Maui, the crater of Hale-a-ka-la (House of the Sun,) by far the largest extinct crater known, is nearly thirty miles in circumference, and stands 10,000 feet above sea-level. The channels between the islands are very rough, and there are few good harbors, Honolulu being the chief one.

The climate is never too hot nor too cold, never much below  $70^{\circ}$  nor above  $90^{\circ}$ , the year round. They are *not* close to the Equator, but just inside the Tropical belt, between the 19th and 23d parallels of latitude, and extend from longitude  $155^{\circ}$  to  $161^{\circ}$ . They are about 2000 miles from Tahiti and twice that from the Colonies; two thousand miles from San Francisco, one week's sail by steamer, and two by sailing-vessel. They are alone, in mid-ocean, with a climate all their own, and none exactly like it on the face of the earth!

To be overcome by the heat, sun-struck, is a thing unknown. It is not perfectly dry all summer, nor perfectly wet all winter! It is simply "Fairylan"—a land of perfect rest and repose—a land of magnificent hills, cloud-topped, of thousand valleys and ravines, of streams and waterfalls, of glorious sea and sky, "Where the new comer, in deathless summer dreams away troubles."

It will rain in summer time if it choose, gentle, filmy, sunshiny showers, light enough for a new baby's uncovered head to bear! Or, it will storm (but never cold)—a beating, tearing, threshing wild storm of wind, with perfect torrents of water, when all the clouds, from mountain and horizon will meet, and form in solid ranks, to pour their contents down! In a few hours streams will become rivers, cataracts will go dashing down into the valleys, and native huts will spin and whirl, with trees and branches for their companions, "adown the brimming river"! Thunder and

lightning will be heard, all night, from every point of the heavens, and all nature will be in an uproar! But, lo! the clouds are parted, and, swiftly, the warships of the sky retreat to the hills again, and back down to the horizon. The cannonading has ceased; and they are silent and satisfied, looking down approvingly at their world, whose face they have washed so clean! The sun marches grandly on, smiling to see how soon all is dry once more! And, when the moon steps softly up, at night, with all the smaller star-shaped moons and twinkling children, in her train, they, too, delight in this wonderful work of the storm—and think it is the fairest, freshest, daintiest world their eyes ever beheld in all their wanderings!

And *how* does it rain, in winter? Well, it rains for matins, and for evensong, great splashing drops, with masses of white, fluffy clouds—sunshine, and magnificent rainbows! In the east, and in the west, they span the sky, morning and night, day by day! It rains all night, and never a drop by day; and it rains all day, and never a drop by night. “King Kona” comes, a few times, before and after Christmas, and may be there will be a “spell of weather” when, for days and days, not a drop can be squeezed or wrung from the sky, and “the oldest inhabitant” never recollected anything like it!

Never was there a better sugar-producing country—120,000 tons shipped to San Francisco in the four months, from December to April, 1891! The plantations are confined to the four larger islands, Hawaii,

Kauai, Maui and Oahu. These absorb all the great business interests of the kingdom. There is splendid pasturage; and herds of wild cattle, branded, roam over the plains and up into the valleys and ravines. At night they gather down, toward the sea, and "cattle views" can then be seen that are worth one's while.

Fancy nearly all the sugar made on these islands being handled by natives, in bags, passed from hand to hand, into the small boats, thence on to the steamers. They are so expert, patient, and faithful, that almost never is there an accident to passengers, goods nor to the sugar. And so rough are the breakers, often, it seems a fearful thing to try to make a landing. It is not uncommon for the steamers to have to leave one or more untouched, on a trip, for the sea is so heavy that no boat could make the shore, and no passenger would risk it. So they land where they can, and then take horses. There are quite good carriage roads here and there, but, in traveling around these islands, a good, stout, native horse with saddle-bags is the better reliance, for one is sure to meet many steep hills, ruts, gulches, streams, ferries, and shaky bridges.

You can travel from one plantation to the next, by taking a steamer as it comes along. But in going across country, on horseback, there is much to be enjoyed if one be a good traveler. There are magnificent sunrises and sunsets, glorious moonlight nights, when one wishes never to go indoors, immense pasture for herds of wild cattle, turf which is agreeable to ride over, and infrequently a human habitation; stretches of

hills, wooded and green, beautiful valleys touching the sea, waterfalls, patches of rice, palms, flowering trees and endless climbers. At a plantation all is life and activity from before sunrise to dark. The sugarcane, you know, is a perennial, with a root sending up a number of stems which grow to a height of nine feet or more, and are filled, two-thirds of their length, with a sweet, juicy pith. At one time it looks like a field of waving corn. The field-hands may be Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and, sometimes, a few natives, but the latter do not care much for such work. However, where they will engage there are none better. There are lunas (overseers), managers, bookkeepers, sugar-boilers, etc. And there are plantation owners, Spreckels, for instance! There is the mill, the meetin'-house, or church, the schoolhouse, for the school-master is *not* "abroad" at these islands; the postoffice, plantation store and dining-room, two or three small shops, may be, and the little homes of the employees. It is all in a nutshell—a tiny village—but the mills, the immense tracts of cane!

A busy little world of anxious cares and hopes, of joys and sorrows, of heart-burnings, of high ambitions and of disappointments, of loves and hates! As great the joy, as bitter the grief; as strong the love, as sweet the friendship, or the piety, as in any of the Old World's great centers! The sky and the clouds seem nearer than in the temperate zones, and the planets look much larger. This must be owing to the atmosphere and the vapor, the ranges of hills, and the many

tall trees which help to break the distance to the eye.

Music is the chief recreation at these islands, and there are many first-rate musicians.

At night, on a plantation, the horses are brought, often, and ladies and gentlemen—for every one learns to ride for convenience—go galloping over the hills to call on friends, staying perhaps to a musicale and coming home by the light of a tardy moon.

Life on a plantation cuts one off from much intercourse with the outside world, and an island life must ever be peculiar to itself, in any part of the world; but it has its compensations and its delights; here, far more than on most islands.

It is about thirty miles from Hilo to the crater of Kilauea. On entering the crater the guide sounds the lava with his staff to test its safety. Below is a mass of molten fire. At night there is a canopy of vapor over it all, like a cloud of fire, and lightning plays upon the surface of the burning lake. One is glad to see the crater, and glad to be away.

Every traveler who visits the crater of Kilauea is fain to pronounce it at once the most awful, sublime and wonderful phenomenon in nature. Incomparable. Language fails to describe it. Words seem beggarly! It is not within the ken of the finite mind to understand or to comprehend its whys or its wherefores. It is a *mystery*—this awful, terrible madly burning, boiling lake more than nine miles around and half a mile deep!—this wild, tumultuous, rampant, roaring fire!—this mammoth bowl of seething, bubbling,

blood-red liquid lava! At the same time, to any one with the smallest appreciation of the ludicrous, it does sound laughable to say the least, to hear shouted in his ears as soon as ever he steps foot on Hawaiian soil, before he fairly has had time to swallow a cup of coffee, “*Have you been to the volcano*”? “No.” “You’re *going*, are n’t you”? “If I don’t miss it.” One is reminded of the zeal and haste seen often on entering a “revival meeting,” “*Have you been converted*”? “*When are you going to be*”?

Besides this crater of Kilauea—the wonder of the world—there is much that is enchanting on Hawaii, the largest island of the chain.

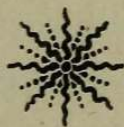
It would seem as if the goddess of all the waterfalls had taken up her abode here from all time, and was forever superintending the making of them in every smallest valley and ravine. They are of all sizes and forms, from the mammoth giant of Waipio Valley to the tiny ones over mounds and hillocks of only a yard high. While looking at the rainbow tints, the hundred shades of greens and browns, of the hills and of the valleys, the play of the ever-shifting lights and shadows of cloud and sea and sky and hill-top, one feels quite content to sit down here and look no farther for Nature’s beauties or wonders. “The perfection of atmosphere and of scene are surely just here,” you say.

In the rainy season more particularly, all nature takes on its “high lights” of color—the never-ending shades and tints of green, and blue, and red,



and yellow, “in earth, and sky, and sea, and air,” dazzling to the eye and bewildering to the artist who would attempt to give, on canvas, any faint idea, even, of such a world of color. A “companion piece” to all this would be a still, clear, brilliant day in mid-winter in New England, when every hill and valley, tree and fence, are in their freshest dress of solid heavy snow; when the sun is bright and the sky steel-blue; when the river is frozen over and still, and not a sound can be heard but the tinkling of the distant sleigh-bells, or the merry laughter of the skaters on the smooth ice.

ALOHA HAWAII NEI!



## KING SUGAR.

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THE following gem, "Go On," is by an anonymous poet. There are fourteen verses, all alike, the first one of which is given:

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,  
Go on, go on, go on;  
Go on, go on—*go on*, go on,  
Go on, go on—GO ON."

You wish me to make my subject "plain as way to parish church," and that is my desire, to be sure, in opening up this wonderful cane-producing country to your mental vision, this land where the people are "fed on the finest of wheat and honey," and with sweetest of water "out of the stony rock"—this "land of pomegranates and of oil olive"—this land of perpetual sunshine and of rainbow, this "Land of Promise"—of rarest skies and daintiest air—this Hawaii.

A soil where every foot put down *to Cane*, will help to swell the amount of the export—Sugar! Rice (the best of rice), taro (as good as potato), sweet potatoes (as good as the Carolinas), coffee (none better in Java)—which were it not for the blight which often takes it, and for which no remedy has yet been found, might rival the sugar—with all the tropical fruits, and melons, and strawberries "for a song!"

One can every few days, take a sailing vessel (passage, first-class, forty dollars,) from San Francisco direct for Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii; or for Kahului, on Maui, making port in about two weeks. From these points passage on an inter-island steamer can be taken, for Honolulu, for six dollars. Of course, one can reach the capital from many other points around these islands. But these are important centres, and from them a traveler can make good progress in any direction he may wish to steer. For the small sum of seventy dollars, one can reach Honolulu from San Francisco in seven days, traveling in a floating palace, with no reasonable wish ungratified, and with a most superb table, where the bill of fare is almost 2100 miles long! and one fairly needs to lie awake at night to decide what to call for at breakfast, so tempting and so unbounded are the viands.

You will agree with me, I am sure, that there is nothing one will recollect longer than discomforts and discontent realized on a sea-trip. One remains with me yet, like a bad dream, after many years. There was, first of all, lack of skill in the officers; then, want of principle, for one was intoxicated during a distressing storm—water was scarce it is true,—and the table was bad!

But these steamers! I speak for myself—one would wish to live one week of every month on land, and three at sea. And such a sea! Troubles gone, cold winds forgotten; for stormy ocean a peaceful lake, warm soothing air, and a serene sky—the “Rainbow

Land” just ahead of us—and a Captain who will pilot safe into the port!

From Kahului, which is a tiny village on the shore, you can take a train (one passenger-car) for Wailuku, three miles inland, and a charming little place it is, with Haleakala directly in front of you, and magnificent Iao Valley about a block off. Here, to make any of these trips, you will need a stout native horse, and they are often quite cheap.

In this little town of Wailuku, you will see a neat church and parsonage (English Mission), a Roman Catholic, and a Presbyterian, as many as three shops, a little post-office and a burying-ground.

When you find how very quiet it is, you may fancy that the people of the village are dead, or like Rip Van Winkle, all asleep for a term of years. Where they can, they take a good deal of rest, and indulge in day-dreams. Sugar is sweet, nutritious and satisfying—and in many ways tends somewhat to luxury. It is, however, not a bad thing to “take an interest” in a well-growing field of cane, where you are sure of rain! You will not need to fret after that, but can have pie and preserves for breakfast if you wish.

Oh! no. The villagers are not dead. They are dreaming of “grinding” cane at the next mill, at Spreckelsville—ten miles off, or at Waihee or Waikapu half that distance, in opposite directions..

At Spreckelsville there are twelve thousand acres of growing sugar-cane. These fields extend for more than fifteen miles in one direction. The planting-

time is from June to November. The grinding commences in December. About one hundred tons of sugar are made in a day.

In sugar, the British interests reach into the millions; but American interests are ten times as large. The German comes third.

You would not wish, for a moment, to leave Iao Valley, for an entire day, at least. And at Haleakala, you can stay in the "cave" a night, can build a fire and cook meat on a stick! I saw the smoke there, even at the Parsonage, one night when some party was evidently getting supper! You need not make a wry face, for bishops have done all that in that very cave.

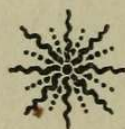
Maui is about eighty miles from Honolulu, and in a southeasterly direction.

Hilo, to which I now come, is about five hours' ride, with a good native horse, from the Crater Kilauea.

It is second to Honolulu, but compares with it as well as a China doll with a two-year-old baby! Still, far be it from me to contract Hilo, or detract from its true size in any way. If it is not a big city, there is land enough to cut one out of when the time comes; and it need never be more beautiful when full-grown than it is now! There is a sea-breeze every day, which Honolulu can well covet! and 150 inches of rain in a year, which is quite enough to keep drouth at a distance!

There are plenty of churches for any who are Catholics or Presbyterians; and if you are neither, you can enter either, at any service, and find a welcome!

And let me tell you right here, that at these islands, you will be expected to attend some place of worship: “Ua mau ke ea o ka ainai ka pona” will meet your eye at every turn! The homes here are lovely; and the folks living in them just the right kind to meet. Not a *pilikia* to be found when you travel by the way of Hilo! Two nights’ and one day’s sail, by steamer, from the Capital.



## HONOLULU.

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**A**T Honolulu, almost everybody rides or drives, during the heat of the day at least; and many give up the exercise of walking out o' doors, nearly altogether. One may any day walk two miles, night or morning, and not meet two ladies, the entire road.

Nearly every family owns one horse or more, poor or good, and some sort of a vehicle, even if it be nearly as old as "the deacon's one-hoss shay."

They drive to church, and they drive to market, and to call on friends, and to lunch, and for health, and for illness, and to kill time; and doubtless, some of the ladies would drive from the veranda to the dining-room, if it could be managed!

Even in the early morning hours of that supremely glorious climate, when, especially after showers of the night, all seems like fairy land indeed—the magnificent trees, the gorgeous climbers, the intense green of the lawns, the deep blue of the sky, with the great masses of fluffy white clouds, slowly drifting about, just over the tops of the hills—when all nature is entirely flooded with light and glory; and when it seems a joy just to be alive, and out, walking in this most perfect, and delicious atmosphere; or, in "the

cool of the day," when all work, here, is ended ("pau")—when the shadows begin to lengthen, and when the skies are changing the color of their dress, every few minutes; and the planets, one after another, are solemnly appearing, and taking their places, in the dome of heaven—when, in nature all is silent, at rest, gone to sleep, not the quiver of a leaf, not a breath of wind, calm, quiet, and breathless—perfect repose, marvelous to behold!

At these times, even, walking is ignored by the foreigner; and you can have the road to yourself, undisturbed but by a native now and then! The climate is thought, by many, to be enervating, and it is not the "fashion" to walk—not considered "good form"! How do the ladies manage to keep their health? That, I cannot say. But, they do not die there, faster than anywhere else, that I could discover. For one thing I can vouch: Doctors, in Honolulu, are a good deal "thicker than blackberries." They may be seen, at all hours of the day, riding, or driving from one point of the compass to another, with fine turnouts; themselves looking comfortable and content!

It occurred to me, at one time, that if any more should come, without the means of returning, a "house of refuge" or, a "charity" of some sort would have to be founded for their relief. But, I had made a miscalculation, for they came, and continued to come, in goodly numbers.

I went over my figures, with more care. And I then decided, after a deliberate survey of the subject,



that if there was not more than one doctor to every two families, of means, (you know, by the way, that “planters” are wealthy) he could prosper, and do well. If he were sufficiently skillful not to kill off any of his patients, he might even accumulate money in a few years, and retire!

When one comes to Honolulu, until acclimated it always seems too warm. To work, or to make any exertion is almost out of the question; and the inclination is, often, to simply do nothing, but to invest in day-dreams, and in Spanish castles!

Such a delicious atmosphere, that it is! A gentleman came to the Islands from Germany. He had made a study of the English language, just before starting; it may be, from some one of those attractive text books: “English, in Twelve Lessons” or, “English, without a Teacher”! I was convinced, from what he said, that he could read it well! He said to me, one day, soon after his arrival, “It ish so varm—so varm, (I cannot talk much English vot you shpeak). It ish so varm, I cannot eat something.”

On moonlight nights it seems a sin to go indoors at all—and the natives stay up until daylight; strolling up and down the roads, in groups, with leis of flowers around the neck and on the hats—barefooted, and thrumming away on a taro-patch fiddle or a cheap guitar, keeping time to their native songs, or *meles*, which are endless.

The national hymn is, “Hawaii Pono,” and corresponds, to “America.” All entertainments, public and

private as well, are ended with the playing of this hymn. It is very fine. The music was composed, by Berger.

