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KOAMALU  
1865



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# KOAMALU

*A Story of Pioneers on Kauai*

*and of*

*What They Built in That  
Island Garden*

*By*

Ethel M. Damon

Volume 1

*Privately Printed*

Honolulu

1931

*Having worked Itself out  
Through the Soil of its Native Garden  
This Story of Koamalu  
Is now laid at that Garden Gate  
By One from Without  
In the Hope that it may bring  
Something of Beauty or Truth or Both  
To a Certain Child of that Island  
And to any other Child born  
Within the Ocean-cut Circle  
Of that Enchanted Island Garden.*

*Lihue.*  
*Hawaiian Ed.*  
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## PREFACE

Intended primarily as a permanent setting for many of the family letters and much of the family history, this true story of the island home at Koamalu has come to include not a little from the growth of neighboring communities, together with attendant developments in trade and the tilling of the soil. Almost unconsciously, something in the nature of an epic of the island has thus gradually taken shape.

To members of the several families our narrative conveys an affectionate regard, linked with a deep interest in the unfolding of the family trees in all their roots and branches.

To the friends, who in many varied ways have furthered the telling of the tale, its completed form carries our most grateful appreciation.

To the general reader it is offered with the assurance that a deal of human nature, interwoven with more than a few threads of romance, lies folded away not only between, but also within, the lines of history itself.

*Ethel Moseley Damon*  
*Mary Dorothea Rice Isenberg*

Lihue, Kauai,  
September 3, 1930.

67-4-35-350

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PRINTED AT THE  
HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN PRESS

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*BOOK I*  
Hannah Maria Rice

## By Way of Introduction

On a green hillslope in Lihue, Kauai, facing the east, there rises a high shaft of marble, exquisite, white, daring in its poise and achievement. Above mourning figures in bronze at its base, through fields of tall Easter lilies, hundreds of eager pilgrims press upward, onward, toward rays of celestial light. Setting her feet on this heavenly pathway, one figure alone looks back to earth, almost calling to those near and dear, yearning for the little son and daughter left so early to thread out the tangles of life. As she looks backward, the mother's face bears the features, fair even in marble, of one who in girlhood and early womanhood lived blithely among the hills of this island garden of Hawaii. Yet this noble memorial in marble stands not alone to Hannah Maria Rice Isenberg. By the loving hands of her son, her daughter, her sister and her son-in-law it was placed here in the garden of the dead not for her only, but to the memory also of her husband, her father, her mother, her sisters, her brother and others of her family. It stands a fitting emblem of the beauty and the holiness, the strength and the endurance of ties which bind together two families coming from the far continents of America and Europe to make their homes on these islands of the broad Pacific.

And yet, even with the glory of marble, all has not been said. For during the space of a generation and more the daughter of Hannah Maria Rice Isenberg has treasured up accounts of the sayings and doings of her mother and father, and of the times also of her grandmothers and grandfathers, all well beloved. And it is by the wish of Dora Rice Isenberg that this present memorial is set forth

in writing. It is an attempt to supplement with words the earlier record in marble, to tell something of the epic of those lives, of their pilgrimage to a strange land, of their high purpose, of their unswerving loyalty to conviction, of their achievement, of their human frailty, of their love and of their life.

Family letters looking back through more than a century of time have yielded up their ivory-toned pages, long unfolded. For many years the Rev. John M. Lydgate gathered local data regarding the history of the island and the plantation, with the evolution of the Lihue sugar mill. Plantation offices and agents granted access to the data in their records. Hon. G. N. Wilcox, who has been a near neighbor of Lihue Plantation for almost seventy years, gave generously from his store of accurate memories. Various members of the Rice family delved into family papers and read this manuscript with patience and skill. Anne Bachman Hyde of Tennessee opened up her rare collection of letters and stories tracing the Jabez Backus Hyde family into early colonial days among the Seneca Indians of northern New York State. An Isenberg of Germany, Rena Barckhausen, visiting here in the islands, spent patient months transcribing digests of letters loaned by German relatives and friends. Still others of the European connection, Paula Volkmann and her husband, closer by a generation to the main characters in the story, made a summer pilgrimage through many parishes of central Germany gathering pictures of the churches and houses which had seen the life of Daniel and Dorothea Isenberg. And many of the family letters have been translated into English by Dora Rice Isenberg herself, who in both person and personality mingles the elements of the American Protestant Mission and of the



THE MONUMENT IN MARBLE

German Lutheran thought which go to make up this present story from the short, vivid life of her mother and the long, active career of her father in their influence upon our island community.

During the months of a long year Josephine Sullivan of Boston worked among the family letters and among official records in Honolulu, following clues, noting, sorting, filing. This was the last piece of work which she was ever able fully to enter upon, and she was well aware that without experience, enthusiasm and painstaking research such as hers the final assembling of this manuscript would never have been undertaken. Residents of Kauai and other friends have brought out old letters and the sum of their recollections. Archives, histories and contemporary biographies have given of their generous store. Almost as with the epics of old, so also somewhat with this new story, its bringing together has been wrought by so many hands that no single one has achieved its fulfilment. It seems a bit from the tapestry of life that Hawaii weaves within her borders, out of threads and colors that drift to her from distant shores, setting in also her own matchless threads and colors, and throwing back and forth across them all the unerring shuttle of experience, until length and breadth finally begin to reveal something of her own new pattern, now shadowy, now brilliant, woven firmly into the varied texture of a fabric all her own.

On Kauai this weaving is done in the brightly colored tapestry of a garden, for justly has Kauai become known as the Garden Island of the Hawaiian group. Yet more is she even than that, for Kauai is truly an island garden set in "a sapphire sea". And our own story grows in a

corner of this jewelled setting where seeds have been dropped from many lands and tended by many hands; where the prim borders of northern gardens often run into unexpected riots of laughing, luxuriant growth; where the measured seasonal flowering of borrowed plants sometimes bursts out with lavish flame at odd, uncounted seasons the whole bright year round; where, it is true, as in the vineyards of other husbandmen, tares often spring up unbidden; and yet where the native children of many races have a passionate care for the native trees and flowers, as well as for those transplanted from far-away soil, enfolded as are they all in the embrace of soft, sunny air, green stretch of plain and of mountain forest, gray of mist and pelting rain heralding the sweep of storm, delicate penciling line of shore as it touches the sea, and brilliant blue of sky beyond the great wandering trade-wind clouds of Hawaii nei.

For many years there stood in Lihue at the northern edge of the great grove of kukui trees a low, quiet house which sheltered that wondrous thing, a home. It was a house that grew as hearts grow, with new rooms for new friends. It was a wise old house, an experienced and a traveled house. Its quaintly chiselled panels had been shaped by Chinese hands on Chinese soil, in the days of the eighteen-forties when trading vessels of scarce a hundred tons burden plied their unhurried way between the Sandwich Islands and New York via Canton. China seemed, in fact, much closer to Hawaii than did the near-by coast of California with her heritage of gold as yet hoarded within her breast. For year after year from their mid-ocean treasure-house Hawaiian chiefs had flung across the China Sea the lavish store of their sandalwood forests, and in the common parlance of Southern China

these islands were known only as Tan Heong Shan, Sweet-Smelling-Hills, or Sandalwood-Fragrant-Mountains.

Our island of Kauai lay in the track of ships victualling for trade voyages to Canton. And it is said that the very first pieces of sandalwood taken to China from these Tan Heong Shan were found on Kauai and Niihau, the shrewd Yankee skipper who thus freighted his ship having first marked its fragrance in the wood smoke of native villages there. While the great Kamehameha ruled as king, this precious timber was felled for him alone and stored up as royal treasure against the future. His descendants, however, proved less thrifty. Reaching out, like children, for novelties from foreign lands, they accumulated not revenue, but overwhelming debt, and a diminishing people spent its days and nights hewing and conveying on its shoulders the even more rapidly diminishing forests of sandalwood from the mountains to the sea.

Vessels thus laden returned from across that sea with cargoes of gorgeous silks, fragrant tea at a dollar a pound, brass-bound chests of camphor wood and curiously carved tables and chairs of "Chinese ebony". Ladies of royal Hawaiian lineage received sewing boxes of lacquer in shining red or black traced with gold, and elaborately fitted with ivory reels and thimbles set in an intricate fretwork of patterned ivory. Children were made happy and became dexterous of hand and eye by means of games with ivory jackstraws delicately cut in the most fanciful designs. Mission mothers were presented by grateful sea captains with dinner services of Nankin ware, displaying in old China blue the checkered

tale of the willow-tree lovers. Whole houses were shipped, cut and fitted sometimes, it is said, of teak wood. And on voyages where only an insufficient return cargo lay ready to hand at the mouth of the teeming Canton river, the hold of the vessel was sometimes ballasted with hitching posts and millstones and paving slabs of white Chinese granite.

Thus our old Kauai house came from far Cathay. Thus, for store of incense to perfume her ancient altars, China gave back full measure in finely wrought silken webs, delicate cabinet work, glazed porcelain and chiselled stone. Thus from our island garden were hands stretched out across the sea, and ships sailing westward reached the East.

## The New Home

While some houses, especially old ones, have personalities of their own, this individuality is usually the slow growth of years. Much as a tree builds into its body and bark and twist of branch the beating of sun's rays and swirl of wind and rain, so that intangible, but very real thing, the feeling or individuality of an old house, is built up little by little; first by the heads and hands which put its material sides and partitions together, then by the days of wind and rain and sun which encompass it from without, and then lastly, and that mostly, by the voices and personalities which expand its inner rooms. Strangely, too, it is often the voices of children, with the patter or clatter of their feet and hands which mold the being of human dwelling places, and so in the story of an old house one sometimes looks first for the little folk who grew up within its walls.

The children of our Kauai house were five, Maria, Emily, Willie, Molly and baby Anna. "Sprouts of Rice in our Punahou garden", these five were called by their friend, Miss Marcia Smith, that devotee of discipline and genius of orderliness who helped Mother Rice to preside over their very early youth at Punahou School. For the five Rice children were not born in the old Chinese house on Kauai. Indeed, it was not until 1854 that they first saw it, when Hannah Maria was twelve, Emily Dole ten, William Hyde eight and Mary Sophia five. The baby, Anna Charlotte, could not then count even one whole year, "my baby Nan," as her devoted oldest sister loved to call her. In fact, twelve-year-old Maria was second only to her mother in shepherding the little flock.

For ten years Father and Mother Rice had done more than their bit in unremitting service at Punahou, the missionary boarding-school in Honolulu. And it was partly



OPUNUI

*The faithful Hawaiian friend and helper  
in the Rice family.*

because of the strain on his wife's strength as well as on account of his own uncertain health that William Harrison Rice, teacher and farmer of the American Protestant Mission to the Sandwich Islands, welcomed gladly an offer of plantation work made to him by his loyal friend, Chief Justice Lee of Honolulu. Taking at least one horse with him, as was of necessity the custom in many places, Mr. Rice sailed for Nawiliwili

early in the year 1854 to look into conditions on the struggling little sugar plantation of H. A. Peirce and Company. With him went also his Hawaiian friend and helper, Opunui, who with his faithful wife, Kaniho, had followed Mr. and Mrs. Rice on their removal from Hana, Maui, ten years before. Without waiting to hear from her husband, Mrs. Rice wrote him by the first opportunity offering. His letter was likewise sent before hers arrived.

Punahou, Feb. 1, 1854.

My precious husband,

You are on the wide waters, & our prayers attend you. All the children miss you, even Baby Nana, & to me it seems as though half of myself was away some where, must have gone to Kauai with you or Timmy. The wind is quite moderate to comfort us. . . .

Feb. 2nd. Our bill came in from the depository tonight. We are in debt at Castle & Cooke's \$204, so be careful about expense. Perhaps we had better not think of the new book case. I can use the lower part of the green cupboard for a book case.

Feb. 3rd. Our school family is at last reduced to 14. I commenced housecleaning today, try to be lazy all I can, but there are many steps. The children are very good & pretty well.

Come as soon as business will allow. I should think Opunui had better come back next steamer unless you find his presence necessary to your comfort. . . .

Your Mary.

Lihue, Feb. 3. 1854.

Dearest Mary,

We had an *awfully rough* passage down. Mr. Widemann came off immediately with his boat & brought Mr. Taylor, the 4 boys & myself on shore where we found Mr. Marshall & Mr. Bond waiting with horses. We were all so sick on board that we did not open our food buckets at all. After dinner & a little respite Mr. Marshall & myself commenced operations by looking at the buildings, out houses, yards, etc., & then to the mill where grinding & boiling was in full operation.

This morning before breakfast I went down to the beach & landed Timmy, Opunui & my trunk, though I have not yet shaved, but intend to do so before I go to bed. After breakfast rode around the plantation which took till noon. At 2 Mr. Widemann, Marshall, Taylor, Turner & myself rode up the mountain where they cut wood & timber. I think the climate here is quite dry as well as cool.

Feb. 7th. I went to Koloa Sat. P. M. in just one hour, returned yesterday with Mrs. Smith in three hours. I got quite wet going over, preached once.



*Mr. Marshall's koa book-case, made by Mr. W. C. Parke, Sr. Bought by Mr. Rice and still used at Molokoa.*

I see nothing to discourage here. It is certainly a pleasant place & with the blessing of our heavenly father we shall be prospered, if it is best for us to have prosperity.

Mr. Marshall's bookcase is worth \$50. What say you? Shall I engage it or not? I presume he would wait a year for his pay. I think I shall be able to get crockery, etc., on the spot which will be no small saving, also many stores & other supplies. Soap, prints, denims, &c., in fact almost all articles of dry goods we can get here as cheap as anything. They use a stove for cooking.

Mr. Marshall will probably have an auction of his things before I leave the Island. I think I shall send Opunui back next week. He will have seen all that is necessary for him by that time, & he is of little service to me here.

I rather like the Chinamen here from what I have seen of them & think I shall get along with them first rate. But of course they need to be treated like men & not like brutes. Bro. Taylor is steaming over the sugar kettles every day, & complains that it makes him a little sickish.