Hawaii pono i na-na-i ko Moi,  
Ka lani Alii, ke Alii.  
Ma kua lani e Kamehameha e,  
Na ka ua e pale, me ka i he.

The bandmaster is, from his great musical skill, together with his kindly and amiable nature, a great favorite, and is as much a feature of this cosmopolitan little town as "Punchbowl," (which overshadows Emma Square, a very quiet and well-behaved, tamed and friendly volcano!) or, as his Majesty the King, and would be missed far more than the whole legislative body!

The natives are a happy, affectionate, light-hearted race; unless greatly wronged in any way always laughing and singing like merry children. Generous to a fault—entirely ignorant of the value of money, and never to learn it, hospitable to a degree. That, is the Hawaiian.

One is very likely to get some wrong impressions and to form erroneous opinions, to a certain extent, if remaining at the islands a short time only.

I will not admit that I am more obtuse than the average, yet I know that when resident there more than twelve months, I knew very little, comparatively speaking, of island life, or of the islanders, themselves.

Almost any night or morning, a steamer can be taken at Honolulu, for Maui, and Hawaii, or for Kauai; the longest trip being to Hawaii, two nights,

and one day. The other three islands can be visited, infrequently. No inter-island steamer leaves on Sunday. On the Hawaiian silver coin is the motto, "Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono"—"The strength of the land is in righteousness."

The channels, between these islands, are very rough. But business and traffic must go on in spite of winds and waves, and the Islanders try not to mind it much. There is almost never an accident, so great is the care used. All the "landings" around these islands, must be made in boats. But natives are in charge of them, and so skillful and expert are they in these matters, that neither traveling nor business could be carried on, to any extent, without their aid. The transportation of all the passengers, together with the machinery used on the plantations, the furniture, produce, etc., are dependent upon their care and vigilance! and faithful, and patient they are, to the letter. While they are never reckless on the water, they seem to "the manner born," and to know no fear. It seems as hard to drown a native as to drown a fish!

They are equally skillful, in their management and training of horses. Like the gypsy, they seem to know the charm to be whispered in a horse's ear! "There is much in the native!" You may fancy that you know them very well—that you have been in and out among them pretty much all your life—that you can, perchance, speak their language to its last idiom, or colloquialism. They will come around you, and unless they choose, you cannot divine one bit of the

information they are giving to one another, and this without showing any rudeness. They are Nature's true children and know how to guard their secrets. You will feel somewhat like the gentleman from Germany—"I cannot talk much native what you speak!"

It can never quite be said to be "dull" in Honolulu, at least, to any true lover of nature. The climate is so perfect, that to watch the sky, the lights and shadows, the cloud effects, the rainbows, the beauty of the hill-top and the valley, is enough; and to such an one, I repeat "dullness" would seem a misnomer. It is said that among the most magnificent mountain scenery of Europe, the mountaineers, themselves, are led to wonder why people come so far to see their country! That cannot be said, entirely, of the Islanders; though many of them seem insensible to the great beauties, by which they are surrounded! From a business, or social, point of view, during midsummer, when many go to the Coast, or to beach, and mountain-side, it is then quiet in Honolulu, and "steamer day" makes a welcome break.

The capital, you know, is but a tiny, little city. Were it not for the sugar interests, which are getting to be enormous—and involving national jealousies in their train,—the rice, and a few other things of minor importance, it would seem but a country village, on the shore; or at the most, to speak largely, a country town. Nevertheless, it is a unique, most unique, cosmopolitan city, with great shipping interests,—the home of King and Court, and

all carefully protected by British, and American men-of-war.

Ten minutes' walk, at an easy gait, will see you over and through the business part of the town; including the banker, the butcher, the baker, the poi-makers' places—and a peep at the postoffice, and custom house as well! Ten minutes again, from the steamer-wharf, will bring you inside the Palace-gate, for the latch-string, now, is always outside; in other words the grounds are open to the public. An audience, with Royalty, however, sometimes requires a little more ceremony!

The Palace is good enough, for all intents and purposes—and far too fine for such visitors as too often go there; but, in its appointments—and from a refined, and artistic point of view, it will not compare favorably with thousands, I may say, of homes in America—even with many not one-half so large!

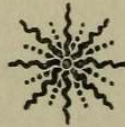
The Hawaiians, where well-to-do and able to gratify their taste, are more or less barbaric in the use of colors and adornments.

While young, their eyes are clear and expressive. Their teeth are firm and white, as a rule. When older, they are often too heavy and coarse, the eyes dull, from the use of native liquor, "ava,"—and the mouth disfigured, from the frequent use of tobacco and the clay pipe. In a group of women, the pipe is often passed from mouth to mouth.

Whatever a native agrees or undertakes to do, he will do faithfully and well, to the letter. But it is not

in the nature of things—"the eternal fitness of things," that, with a country and climate like Hawaii, he should like to do everything, even to accommodate the "foreigner" in his piling up of wealth! There is always a plenty of fruit, in the valley and on the hillside, fish in the sea, taro in the patch at hand, flowers on the roadside, music in his brain, friends never cold! Why should he do hard or menial work? They are nature's kings and queens, in their own right; and Hawaii is their own.

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!



## KAUAI.

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YOU wish I would not make use of the exclamation point so often—you are tired of seeing it? So am I, milady. But, “my gracious!” “*I wish to goodness,*” then, that you, or somebody else, had invented a new set of punctuation marks before it became my “bounden duty” to write what I saw in this wonderful wonder of a country, with its magnificently magnificent waterfalls, not to speak of its million and one exquisitely exquisite smaller ones, and all the way down to the tiniest tiny—its very loveliest loves of rainbows—and its most superbly superb coloring, over and around and under them all—in earth, and sky, and sea! A single exclamation point, forsooth! Why do I not live—and die there? “Don’t be sassy!” You are not my father confessor, nor even my confidential friend and adviser!

When I speak of a native hut, or grass-house, you may, naturally enough, fancy it means a very despicable sort of a domicile or residence! Not at all. It is often a very picturesque and comfortable abode; airy, light, cool and clean. There are natives and natives! And now and then one will be seen—like to poor Lelea’s “Brown”—as lazy and shiftless as the most

shiftless white man. Certainly, this will manifest itself with no uncertain signs and sounds about his dwelling; for one is sure to see, in an unkempt, untidy, native home a lot of miserable, gaunt, ragged-coated dogs.

In early times, and even later on, the natives were often induced (I am sorry to write,) to part with large tracts of land, their rightful inheritance, for a good deal less than the value of a good song! But they are wiser to-day (if not happier,) the gentle, laughter-loving, honest-hearted race! Nearly all of them own at least enough land for their taro. A few of them are even well-to-do; some of them (as well as the foreigner) owning quite large plantation shares.

The natives if cut off from their taro (poi), grow listless and unhappy—actually pine away in no time. The taro can be boiled, and then an inch of the rough outside cut off, when it is as large as a large rutabaga turnip; in color, a delicate violet or lavender, mottled a little, with white, fine grain, firm, light and delicious. It can then be toasted, and tastes precisely like roasted chestnuts. It can be boiled or baked.

But the natives care nothing at all for it, in any of these ways. It is made, by them, into a porridge, thick or thin; one-finger, two-finger, three-finger, poi. It is prepared with great care, and put into calabashes, large bowls made of wood. Some of these are very handsome, as highly polished as rosewood, and often “a thing of beauty.” I saw one, belonging to his late Majesty, Kalakaua, of silver, in shape of a lotus



flower. But, in the native woods, koa, or kou, they are much more beautiful. There are exquisite tables of these woods, inlaid, to be seen in the Museum at the Government Buildings, opposite the Palace, in Honolulu. Poi, I say, is set away, covered, and as it grows more and more acid and keeps rising, like a thin batter, the bowl will likely be full until it is "pau"—gone! Some of these bowls will hold a large quantity, but they are of different sizes. Poi is an acquired taste entirely; but if one can learn to eat it, it is almost life-giving in that climate.

Doctors often order it to be taken in milk, or water even, in fever and other ailments where nothing else can be retained. It is very nutritious and restorative. Taro is never cheap.

When you come to a comfortable native hut on Kauai, you will see the taro patch, the running water, the cocoanuts, flowering shrubs and climbers, you may be sure, and hills not far off; for the natives have an eye to beauty and comfort. You will see, also, a plenty of light, clean cool mats of their own making, and if the native has "not a shoe to his foot," you can be sure he will have hats enough to his head.

It may be one can be bought of his wife, which has taken all her leisure time for a month to plait, as light and fine as if from a fairy's loom! A dainty thing, enough, when trimmed with lace, for a queen's outing. It can be bought for the small sum of eight dollars. Some of the matting is fine enough to go down, as an heirloom, in a family. The natives make

many kinds of necklaces. Those made of the feathers of the "oo" sell for as much as fifty dollars. There is also one made of a pretty brown berry, with a rare, delicate perfume which never dies out. These berries are found in abundance in some spots on this Island of Kauai.

The natives are intellectual to a degree, but they lack the power of reasoning and concentration, and in mathematics the American or English boy will outstrip them every time. But they can excel in penmanship and in drawing.

They have the very "soul of music" in their soul, I can say so as well, for where they learn to dance they have, naturally, an ease and grace, difficult, as a rule, to be acquired by foreigners. And they are a nation of orators. A Hawaiian will enter a drawing-room and, if addressed in native, will continue a conversation, or an argument, with as much composure and ease as if he had the "blood of all the Howards," Washingtons or Lafayettes in his veins.

Doubtless, when thoroughly roused, from any very great wrong or injustice—for they have a keen and correct sense of the term, justice—the savage might be clearly discerned. I have heard it said that when enraged, in early times, they owned the secret of handling a man so as to unjoint every limb of his body. But they possess no malice, nor do they premeditate any wrong. What higher meed can I give to the native when I say that, on these islands, a woman can always look for protection and help from them, at any time or place!

Kauai is the "garden island" of the group, and as it is much smaller than Hawaii, the distances short between given points, and the roads good in certain ways, it is easier journeying than on Hawaii or Maui. At the same time, there is nothing like tight saddlebags, water-proofs, and a good native horse. These are strong, steady, not too fast, but as sure-footed as the chamois. And when I tell you that on Kauai, even, you may have to mount seven steep hills, in going three miles, you will see what you need in the way of a carrier!

Kauai is the most northerly of the group—between  $21^{\circ} 47'$  and  $22^{\circ} 46'$ , and is ninety miles from the Capital.

In a trip of thirty miles can be seen forests of the mountain apple, (ohia) with its beautiful leaves and tempting fruit, immense banana trees, and cocoanut, rice fields, taro patches, guava and orange, lemon and olive, kukui and koa trees; mosses, vines and ferns, passion flowers and magnolias, roses and geraniums, and countless more of brilliant and gaudy hue. Wherever you see a native, you will also see flowers.

"See Hanalei and die." Well, I did see the valley and live to write it. One thing I can say in all truth, I shall not die, if I try to do so in a more lovely place. We started in the early morning, jogging slowly and quietly along, up hill and down, passing now and then a Chinaman on foot, now and then a native group or a native place, stopping often to exclaim of beauties on every side. After ten miles

we began to mount, to reach the plateau which looks down on this trebly-enchanted vale. I recollect how anxiously I watched my horse up this almost perpendicular ascent, as patiently he plodded, sure and firm-footed, up and up, I coaxing and praising, when it seemed as if “in the nature of things” he would slip back. Will he go to the top? Indeed he will, splendid fellow that he is! I am tired, from fear; but he is not tired a whit.

How can I describe this valley?

It seems to me that not the valley, the scenery, the hills, the trees, the sky are what strike a new-comer most forcibly—but the coloring! the million of shades and tints, the lavish wealth of color, which confounds and amazes! Living in sight of a semi-circle of hills and valleys, I was constantly wondering at this, and watching the clouds as they rested often below the peaks, and on the sides. This was the first attraction, as I gazed far down into this valley; and the next—Tennyson’s very own “Brook” I saw was there—I knew it in a minute!

“ I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern  
To bicker down a valley.”

Of course it did, for are there not millions and millions of ferns—did I not trim the whole *house* with them on any festive occasion?

“ By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges.”

Had I not just traveled up and down a dozen of the thirty?

“Till last by [sugar-cane] I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

“I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

“With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow, weed and mallow.

“I chatter, chatter, as I flow,  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

“I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

“And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery water break  
Above the golden gravel.

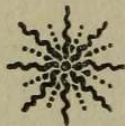
“And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

And then the tiny houses down there, how small they looked, embowered in vines and shrubs and trees! and the miniature rice lakes set in green! the mountain peaks beyond, the orange and mango trees, and the beautiful magnolia with its wealth of perfume!

About ten miles from Hanalei is Kilauea, the plantation managed by Mr. R. A. Macfie. When I remarked the pretty gardens of the Portuguese laborers, I was informed that Mr. M. had offered prizes for the best display about their homes! He impressed me as a man that would think of all pleasant things; neighborly and helpful.

Just beyond Kilauea we visited another valley, which I should not have liked to miss—Kalihiwai.

We took steamer at Kilauea for home—Honolulu, stopping some hours at Kealia to take in sugar, passed by natives on to a small boat going back and forth from wharf to steamer. We had a very rough trip, arriving at Honolulu about eight in the morning!



## ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

[Reprinted from The Churchman.]

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ON leaving the wharves at Honolulu and going up Fort street, you pass the principal retail stores in the city for dry goods, household furnishings, apothecaries, groceries, etc., and half a mile or so from your starting point you will see, first, the R. C. Sisters' school for native girls, then the R. C. church, opposite which you will notice the "Fort-street church"—Presbyterian,—and there, turning the corner to your right and going south, you will find yourself on Bere-tania (English) street, and should you pursue this country-like road, unpaved and with earthen sidewalks, from the corner, you would find it continues to be a rather wide and tolerably fair drive of four miles to the sea, where you can get a fine view of the Heads, etc. King street is another drive in the same direction, wider, hotter and dustier by far.

If you are looking for the English church, it being Sunday when you arrive there, you must give up gazing in wonder at the pretty homes with their tropical trees, gorgeous creepers, ferns and inviting verandas which will line this entire road, and turn in with me,

after five minutes' walk from the corner, to the cathedral precincts, this being one of the three entrances to the spacious and lovely grounds. As we get fairly within, after the wide driveway, which you see is beautifully lined on both sides with trees and flaming shrubs, the marines, with their officers and with fife and drum, from an English and from an American man-of-war are there before us, waiting to enter; and walking about, talking and laughing, are the Bishop's boys of Iolani College from his place two miles north in lovely Nuuanu Valley, and which, as I have lived there, I shall hope to tell you something about in another paper; they have just marched in with their teachers, and are full of life and fun, pleased enough to see the sailors, with whom they soon make friends.

And now, as the last bell rings, in come from the Priory on your right the Sisters' girls, two and two, first quite young ladies, and then, according to their height, down to wee little tots. What a picture they make in the scene, with their white dresses and ribbons of every hue, as they slowly enter, with the "Sisters" and other teachers, the side door of the church! Yes, indeed; the precincts of a Sunday morning present a striking panorama to the quiet looker-on!

In the middle of the grounds stands the magnificent gray cathedral, the chancel, and two bays only, of five, being finished; and no more may be, alas! for another generation; but, even as it now stands, it is the finest



building west of the Rocky Mountains in the way of a church edifice! It is Corinthian in order, the stone having come from England in the present Bishop's time. The chancel is large enough for quite a congregation, and is filled with exquisite stained-glass windows, all memorial. The altar, and the font are superb pieces of stone, richly carved. This cannot be said of the Noah's Ark of a pulpit! Wood, good wood, however—walnut and plenty of it! May be, if the top could have been sawed off, a foot, and the panels cut out, it would not have been a bad thing of its kind. But the Bishop, seemed to have an "*aloha*" for it just as it stood—and nothing could be done, in consequence, to better its looks!

Back of the cathedral is the pretty plaza of Central Honolulu. On the right is the old Pro-cathedral, half of which is now used for the Chinese mission for Sunday-schools, guild meetings, etc. Farther up is the "Priory of St. Andrew," conducted by three of the "Devonport Sisters" from England, who came to these islands, nearly twenty years ago—about the same time as the Bishop and his sister, Miss Willis, now wife of Rev. Mr. Wainwright, of North Carolina; and the noble, faithful work that has been done by them all among the Hawaiians, God has noted in His book of everlasting remembrance!

To the left are the beautiful grounds and the cottage of the Rev. Herbert Gowan, who ministers to the Chinese, and who, coming from "St. Augustine's" four years since, set himself to work in the midst of

other toil as a "labor of love" to learn the Chinese language and to found a mission, which he has most successfully carried out, preaching to-day in that tongue to more than forty communicants, and having collected money enough to build within the precincts a neat church edifice! It will be at the Emma-street entrance—that part given by Queen Emma during her lifetime, and is to be begun at once, to the great joy of the Bishop that one of his young clergy has been so zealous in a work which is so important and yet so arduous! Mr. G. is quite a remarkable scholar, understanding Sanskrit and several other languages.