It will probably be necessary for me to stay two or three weeks yet. Mr. Marshall is anxious to get away as soon as possible & now is the time for me to get the run of affairs here so that when we move down I may know how & where to go to work. Perhaps next week I can give a more decided opinion as to when you may expect me. Let the work go, if necessary. I feel more anxious lest you should overtax your strength than anything else. If Rexford Hitchcock is at school, you can go out when you please with him for driver.

May the Lord keep & guide us in the right path.

Harrison.

Mr. Rice's children did miss him sadly, exuberant little Emily having assured him on parting that she would write him letters by the thousand. All that remains, however, of this happy correspondence is a single breathless outburst in small Emily's own hand, preceded by a pair of loving letters from Father to the two little daughters at home.

Dear Emily,

Lihue, Feb. 7, 1854.

I was glad to get even one letter from you. I hope you will write the rest and send them along. But really you will have to work sharp to get the whole 5000 done. What funny kisses you make in your letter. . . . Help dear Mama all you can and don't make her trouble when you can help it. . . .

I went to Koloa last Saturday. It rained very hard & I got quite wet. I had a pleasant visit with Charlotte, Jared, Willie Owen & the baby. They all wish to see Emma. Dr. Smith, their father, is going to Punahou to see her before long.

Timmy has been down to the shore in the waggon twice since we came. She is better than any waggon horse they have here.

Dear Mary,

. . . Papa was glad to get a letter from his Mary-daughter, as well as from her mother. . . . Kiss little baby sister for papa many times. Kiss Mother too for papa.

Be a good child. Speak only kind words & let love through all your actions run.

Your aff. father.

My dear father

Punahou, Feb. 16, 1854.

I want to see you very much I havent got a good pen I made a pen for me because Emma has my pen writing down her Idea school began yesterday I am in Arithmetic Maria does not go to school atall it is very hot I am tired of staying in school I wish it was out I am very lazy now Saturday the vessel is going from your aff

Daughter E D Rice

Two months later, the removal from Punahou having been definitely determined upon, Mr. Rice preceded his family across the Kauai channel on the schooner Chance and wrote back to Mrs. Rice:

Dearest Wife:

Lihue, April 4th, 1854.

We are here at last. But Oh! Oh! that Chance! Well, she did her best. No vessel can sail without wind. We were

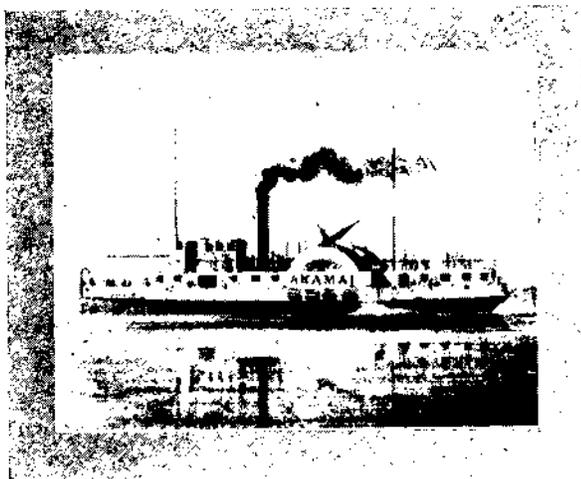
becalmed Saturday night & all day Sunday and Sunday night till about 9 o'clock Monday morning. We were then not far from 10 miles below Barbers Point [on Oahu]. We came on then very well & reached Koloa at 8 P. M. Mr. Whitney & I went ashore in a leaky boat and walked up to Dr. Smith's, by 9 o'clock, not quite used up. I took a bed on the parlor floor & rested nicely. Mr. Dimond & Mr. Rian occupied two settees in the same room, Mr. Whitney & family the accommodation house. There were 9 foreign passengers & 30 or 40 natives on board. . . . If there is a prospect of getting passage in the steamer within 10 days or so, I would prefer you should wait rather than suffer as you & the children must on board that little *strong* schooner.

I have opened the bureau box, & the center table box, have put up one of the tables & have got a nice comfortable bed made up to sleep in tonight.

The boat with our baggage ran past last night & is now at Koloa. She will have to beat back to this place which may take her a day or two.

I forgot my saddle, but spoke to C. H. Wilcox to attend to putting them all up. I find we have no brooms. Please let one of the boys get down half a dozen of those up stairs.

We all take our meals with Mr. Widemann at present & shall



Drawn by Paul Emmert in 1853

THE STEAMER AKAMAI

be obliged to do so till our baggage gets along. Mr. W. is very kind indeed & seems anxious to do all in his power to aid us in getting a start.

Willie's donkey is all safe at Dr. Smith's, the children having fine fun riding it.

Hope to see you all here safe & in just the *right* time.

Harrison.

This new thing, the much longed-for steamer, was one of the three little "side-wheelers" which had done several years' work in the gold rush on California rivers. "Worn out old river boats" was a later designation, when they proved quite unequal to the rough, inter-island channels, but in 1853 they were heralded with joy, as Mr. Rice's injunction to his wife clearly indicates. Not many days after writing this letter of April 4th, Mr. Rice saw the flat-bottomed little steam-craft chugging its way into Nawiliwili Bay and anchoring off Papalinaloa beach where now, three-quarters of a century later, the bottom of the bay has been dredged up to deepen the channel into the harbor and to make land for Kauai's modern wharf. Small Willie Rice never forgot that first steamer journey. The passage was a smooth one, fortunately, and to his heart's content the small boy stood watching the paddle wheel churn the water to foam. Years later he saw the same boat paddling up the Sacramento River in California.

From the deck of their rivercraft in 1854 Mrs. Rice and the children could plainly see above the rocky shore the ruins of Kuhiau, the old heiau, or temple, and nearby on the bluff the flaming blossoms of a great wili-wili tree among koa trees which then grew almost down to the water's edge. Lithe natives made their way through the shallows to a whaleboat launched from the little steamer and, holding passengers high and dry, deposited them safely on the sand. Rocks there were too, but a temporary beach of sand was often formed there by wave action. Two Hawaiians were required to convey one very fat passenger. Small Wili Laike, as they called him, was swung high by a broad-shouldered native, greatly to the boy's delight, for he thus felt himself much taller than the other children who were carried "piggy back". Waiting with Mr. Rice on the shore were Mr. Widemann and Mr. Marshall. The latter pulled Willie's ears

and told him he was small for his age, but even under these indignities the little fellow felt eager to continue the acquaintance and was diverted from it only by his anxiety over the safe arrival of Baby Nan's little koa bed. Indeed, he had considerable proprietary right to be thus exercised, since he had made the bed himself with his father's help. It was like a little four-poster with sides to keep the baby from falling out, as Willie, seven and one-half years her senior, knew was quite proper for so small a child.

To be going to a home of their own marked a great event in the life of the Rice family. One can see them winding up the hill from the beach, along the steep, rough, narrow road among groves of koa and kukui trees, Mrs. Rice with the baby and the three girls seated in the wagon drawn by Timmy, Willie possibly on horseback in front of his father's saddle. Another steep trail led to the southwest up from the bay, past the long thatched house at Grove Farm, where Mr. Widemann lived a few years later and possibly at this time also, and through the kukui grove to the new church which is still used today by its Hawaiian congregation. But the road by which the Rice family first came was undoubtedly the rough one up the east side of the bay, which is followed somewhat by the present modern road, but at that time passed through the Lihue village of thatched huts with the remnants of the huge old meetinghouse from which some of the handhewn rafters had probably been carried southward across the valley to aid in constructing the smaller new building. Arrived at this little village on the hill, where now stand the bank and plantation store, with other offices and residences, Timmy and her wagon drew up at Mr. Marshall's house. This was near the site of the house now used by the plantation bookkeeper, and the old orange trees still there are some planted by Mrs. Marshall. Hearing the arrival of the wagon, Mrs.