The Rev. Mr. Barnes is another worker, one of St. Augustine's cleverest men, and sub-dean of the cathedral. His home, too, will be within the precincts.

Yes; the picture is worth your while, this lovely Sunday morning, with the delicious, soft air and the glorious sunshine, the trees, the flowers, the green, velvet carpet, the marines, the Chinese women and children with their gaudy silks, the "Sisters" with their girls, the boys, the clergy. Surely it is a busy little world of many nations represented by these men and children here this morning, no fewer than seven by the boys alone!—English, American, Hawaiian, German, Irish, Norwegian, Chinese, as well as half-castes!

"God hath made of one blood all nations on the face of the earth" is the text ever in the Bishop's mouth, and when I tell you that at the "college" not the slightest distinction is made as to color, race or

tongue, rich or poor, gentle or peasant, you will see that his Lordship is a true shepherd as well as missionary! And now, if you will stay, you shall hear the fine organ, and the chorister boys and men, and that mixed congregation of natives and foreigners, officers and sailors, girls and boys, responding and singing the chants and hymns of the Church's glorious Liturgy! You will not regret your stay.

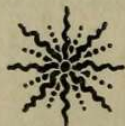
After the terrible storm at Samoa, the Bishop called a meeting, and money was gladly subscribed for memorial windows in remembrance of the brave officers, English and American, who perished in that fearful gale! Their voices had often mingled in the worship of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and blanched were many faces and sad all hearts when the news came to Honolulu!

When service is over and you wish to find a home for the time, you need only to cross the road and you are at once within the grounds of the "Hawaiian Hotel," where every wish will be attended to, and where, if you choose, you can sit all the day on the spacious verandas, with masses of flowers almost within reach of your hand. In five minutes, literally, you can be within the pretty City Library and in the "heart of the city," this most unique little world in mid-ocean—very tiny, as you will see—but representing many nations and interests. Berger's fine band is often at the hotel grounds of an evening, when they are illuminated and always open to the public.

All who have traveled know and acknowledge that

at these islands is to be found the finest climate on this “terrestrial globe;” that the air is the softest, the sky the bluest, the clouds the nearest and the whitest, the full moon and the stars the largest, the rainbows the oftenest, the rains the warmest; and so the flowers are the most brilliant, ferns the most delicate, palms the most lofty, hillsides and valleys freshest and greenest, the water the purest and sweetest,—and because of all this there is absence of all jar, and fret, and worry, there is quiet and rest and repose for man and beast; there is lack of hurry and bustle, and drive and scold; there is absence of crime and censure and harsh criticism; and in their place is, universally, the law of kindness and true Christian charity among all classes and conditions of men—overtopping and covering both race prejudice and color. Many nations and races are represented here in this little kingdom of the sea—this “rainbow-land,” this “Paradise of the Pacific.”

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!



## ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

[Reprinted from The Churchman.]

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**M**Y readers likely know that the Sandwich Islands, or the Hawaiian, lie just inside the Tropical belt; and that Honolulu is the capital of the group. But, may be, they do not know that they are 2,100 miles, or a week's sail by steamer, and two by sailing vessel, from San Francisco, and that it is a most delightful voyage to make!

The islands are seven in number; four of them being of great commercial importance, Hawaii being the largest (and so giving its name to the group), Maui, Oahu on which is Honolulu, and Kauai. The other three are Molokai, Niihau, and Lanai. Nor do I think that my readers know there is constant and regular steamer communication between the more important islands; and that no rougher sea can be found than in these channels. But "use is a second nature," and the people appear not to mind it much! And the journey is only for one or two nights.

The largest active volcano, Kilauea, is on Hawaii, and it is almost worth while going around the globe to see; so one need not mind a few hours' shaking up, if sight-seeing brings them to Hawaii. It would be a thousand pities to miss it!

Haleakala—Hale-a-ka-la—house of the sun—is the largest extinct crater, and is on Maui. There is a cave where a few travelers at a time can rest for a night and be quite comfortable. The trip is not too hard for one used to mountain climbing. A first-rate horse and good equipments are the requisites, together with a purse not too light, in making a tour of these islands. While the roads are sometimes good, they are often very bad; ruts, ravines, gulches, etc., for which one must be prepared. There is no climate to fight, all is perfect, unless too warm for a stranger may be, or unless, in the rainy season, one be overtaken by a local flood.

On the east side of Honolulu is an extinct crater called Punchbowl; and you can surmise why it takes that name. Government has put a fine drive around the hill to the top, where a magnificent view of the city can be had, looking like an immense grove, with a few houses interspersed, and bounded by the sea. Nothing could be much finer in the way of a splendid picture. On leaving the foot of the hill, against which are crowded Portuguese shanties with their tiny patches of vineyard and melon, in a few minutes you can pass the Royal School—a school of two hundred native boys, including a sprinkling of half-castes.

These native boys are good in drawing and in penmanship. Their eye is fairly correct in the work, a firm and steady hand, together with great patience. They are not easily disheartened or discouraged, but will faithfully go over and over a piece of work until

it entirely suits them. It must be admitted, however, that they will take pretty much their own time for it, and will make but little exertion, except "the spirit moves them!" They do not premeditate mischief, possess no malice, but are unselfish, generous and good-natured. They lack gratitude, and, as a race, take everything done for their benefit, small or large, as a "matter of course." They are noisy, boisterous, stormy little rascals; they will, now and then, pride themselves on a "swear-word", or smoke a sly cigarette, but are always ready for a laugh and a bit of fun. To hear them singing "Marching through Georgia," and other songs of the late war, is quite a surprise to the stranger on the island. But it is far more pleasing to hear them sing in their own tongue. They do not fit well into English. Farther down the road, on the right, you will notice the lovely grounds and house of Bishop, the banker.

Opposite is the home of the British minister, Mr. Wodehouse. Near by is Emma Square, a pretty place indeed, where one can hear on moonlight nights Berger's fine band, consisting of twenty-four natives; you will travel a long way to hear more entrancing music than this German Maestro, with his superbly trained "boys," can give you! Hearing is believing! Such lovely nights and such fine music combined, did any one ever know except on Hawaii! Just along here you will find the Emma Square entrance and the Emma-street entrance, too, to the precincts of "St. Andrew's Cathedral," of the "Anglican Church Mission."

On the left, as you enter from the square, are the grounds and buildings of "St. Andrew's Priory," a home and school for Hawaiian girls. The grounds are ample for all their needs of play, and for garden. The buildings are convenient, cool and airy, with stretch upon stretch of veranda, a very desirable thing in a climate like Honolulu. Great royal palms can be seen with their tops almost to the sky, brilliant climbers, and dainty flowers of paler hue. Fifty native girls find a home and an education within this place, and of day pupils there are over fifty more.

There is the pretty chapel, the schoolhouse, the refectory, the dormitories, the drawing-room, etc., but where is the soul of this place—where are the heads and hearts that keep this work in its place, year by year, prosperous and successful?

Ah, it is the "Devonport sisters!" and, for nearly twenty years, they have been working on these islands, among Hawaiian girls, going in and out on their errands of mercy, to teach, and love, and help in any and every way, native girls of all ages, from the young lady to the wee tot, "counting all gain but loss," that they may win to Christ these children, and make them co-workers in the Church of their love, and good sisters, wives and mothers, in the home-life.

Their hospitality is unbounded. And merry is the time, and jolly is the treat, when "Eldress Phœbe" throws open the doors of her priory that all may enter, and enjoy for an afternoon the lovely grounds! The "Good Queen Emma," the patron of the Church



on Hawaii, loved nothing better, in her life, than to take her quiet Sunday tea in the little parlor of the priory. And sadly do the Sisters miss her majesty's pleasant face, her cheery, sunny manners, and helpful words!

The precincts are very beautiful, with the well-kept velvet carpet, the trees, the flame-colored shrubs, reminding one of autumn leaves in New England just before "Jack Frost" takes them. There are three entrances, one on the east, west and north. Each is wide enough for carriages and for people.

When the Bishop is in town he is always at the cathedral on Thursday mornings, at 6:30, for early celebration. The "sisters" are there with their young family—and a few others, now and then a stranger or two from the hotel, on the other side of the road. And never does the place look more beautiful than in the early morning. It truly looks at such times, especially if there have been night showers, like "a new heaven and a new earth!" You may say, "If I go to the same latitude, on any other part of the globe, shall I not find as fine a climate as this Hawaii I hear so much extolled?"

I can only say you "Nay."

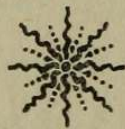
The why I cannot tell you—you must tell me. But, I believe it to be a fact, that the climate of these islands has no exact parallel.

Marvellous in its beauty, and very even throughout the year, certainly it often seems too warm to the stranger. And it is a lulling, soothing, don't-care-

whether-school-keeps-or-not atmosphere. It is not the climate in which to roll up one's sleeves at five A.M., and do hard mental or physical work till sundown or midnight.

It is the very place to stop all things of that kind and to do a little only, to-day, and the rest, or more, well—may be next week! It is a good place in which to dream life away, and not to be called idle, either, because you are busy watching Nature in her most beautiful holiday dress! Ah, yes! the Lotos will grow in your brain and thrive; and you will take to a lulling dream-life, and die there, accomplishing almost nothing of your life's earnest, best work, unless you see your danger, rouse yourself, put on the brakes, and go where you can once again skim on skates, and smell the snow!

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!



## IOLANI COLLEGE.

[Reprinted from *The Churchman*.]

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IT has been in my mind of late that may be the readers of *The Churchman* would like to hear something of "Iolani College," the Bishop's School in Honolulu, a school for native boys—would like to know how a Church school for Hawaiians is conducted. When I tell you that the Bishop's favorite text is "God hath made of one blood all nations on the face of the earth," you will cease to wonder why in a "native school" there may be seen not only Hawaiians and half-castes, but English, American, German, Norwegian, Irish, and Chinese boys as well. All receive the same love and protection, the rich are treated as well as the poor, the high-born no better than the lowest, all eat at the same table, meet as one family in the college chapel at sunrise and at sunset daily, worship in the cathedral together Sundays and saints' days, share the same dormitories, and play in the same games. The Bishop is a true missionary, not so much in word as in deed, for he is a man of very few words, and one must often exercise great patience in waiting to hear him speak on any given subject. It is the hope of his life, doubtless, that the seed sown in

the hearts of these boys, by the example of his own most unselfish and self-sacrificing life, will spring up and bear fruit, not only on Hawaii but “unto everlasting life.” “If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall not only—” It is now nearly twenty years since Bishop Willis came to Hawaii, and at once opened the doors of this school, to help on Church missionary work on these islands, believing that to rightly train the child is to make the Churchman! and however discouraging and dark all has seemed at times, he has never lost heart nor faith—but like a true and good shepherd has gone on giving of his life, strength, time and substance to the fold under his care.

The poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind come to the college knocking for admittance and never will the Bishop say them nay, if it is possible to keep them. Nor that alone, for quite a family of boys is entirely dependent upon his bounty the year round.

“Iolani College” is on the Bishop’s own grounds, which are quite extensive, including his residence, the chapel, dining-hall, dormitories, bath-houses, cook-house, stable, and several cottages. It is about a mile and a half from the middle of the town, and from St. Andrew’s Cathedral, in most lovely Nuuanu valley, facing the south and the sea, and on high land, overlooking the town. There is a large play-ground for base ball and other games. Three or four times a week the boys go farther up the valley, for a swim.

Everything at the college goes on like bell-work, for a different boy is appointed each week to ring the bell

on the chapel, and it becomes a "point of honor" with them not to defraud themselves nor any one else, the cook for instance, out of half a minute! And woe to the ringer if he rang a minute too soon, when a game of base ball was impending! He would better dive for the Bishop's study for a friend! There is the most perfect good-fellowship between the Bishop and his boys, and to him they go, for the study door is ever open, with all troubles and difficulties that the head-master cannot settle. He is their father and their friend at all times. Often at midnight he is going, with his lantern, the rounds of the dormitories, to see if "all is well."

Just two years ago this month, when the Bishop and Mrs. Willis returned from England, Mr. John Bush, of Chatham, a gentleman of large experience, came over to be head-master of "Iolani." Could the Bishop, by going to England, have ordered a master to be made to order, he could not have "fitted" better than Mr. Bush fits that most unique position! Fancy Hawaiian good-natured indolence and indifference, "go-as-you-please" temperament, half-caste vanity and conceit, Irish insolence, American nervousness and rush, English obstinacy and persistence, German slowness, Norwegian dullness, and Chinese setness! and by chance something else, all brought under one roof, and you will divine what wisdom is needed to prevent friction in the work undertaken!

To a liberal education and rare gifts in drawing and mathematics is added a Christianlike nature, per-

fect gentleness and simplicity of manner, and the tender heart of a woman in dealing with boys. A boy could do nothing too bad, even if condemned by half the college, to be outside the pale of his sympathy. He would hear every point the offender had to bring, and if punishment must be meted out to him, it would be in the spirit of a just but loving parent,—that would be the end of it, like a sum wiped off a slate, and the boy would have a chance to begin a better course. The college, as I have said, is not far from the cathedral, just a pleasant march and outing for them, except, as now and then in the rainy season, when a ducking or a small tropical flood overtakes them, and that does not disturb their good-nature, even if their brand-new suit is in it all. They are taught self-reliance, and to laugh at trifles. But rain in Hawaii is often no trifle, nor trifler, but very determined in its soaking propensities, and the mud has a royal patent—Kalakaua mud. And just here let me say that it is a fact and no fancy that whenever his Majesty, King Kalakaua, arranges or sets a time, it matters not in what month nor what day of the month, for any event in the way of holiday, festivity, celebration or the sort, the clouds also arrange for the same hour, and arraying themselves in sombre mourning tints, pack and crowd and jam closely together—piling up and up from back of Punchbowl, and over Mt. Tantalus—finally meeting in the middle of the town, just over the Palace roof, when down comes the rain straight, steady and constant! “The

King's weather." It simply "happened so"—a coincidence, I am sure; for I know—am perfectly certain, that the biggest, blackest, most threatening-looking cloud in the sky, could have nothing personal stored up against so hospitable and kindly a gentleman as His Majesty—not even a drop of rain. The Bishop's grounds are entirely carpeted with green, no dust, and it is the pride of the "light infantry," the dear little barefooted "pickuppers," that no rubbish, not even a feather, shall stay long on this piece of velvet of nature's weaving, and the first thing in the morning they are out on duty. This is the task of the "small fry" entirely.

Six-thirty A.M. is the bell for matins; 7 for "preparation" in school; 7:30 for breakfast. Then play. From 9 until 12 is passed in school; 12:20 at dinner; 1 to 2:30 school again. Then play, and work until bath-bell, 4:30. At 5, supper; 6:30 evensong; 7 to 8:30, "preparation" again, and then to the dormitories. On saints' days the boys go to the cathedral, and then have half holiday. On Friday evenings there is service at the cathedral, instruction and choir practice. Saturday is a holiday. So, you see, it is a busy little hive of workers at "Iolani," and very proud the boys are of their school. And let me whisper in any boy's ear who may be reading this, that the "Iolanis" beat five games running out of six at base ball last season, competing with other teams—and where the "other boys" were often "bigger." They came in hurrahing, and rang the college bell.

## THE GUAVA.

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**M**OST certainly a bookful could be written, not of the beauty only, but of the uses as well, of the trees, found on the Hawaiian Islands.

There is the sweet guava, and the sour (very acid). The yellow fruit is, in shape, like a large lemon, firm pulp and full of bony seeds. The fragrance is most delightful, and peculiar to itself; like that of the pineapple, the strawberry, or the earliest green apples—never to be confounded with any other odor! The natives bring them, from the valleys, in the early morning, and a peck can be bought for half a dollar (hapalua). Jelly is made from them, in almost every family.

It is easy to make, and will not spoil. However, it is not so rich, nor so firm as the West India. Possibly, the guavas are not so choice, or there is a “trick” in the making which the Hawaiians lack. It is said that in the West Indies the natives boil the fruit in the woods, that their receipt has come down to them, as a tradition, and that they would not sell it for money, nor give it away for love!

With the English, it seems to be a law, as binding as that of the Medes and Persians, that cooked fruit,



in one form or another shall be eaten with pudding. So, when the boys of Iolani College—Honolulu—were asked what they liked best, of all the dessert offered to them, day by day—pastry, biscuit and cheese, bananas, sago and apple sauce, tapioca and peach, rice and guava—“Rice and guava!” was the shout without a dissenting voice.

The rice is of good quality, grown on the Islands, and when cooked to be soft, dry and whole, white as a snow-drift, and fortified with a dish of guava of delicate pink color, each slice perfect, and swimming in juice as clear as crystal, you will not wonder that boys (and they are capital judges and critics) would bid and even “bet” on it! “Rice and guava, you bet!” At Iolani the boys are encouraged to talk at meal-times; but, in subdued tones in the morning, and quietly at dinner-time, so as not to over-talk the Bishop who, as a rule, dines with any guests in the Hall.