Marshall herself came out to welcome the travellers, patting small Willie kindly on the head. This he liked much better than having his ears tweaked, especially when the new lady gave him, for his very own, the tiny red greyhound of Staffordshire china on a blue stand that still guards his desk even today, although "Uncle Willie" has been gone from among us these six years and more.

From the Marshalls' house the little family cavalcade was again set in motion westward and proceeded down into the valley where the mill pond gleamed bright and the red brick chimney, bearing its date, 1851, stood sentinel over the little mill; directly past the mill, which seemed a big affair then, and up the steep hill by the old road, not by the long easy grade which now turns southward from the mill, but struggling almost straight up the hill to the Pualoki village of native houses and the long thatched sheds where Hawaiian women were busy drying cane trash to be used as fuel in the mill; and arriving at last almost at the end of the great grove of trees where, in the shade of kukui and koa leaves, the house from China stood waiting to receive the weary travellers. It was home at last. And all except Emily had come. She, little realizing what absence would mean, had been content to stay at Punahou with "Mama Dole" until "Examinations" in June. On April 20th, a few days after the departure of the family, she began to cover a long sheet of paper with letters to the entire family.

*My own dear mother*

We received your letters. . . . I want to go down to Lihue most dreadfully when I write I wish I had not stayed I am so home sick all the time. . . . You must kiss baby for me I cannot think of anything to write Emily.

*Own Dear father*

. . . I am getting tired of writing all the time, but I must write you a few lines tonight. . . . I cannot tell you any news for up to

Punahou we *never* have new's I have got nothing more to say Emily.

Dear Maria

I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines last night I was very home sick Dear Maria I think that I must tell you the new's well, Mrs. Beckwith has a little son. . . . I was very glad to get your letters your ever aff. Emily.

Dear Little Baby

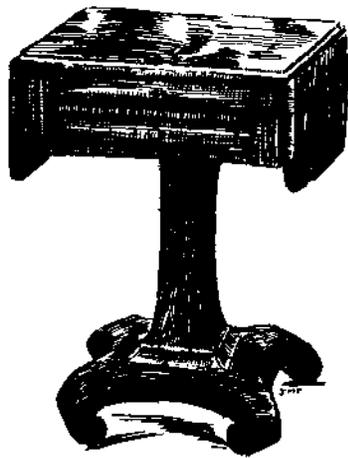
. . . Is Baby well Sister like to kiss the baby your sister Amil  
Some kisses for baby O O O O O

Dear Mary

Sister got your two little letters when she was spelling do you climb trees we spell and read to Miss Green. . . . I must write to Willie now so good bye be a good girl Emily.

Dear Brother Willie

I sopose you want me to tell you about the horses & cows well the pacing mare has a little colt Rufus feeds the mooly cow Porter helps the native man milk the cows Ellen swept the parlor this morning yesterday was Sunday I go to Mr. Damons meeting with Mrs. Dole I cannot tell you much about the cow's & horses we had a balsam yesterday your ever loving sister Emily.



MOTHER RICE'S SEWING TABLE  
OF MAHOGANY

It was not many weeks before Emily followed to Lihue and all were together there for the first time. Yet even after six months of joy in this new home, how empty it seemed without Father who, quite as much as Mother, was the life and soul of it. To be sure, he had gone only to Honolulu and was even then at the Punahou home which had sheltered them so long, but daughter Maria, who was trying to take his place, wrote him of its vacancy:

Lihue, Oct. 23,/54.

My Own Dear Father.

Yesterday the Chance mail came but with it came no letters from you. After you left us Mother's headache got better but Anna grew worse. . . . She was very restless at night & Mother could hardly sleep.

You do not know how much we missed you yesterday it seemed very lonely to us all & Emily cried some. Little darling Nan seemed to miss you too for if we said papa she would burst out crying. . . . We had meeting as usual it was very short. There were 18 present.

I hope you will not for-get to get the little low arm-chair.

Does not Punahou look as it used to? Anna has kissed the little round place at the bottom of this paper.

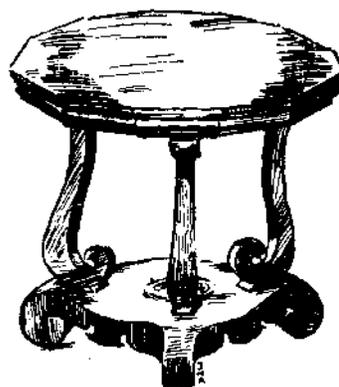
It is time for me to close please to give my love to Mrs. Dole & Abby & Lizzy & Ellen & Bella. Please come home quick. A great deal of love for you from us all. Good bye.

Your affectionate daughter

H. Maria Rice

O Annas  
kiss

These letters written by Maria's soft quill pen were achievements for a twelve-year-old girl. At eight, on visits to the mission homes in Kohala and Waimea on Hawaii, she had written with equal care and thought for both handwriting and content. At twelve the tracing of the words has become clearer and smoother and the eager words themselves bear eloquent witness to the steady head and overflowing heart which prompted them. Of all the family letters which have been kept Maria's alone tell of the Kauai house. Sometimes she gave it its Hawaiian name, Koamalu.



*The Rosewood Center Table*

Shade of Koa Trees. Some letters were headed from Woodside, another translation perhaps. All are full of sheer delight in the dear home. Some of her first letters from Koamalu were written to a Punahou playmate, her "old friend," Albert Lyons, her senior by some ten months, who kept them all his life. His daughter, a missionary in China, has very kindly lent these letters.

Lihue, Oct. 1854.

Friend Albert

. . . You inquire how we like our new home? We think it is one of the most beautiful places we ever saw. There are a great many beautiful places on Kauai and I will tell you about them.

First: our home. It is on the bank of a large stream. The stream is very deep though not very wide. After some little ways it widens and forms the Mill pond. The house is quite a long low one, paneled and painted white, though it is not white, for the wood is so dark it will not look white. Outside it looks pretty for the green latticed Varander peeping out of the green leaves—vines they are—and bright flowers and the large Kukui trees with their silvery foliage and smaller koa trees with their dark graceful leaves and here and there a tall paupau tree with its load of fruit and one tall Cyprus Cone tapering so beautifully till the top is a single delicate sprig. All is beautiful. And last the view of the beautiful mountains.

Second in beauty is Wailua, but I must see it again before I can tell you any thing about it.

Third is Mr. Bond's houses. They are on the bank of a large river and between the house and the river are beautiful Kalo patches, and the house is in a grove of trees and a good ways above the river. The other bank of the river rises into a beautiful range of hills about as high as Saddle Back.

Fourth is Hanalei. The [mission] houses are near the sea about as far as from your house to the Meeting house. They are in pretty yards for they have a great many flowers. The only trees are breadfruit and peach ones and they are only a few of them. But the most beautiful of all there are the Mountains. They are very Green and a good many Water falls fall down the sides of them. It is a very un-healthy place because of the rain and fogs.

I will not tell you any thing more about the beautiful places on Kauai and from the description of some of them which I have given you will not be able to form a very good opinion of the Charms of any of them with out the aid of a very powerful Imagination.

We have some very fine horses here and we ride a good deal. . . . I have been all around the Island to every Mission station on the Island on Horse back. We go to ride every day.

Father is gone to Oahu. . . . We have English Meeting in our house. They are very pleasant. First we have singing (I play on the instrument) then prayer, then Mr. Bond reads in the Bible, then singing again, then a sermon, prayer and benediction, then it is done. 12 besides our family were in last Sunday, making 20, as many all most always come. And when Mr. Bond is sick or does not come, Father leads meeting. Father has one meeting on Sunday in native. I have a first rate Instrument as large as the one at Punahou and I play a little, not much.

Please give Emily and my love to your sisters. And Willy sends his love to you.

Your Friend  
H. Maria Rice

Albert B. Lyons, Esq.  
Waimea Hawaii

Woodside, July 17,/55.

Dear Albert,

I am very sorry that I have given you occasion to think evil of me and cannot remember any thing in which I can have given you offence, for all this time Six or eight months I have been waiting for answer to my last to you and had almost given up any hope of any till last Eve a letter was handed me (Yours of the 20 of June).

I wish you could see my little room and if you did not think it pretty, I'd say you had no taste, that I would.

What are you reading now? What new books have you? If you would like to know what I am reading, Bruce's Hungary in 1851. I like the book very much. . . . Also the Club books which every week make us a great deal of reading.

I have not said any thing about our little Anna. She is very smart and talks and walks and laughs and rides horse back and flounders in the water as well as any one. She loves to ride Horse

Back and can ride all alone if the Horse only walks, but she *must* hold the reins. She talks Native and English and Oh! is so wonderful. Have you never seen her?

I hope you and your Mother one of these days will come flying down in one of our steamers. Do.

My note might be called a letter so I think I had better stop. With love from all to all.

I remain as your friend and Cousin  
Maria Rice.

Before the Rices had lived at Koamalu two years a letter from Maria to Albert Lyons told of young fruit trees planted by her father. Some of these mango trees now tower majestically above the ridge of the valley.

Feb. 28./56.

... When I was at home in vacation I went with the rest of the children to our Orchard; it is in a valley, which is long and Narrow. In it are Grape vines, figs, peaches, Mangoes, Water melons, Musk melons, bannas, Breadfruit and Ohia. The man raises some potatoes. Oh! there are pineapples; and Orange and lime trees too. My Father has had planted all the fruit trees except the Breadfruit and Ohias since he came down. Emily and I counted all the bunches of bannas we found; and there were 102 (one hundred and 2) bunches, we think it a pretty good number. We have figs from slips little more than a year old. I have got 35 pineapples at home now, that will before long be good to eat. You may think that this is child's talk, but I do not live in the Metropolis so I must write about what I have, so pity me.

I do wish you could see my little Anna, you never have I think. She is a little blue eyed, flaxen haired baby, two years and five months old, as fat as butter, with pretty curly hair, that looks on a rainy day as though each curl was trying to see which could curl up most. A tiny mouth in which are two rows of regular white teeth and out of which come (to us) the sweetest little words imaginable. Not that she is perfect, she cries some, but we think that she is a remarkably quiet child. She talks now about all most every thing and it would amuse you to hear her call herself "Nana Mama Dole Ziche". The last word I fear you will not be able to make out, but I cannot spell it any other way. She calls herself

"Mama Dole" instead of Charlotte; for she knows she was named so for Mrs. Dole. "Mamma Dole, Papa Dole, Dore [George], and Fany [Sanford] Dole" are, next to her own family, her dearest friends. . . . She looks for Papa Dole as much as any other one.

If you could see Nan you would not probably see so much to admire as we do in her, and if I have said too much about her in this letter, please excuse *the elder sisters partiality*. I have always had as much care of her as Mother, so I love her almost as much.



THE ORCHARD VALLEY TODAY





*Photograph by J. Senda*

#### MOUNT HAUPU

*Called also Hoary Head. Looking southward from the Molokoa house across a field of sugar cane blossoms as they appear in December.*

I cannot remember that we ever had even a vegetable garden, such as most people in the country have now. Of course there was always taro and taro leaves, and a good deal of fruit, bread-fruit, bananas and sweet mangoes. And later the sour mangoes began to ripen. There were always bunches of bananas hanging on the kitchen veranda, and all the tamarinds we could use. My father planted those tamarind trees that are still there near where the home used to be, and they seem hardly to have changed in the last fifty years. But vegetables were rare, and it was the greatest treat to have string beans. An old native brought them sometimes all the way from Hanamaulu. I have often wondered how my Mother kept us all fed, without canned things, and often "company" coming on the weekly steamer or from Waimea or Hanalei way. Ice was an unknown thing, of course, until the advent of a monthly steamer in the seventies. Once when Paul Isenberg was

showing some to Hawaiians, they cried, "Wela, wela!" or Hot! when it was put into their hands. One man carried some home, carefully covered in a calabash, to show to his wife. When he discovered that he had only water to exhibit, he could not understand the mystery. Without ice, it must have been doubly hard for Mother to keep milk and other food, but we always had enough to eat.

And even when lots of company came, extra meals were always ready. Of course, we children had often to double up and change our rooms. There was a small closet off Mother's room and sometimes all of us children slept there in an emergency of many guests.

Once Mother was greatly distressed when some "tourist people" were coming from Hanalei to stay with her. There was no hotel here then, you see, and Mother often found herself quite as little alone with her own family as she had been at Punahou. But when these people finally came, Mother enjoyed them, oh so much, and corresponded with them for years afterward. And of course we had no telephones either, so that people often came without warning, but we enjoyed that too. I can still see the Johnson girls riding into our yard, as they sometimes did, all on horseback, the thirty miles and more from Waioli, their long shawls pinned at the breast and blowing back in the wind as the horses galloped. When Mother Johnson came in her *sun*-bonnet, people said it always brought *rain*.

The two rooms at the end of the house were "company rooms", one of them the Tecoma room. When I was a little girl there was no veranda on the end, as in the picture, *Dora*. I think your father must have added that later. But there was a long veranda, all latticed in, on the other side toward the pasture. Then the parlor and dining room ran clear through the house from side to side, ending in the veranda at both ends. The driveway came up to the front door by the parlor. The kitchen was in a wing off the main house at right angles and screened from the driveway by a ti-leaf fence. I have so often wished we could have just such a screen again in our yard in Honolulu. The natives made them so easily, cutting long stalks of ti-leaf and planting them thickly, very close together. Then at the bottom they would begin to weave in slats of bamboo or slender rods of hau horizontally. As the ti-leaf grew, it would send out leaves on the upright

stalks and quite a thick hedge would soon grow up. It could be quite high too, almost as high as you liked.