But, at supper the head-master permits a general letting-up (or down) and there is much fun, hilarity and general good fellowship. Nor this alone; they learn a great deal at the table from one another.

Boys like to tell an ignorant neighbor how to spell a word or name a river, or give to him a bit of school gossip which he has been too unfortunate to hear! In the “waits” too, at table, they will invent games, often quite ingenious. “The game of seven.” Each boy at one long table would “guess” what the dessert would be, for the next day; and they would keep

their tally, and if keen, keep their neighbor's, too! When any boy had guessed right seven times the game was his, and the trophy, whatever was agreed upon. Another, was to name something, in the Hall of which the first letter was given. And it was curious to note the ingenuity to keep it up. "Wrinkle," on the table-cloth, "crack" in the wall! Trust a boy for amusing himself!

The boys learned to know that with the Bishop, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," meant "little men" as well. For they had always *finished* their pudding before he had decided what to do about eating his! But, of this they heartily approved, for the bell must be rung for school, directly the dining-hall was cleared!

The natives are very fond of music. The boys attend chapel for matins and for evensong daily. They do the singing, and on Sundays at the cathedral, all, whose voices will permit, must be in the choir, and very proud they are to sing.

One little brownie was a marvel in the way of singing. His second teeth were not cut—not on the way, even, that could be seen. He was a half-caste—father English—mother, a native. A tiny little dot, of a black-eyed, curly-headed, small-handed, tiny-footed boy. But, what a voice in that little pipestem of a throat! The head-master said he had never heard such a voice, and I doubt if any one else had.

He would sing John Brown, and Yankee Doodle with much gusto, on the play-ground, whenever the

spirit moved him, and that was pretty often! He was often invited, by the Seniors, who were intent on baseball just then, to “shut up”!

“Ka Lani, you stop your noise.”

One hymn he liked so much, it was called his own.

“Now Ka Lani sing *your* hymn.” The natives are very wide awake to any form of ridicule, and even where they can speak but little English, will detect at once, any banter or chaffing one may choose to offer. He would fix his eyes on the listeners, and burst out with, “Oft in danger, oft in woe”—watching closely to see if approval and delight was in their face, and if he detected anything like a laugh at his expense, he would rub his little bare feet on the floor, and in his cheeks one could see the rose, through all the brown!

The evening “preparation” was until half-past eight, the Juniors went to the dormitory earlier. The school-building is in a large paddock—about an eighth of a mile distant—and with very fine verandas.

This little fellow who was a great pet, would often coax: “*Me* go look stars—go look stars.” I regret to say that in the morning he would be just as eager to “go look black pigs.”

He was not, altogether, a “good” boy, but had as much of mischief and fun in him, as the average white boy. Hearing a great “war of words” one day, in which his voice seemed too prominent, I went out as far as the Chapel, where I saw one of the big boys on top, painting. It was work-hour. This little mite had come along with his “pick-up” tin—a five-gallon

kerosene can, with a piece of rope strung across it for a handle. He had set it down, and stood there in his little bare feet with trousers rolled up above his knees, his shirt tucked inside, and his little old battered-up hat, on the back of his head, for it was very warm, looking up to see how the painting was going, for he had an interest in that Chapel! "Here, Chip," said the Giant, "don't be looking up here—just go on with your work!" And then, came in the shout from the Pygmy, to the very top of the Cross, "You just shut up your *head*—you ain't my boss—never was—I stan' 'ere long's I *like*!" "If you don't go to work pretty quick, Chippy, you'll see me down there."

"Well, you come *down*, then. I ain't 'fraid you, I guess, if you are big." Just then, he saw the Giant putting one foot on the ladder, when he grabbed up his tin, and graduated from there to the veranda, diving under the fence, and losing his hat!

When a new boy came to the Bishop's, he brought all his "boy's traps" with him, such as taro-patch fiddle, bats and balls, kites, etc. A big fellow of a native came up one night, and with him to the astonishment and delight of all, with the exception, I may say, of the head-master and a few others! the largest kind of an accordeon (misnomer).

Before "Chapel," in the morning, that music was to be heard, on the verandas of the dormitories—for a brief spell; at noon, it again struggled in the air; and it was heard in the recreation hours, and in the twilight!

The head-master, who has had twenty-five years' experience in teaching English boys, thought best not to notice it, at all, and let him play it out—and he knew he would; that it would in time die a natural death, the boys themselves would weary of it, and so “kill” it, as they express it, and there would be no nagging, and no hard feelings.

And so it was, it became silent—and was never heard again! A drum—Christmas present!—went down also to an early grave! But of baseball the boys never tire, and the ground used for that game is large, and the “teams” always going.

The Bishop is a tremendous worker, reading the service in the Chapel at 6:30 in the morning, and at midnight, with his lantern, going the rounds of the dormitories, to see if “all is well”—his last benediction before going to sleep himself. He has a great fund of dry humor, quiet and grave as he ever is.

I asked him, one day, why he did not write a book of his experience on the Islands—it would be a fortune. “A misfortune, you mean.”

Speaking of an English bishop, with reference to laundry-work, I remarked, that I did not know a Bishop was obliged to think of such matters. Mrs. Willis remarked, “I suppose his wife must.” But the Bishop retorted quickly, “No, not when he has a ‘See’ (sea) behind him.”

On Sunday nights, at half-past eight, a light supper was always served by Mrs. Willis herself, in the daintily-appointed parlor, for the entire household; and it

would be impossible to find a more kindly and genial host than his Lordship, at such times.

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And now I come to that in Hawaii's history, which provokes no love, namely: Centipedes and scorpions. In my *wonder* and in my *why* that they are *what* they are—and to what purpose, I can only say with *Portia*, God made them, and therefore let them pass for insects. God made the butterfly and the honey-bee; he made, too, let us not forget, these dreadful creatures.

“And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.”

They are plentiful on the islands, and while their sting is very painful it is not fatal.

Moral nor physical cowardice never seemed to me a virtue worthy of all commendation until I was an eye-witness to it in the centipede; and learned that at the least sound of the human foot it would run, and run like a dart (seeming to realize that it is one of a very bad crew, and will be killed if captured), its mail-like armor rattling along!

I could but laugh aloud with glee in thinking of my one more fortunate escape, and sing with joy, out of the abundance of my heart, “Shoo fly, don't bother me!” I killed, with pleasure, *several* scorpions (there should be a reward offered for so doing!) but I let my friend, the native boy, undertake the centipedes!

So far as good looks is concerned there is very little to be said in favor of either of these villains. But, at the same time, there is more moral beauty in the co-

hated centipede—I mean to say I was not able to discern in him during my stay, a tithe of the *despicable* nature of the scorpion. It cannot be said that there is anything mean-looking about him, at any rate, for he is made out of whole cloth, and plenty of it.

I carefully examined one, caught alive and brought to me in a bottle. It was a fine specimen, eight inches long, and for a part of its length over an inch broad. A perfect coat of mail of ugly, dull brown, strongly made and riveted, joint over joint and plate overlapping plate, covered its body; two strong devil's (curved) horns on its head, with which to plunge its venomous fluid into human flesh if getting in its path, and twenty-one pair of wretched, web-like looking feet! Centipede—but not hundred-footed, after all. When I had looked at him and spoken with him to my heart's content, I most earnestly wished that I might never see his like again—ugh! On the contrary, the scorpion is a stingy-looking patched-up affair, of no definite color—soft-shelled body, long, jointed tail—malicious, cunning, cowardly (in the worst sense of that term) stealing stealthily down upon you—no noise, no warning, until you get the sting!—a sneaking fellow, and often bringing a mate along with him. I recollect well a boy, unconcernedly resting his hand on the window-sill, and one of these vile creatures slowly sliding down to thrust in the dart, when the class, as one boy, shouted, “Scorpion! scorpion!” The natives, even, hate *them*, and it's a “bad lot,” indeed, when *they* will hate! And the very *names*!

“Centipede” is pleasant to the ear—not unmusical, and, by-the-way, it is solemnly declared by many that the centipede sings! “Scorpion,” the name is harsh, grating, stinging to the ear, conveys an idea of fire and bitter hatred! What’s in a name? A great deal, very often!

I cannot describe the snakes on Hawaii, for I did not see one, neither did I meet with anyone who had, but the native boys tell me there were some on the Island of Hawaii, and I know it must be so.

It is said that in Italy the horse will rear if he sees a tarantula before him in the road. At the Islands a *woman* will *scream* on first seeing the spider. They are very large, many of them simply enormous. But when new-comers learn that they are entirely harmless, and will not hurt you, even should they walk over you—that they are powerful allies in helping to deplete the detested cockroaches, they soon lose all fear of them. Don’t kill a spider. Long live Hawaii’s friends!

I noticed one day quite a big one on the wall of my room; he was like a most exquisite bit done in fresco; his body was nearly as large as a small tea cup, and his legs described a circle equal to that of the rim of the saucer. Oh, it was a fine specimen of the kitchen fiend’s arch-enemy. My readers may fancy, possibly, that this is a Hawaiian yarn spun from the cobweb. Not at all.

The Fish Market at Honolulu, near the wharves, is a point of great interest on Saturday afternoons. The



natives, men, women, and children, come in to town on horseback, from all the outlying valleys round about, and in gay, holiday attire, bright, flaming *holokus* (dress), red, and yellow silk handkerchiefs around the neck, and men as well as women with garlands of flowers on neck, and hat, and horse. All are great and reckless riders! You will hear the jingling of spurs, the rapid thud of the horses' hoofs—the shouting of "Aloha" as they dash by you, down the Pali road, and you will recollect it is high-carnival day! They come in, not only to buy fish, of which they are very fond, often eating it raw, but to meet and greet their friends, as well. They carry off their bunches of fish neatly tied up in the fresh leaves of the *taro*, a member of the *calla* family.

The market is a favorite rendezvous for them. The meeting is a "treat"—not precisely a "feast of reason" nor a "flow of soul," but as they are a very affectionate and demonstrative race, there is a good deal of hugging and kissing, laughing and crying, all in a breath!

One comes to know, in time, that they are very emotional, and that their feelings, do not, often, run too deep. It is, with them, "off with the old love, and on with the new," just when the fancy moves! They are as light-hearted as the negro, fond of music, fond of laughter, fond of flowers, fond of their national dish—"pig and poi," and fond of their country—Hawaii! At this market may often be heard, a noisy, political harangue, for it is a great place—this little capital city—for "tempests in a teapot"—or sugar

bowl! Once or twice they have proved quite sharp and even fatal, to more than one!

Leaving the market behind, and going north, up Nuuana street, which is one of the two streets running in that direction—Honolulu is very small you know—and straight to the wonderful Pali, or precipice, you will find you are, for a few minutes, in a veritable Chinese, and a Portuguese, town of one-story, weather-beaten, thin and ram-shackley-looking houses, shops, wretched restaurants, dirty-looking cobblers' places—curiosity-rooms, etc. But, if you will persevere, after about a half-a-mile of such, you will emerge into a clearer, sweeter atmosphere, and come into an avenue, of the same name as the street, wide, fresh and beautiful, lined with magnificent palms—Pride of India, etc., lovely gardens and homes.

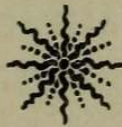
You will see in the distance, Mt. Tantalus and other peaks, with the sweetest of valleys between—and just before this road begins to grow narrower and steeper, you will turn off, may be, if you are an "Iolani," into Bishop's Lane—just one mile and a half from the middle of the town.

But should you continue up the hill, you will very soon view, on your right hand, and on the left also, the large and beautiful grounds of "Nuuanu Cemetery." Just beyond this, the Royal Mausoleum—the tomb of the Kamehamehas—of King Kalakaua I, of Princess Ruth, of Likelike and of the "Good Queen Emma"—(relict of Kamehameha IV). Now, in five

miles, you can be at the Pali. It is a carriage road, after a fashion, but from about here continues to grow narrower, more steep, rugged and hard as you near the precipice. No tourist would wish to miss this scene—to miss seeing one of the most magnificent stretches of land and sea lying far away below him, that this world has to offer!

From this road you can wind around Oahu, on horseback, if you choose.

ALOHA, PRETTY HONOLULU!



## CHRISTMAS ON HAWAII.

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**D**O they keep Christmas in Hawaii? Do they trim the Church, and sing carols, and all that? Bless me! you almost take away my breath, coming upon me with your rush of cold north-wind catechism! Kindly recollect, I am used to a "warm belt" every hour in the three hundred and odd days of a year, and can't stand such a shock!

Do they keep Christmas in Hawaii? Well, I should think so! You cannot even *fancy* with what heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and earnestness, they keep the glorious high-day and festival! On entering the Cathedral Christmas Eve, you will *not* be reminded by the invigorating and delightful fragrance of fir and spruce, of box and hemlock, of the mountain sides and the pine forests, but you will see it filled with rare tropic exotics—the most delicate ferns, in "*leis*,"—chains, ropes, garlands small enough for a lady's neck or large around as your arm; in pots, in groups, in bunches; magnificent leaves of the royal palm, cocoanut, and banana; and woven in and out, flowers of richest dye and color—and oh, "*maile!*" May I never be forgiven by any native if I forget *thee*, thou queen of rarest sweetness!

Many of the ferns, and the *maile*, are brought from far up in the valleys; and it is a labor of love—real work, to get them. No foreigner knows how to weave and plait anything at all in such perfection as the native. They are masters of the art, and no mean one it is!

A little native boy will sit contentedly down if only he can get an armful of ferns, a bit of *maile* and a few red or yellow blossoms (oh, then is he too perfectly happy!) he will start a garland, and holding it between his toes he will weave it so rapidly that in a few minutes he will hold up, for your admiration, a yard in length with not a straggler in the whole line. “Is it good?” he will ask, and when you exclaim with delight, he will laugh and show you all his white teeth; and they are *very* white because his skin is very *brown*—white by contrast!

When the “good Queen Emma” went to England, lodging in some castle or palace, she awoke the first morning of her stay there, to the fragrance of new-mown hay, on the lawn or terrace. “Oh, *maile, maile!*” she exclaimed with joy to her attendant—but *maile* has *branches* and *leaves!*

It was always her majesty’s delight to trim the rood-screen. “Sisters” undertake the altar, matrons the pulpit, and young girls the font. The windows are outlined with palms, the recesses filled in with masses of flowers and ferns, *leis* (garlands) are hung from pillar to pillar, and the air is filled with the soft, delicious, lulling, dreamy odor, known only to islands

in mid-ocean. But, mark! Even before the Christmas bells have ceased their chiming, or the voices of the boys have died on your ears, days before "Twelfth Night" is come, all this must be pulled down and swept out! The flowers and ferns are quickly gone—the palms, even, are drooping, and "decay" is written on every smallest leaf.

"The night before Christmas" you will hear band-music and singing, and the natives with their taropatch fiddles, all through and over the town of Honolulu, far up into the outlying valleys, and down to the beach! Children with their trumpets, bells and whistles, their dolls and rocking-horses, are out at and before the break of day!

At a Sunday-school mass meeting held in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, just before Christmas, and where were gathered together hundreds of happy little faces, Bishop Nichols, in addressing them, said he was sure there was one thing that every little girl and boy who was present knew, and that was that *Christmas was coming*; and he did not doubt that some of them had already written letters and put them up the chimney, telling Santa Claus just what they wanted him *not to forget* to bring them! He said Santa Claus had a very mysterious and unearthly way of getting over all the tall buildings; he did not understand it; he was quite sure that *bishops* could not do it!

At the Sandwich Islands everything is made very easy for "his Majesty," for very few of the houses are of more than one story, and there are no chimneys,

and no fire-places, “excepting,” as Paddy would say, “in the cook-house, and that is a stove-pipe and a range!” Santa Claus can put all the large presents, quietly on the fine, wide verandas, and fill the stockings hanging at the Venetian-blind doors! And he always does that, for he has no end of good sense and knowledge, as well; and he knew ages ago, that all the dear children in the world did not live at the top of the North Pole, where all the snow and ice is made, and where his home is—a beautiful white castle that never melts, even when once in a great while the sun shines! where all the beds are made of snow, that always keeps white and fluffy—and the chairs, and tables and pianos, look like crystal, with big icicles for legs; and when Santa Claus is at home in the evening, after Christmas is past, and it is lighted for him, to take a little rest, you know, it looks like a big diamond, with all the colors of a splendid rainbow,—just like those seen spanning the sky night and morning, during the rainy season on the Sandwich Islands! Ah! I tell you, “little folks,” Santa Claus’ ice-palace, and all that region of cold country round about, that you learn of in your geography, is much fairer than even fairest fairy-land! However, as I said, Santa Claus knows *very well* that *all* the children do not live at his home—nor in New York and San Francisco, put together. And so he must hang up his big fur coat, for an hour or two, when he comes where it is too warm, for he never forgets to come, even one year!