There was a dark, cool space between the kitchen and the main house. This and the veranda were paved with those large flat tiles that came from China. And in the corner where it was very dark stood a stone jar with drinking water in it. All the water had to be brought up from the valley every morning in barrels. Our drinking water stood in this jar and I can remember your father, Dora, sending me sometimes for a drink of water. It was dark there by the water jar, and I was always so afraid, but of course I never said so. Did you say it was an old churn, Dora? Well, perhaps it was. I remember the old jar and the dipper and the dark corner, and how I shivered with fear.

At the back of the house there was an iron fence shutting off the pasture. The fence came in sections, not very long, each with two horizontal rails on two spikes to be driven into the ground. We children used to practice running on that fence. The top rail was not wide, oh no, not three inches wide, but we could sometimes balance well enough to run quite a little distance. We ran lightly, and fast, as children do. I wonder where that old fence went to, and the panels which made the walls of all the rooms. Yes, they had come from China and were always painted, never papered. But that was long ago. George Wilcox would remember that fence. He used to board with us when he was keeping the plantation store for my father. He had his room over the store and did odd jobs in the mornings to fill in time, because nobody ever came to the store till afternoon and it was closed till then. In the evenings George would sometimes stay on at our house after supper and he was always willing to play dominoes with me. They were different dominoes from what we have now. Of course, we never counted, we just dominoed, and I loved it. I was a little girl, you see, and usually nobody wanted to play with me, nobody except George, and he was a young man then, almost fifteen years older than I. In later years, I remember, when we came home, he was always at the beach at Nawiliwili to welcome us and help us ashore.

Grove Farm was named from the grove of kukui trees which had stood there since ancient days. In my childhood it stretched almost up to our house. I can remember riding through it to

Mr. Widemann's house, the same Grove Farm house that the Wilcoxes live in now, only it had a thick roof of pili grass in those days. Out to the north of the house was a great vat surrounded



TOWERING MANGO TREES

*have now grown to the top of that Orchard Valley. During mango season a wagon full of ripe fruit was daily sent down to the mill by Paul Isenberg, that all might share in the luscious treat.*

by empty kukui shells and filled with the nuts which were pressed by rollers. There was a separate house out there on the brink of the valley where the kukui oil was stored. It was excellent and was used in paints, I think. Mr. Widemann was a promoter of many things, but I think this enterprise did not long continue, perhaps because the trees were beginning to die out even then.

Years afterward, when Mr. Widemann was at Waianae Plantation on Oahu, my mother was invited on one of Mr. Dillingham's first excursions on the new Oahu Railroad. That must have been in the early nineties. When the train arrived at Waianae and Mr. Widemann heard that "Mother Rice" was aboard, he had out a special train for her and escorted her all over the plantation. He and my mother had always been great friends at Lihue. I can almost hear them talking now. They never agreed on any issue, but each had a deep respect for the other. He was both a Catholic and a Secessionist and during the bitterest days of the Civil War he used to support the South violently against my mother's Northern sympathies, but no vehemence ever assailed their friendship.

That was a beautiful old grove of kukui trees. While Mother had a rest on Sunday afternoons, my father would always take us children for a walk in that grove, leaving the road and wandering past the Hawaiian church sometimes almost down to Grove Farm. And Paul Isenberg kept up that happy Sunday afternoon walk with his children after my father died. My father was ill so much that I do not have a great many memories of him, although I was nine years old when he died. Children were very fond of him and Honolulu people would tell of how their children flocked after him when he was there. On our Sunday afternoon walks in the cool shade he always let us swing on the low branches of the old kukui trees, not hedging us in to the rigid limits of a strict Puritan Sabbath. And all my life I have associated those low swaying branches with a kukui grove and utter happiness.

Some Sundays we had church in Mr. Hardy's house at Malu-malu. I used to sit during the service looking out across the river toward a cave in the mountain side and wondering if I could get across and into the cave. The sermons I cannot remember at all. Once when I was older we did set out on a voyage of discovery to find that cave, but our river craft was soon wrecked.

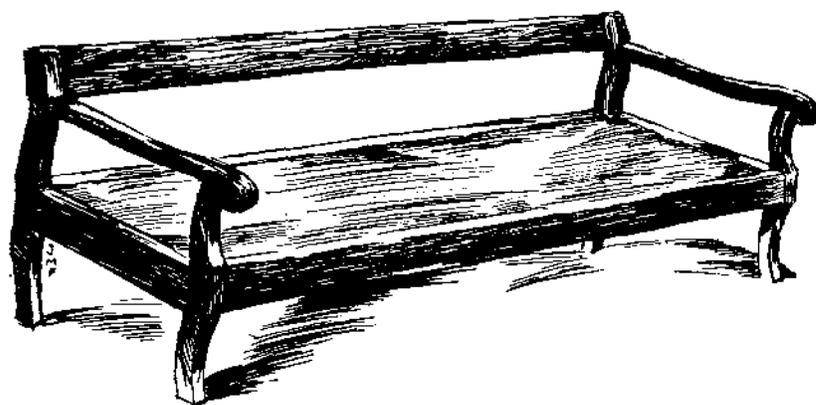
My mother read to us a great deal, but never fairy stories.

The first person who ever told me fairy stories was Paul Isenberg. He and I were always very fond of one another. I was only four or five years old when he first came to Lihue and he would take me on his knee and tell me delightful tales such as I had never heard, of the two brothers who went east and west to seek their fortunes, of the vinegar pot, and many more.

Later, when my sister Maria was older she used to buy books with interesting stories and pictures that I have not forgotten to this day. Indeed, I love to look at them still, just as if I were a child again. My mother was very fond of poetry and read us a great deal, even Milton's *Paradise Lost* when we were quite tiny children. Of course, we little ones understood very little of it.

My mother taught all of us children our letters. I have often wondered whether her reading poetry to us did not have its influence on our ear for poetry. Certainly my brother Willie came to love and understand Hawaiian poetry when he was older, although Mother said she thought he never would learn to read when he was a little fellow. He had a facility for memorizing and reciting just as mother had. After my sister Maria's death, Mother taught Dora and Paul their letters too. Mother was never idle. Even when we were reading our lessons to her, she would have some sewing in her hands. Yet she never liked to sew.

When she was reading to us in the evenings I remember I used to crawl in between the three legs of the center table and curl up on



*Koa settee made by Father Rice for his daughter Maria, and used in the Hawaiian Church for a pulpit seat. It is now loaned to the Honolulu Academy of Arts.*

the foot which was quite flat. It was that pretty rosewood table which we used to have in the parlor. My father had asked Mr. Wilcox to get us one when he went back east in 1850. When he returned the next year he brought two just alike, one for themselves. Anna Wilcox has ours now, I think, and theirs has again gone back to the old Wilcox home at Waioli, for I saw it there just the other day.

I loved climbing trees too. Are any of the Pride of India trees left on the old place, I wonder? Along the driveway leading down from the house there was an avenue of them and my great ambition was to climb every one of them. Some had long stretches of trunk without any branches, so that I had to get pieces of board to stand on at first. Often I would fall with a thud, knocking the breath quite out of me, but in a little while I would go at it again. I cannot remember whether I ever climbed them all.