But *I forgot* to tell *you* of the very tall chimneys, oh!

as tall as a church-steeple, at the sugar mills, on the plantations. The cane is ground, you know, and the juice is boiled. The man who tends this part of the work is called the "sugar boiler," and a very clever man he must be, and watchful and careful, as well, for, if a "boiling" is spoiled, much sugar and money is lost.

As this man is so good as to make the sugar (and very hard, hot work it is), so that the children can have candy of all kinds (for Christmas especially) I do hope that Santa Claus will try to get down even *this* very high chimney, and leave some of his best presents. But I hope, too, that he will recollect that anything made of ice or snow, however refreshing it might seem in that hot mill, would melt, and even turn into steam, in half a minute, and puff out of the open doors and windows, right up into the sky, and become a cloud, and sail off towards the sea! Then the poor sugar boiler would not be a bit happier for *such* a Christmas gift! And, again, all through the winter—the rainy season—particularly in December, there are plenty of clouds, and they do not need any more—not even one! But Santa Claus is very wise, and I am quite sure he will know just what to take to the sugar boiler to give him joy!

There are no hay-fields on Hawaii; but immense tracts of cane, you may be sure, thousands of miles of it, rice swamps, taro-patches and sweet potato fields. There are also "vegetable gardens" belonging to the Chinese; and there is endless pasturage for the herds



of wild cattle which supply beef to the merchant vessels, whalers and others.

The “good Queen Emma,” of whom I write, was the patron of the Anglican Church Mission on Hawaii. She was most lovely and amiable in her nature. I once attended a meeting of a society, where “rich and poor meet together,” and of which she happened, at the time, to be president. We were told, that should her Majesty arrive, she must have the chair, the only decent one in the room, for we were sitting on “forms,” or benches. She came in due time, and was offered the chair! “No,” said she, laughingly, “I am going to sit just here, by Miss Prescott.” I had never met the lady, but it seemed she had the royal gift of “calling names.”

I protested, saying, “You will not really be so comfortable on the hard bench, with no back to it.” (The English, I must say, seem to have the faculty of doing penance, and making themselves uncomfortable often, even where there is nothing to be gained by it!) “And, further, your Majesty, permit me to say, I am not used to having royalty near to me in my ‘ain countree!” “Ah! my dear! am I so very formidable?” she rejoined,—thus making me at home by her winning manners and true Christian courtesy.

ALOHA NUI!

## THE SUGAR-BOILER'S VISION.

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### I.

**I**T is a straight, brawny, Saxon-eyed, Saxon-haired six-footer, standing there at his mother's door, stamping the snow from his feet, and fastening his brown mare "Speed" to the tall, out-branching, snow-laden apple tree, planted by his father the day that he was born. You can see the thrifty tree that it is, and you can see my hero and hear him singing, humming and whistling all in a breath, over and over again, the refrain from that sweet old love-song of the sea, "A sailor's wife, a sailor's star shall be." The blood is coursing, fast and strong, through all the veins and arteries of my handsome youth, hanging out its banners of health in the fair white skin and red cheek and in the perfect clearness of the eye as well—the blue eye which betokens wealth of mind, strength of purpose and the will to accomplish!

And so, I say, he looked young to be sure, but with a mind and a will that man nor the devil could not, nor would not shake nor bend! Ah, but he was a brave and handsome fellow, believe, as he stood there, in the brilliant sunshine of that snow-covered country of New England's eastern shore.

He had a big sorrow in his heart, sing as loud as he may, bright, fair and full of life as he certainly was—his first, great and terrible grief! Was not his darling father's ship wrecked, in sight of home, one year ago, and not one spared to ease the story to his mother's ear, or bring one message of adieu to worshipped wife and boy! That dreadful eastern shore in winter and spring that "gathers them in—yes, gathers them in!" God help the poor fishermen's wives and bairns!"

“For men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep  
And the harbor-bar be moaning.”

The sailor's eyes and thoughts go far out and over the ocean this morning and he believes now, if his mother will but spare him for a few months, or a year or two at most, he will go one seeking voyage; and with him, in his mind, shall go the stories told him by his father, on watch, in nights at sea. Of the warm and beautiful islands in the middle Pacific, where he when young had touched for stores before going to the far North for whale. Of a land so rich in sunshine and shadow—of peace and perfect beauty—of palm, of pomegranate, of laden trees of richest golden fruit, mango, banana, guava, orange, tamarind, of flowering tree and shrub and bush, of clear white moonlight nights—a land where he could have wished to live and die, but for the dear girl of his heart, his "blue-eyed Mary," who was born and bred on the far-off eastern shore, and whose heart would cling, he feared, to her childhood's home. Ah, the cruel shore! What

did it, in the end, bring to her but heart-wreck and death!

The world may all be wrong, but never shall that which we find within ourselves have power to charm! And so, my Saxon boy did not care for, could not love the old merchant's pretty, *fair-haired Jeannie*—but must needs sue and beg and tease for *Alice*, poor, one-eyed sailor Jim's *dark-eyed*, merry-hearted little lassie!

Now, he would have his will and way (a will it was, determined and almost fierce), about that one voyage of discovery! And mother nor love must not thwart him there! He would make the venture in his own pretty clipper ship, and Alice must consent to be both son and daughter to his mother until he came back to keep their wedding feast and festival in the little "Church of St. John," where he and she were christened when babies "Alice" and "John"; where, before he went voyages with his father, he had sung as chorister boy from the time he could read. Now, his clear tenor voice would ring out in the chants and hymns of the Church's grand, old liturgy.

The little girl's heart was very sad in thinking of the long time of separation and of the mother's new grief, at thought of her comfort and her stay thousands of miles away and alone upon the sea.

Yes, alone in his cabin, but for one trusty mate.

"For men must work and women must weep,  
Through storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor-bar be moaning."

And now Christmas is passed, the pretty betrothal

ring is on the finger, the last kiss is given to mother and sweetheart, and the strong, white-winged bird "The Success" puts out to sea! May God be with him, my good, brave-hearted boy, is the mother's prayer.

## II.

Here is my strong, broad-shouldered sailor — anchored after a fifteen months' cruise. Yes, anchored fast and sure, at these sugar-producing islands — Hawaii.

He has found the fair paradise of which he dreamed; he has sold his tidy little ship, put the money into cane—invested in the Kapioanelani plantation. But the rains did not come this year for this district! The irrigation is defective! There are no dividends for him at present! Time may mend matters.

He will not fret, he says; he has youth and health, and if he loses that which his father earned, he will redeem it every dollar, or die in the attempt. And so I find him here to-night, resting his tired head upon his arms in the old sugar-mill, for he is chief sugar-boiler of the Nakaona plantation, which is an old and safe one, and has for many years brought in fabulous sums of money to its owners—tons upon tons of sweetest sugar.

The head-manager, a shrewd, wise, good-hearted man well into the fifties has had his ups and downs—his taste of the sea, his youth on the eastern shore as

well—his home beloved, his wreck—his dead! he determines that the sailor captain shall have the vacant post which always commands a high salary on a well-to-do plantation. It is a difficult work; by night and by day, unceasing vigilance, skill and patience. Long hours' watch by night—hot hours' work by day! No money must be lost, no sugar go to waste for want of eyes or wakefulness!

But this is Christmas eve again, and two long years have passed since he sailed off so confident and full of hope—so sure of home and gain in a twelve-month! "Never mind!" he says again, he will work for one year more here, and then he will go back to the snows and storms of his eastern shore! Back to home and love! Back to his father's life, the fishing craft! If needs must—to shipwreck and drowning, but surely back to love and home! One year longer (no more, he says) of heat, fire and steam—of sugar which is not sweet to the taste, nor honey in the mouth—another year of hardest, unwearying toil, and he will be gone! And as he lies there for just a few minutes, thinking of the dear old home, the pretty church all trimmed and lighted to-night, the carols, the snow-balling, the happy Christmas cheer, his heart is very sore, and bitter thoughts will enter his mind, and he could almost curse the day when he sold his birthright, his staunch little vessel, for shares in a sugar plantation, and found himself slowly but surely losing his splendid health and courage in a sugar mill! "All is not gold that glitters," neither is there wealth always in a plantation!

Ah! my bonnie blue eyes is gone (sad to say, for *what* will become of the “boiling”?) to “Dorimo Hill.” Hush! he is sound asleep! sound asleep, this Christmas eve, in the old mill, and sugar is forgotten by him!

But, listen to the Heavenly music! An angel is entering the dusty mill to-night, to do his weary work! Softly she wafts about, a being of light and beauty. White as the snow on his own hills at home are her garments, a rainbow-glory about her head—her hands upon the harp! Gently she draws the old curtain, to shut the moonlight from his brow and head, fanning him slowly with her wings the while when he grows restless, yet playing on and on that he may dream to-night to God’s own music!

“Are they not all ministering angels sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?”

And thick and fast the visions from the skies are forming one after another in his over-taxed and weary brain. For the yield of sugar on this place, this season, is enormous, and boiling must not cease for him to rest! Ah, no!

“For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the harbor-bar be moaning.”

He dreams of talking with his father again, a boy on the ship; of their suppers in the little cabin; of the rainy nights on deck, when they watch together for the “Light” near home.

And then he dreams of his Alice, as a little girl, pelting him with snowballs on the way home from

school; and her merry laughter, when she sent his little cap a-flying; of the big snow man they built up together, a wonder to themselves!

And his dream rambles on, until he is back again to the sugar-cane, and looking off to the hills which skirt Kauai, he sees that they have changed to look like immense pyramids of whitest crystal sugar; that the houses, going up here and there, are being cut from it—that, as far as his eyes can reach or discern, there is chimney after chimney, tall as a church spire, and mills where sugar is boiling!—that all Nature seems turning to sugar, and that mankind, at least on Hawaii, is fast going sugar-mad!

And when he questions the quiet and thoughtful manager, who has always been his kind and helpful friend and adviser, he tells him *it is quite true* that the process has been going on, surely but noiselessly for many months, but that he, being wrapped up in his engrossing mill work and his dreams of home, had failed to detect the change! Dreams are made of such strange, unreasonable stuff, that it did not seem to him at all unnatural that the whole universe should turn to sugar! But the angel was still there, playing her sweetest, lulling strains, “for they know no rest.” And now he sees in the sky, baby, cherub faces, with black eyes, and blue and brown; with sweet, smiling mouths and softest curly hair; they are advancing in troops, and in twos and threes and singly, with bright stars in their foreheads, with tiny trumpets and harps, and pipes and viols in their hands, all



playing, boys and girls, their eyes dancing to the music!

Now and again he can catch the sound of childish voices. They are coming closer, head after head, peering into the mill from every window, and crowding the doorways.

He now sees larger forms and older faces; into the mill they come, close up to the "boiling." All at once there is no longer a roof; it is lifted, and the whole sky is full of these angelic beings, host upon host! The sides are gone! and he is far out on an open plain, where there are flocks of sheep with their shepherds, all looking up into the sky, listening to the angel song—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." He awoke—the angel was gone—the music had ceased—*the sugar was done!* It was to be his last Christmas on Hawaii!

### III.

The Holidays are past, the rainy season at the Islands is well over, indeed midsummer is almost upon them.

The work at the mill, the heat of the climate to one not yet well used to it, has drawn largely upon the strength and courage of the sugar-boiler. The color is gone from his cheeks, his face is pallid, and the old energy of manner, the merry whistle and cheery laugh are not now intimate companions. Time, dis-

appointment, toil, lack of sleep, home-sickness—these, one and all together, are accomplishing a sad result!

As it draws near to the time when in New England all nature puts on her richest tapestry dyes of golden browns, and hundred tints and shades of red and yellow in maple and in sumach, he begins to hear rumors of “Kapioanelani,” that the season promises great things for the new plantation—an unheard-of yield. It is now confirmed and settled that it will, doubtless, pay large dividends in the future! The irrigation is complete and perfect, the shares have risen to such a height he can hardly ask too much and not find a purchaser!

The captain's money, his shares bought from the sale of his ship at Honolulu, have increased in value a hundred fold! He is rich enough now, surely. He will retain one-third only of his interest for his dear mother during her life-time, he tells himself; the rest shall be sold at once to the highest bidder. He will make a rapid tour of the four more important islands; go around Kauai his present home; see Oahu again, and from there to Maui and to Hawaii, the largest of the group—giving its name to the kingdom—“The Kingdom of Hawaii.” He will see the different plantations, the wonderful volcanoes, the magnificent valleys of Iao and Hanalei. He will gather native curios, and rare presents of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and English make; native handwork in curiously woven mat, fan, hat, etc.; necklaces of tiny shells and beads, of carved kukui nuts; walking sticks

of rare woods, calabashes, with covers and without— one carved with the view of a grass hut on the shore, cocoanut trees, and a ship in the distance; cups, lava, “Pele’s hair,” leis of feathers, and the rest.

By the latter part of the harvest month his plans are all perfected, his interest is sold in Kapioanelani, he has bid good-bye to friends, for he is one to make many, shaken hands for the last time with the dear manager, his best, true friend, and made him promise to be with him in his new home on the very next Fourth of July.

He counts the hours, so earnest and eager is he to be free and off to sea once again; so sudden the change from weariness and toil and heat to thoughts of rest and home, that all is joy and music in his heart! The blood is once more working rapidly in his veins, and signs of returning color are in his countenance. There is now a great work before him in his old New England home, and with strength, and means and unselfish purpose my sailor-hero shall live to do it all!

“ For men must work and women must weep,  
And the harbor-bar be moaning.”

He goes to look at “Kilauea” on the Mauna Loa Mountain, that pot of seething, boiling, crimson, liquid lava, of fire and flame, and he forgets to sleep until he has quit that region of Hawaii! He visits Kohola plantation, and stays over Sunday at the quite prosperous Mission with its very pretty church.

He stays in the "Cave," at Mauna Haleakala (House of the Sun), on Maui one night. Here the view is too glorious at morning and at night for my poor pen to make you see! No painter could fix it on his canvas, no lavish wealth of words describe it! Here, a chrysanthemum is found, in the crater, "the silver sword" as big as your head; and here, are millions of fern.

He cannot leave Honolulu until he goes to the wonderful Pali—a precipice five miles from the town, and which is worth a journey from England to see! Neither will he miss going to the top of Punch-bowl, a quiet crater on the east, to get a view of the pretty emerald, bounded by the sea, with its coral reefs, and its waving, star-like crown of cocoanuts.

Aloha, pretty Honolulu!

Last but not least by any means, he will go to the Bishop's College. Two exquisite maps were bought—the work of a half-caste, done in ink and water colors. A game of baseball was played by the seniors. On taking leave, a sum of money was placed in the master's hands to give the Iolanis a "treat"—and a half-holiday was begged for them. On leaving Honolulu for home, the following day, two sets of bats and balls were sent to the college. A lot of toys, also, in the shape of tin sailors, ships, boats, Noah's arks, etc., were for the little folks. The two stout, brown horses, used in traveling were also sent up to the college, and an order for three barrels of "No. 1 washed sugar!"

Days before Christmas, with his mother's help, the

Captain has studied and ordered plans for building, so soon as the spring shall open and the ground permit: Homes for aged, infirm and disabled seamen; for widows, old and impoverished; and for boys and girls made fatherless by the sea. Over the door of each Home the words "The Success," "Laus Deo."

On Christmas eve the wedding is to be; and for Christmas day all the children of the village are invited to a party and to a "tree!" Rejoicings are arranged for until Twelfth Night, that everybody, old and young, may be able to share. Teas, dinners, sleigh-rides, music, bonfires and skating! An hour before the time of the wedding the bridegroom sends in his choice gifts to his bonny, brown-eyed Alice.

A small bouquet of lilies and maiden's hair fern, tied with a blue ribbon of his own buying; a tiny prayer-book of leather, silver-bound and clasped, and with the inscription, "To my bride, Alice. Faithful and true. Christmas, 1890." An apple-blossom for her hair, fashioned from the pink lining of a rare shell, a brooch of old gold, in fashion of a ship, the sails of silk capable of being furled, and in tiny emeralds the words "The Success;" at its masthead the Hawaiian flag; and lastly, a bracelet of finest workmanship, to be worn on her left arm, with firm, strong padlock, heart-shaped, studded with diamonds and sapphires, and within a portrait of my success, my hero, John! These were the bridal presents from her king, save one, which now stood at the door—a small coupé, lined with leather of old gold, a span of brown

mares, and on the door a medallion in bronze, of a ship with sails spread, with “stars and stripes” floating in a brisk wind and putting out to sea. On her bow can be read, “The Alice.”

The bride is ready for church, and her lover goes to meet her to have a word, a look, and a kiss, before starting. She is in a robe and bonnet of softest velvet, white as the snow of to-day, and trimmed with swan’s down. On her shoulders is a cape of ermine, lined with blue, the color of her lover’s eyes; her gloves and shoes are blue, trimmed too, with down. In her hair and on her neck and arm are his precious gifts, and in her hand the prayer-book and the lilies.

What did she give to him?

Did you say “A woman cannot keep a secret?” I will keep hers. But, let me whisper in your ear that he told her as they entered the carriage, “That no other gift on earth could have begun to equal it in his eyes, or suited him even half so well.”

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

## THE MANGO.

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“MANGO-O-O-O! Please, some mango-o-o!”  
This cry can be heard from early to late summer in and about Honolulu, from the native boys, who tramp from place to place, wherever a mango tree can be seen.

As these trees when full grown, are as large as oaks, it is not difficult to see them! they are so high no one but a *native* can climb them, with immense crowns, and fruit enough to feed an army! When the fruit is ripe it will drop from its own weight, a large one being “as heavy as a stone.” In color they are of a rich, deep green, with a reddish cheek. The skin is thick and smooth, and can be pulled or stripped off, leaving exposed the deep yellow, golden, juicy fruit, which clings tightly to the large, coarse, white pit in color of a squash seed. This fruit is in season for several months, beginning in June, for while some on a tree are ripe, others are but just “coming on,” and there is the new leaf to be seen, and the fruit! It is little used for dessert, as it is a very uncomfortable and awkward fruit to handle. While green it can be made into sauce, and tastes not unlike green apples. When ripe, the proper way to *enjoy mangoes*, I know, is to take a dozen or

more, a *big* bowl of water, and a couple of towels, sit down composedly and complacently, with plenty of time at your elbow, and make a business of it. You can take a bite of one, and if you do not fancy the flavor (for no two have the same), you can try another. And when you have tried them all, while you may feel that you have made quite a pig of yourself, you will not have overeaten. They are so juicy, so light, and there is so little food in a single mango. But they are very tempting and delicious! "I'll try one more," is apt to be the thought. They need to be fresh picked; the fruit of to-day is not so desirable to-morrow. The boys can be seen at two and three o'clock in the morning, going in and out, to pick up the fruit that has fallen during the night.

In an ordinary sunshiny shower, and there may be twenty in a day, like to a gauze veil in appearance, you would not care much for an umbrella, for now it rains and now it does n't; and in five minutes, even, a white dress is perfectly dry! The natives, in a rain, run from tree to tree.

Bananas can be had all the year round, and are about as cheap as anything on these islands; two dozen for five cents! The small, apple-flavored banana is a favorite. I doubt if any are exported. It is almost an insult to offer a banana to a native, so little do they care for them, and the foreigner, in a short time, seeks other and more tempting fruit. Limes are often plentiful and cheap.

Oranges (*Kona*) and alligator pears can always com-



mand a good price. The latter are as appetizing as olives. Tamarinds and guavas, again, are very common. The strawberries and melons, together with nearly all the vegetables, excepting cauliflower, celery and Irish potatoes, are raised by the Chinese in great quantities. The best potatoes are from New Zealand. Fresh salmon, poultry, vegetables and fruits are from California, on the arrival of every steamer. Canned, and bottled and sealed food, of all kinds, are imported, together with smoked and dried fish and meats. It is quite easy to keep house in Honolulu; but far harder and more expensive in the outlying districts, or at the other islands. At the same time, all is far more convenient now than a few years since. There are the plantations, the rice swamps, taro patches, Chinese vegetable gardens, pasture for wild cattle; but a farm, a New England farm, for instance, oh! no, not at the Hawaiian Islands, for a surety! "Sugar!" "Sugar!" "Sugar plantation!" is the burden of every human cry, the refrain of every song, in this island kingdom! And money is made, in sugar—and sometimes, money is lost! There is often a great stretch of country—hill and valley, and pasturage, between the plantations. One can ride for miles over roads and pasturage, and only infrequently pass a human habitation. Then it may be a Chinese place, or a native home, here and there; possibly a foreigner's, with a native wife and children.

All Nature will seem as beautiful to you as paradise. So quiet, so peaceful, so warm, the clouds lying

low over the hills, the rich valleys, with their hundred shades of green, and the cattle wandering about, with now and then a look at the sea.

The natives are “the soul of hospitality” and kindness—unselfishness, as well. But, unless you went provided, or could eat *poi* (the native food, and it is an acquired taste), there are places on the Island of Hawaii where you might almost starve before you could get away. Particularly, if a long rainstorm came on, and the streams and gullies were overflowed, and roads and gulches a good deal more than ankle deep in mud, bridges broken down, and fords unfordable! while the horse you depended upon had suddenly turned lame! Then, if you did not like *poi*, if the very thought of it was distasteful to you, you might learn to eat it, and be perfectly willing to accept the dried fish with it. Should you get benighted anywhere on these islands, and come to a native house of one room, the natives will take their mats and lie outside, and give you their “castle.” May be, in the morning they will find a little tea or coffee, and, making a fire on the ground, for they have a world of skill, will make you as nice a cup as you ever drank, and so unexpected will it be to you that it will taste like ambrosial nectar! They will, perchance, if you notice, unroll a paper which was tucked away, and give you a clean knife, fork and spoon. “There is much in the native” is a *proverb*, I repeat! Young taro leaves (*luau*) is as fine a “green” as spinach or cabbage sprouts. *Poi* is made from the taro; and taro, boiled or baked, is as good as

the best Irish potato, and more strengthening, it is thought. It is very nice sliced, after boiling, and fried or toasted. The bread fruit, too, is very good—a hole made in the top and filled with salt, over night, then baked or boiled. One is enough for a small family. The mountain apple (*ohia*), of a purplish-red color and pointed end, spongy, white, and filled with sweetest juice, is often found very grateful to the taste in riding. The milk from a fresh cocoanut will restore an over-tired man, and any native will climb a tree, going up sixty feet, if necessary, to get them! These trees are often from forty to sixty feet in height, and bear fruit for seventy years and more!

Some of the best fish is very scarce, for the natives are very fond of fish, and eat it as well as catch it! Mullet is very good, quite plentiful, but never cheap. Beef, without ice, must be cooked the day of its killing. Good mutton is not plentiful in Honolulu.

Many of the natives are Roman Catholics. The splendor of the ritual, the lights, the colors are pleasing to them, and the music charms them. The priests are unselfish men, and win good will “and golden opinions from all sorts of people.” They live, certainly, in the plainest fashion, and will go by day or night to serve their converts, when sick or dying. There are also many Presbyterians on the Islands as well as members of the English Church. Kalakaua belonged to the latter; as does the Queen-dowager Kapiolani.

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

## THE LANTANA.

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IT is difficult, often, to distinguish the half-caste from the full native, for they grow darker as they get older, and the foreign blood in them never seems to predominate, but may manifest itself prominently in some traits *foreign* to the full native! All of them possess an unconscious grace, in manner and bearing. The national dress of the native woman, and it is much used by the foreigners, as well, is the "*holoku*." When cut and shaped with care and taste, and made of fine material—lawn, muslin, silk, even satin—it is as graceful and flowing a tea, or breakfast gown as can be fashioned. I have seen one in white, that was nothing less than an inspiration—a poem! They are often made with a loose, flowing demi-train, and tight waist in front; or the reverse, tight in the back, with flowing front, trimmed with lace and ribbons. The natives, as a rule, go bare-footed. They will wear shoes to church, but, may be; take them off on the way home—always if a rain comes up! The *darkey*, when questioned about taking off his hat in the rain, said, you know, that his hat was his own, but his head was his master's. They are their own masters, and can quickly explain to you

in Hawaiian, that "wet feet will not induce illness; but to walk in wet shoes, or to keep them on, will." But, wet or dry, they hate to put their feet in prison. Oh! they are Nature's loveliest children all through and through and all the real harm they know has been taught to them, and *brought* to them, I am sure!

They grow crazy over Fourth of July; don't pretend to go indoors for two nights and one day! Singing and music and firecrackers and all, all three combined, every minute! On Sundays and holidays they come in from the outlying valleys, troops of them, all on their own native horses, women riding "cavalier," dashing over the roads, for they are reckless riders, with their hats and necks, men and women both, decked with *leis* of ferns, flowers and *maile*.

They are barbaric in their choice of colors, and no figure can be too large, nor no red too red for their holokus and neckerchiefs. Their national dish is "pig and *poi*," and on all *state occasions*—births, deaths and marriages, and, indeed, every "great time," the black pig must walk in and die! If they like you very much, they will give you one, always. I had, unfortunately, no place to keep them, or I might have competed with Chicago in the trade. We all know that a black cat is "good luck," but when I got to Hawaii, I found it was the "black pig," and the black cat did not fare any better than the white. It was a shock to my nerves to have my childhood's belief swept away, and I did not take kindly to the black pig. But this I can say, that the perfection of art is used in cooking

one, by the natives! An oven is built in the ground, of stones, and the pig is done up in taro leaves, and put in, and the place is filled up. I don't quite know the whole process. I know the result is all that can be desired in the way of a pig *done brown!*

Taro, like the calla, must have moisture and mud. The natives pull it up and sell it by the bunch—four for a quarter (*hapaha*). One, when boiled or baked, would make a meal for three; fine, firm, delicate and tasteless as a good potato; very nutritious, and easily digested. From this the natives make their *poi*, which is a thin porridge, subject to fermentation.

Europeans, as well as American and Asiatics, intermarry with the Hawaiians.

On King street, in Palace Square, one of the principal streets of Honolulu, and about ten minutes' walk from the steamer's wharf, and five from the English Church and the *Hawaiian Hotel*, is the Palace, with its fine grounds. Opposite are the Government Buildings, where Legislature holds its term. Here, too, is a fine museum, with a multitude of native curios and relics. In the grounds is a statute, in bronze, of Kamehameha I.

From this point you can drive on to the sea, a distance of four miles, lined with pretty houses the entire road. You will soon pass a native church built of coral formation, just beyond the Government Buildings; and the trees will often demand your attention. If it be a moonlight night, you may notice, if you are watchful, an old coral wall, a couple of miles before

you reach the sea, covered, loaded, with the night-blooming cereus. The effect is beautiful and artistic, at a little distance, but too near, they are coarse, pale and rank-looking, not like those under fine cultivation. And this brings to my mind the lantana—man's dreaded foe, as hateful a one, and as hated as the "Canada thistle" of the north. In New England the lantana is found in hot-houses in quite small plants. The bloom is changeable in its color, pinks and yellows intermingled—sometimes white. This rough, strong shrub, with its many interlacing, wire-like branches of toughest, ugliest kind, and its mass, its cloud of color in heads somewhat like the red clover, will, where it once gets a foothold, an inch of ground sowed with its pernicious, deadly seed, not only spread an ell, a yard, but acres upon acres; and so rapid and malignant is its growth, like to all other evil things, that it is almost impossible to uproot it. It takes so firm and determined a hold that "all the king's oxen and all the king's men" can hardly manage it. It saps the land, and literally makes a rich man poor! At its worst it attains a height of four or five feet. It must be chopped down and the ground chopped up! It has been suggested that if its millions of lovely laughing blossoms could be used by the chemist, a fine perfume could be made. Very likely. I am sure it could supply a nation. But it would be "high treason" to ask an Islander to buy a bottle—and the man would be mobbed by the time "Lantana Perfume" was even suggested by him!

Strange to say, some of the wild flowers are very pale, limp, colorless, and odorless. A wild convolvulus is sickly looking, and as pale as moonlight. You will see it on the sides of the hills, sometimes, but not pretty at all. It looks very homesick and unhappy.

But most of the climbers and some of the bushes, as well as trees—the *Poinciana Regia*, for instance, where the pretty, delicate green of the leaves can hardly be seen, for the mass of scarlet—are truly superb, magnificent, in color. Then there is the *pink Poinciana Regia*, with changeable blossoms, the “Pride of India,” with blossom that looks, at a distance, like the apple, and oh, so many, many others of beauty, in bush and tree; not to mention all the palms, banana, tamarind, mango, and countless more.

Our lovely little annuals do not thrive under these trees, and must be sowed and resowed. So, many give them up, and look to the lilies, roses, geraniums and the flaming shrubs. To keep up a fine flower garden at the Islands is a world of care, and needs the presence, continually, of a gardener.

Until within a very few years no one thought of locking a door on these islands. You could make your call at any hour in the day or evening, in your neighbor's parlor; if no one was about you could rest, entertain yourself, play a tune on the piano, put your card down, and go. And you might go to a number of houses and find all the doors and windows open, certainly, never shut. If a native went in and wanted a spool of cotton, or any other trifle, and took it, no-



body cared—certainly not the native! And for anybody else—why, everybody knew everybody, and that was the end of it. And outside of Honolulu to-day, there is very little *of the lock and key*.

ALOHA, HAWAII! ALOHA NUI!

## THE COCOANUT.

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IT did sound very strange to one born in the land of the elm, the glorious maples and the majestic oak, to hear it remarked with perfect complacency and assurance, that there was no tree so beautiful as the cocoanut, when seen on the shore from an incoming vessel! But "we live and learn;" and I lived to learn and to endorse the sentiment with all my heart! At first, the very thought of such disloyalty to the tree of my childhood, the home of my birth—the beautiful and graceful elm, seemed almost to take away my breath! The tall, gaunt, branchless, boughless, uncompanionable, selfish-looking tree! But I came, in less time than a few years, to pass by elm, and "England's boast," the royal palm, and travelers' pride of India, and all other, to rejoice at, and take off my hat to, *the cocoanut!* Yes, it does stand alone, often far away from all friends of its kind, with sky and sea only, one tree with its star-like crown of leaves and cluster of nuts; and its great height of forty, fifty, sixty feet, perchance, and a century of age, or more, it may be, reaching and bending toward its friend, the sea! Yes, it loves the shore and the sea.

Again, a perfect fringe of them may be seen, or a group, as of one family, or a grove, even. Look!

that tall one at this minute is eagerly nodding and waving its last farewell to the vessel you can see, as a mere speck, against the horizon. Ah, she was here in her youth as well—vigorous, strong, fresh and beautiful—glorying in hull, and mast, and spar, and sail, that could and would defy the world of waters, and come out victor through every storm! She will boast no more, alas! Her timbers are sea-worn and unworthy, her sails and spars are weak with long years of battling with wind and tempests. She will win port never again, but will go down in the next fierce and determined gale!

The cocoanuts say they, too, were young when first they saw their friend, the ship—the big white bird—skimming gayly before the breeze, in the gloriously beautiful morning of this rainbow-land. And that she, in her freshness and her joy made, with *themselves*, a part of the magnificent *water view* of coral reef and headland, of tree and ship, and sea, and sun and sky! Fourscore of years, perhaps, since they sprang into life, with star-like crowns and perfect fruit and leaf. They have stood there on the shore, a *landmark* for the sailor, ever bending toward the sea they love so well, and seeming to beckon the ships on, and into port. *Some* of them have lost their crowns, old and battered, but still pointing, spire-like, upward and outward to the horizon! Aloha nui! thou perfect tree of the South Seas!

In the times of the Chiefs he who cut down one must plant four.

The cocoanut is very useful to the Hawaiians in their plaiting and weaving of mats, hats, fans, etc. Their work in this respect is often very fine, artistic and skillful, and can command a good price.

A chief would order a grass hut made by his dependents, and much weaving and other work would be exacted. When it was finished he would compel the poor maker to lie flat upon the top, and, going within, would throw his spear to the roof to prove that the work was weather-proof. Woe to the luckless builder if the spear did perforate the thatch! He was then a victim to loose and slipshod weaving and plaiting!

That is the legend, but I never met with a native who had an ancestor killed in that way. Probably I did not ask the right family.

Some few years ago a party was cast away on one of the smaller South Sea Islands, and for months subsisted on cocoanuts alone. When found they were in good health.

How delicate and rich the nut is for cake, candy and puddings. And all agree who know aught of India Curry that it is never a perfectly delicious curry, lacking this most-to-be-desired ingredient. How life-giving and restorative, too, the milk is from a fresh nut, only those can tell who live where they grow.

Lying on the beach as the glorious moon of the tropics came up, for nowhere else does she present so heavenly a face, and looking landward through a grove of these magnificent trees, of many heights and

sizes, with their mammoth leaves and clusters of nuts, at the violet-tinted sky set with her gems of stars and planets; looking first at them, then at the sea at my feet, rippling and shining in the light, was “fairy-land” indeed!

And now you know something of why I am in love with the cocoanut.

“ALOHA NUI, THOU PERFECT TREE OF THE SOUTH SEAS!”



## KOU AND THE COLT.

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THE natives of Hawaii possess, to a marvelous degree, skill in managing both boats and horses. Patience is born in them, and with them, and to them! Never did I see a native manifest what we term impatience, and irritability is, with them, an unknown quantity most certainly.

A native boy, with a little stub of a pencil, and an old battered knife, would peg away until he made for himself a fine sharp point, and then would most contentedly write and erase—write and erase, until his work was as even as a die!

Strange to say they would insist upon the *quality* of their work rather than the quantity, even where told to hasten! And when tired, they would simply and coolly say, but in a most good-natured manner: “Too much work—too warm—some more to-morrow—no use—*ma hoppe*” (by and by.)