Back of the Pride of India trees were lots of lovely twisty hau trees where we used to play church. There was a little Hawaiian girl who played with us too. The broad flat hau leaves made excellent books for pule and himeni, and we would pray and sing from them, holding them open in our hands. We just used the things we had, you see. We used to cut dolls out of oleander leaves, using the knob of the stem end for the head. And I still make bows and arrows for my small grandsons, arrows out of the spike of the sugar cane blossom and bows out of slender hau branches that bend very easily. We used to have such fun shooting with them when we were little.

And our guest books. Do you remember them, Dora? One was a giant kukui tree that stood near the house until it was struck down by lightning a few years ago. Until then it bore in its bark the initials of many of our guests. There was a second kukui tree too, which is still standing there and if you look sharp you can still make out some initials. When I was last there not long ago I could still see S. T. A. That was Sam Alexander who used to work in the plantation store. In the old days some of the young fellows would climb up quite high and leave their mark on upper branches as well. But almost all of them are quite grown over now, or fallen off with bits of bark. How strange that one of those old guest books still stands to mark the site of our old home!

## Keeping House

In the fall of 1857, when daughter Maria was fifteen, Mother Rice and Mollie spent a month visiting in Honolulu where home letters came to them by almost every vessel. To satisfy her mother's hunger for news of them all, Maria's letters were written in the form of a journal filled with vivid pictures of much that went on in the house. Two friends, Lizzie and Abbie Johnson, from the mission family at Hanalei, had come for a visit, as they sometimes did, riding over along the thirty-mile trail. Horseback riding was practically the only means of getting about in those days, and the young people took every opportunity to be out. Maria's journal gives us, likewise, glimpses of the well-loved Hawaiian helpers, who were more like friends than servants, and of the few white neighbors near by. The Prevosts were French people from New Orleans, Mr. Prevost having been engaged as an expert in the new science of sugar boiling. Quite probably he was the same person as the M. Prevost who worked at Koloa plantation some years earlier. The Smiths were the mission family ten miles away at Koloa, where also the Doles had settled after leaving Punahou in 1855.

Mr. E. P. Bond was judge of the Circuit Court on Kauai from 1851 to 1855. In earlier days, while the primitive law of Hawaii was slowly transforming itself into that of Anglo-Saxon civilization, the court, true to its name, had been held on circuit wherever the governor of the island chanced to sojourn and even as late as 1851 it was still convened at Hanalei. Judge W. H. Kailihaona of Nawiliwili was Associate Justice with Judge Bond, the first judicial officers on Kauai of whose transactions any written record now exists. Judge Bond lived afterward on the island of Maui, and although not related to the

mission family of Bond at Kohala, continued his interest in the islands even after his return to Boston. His English translation, appearing in *The Friend* of 1866, is the only form we now have of a noble Hawaiian letter to Abraham Lincoln written by one of Hawaii's national heroes, Rev. James Kekela, pioneer missionary to the Marquesas Islands.

Judge Jacob Hardy succeeded Judge Bond on Kauai in 1855, holding office until 1863 and later occupying

the same post for over thirty years. Wise, upright, fearless, he endeared himself to all who knew him and built much of himself into the life of Lihue and the whole island. His first wife was a mission child, daughter of Judge Andrews of Honolulu and therefore well known to the Rices. "Dear Mary Ellen", whose arrival from Honolulu was always heralded with such joy by Maria and Emily Rice, was Mrs. Hardy's youngest sister.

Mr. Hermann A. Widemann, who in 1863 succeeded Judge Hardy on the Kauai Circuit Bench, was a young German from Hanover, a student of both soldiering and navigation, who had arrived at the islands on a whaling



*Courtesy of E. White Sutton*

JUDGE JACOB HARDY

*As he appeared fifty years later to a young Honolulu lawyer.*

voyage, had soon followed the lure of California's gold, and finally returned to the islands, where he engaged in coffee culture. He and his wife, Mary Kaumana, with their young daughters, added much to the simple social pleasures of old days in Lihue. Mrs. Widemann, although brought up at Anahola, on the other side of the island, was of an old Lihue family, whose descendants still own a kuleana on the mauka land of Wai-momona, Rich-water, above Koamalu, and trace their ancestry to relationship with the dynasties of both Kamehameha and Kaumualii. In 1854 Mr. Widemann was employed as head luna or overseer on Lihue Plantation, but he shortly afterward acquired lands owned by Mr. Marshall and the surveyor, Mr. Pease, in Halehaka and Huleia valleys, and commenced planting cane independently on the estate which he called Grove Farm. During the next decade Mr. Widemann held a number of public offices on Kauai from that of road supervisor, school inspector and tax collector to sheriff, circuit judge and deputy governor of the island.

Maria Rice's journal letters tell the story of busy, happy days in the old house which already bore in some of its rooms the impress of individuality. One room was called the Marshall room, for Mr. J. F. B. Marshall, who had been the first manager at Lihue, and who continued for some years to visit it occasionally as one of the proprietors. And this name the room retained long after Mr. Marshall had won the rank of General in the Civil War. The Tecoma room was another. It was one of the end rooms, facing Haupu, or Mount Hoary Head, and was usually "the company room". From the lovely flowering vine which shaded it, it was rarely called anything but the Tecoma room. So the new house from China was beginning already to be an old house, touched and very deftly shaped in these simple annals of the young housewife, Hannah Maria.

Lihue, Oct. 27, 1857.

My Own Dear Mother,

It is just a little over 24 hours since I last saw you & Oh how I wonder where you are now. It has been a very busy day today. I have arranged Mrs. Cox's room & your closet in addition to the other necessary work, & I bought one of those cotton hdkh at the store & devided it into 4, two for Willie, & two for Anna, besides finishing off Fathers flannel shirt & tore off Emily's riding skirt. This is Emily's and Kailiahi's and my sewing this P.M. All are done but Emilys skirt. The girls spent the day at Mrs. Hardy's & Emily brought them home again this eve. Willie has been with Mr. C. gunning this P.M. & Father has been having the natives plant grass about the store today, he is very tired tonight. We had duck & kolea [plover] for dinner that Mr. C. shot last eve.

But it is time to retire. I will try & write more tomorrow. We think we saw the vessel Magnolia today just in the Horizon. The girls try to help. We churned this morn, nice butter.

Good night. May God bless you. Maria.

Oct. 28.

The girls were going to Mrs. Hardy's today again, but it rained & they were not very sorry to stay. Lizzie put on your old dressing gown & she cleaned my room while I did Father's & that closet where we wash. Lizzie scrubbed the bowl & pitcher till they looked as clean & white! Then I did the pantry & safe. Kaliepio washed the floors in the dining room & Parlor, so that the Tecoma room & store rooms are the only ones left to clean.

We had pea soup & Luau for dinner beside corn beef & vegetables. The pea soup was the best we had had for I put Onions & Tomatoes in it. Abbie & Emily sewed most all the morning. E's riding dress is done.

I cut out Anna's new dress & the skirt is all done & the waist almost. The waist I made Sague fashion. Lizzie, Abbie, Emily, Anna & I went to Madame Prevosts this P.M. The Excel came in just after dinner & Father & Willie went down & we did not see them till this eve. Lizzie & Emily went to Mr. Hardy's immediately after they came from Madame Prevost's, to get the girls clothes. They intend to go to Koloa tomorrow.