If a boy was wanting a pencil “me lend!” “me, too lend!” could quickly be heard. Happy, generous, laughing, light-hearted children, full of merriment, boisterous, talkative as parrots, and noisy ever, excepting when they are asleep.

It was an unusually warm sultry afternoon, and I

was resting in my hammock, swung under the shade of a mammoth tree. We were so close to this most perfect beach that I could see the grand rugged heads, Diamond and Koko, and hear the exquisite music of the surf as it slapped the shore so easily and gently with its white foam! *Kou*, an indolent, calm, good-natured, fine-looking native came walking leisurely into the place, with the same unconscious grace they all possess when not too old, and closely following at his heels, the prettiest thing of a colt. It pranced about the paddock, giving me a sly look as much as to say, "Why are you here? This is the domain for me to exercise in. I am Pout, the handsome prince, of whom you must have been told, or why are you here watching me?" He was to be broken to saddle for the first time that day. The man, *Kou*, walked quietly about, whistling, singing, patting the colt — showing him the saddle-cloth, moving and fixing the saddle over and over, working and cajoling for an hour or two to convince his Royal Highness that, in this matter of riding, there was to be no under-hand, nor sleight-of-hand — no *manœuvring*, but all plain, open and above-board with him! Hours, or a half-day seemed of no importance! Time was nothing to *Kou*! All was perfect deliberation. He was not there to frighten a timid child out of learning! I knew he was *akamai* (just the one) and I knew the saddle would go on — and go on it did. And while the colt was very shy it had full faith in its master, and he finally rode out of the field on its back shouting *Aloha!* to me and soon was lost to

view on the beach! He conquered the animal simply by calming his own spirit; and he led up to it step by step, gently, firmly and patiently, as a wise and loving parent leads on an irritable and too sensitive child.





## THE NATIVE WOMAN.

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THE word *Aloha*, for instance, must stand for love, affection, gratitude, thanks, kindness, and many more things, for the native tongue is a very poor one.

Every word ends with a vowel, and the language is very musical to the ear—not unlike the Italian.

There are but four notes to their music, but so weird, strange and pleasing it is, that on first hearing it one would wish to listen to it for hours! A piece of board, with a few strings across it (taro-patch fiddle), or a guitar, a gay *holoku* of red or green, a *lei* of flowers on hat of her own plaiting, and another around the neck, a grass hut on the beach, or in the valley, the taro patch at hand, *poi* in the calabash, fish drying on the roof, a horse in the little paddock, and her majesty—the native woman—need take no thought for the morrow—nor *will* she! When Sunday comes she will go to church, or meeting, unless any of her friends or relatives (and “cousins” among the natives are legion) are going to have a feast, or *luau*, in honor of a birthday, wedding-day, the visit of a friend from one of the other Islands, or out of respect to the departed; then she will most certainly *not* attend church, nor meeting, but will go miles padding over

the road, barefooted, long before sunrise (for the natives are very early risers), to reach that friend's house or "place."

A *luau* means a pig roasted, chicken, fish and *poi*. Of course, for royalty, one can be made very elaborate. The table is on the grass, and spread with taro leaves. The food is handled with the fingers.

A pig, fish or chicken, wrapped in taro leaves and baked, native form, in an oven made in the ground, of heated stones, etc., is a rich delicacy, often to be desired. Nothing could be better or tenderer in the way of dining. "There is a great deal in the native," is a proverb I delight to quote, for its perfect truthfulness. After my experience of a *luau* I could not blame the natives for not wishing to miss one, even on Sunday!

The weaving of garlands, of flowers and ferns, by the native women is very ingenious and beautiful. They make quite a trade of it on all fair days, but more especially on "steamer day," when steamers are leaving for the Coast or Colonies. This is the high-day—the harvest—of the native woman.

They will come in from the valleys very early, with their baskets of flowers, and sitting on their mats on the sidewalk of one of the principal thoroughfares leading to the wharves, will make their *leis* to sell to the passer-by; and every one, men as well as women, is expected to wear this pretty native chain.

A perfect tier of gaudy flowers is often seen on a man's neck, making him look ridiculous, ludicrous and sheepish. But when we are in Hawaii, we must

do as the Hawaiians do, I suppose. And they, certainly, *do leis-wearing very brown!*

In their weaving and plaiting of mats, fans, hats and other articles, the palm, banana, fern and other plants used, are prepared with great care for this most ingenious work. A mat woven of narrow strips, white, firm, smooth as satin and of pretty pattern, three yards square, is well worth forty dollars. The Panama hat cannot exceed in beauty and fineness some done by these natives. Oh, they are very deft in all this kind of work—it is their birthright.

In the mountains there is a small blackbird, with one tiny yellow feather under its wing. This bird is snared by the natives, the feather plucked and the bird freed. But there are close imitations of dyed feathers. I know that where a native has been employed to remake a necklace of these valuable feathers, she would steal some of them, concealing them in her mouth! And it is not, now, every native who can do this kind of weaving or netting. A cloak of his late Majesty, King Kalakaua, of these feathers, is worth one hundred thousand dollars, and has come down as an heirloom—a net of priceless, golden feathers! The natives are not thieves by any manner of means; they are kind, generous, hospitable, gentle, easy, happy-going people, fond of you, it may be, fond of music, flowers, song; fond of color, light and laughter; fond of *poi*—and of Hawaii! But if they enter your “place” (and such a thing as locks and keys, or bolts and bars to houses was unknown until

within a few years, until communication becomes so frequent between the Colonies, the Coast and the Islands), and see for instance, a plenty of thread in your work-basket, and they happen to want a little, they will take a little, as a matter of course; and if you are there and offer them a part of it, they will take it as “a matter of course”! “It’s all in the family,” that’s what they mean. And you, finally, come to see things with their eyes.

The Islanders, to a great extent, not so much now as in former years, of course, have been dependent upon themselves for amusements and entertainments; and great attention has been paid to music, so that there are really many excellent musicians living there. When a concert or an opera is given in Honolulu you may be sure of a treat—not an amateur affair, but a finished and artistic performance. The proceeds are always devoted to charity. Many of the “homes” are beautiful—the houses are built as light and airy as possible, with wide verandas, and great regard is paid to dainty and simple and cool-looking furnishing—muslin hangings, bare floors and mats, easy, light and comfortable chairs and lounges of wicker or cane, with pretty lamps and pictures, open doors and windows, a garden of palms, ferns and flowers, and you see at once how the *foreigner* lives in Hawaii!

## LELEA.

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A HOUSE was rented of *Lelea*, a native woman. She was then a splendid type of her race, tall, well-formed, strong, with a quantity of glossy black hair, eyes brilliant, and clear brown skin. She was a woman of more than ordinary intellect, far-seeing, shrewd, honest and straight-forward in all her dealings. I was led to think, the more I saw of her, that she had the blood of all the Kamehamehas in her veins! Her manners and bearing would not have shamed a duchess.

When I knew her (she is now dead) she was very sad and anxious and would often talk to me of her troubles. Her first husband was a white man, termed at the Islands "foreigners," who left her at his death quite a fine property but who was wise enough to tie it up in such a manner it could be for her use during her lifetime, but at her death, must revert to his relatives at home. A second husband had, of course, come on the scene, a full native like herself, but much younger. When *Brown* found he could not get hold of any of her wealth, he became very dissipated and abusive to "my lady," and succeeded I am sorry to say in making her very wretched.

However, she proved a very faithful and kind land-

lady. She promised that the large paddock should be kept tidy and clean, and as there were many fine trees, and the leaves were continually falling, more or less, it involved a good deal of work. One day of every week, at least, must be given to the sweeping of the grass; and when she had this done, the whole place was like a smooth velvet carpet of richest, softest green! A bonfire was then made and the trash burned up. Not a dead leaf could be found on that place when she had done!

As I have said, the natives never like to go indoors on moonlight nights. I would awaken to some noise in the grounds and looking through the shutters of my blind doors, would see my earnest and faithful *Lelea* sweeping and gathering up the leaves by the light of a late moon. Like to many white people, trouble had seemed to summon to her side the demon, Restlessness, for she never could be still. She had lost, forever, the repose and indolence of her race! I pitied her. She manifested (why, I failed to comprehend) great affection for her recreant lazy lord! Often I would find a bundle of oranges, or a choice fish left on my veranda to show her *Aloha* for me.

MY POOR, TRUE, NOBLE-HEARTED LELEA!

## PONTO, THE VAGABOND.

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**I**N this large inclosure were to be seen mango, tamarind, pride of India, royal palm, and the traveler's, together with many others; not omitting to mention by itself, the wonderful and much-loved, and deservedly-loved, cocoanut tree; which, by some unhappy mischance, I could but think, was growing far away from any beach or shore—miles inland, in this place of mine.

The cocoanut is a child of the sea, and never looks comfortable and happy but where it can see the face of its friend!

In the middle of these grounds was a circular mound of that exquisite green, such as is seen nowhere but in tropical climates. In the middle of this mound a deep pond, stone-lined and curbed; and a fountain, where the water was plentiful, and ever cool and fresh! Above the first basin was a smaller one, which overflowed, when the fountain was playing, into the larger one beneath. A crowd of doves frequented this pond for their daily ablutions. I wish I knew that all little boys were so happy in having their faces washed, and taking their bath, as were these lovely feathered children! I could not discover that there was actually any quarreling among them; but, in watching them

closely, I seemed to see some selfishness. When they came at nightfall, after an unusually warm day, I noticed that, in their eagerness, the big ones took the lead, and pushed the little ones off the edge of the basin! I would set the fountain *gently* running—not to scare them off—and they would fly in little groups, on to the upper basin, where the water would fall on them. There they would walk and prance about, round and round, picking and shaking, and cooing, and washing, until each feather was in full-dress and party order! They were of all sizes and colors. Never have I seen such exquisite white ones anywhere, not even in Venice. Oh, they were beauties!

But it was not for the doves, I cared the most—happy, jolly, rollicking dears that they were; and much as I loved them, and welcome as they were to share the coolness, and the water of the pond and the fountain; and glad as I was when they came, and sorry as I felt when their daily bath was over! No, it was not for *them* my sympathy went out, nor *in* them that my interest specially centered! *They* were well fed, and housed, and cared for and owned! Could I not see their neat little cotes, far over the way, among the cool, shady trees in a flower garden! Ah, yes! they had many friends, and lovers, and companions, for were they not choice birds at that—many of rare and expensive breeds, tumblers, and crowns, and crests, etc. No, no! They were not the only living things that wandered into my premises, for there was other two-footed life, besides them, that



came! and *they* came with no fine plumage, and no coquetry! They came at all times of the day, and from the small hours of the morning, if there was a late moon—indeed, I could look for them any time *in the night*, if there was a wind; for then, they knew, the ground would be strewed with mangoes.

“Mango-o-o! Please, some mango—mango-o-o!” This appealing cry from the throats of little brownies, can be heard from sunrise until after sunset, during many months, for it is the fruit of which the natives are the most fond!

The mango trees are often colossal in size, forty and fifty feet in height with immense crowns loaded with fruit, hanging (literally enough to feed an army) in strong, heavy, pendant clusters. A perfect mango is as large as a full-sized Bartlett pear. It is delicious, and of many flavors, no two seeming to taste exactly the same. When the new leaves are coming they take the beautiful shades and tints of Autumn leaves in New England. Nature, displaying the same colors in living as in dying! When this fruit is ripe, or when there is a wind, it is thud, thud! Falling from so great a height it is cracked and mashed often more or less; and with the heat is soon sour, so that the natives are always quite welcome to gather it up. No one but the natives can mount the cocoanut and other high trees! and they test the strength of a branch as they go on and rarely make a mistake or get a fall. They will go up a mango tree and to the outmost limbs like little monkeys. This

fruit is almost their only food during the season, so fond are they of it.

But it is an insult to offer a banana to a native so little do they care for them. And this means too the perfect, firm, golden bunch with no suspicion of black!

Neither were these little natives who had access to my mangoes homeless, or friendless or poor by any manner of means! In their own modes, and fashions of living, they are nature's richest, happiest children! They sing and dance, and swim and ride. They love the moonlight; they will not sleep when the silver queen of night visits them. They revel in the sunshine, it is never too warm for them! For then they rest and lie under the trees, or go into the surf. They love the rain and laugh and shout and run from tree to tree where the foliage is so dense that not a drop can find its way through! They love their friends and they love Hawaii!

They were welcome to share my fruit to drink of my pretty fountain. I liked their brown faces and laughing eyes. But when their pockets and hats were full of mangoes they would shout *Aloha* and be off for their own homes! They liked what I had to give, but with it all they were free and independent. I was not their only friend by scores!

The tamarinds, too, drop—hundreds of dry brittle pods, thickly strewing the ground with the slightest rustle of a wind. They are a clean, light, pretty brown, as easily broken as a peanut shell, and containing in the tiny canoe three or four seeds covered

with rich sweet-and-sour *jam* held together by long fibres *they too* covered with the rich filling! A most perfect little vessel of preserve! A delicious drink was made by pouring on to them boiling water, letting it cool, and then straining it—adding loaf sugar to the taste.

“Who else came to visit my garden besides the doves and the brownies?”

Well, little Portuguese girls came, expressly for my tamarinds; little maidens from the far-off Azores, whose fathers had come to work on the sugar-plantations and who in time had drifted back to the capital—Honolulu! They hired a little plot of land—put up their shanties—planted their squash, and melon seeds, and grape vines, and a few marigolds—kept hens and goats, opened their little shops, their wives taking in washing, and in their thrifty, hard-working ways, were soon able to accumulate money!

These children were pretty little dark-eyed things with a wealth of soft brown hair in long braids down their backs. Courteous, as little Spanish *grandeas*, in their manners; and on a Sunday or a *fête-day*, very gaily dressed in gaudy colors.

They would not hesitate to pick up a fine mango, if they saw one; but *their* mission in coming so often to see me was—the tamarind trees! “The nice lady who lets us fill our aprons with tamarinds,” little Felicia tells little Pedro! “Good-night and thank you, ma’am!” And *they too* are gone!

But it was my poor, despised, deserted, friendless,

vagabond dog—my *four-footed* pensioner! owned by nobody and disowned by everybody—my poor, down-fallen, shabby, mangy, hungry-looking Newfoundland! My eager, over-anxious, worried-looking brute! It was for *him* my heart went out! And I resolved to be his true friend until I should see him in better condition again!

I christened him *Ponto* for I discovered he had *lost his name* so far as I could recollect such things, and would not come to me, call what I might! So as I say I gave him at once a pretty name! And to make him try to recollect it, I gave him a nice bone with it.

When first I saw him, I was sitting at night-fall (which is a very beautiful time at the Islands you must know—all nature seems then to be going to dreamland, so quiet is it—perfect repose) on the veranda and I was quite startled in seeing this big, unkempt, untidy, collarless, gaunt, big-eyed dog rush into my place his head up and staring about from tree to house and then to pond in a most expectant manner! He gave one bound toward the water and greedily lapped his fill. Then quietly and shamefacedly, on seeing me, shambled along in the direction of the cook-house; and finally, left the yard, disappointed and disconsolate-looking! It was closed and not a bone to be seen!

In a day or two he came again at the same time, and place; and seeming surprised to find the pond still there he took another drink! I spoke to him this time, in cheerful tones, and told him that he was

welcome to a swim in the cool water as well for he looked very warm and tired, and I really wished he would take a bath. His coat, which had not been cut nor trimmed for many a day, looked so dusty and rough! A bone was awaiting his coming, for I knew he would scent that basin of water again!

Dogs are not so plentiful in Honolulu! He gained a little confidence, with the sound of my voice, and gradually looked about the garden. Finally he discovered the bone and gave one quick sharp bark, as thanks, before he picked it up!

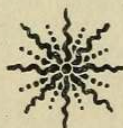
He was not a greedy dog at all; he was a thoroughbred, and had been well-trained. May be his master went to the Coast or to the Colonies, and left him behind with a friend, or gave him away! Likely he was dead!

The climate does not favor animals, unless they have good care. The sun spoils their hair and they get to look, often, very shabby. He took his bone under a big tree and after a while I saw him bury it, and depart for the night. Day after day he came; and finally with petting, and feeding, and coaxing, he strayed away no more but with a new and handsome collar, became my own dog and protector—*Ponto*.

You may have read that beautiful legend of the Blessed Saviour, who came one night to the market-place of the city with some of his disciples, and while they went to prepare the supper, he mingled with the crowd gathered about a dead dog. He lis-

tened to their heartless and cruel taunts: “Good enough for it, miserable cur!” “Look at its hangdog face,” said another. “Kick it out of sight!” said a third. But God the Saviour who created all things, quietly said, “Pearls could not equal the whiteness of its teeth!”

“ He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast ;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small.  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”



## MAIOLA.

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“**B**EING *prayed* to death.”

Among the many superstitions of these most superstitious people—the natives, are many quaint and harmless ones—many too like to our own (and doubtless learned or caught from the early missionaries and others) foolish and ludicrous; and not a few of *their own*—Hawaiian-born and bred, that are not only dreadful, but positively terrible in their significance!

It is not for me to say how far or how fast mind acts and reacts upon mind, when primed and loaded with an eager, greedy desire to destroy, for instance, some hated, hunted and doomed victim!

A certain number, a secret conclave, will “*pray Maiola* to death”—and certain it is that the Maiola sometimes dies! Maiola I knew very well and saw him almost daily for a few years; he was one of the very finest-looking of his race—tall, well-formed, handsome, *and* strong and healthy, for anything I could see to the contrary. Suddenly he began to fail in strength and in spirits as well, went to another island for a change—came back again, growing all the while, month after month, weaker, more helpless and more dispirited—lying all day in his hut doing

nothing. When the natives were questioned they would look at one another, glance following glance in quick succession—he was being prayed to death—so they evidently believed! That was simply all, and *all* there was about it; his people would do what they could, *all* they could; but medicines, doctors, hospitals were to their minds all “*no use.*” He was “being prayed to death”—and die he must, and die he did! To my mind he simply took a violent cold as the natives do—very susceptible to a chill—neglected it, would not go to the hospital (“Queen Emma’s Hospital,” which is very well managed), asthma followed, quick consumption, dropsy, and the poor fellow paid the last debt! “*Maiola is dead.*” And for one night, and a small part of a day only (in this climate), may we his relatives sing our weird, unearthly *meles* in his praise—telling in odd, plaintive chant his good deeds and noble qualities; send for all his friends and ours to come and mourn and sing and wail with and for us; cry and laugh, and smoke (passing the pipe around from mouth to mouth), and eat fish and *poi*; *then* we will give him Christian burial, cover his grave with *leis* and blossoms, and come away content that *all is well with Maiola.*



## MOLOKAI AND FATHER DAMIEN.

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“LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”

O Molokai, Molokai! how shall I write of thee, loveliest prison, hospital and tomb—the dreaded and shunned home of the leper! Is Molokai like the other islands of the chain? As like to them as one brother is to another where they come of the same parents. There are slight differences in the features and complexion of the different islands, but not enough for any confusion as to what family they belong. Molokai is said to be one of the very most beautiful of the group.

And while the lepers can have the perfect freedom of all-out-o’doors—the sunshine and the air, they are as much in prison and as securely as if behind granite walls and iron bars! Oh, yes! And this is “wise and merciful and just.” Is there a leper in Honolulu or elsewhere he must go out under cover of the night, and even then he is more than liable to arrest. If it be known that any are in hiding far up in the valleys or elsewhere, detectives are sent to search them out. And *this* is “wise and merciful and just.” Great care is taken to provide for these afflicted ones—men,

women and children—yes, often very “little ones”—*mere babies*, when the destroyer marks them for his own! They are Hawaii’s wards—these poor sick children—and well and nobly does she look out for them, nor are they ever forgotten or neglected. Their rations are plentiful and good; there is no stint of food nor clothing. Water is laid on all over the place, and nursing and medicine, and prayers and priest are theirs. They are never overlooked at Christmas nor Thanksgiving-time and even Fourth of July brings for them as well as for others a noisy joy!

By some savants the disease is not thought to be contagious, in the ordinary sense of that term—as measles or whooping-cough; but if a “Sister” or a “Brother” or a priest goes to Molokai for life, to “lose his life that he may find it,” he or she must expect, in time, to become a victim too, to this appalling disease. And should they escape, it would be in the same unaccountable manner that one escapes when in the midst of cholera or yellow fever and comes out unharmed.

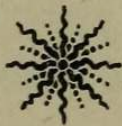
And Father Damien, what shall I say of thee, thou Saint in Paradise!

It was foolhardy, unwise and reckless, a tempting of Providence—a playing with edge tools, if, as has been said of thee, thou *didst* take a cup from a leper’s hand to drink—the pipe from a leper’s mouth to smoke! But, thou wast “wise unto salvation”—loving, brotherly and Christ-like, wherein thou *didst* through the long, lonely years of thy banishment from home and country, and kith and kin, nurse and help and

pray for thy children, ministering to them in their supreme hours of agony—and even shrouding them often for the grave!

On the coast of France, near Calais, is a light-house. Some one said to the keeper in charge, “What if your light should go out.”

“It never shall, sir, it never shall! Oh, when I look out, at night, and see the ships from India, from Australia, from America and from other places, I feel as if the eyes of the whole world were upon *my* light. Oh, it shall never go out!”



## MANY QUESTIONS UNANSWERED.

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Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?

—JOHN MILTON.

“**W**ITH strongest, brightest sunshine come deepest shadows, ever! Are there no shadows seen or known in your much-loved Hawaii?

“Is it all rainbow, rich skies of fairest white and truest blue? Is naught engendered there but kindest brotherly love, the help of true unselfish friendship, unwearied and untiring Christian charity—in the Church, in affairs of State, in home and social life? Is all as fair within as nature is, without?

“Does Man lose all that is self-seeking, ambitious and grasping, wherein it would wrong and wound, yea, ruin his neighbor’s work or home, or fame or fortune? Is there, I ask you, no deception, hypocrisy, unfairness, entire and whosesale lack of truth, to be known, in this ‘little kingdom by the sea.’ Are there no masks worn, no hearts broken? Is shame, wickedness, crime a form never seen in home, nor shop, nor street?” What would you have me to say, my friend inquisitive, more than I have already written?

When a guest comes to see us, if we are well-to-do—we lead them from the very door—we go to the carriage to greet and welcome to our home the friend we love.

We take them through the vestibule and hall, however grand and splendid these may be, into the drawing-room, the dainty reception-room! We hasten to swing wide the doors of library, conservatory and ante-rooms for their more perfect freedom and enjoyment—we invite them soon to the heart of our home, our family-table—we offer to them our favorite and well-tried dishes; and we, virtually, insist that they shall, for the time of their stay, make our home *their* home to all intents and purposes.

We strive to keep far out of sight, out of their minds at least, the daily ordering of our house. We determine that they shall ride and drive, eat and drink, sleep and rest, and enjoy each day better than its fellow that preceded it!

We will not repeat to them—no, indeed!—our mental cares and anxieties, even if we own such; but, will gladly suggest a help or remedy, for what they may choose to confide to us! You say, “You *know* that there is a skeleton in every family! It is full-grown, perfect, white, shining, smooth and brittle, like to pipe-clay, somewhat!—kept locked up, always, in a closet of its own!”

Mystery upon mystery!

Then, I have never had the key handed me; nor seen the door open; and I have often, in visiting, been up to the observatory or look-out!

To be frank, my questioner, as you describe the secret, I should wish to decline visiting the ghastly museum; and hope that the key would ever get mislaid, while I was an inmate of the dwelling.

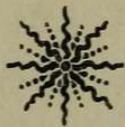
In every well-ordered large family there *should be*, I am sure, an attempt made to keep one dark room or store-closet in the middle of the house (on the floor with the library and dining-room if possible); a room where the too-glaring light of day cannot get down into it from above nor climb up into it from below! A room set apart entirely for family jars, jams, preserves, and pickles of all sorts, of homemake and of foreign importation! Nuts hard to crack and otherwise; old cheese well-brandied, crocks of olives, Malaga raisins, Messina oranges, Sicily lemons, Smyrna figs, coffee from *Kona* and Java and Mocha, choice Young Hyson, Souchong and Imperial, silver boxes of seed-cake, biscuits, etc., cases, baskets, jugs, bottles, demijohns, and what more shall I say? The fragrance of such a store-room is always as delightful as a dairy filled with rich butter, and where the cows have waded in white clover!

There are the peculiar conditions belonging always to an island life, and here, in Hawaii, most intricate and perplexing.

The relation of the Native to the Foreigner and vice versa—the half-caste, the American, English, German, Portuguese, Scandinavian, Japanese, Chinese and the rest, resident in these islands of mid-ocean, with their separate but *determined interests*; the wonderful climate and productions; the immense sugar interests; the “great expectations;” the court; the social, and home and plantation life; the amusements and recreations; the schools; the different religious

beliefs; the constant coming and going of war-vessels and steamers; merchant ships and whalers; with all the inter-island craft; all together supplying a rich and varied theme for the writer.

ALOHA! HAWAII NEI.



## A HAWAIIAN DISCOURSE ON BREAD AND WINE.

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“And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.” Genesis, i, 31.

“And Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the Most High God.” Genesis, xiv, 18.

**T**HE brown man—the poor native—was not (like to his poor brother, the red man, the much-to-be-pitied and to-be-helped Indian), good stuff out of which to make the drunkard. He had lived mostly on *poi* and fish; he had not followed the chase nor eaten of the spoil. And *to-day*, even, the Hawaiian cannot be said to covet nor desire the food or drink of the European. But with the white man there came (I regret to say) rum; and with the yellow man there came (worse yet) opium. In this Hawaii, this richest chain of seven gems, in its chief, even in its capital city, its “pretty little Honolulu,” is to be seen door after door wide open, with tempting array of glass and bottle, and strains of music are to be heard within to lure the native to quick destruction!

Again, all through and over this country is to be found in choicest and most easily-to-be-got-at spots,



the *childlike and bland* John, with his neat, compact, tidy little shop, where can be found colored neckerchiefs of brightest, most radiant dye, calico, spurs, saddles, scissors, beads, brass jewelry, sweet cakes, etc. (offered to tempt and gratify the precise *wants* of the native), together with *fire-water* and *opium* (sub rosa). *This* is the one fiend portrait I dare not cover.

“’Tis true ’tis pity; and pity ’tis ’tis true.”

All this evil is to the native an acquired taste—not to the manner born! Certainly there is the native liquor, but it is not always made, nor always attainable, nor in common use—it does not flow like water, on every road-side at a *kinne-kinne* a glass!

The pure sweet heart of the wheat—the blood of the grape—types of man’s *spiritual* food, his soul’s refreshment in the journey of life. *Bread and wine*—sweet bread, pure wine—his *material* food, his staff and stimulant! When the Blessed Saviour turned sixty gallons of water into wine at the *wedding feast* he meant there should be no stint. When He fed the *multitude* there was enough and to spare! *God* makes no mistakes. There is wheat enough to feed His children, and hillsides enough in Tropics and in Temperates to add the wine. God never meant there should be hunger or thirst—spiritual or physical. He is still multiplying the bread, still willing to feed the multitude—still turning water into wine. “I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.” Many climbers, but *one vine!* Good bread (as a rule) is an unknown

quantity, so to speak, at the Islands. Fine, rich, home-made bread, with a heart in it, is very rare, exceptional. However, I did see it when living *in the purple*, on certain state occasions, or royal visits. Never mind where. I found good bread—in spots. One trouble is, to make good bread in these warm climates is a great care, you can readily understand; and any extra work there, is a burden against which cook and housekeeper rebel. And so baker's bread slips into the household and keeps undisputed sway. And such bread! gracious me! It would be sacrilege, desecration, vandalism to compare it kindly to the delicious *wheaten loaf* of high civilization, and I plead—not guilty! The little wizen-faced, chalky, chaffy affair! “No use,” as the natives say.

I am, indeed, in love with the poet who wrote, summed up, all of man's earthly need, in three lines:

“ A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,  
And thou, singing beside me—  
And wilderness were paradise enow.”

Food, drink and companionship—the simple needs of life!

The old saying that “good flour is bread half made” would hold true to a certain extent, even in that climate, if used. But much of it is very inferior in quality. If bread be the staff of life, then the health and strength of a community depends more or less upon the quality eaten.

“ And his disciples say unto him, Whence should

we have so much bread in the wilderness, as to fill so great a multitude?" And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes.

And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and break them, and gave to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat, and were filled; and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full. St. Matthew, xv, 33.

"And they did all eat, and were filled. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men." St. Mark, vi, 42.

"And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place.

So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.

And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would.

When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.

Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world." St. John, vi, 10.

“And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.” St. John, vi, 35.

“And when they wanted wine the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.

And there was set there six water pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith

unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him." St. John, ii, 3.

"And Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God." Genesis, xiv, 18.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives." St. Matthew, xxvi, 26.

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"Here's a health to those that I love;  
Here's a health to those that love me;  
Here's a health to those that love them that I love,  
And to those that love them that love me."

And here I quaff a bumper of pure *angelica* and invert my glass—my dear little, priceless heirloom, my egg-shell *tumbler*.

ALOHA OE, HAWAII NEI!

## KING KALAKAUA I.

[The account of the death of Kalakaua largely copied from San Francisco Chronicle.]

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**D**AVID Kalakaua, King of Hawaii, died in San Francisco at the Palace Hotel, at 2:33 o'clock in the afternoon of January 20, 1891.

During the morning, four doctors were in attendance. They consulted and announced that in their opinion the King would not live more than a few hours. He had then been unconscious for nearly forty hours, with the exception of one brief moment in the early morning, when he spoke to Colonel Baker, saying: "Well, I am a very sick man." These were his last intelligible words, for though he afterwards murmured as his strength failed him and he advanced deeper into the valley of the shadow of death, his words were only the babblings of delirium. He spoke in his native tongue, and again wandered upon the beach of Hawaii and gazed out upon the broad Pacific. All royalty and pomp were forgotten in the mind of the dying King, who seemed, as he died, to be in a swoon.

Kneeling at the bedside, Rev. J. Sanders Reed recited the Twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd." At 1:34 o'clock, Rev. J. Sanders Reed said: "Shall we kneel and have the Commendatory Prayer?" The minister then continued to read pray-

ers and recite hymns, among the latter being, "Rock of Ages," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds to a Believer's Ears." At 2:20 o'clock it was apparent that death was only a few moments off. Rev. Dr. Reed again read a psalm, and the Rev. Dr. Church sang Newman's hymn, "Abide with Me." A few moments later, Dr. Reed kneeled at the bedside and began to pray, his petitions being joined in by all present. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Jesus Christ!" said the clergyman, "we pray thee to look upon this, thy servant, whose spirit is about to appear before thee, and we ask for him thy blessing. Oh, Jesus, as thou hast led him on through life, take him, we pray thee, to thy bosom now. We commend his spirit to thy trust. Grant him, O—." The prayer suddenly ceased for a moment; the people rose; the King had ceased to breathe. It seemed that he was dead. For half a minute his body was motionless and not a sound escaped it, and then, with a sigh that seemed to partake both of a sob and a groan, his respiration continued. "Grant him, O Lord, eternal life. Lord Jesus, grant him thy eternal spirit. Grant him a moment of conscious faith that he may have thy consolation and thy mercy. Oh, Lord, come into his heart and—." Again the breath had left the dying monarch. As before, he was to all appearances dead, but again the last few sparks of life within the body asserted themselves, and again, with a sob, the air rushed into his lungs. "—cleanse his soul, O Lord Jesus Christ, be with him yet in the body, so that he

may be present faultless before the Holy of Holies with every joy. Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest." Once again the respiration of the King ceased. Now his eyes turned upward to the heaven to which the petition in his behalf was so devoutly addressed. It was a moment of intense suspense. Half a minute passed; no one moved; a minute, and a sign went around the room. Kalakaua was dead. It was 2:33 o'clock. "Oh Christ, hear us," continued the minister. "Oh Lord, have mercy upon us, and thou who takest away the sins of the world, look down upon us and hear our prayers, that he who has passed away shall sit with the Father, who is everlasting. Such is our prayer." He ceased.

Kalakaua I was born on November 16, 1836, and was in his fifty-fifth year. Kapiolani, who, by the death of her husband, becomes the Queen-dowager of Hawaii, was born on December 31, 1835, and was married to the late King nearly a quarter of a century ago. She is a lady of refinement and education, and, by her simple habits and manifold charities, has rendered her name a household word among the poor and sick of her kingdom. She is a devout member of the English Church.

Her Royal Highness, sister of King Kalakaua, now Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, was born in Honolulu, September 2, 1838. She is a woman of fine intellect and remarkable ability. On September 16, 1862, she was married to John Owen Dominis, who, on the accession of her brother to the throne, became the Gov-



ernor of the Island of Oahu and a member of the King's Privy Council. The Queen is a member of Kaumakapili Church—Presbyterian.

On the arrival at Honolulu of the United States' Ship Charleston, on January 29th, with the remains of the late monarch, Kalakaua, the grief of the Hawaiians knew no bounds, and the excitement was intense. The entire population turned into the streets. The natives gave vent in their peculiar heart-rending style to the *mele*, or chant of grief, and lighted the torches that, in accordance with their traditions, are only to be burned for dead royalty.

As the procession from the Charleston, bearing the remains of the dead King, was entering the palace grounds, a beautiful rainbow was seen above spanning the place. Few have been seen that equaled this one in brilliancy.

The funeral was arranged for February 15th, from the Iolani Palace at 11 o'clock. It was conducted in accordance with the rites of the Episcopal Church of which he was a member by Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D., Bishop of Honolulu.

The body was deposited in the mausoleum erected by Kalakaua at a great expense, and in which are the remains of his family as well as the relicts of the line of Kamehameha.

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