Anna said she was very tired tonight & said she would not go to Madame Prevost's again. I asked her who she was going to think of when she was going to sleep & she said "Papa". She stays with me almost all the time & is very good, often speaks of you, but says you will "come home 'noder day".

Father has sent me a keg of sugar so I shall not use so much white. . . . These mosquitoes are so troublesome that I must go to bed. Good night.

Lovingly,

Maria



*Photograph by J. Senda*

**ONE OF THE GUEST BOOKS AT KOAMALU**

*Still standing on the Koamalu grounds, although recently struck by lightning. Initials of guests of long ago may still be traced in the thickly encrusted bark of the trunk and branches.*

Oct. 29th.

I feel somewhat tired tonight for it has been a very busy day. Kaliapio, Lizzie & I have cleaned the store-room from lock-up to the door. Almost every thing except the table have been carried out doors & cleaned, the old pork barrel & lots of little things taken off, & shelves, table & room swept & then the last well scoured, & this evening I wish you could see them. It looks clean enough to eat off of. Lizzie scoured the spice box & wrote labels for jars, boxes &c. Besides this, we churned today. Lizzie tends to the butter, she likes it much, & I have baked Bread & Gingerbread. At dinner we had some of Capt. Cox's salmon which is very good, string beans, I. potatoes, bread fruit & drawn butter gravy. My bread is very good. I have had no failure in cooking yet, tho' the meals have been a little behind hand, the cleaning making us late.

Lizzie & Abbie went after dinner to Koloa. Willie "beau'ed" them over, he was very glad to get an opportunity to go & see the boys. I wrote to Mrs. Dole asking her to let one of them come home with him tomorrow (Friday) P. M. & also to get a bottle of Cologne from Dr. Smith.

Father & Anna have had quite a frolic this eve & Anna was so tired that not even the charms of button stringing could keep her awake & she fell fast asleep on the floor.

Mr. Bruns called this evening to get papers & return old ones. . . . I believe they are having some trouble at the mill with the new Copper steam kettle or rather the pipes.

Lizzie takes a real interest in my housekeeping & wants to help me all that she can & I have been very glad of her assistance & advice while I have been cleaning. My only fear is she will try to do too much. She says when she comes back she will take the butter into her own hands for it is just the work she likes.

Abbie does not like house work, but she & Emily get ready & sit down by 9 o'clock & sew pretty steady all day. Next week I intend to have school with Emily, Willie & Kailiaha. Kailiaha stays with us most all the time and it is very pleasant to have her. Anna is pretty good, but I shall keep her with me more after this & Willie too. He obeys me now, & has *not* called me names *once* since you went away. Father has been about the house a good deal which I am very glad of.

I miss you and Mrs. Cox every hour, but have not had time to be lonely yet, there has been so much to do.

Good night, dear Mother. God keep thee safely.

Oct. 30/57.

News for once! Mr. Reinhart is married. Miss Gandell is the favored one. Mr. & Mrs. Hardy were just on their horses to come over this way & the bridal party came up, so they alighted & the Knot was tied & they all came on together. I think of making some Cake tomorrow & inviting them all to tea, if Papa will do the inviting, as Mr. Dole will be here too.

Willie came back this afternoon, but without the boys, one of them going to Waimea with the girls tomorrow. Anna and I had some difficulty today, but after some whipping she gave in. After dinner E., A. & I started for Mrs. Hardy's with our work, but up by the cane met Father who told us he met them by the mill. So back we came, & Mr. & Mrs. H. made a very pleasant call.

I have not worked very much today as I felt some what tired.

Woodside, Lihue. Nov. 3, 1857.

My dear Mother,

Yesterday by the Excel we sent letters to you & a good letter it was too.

Nov. 6th.

I have not written in this Journal since Monday worth speaking of, but I have felt so sleepy evenings I could'nt.

We had Salmon, Luau, Vegetables & gravy with a pia pudding, for dinner. After dinner we all went to the Mill & stayed an hour or so then went to Madame Prevosts but found all shut up could not find any traces of any one any wheres so we sat down on the Varandah & sent Willie to the Mill to find whether she had gone away, he came back & said Mr. Prevost said she was very sick, had a dreadful sore throat & had not eaten any thing for *five* days, just slept all the time.

Poor Woman! all alone there from 3 or 4 till 7 or 8 o'clock. When we went to the Mill I offered my services if I could do any thing to Mr. Prevost for his wife. But he said she could not eat & only slept all the time.

Thursday Mr. & Mrs. Hardy came with the children about 1/2 past ten. Mr. H. went away immediately, but came back to dinner. For dinner I had half a pig, Beans, Haha, Potatoes, Taro cake, gravy, Cranberry sauce, & Custard pudding. Mrs. Hardy seemed to enjoy the dinner pretty well, & I had a very pleasant day. Alice & Anna were as happy as birds, to have a day to play & dear little Maggie toddled around laughing & happy too. Anna begged me to write to you that Alie came & that Maggie can walk. About 4 Mrs. Widemann came with her children & they stayed till dusk.

Friday. We went to the Orange trees & got some really large Oranges I will try to send some to you. They seem to have some trouble at the Mill, those Wheels that Weston made do *not do* at all, & the juice pump gets out of order. They have not ground but 2 days with water this week & will not I think till some new



*By Courtesy of Mrs. Martha Berger*

*Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Widemann about 1855 with their daughters  
Emma and baby Martha.*

wheels come. Father aids me some what in having a fence made around the little garden & I hope the first of next week to have it done.

Saturday Nov 7th

Since you have been gone I have made 2 dresses for Anna, here are their patterns. . . . not extra proportions you see by my drawing, & two saques. One blue Flannel & the other like those dresses, red. E's loose dress is cut out & a new hooped skirt for my self nearly done beside mending &c

Sunday Nov. 8th

A letter from you today. Oh I am so *glad* to hear at last. I have been pretty nervous & impatient to hear from you, it is almost two weeks since you went, I should not have been so impatient but Dr. Smith told us on Wednesday that the John Young would be down the next day & I have been expecting a letter every hour almost since. I am so glad you like Mr. Strong, I more than half tho't you would. He always preaches *good* sermons to my ear & I shan't forget them in a hurry. Don't you think he has a very meek thoughtful air as he goes into the pulpit? Oh those Honolulu people—they will have something to answer for, for treating that good man in such a way.

I read to Anna about the Father & the Soul today, she did not like the last chapter at all, you know it repeats very often "you must die" & the like. Anna was all in a hard cry before I got thro' & said "that you read wasn't good, I don't like it." Read two chapters in Lucy Thurston to Willie, he seems much interested. And I read your letter to all the children. Willie is pleased that you praised him for his letter & will feel like writing again.

God bless you. Maria.

Faithful Maria, doing what she knew to be right, though it brought the terrors of the damned to little three-year-old baby Anna! Better success attended the reading aloud from that little primer of missions, *A Missionary's Daughter*, the brief story of the Lucy Thurston who had been born in Hawaii in 1823 and who died in New York in 1841, a life that must of necessity interest other children of the Sandwich Islands Mission. After

this Sabbath reading, Maria's housekeeping journal informs her mother of the busy Monday following.

Monday Nov 9th

My dear Mother. This morning we churned, I do want Lizzie to "come home" for I don't like taking care of the butter at all. The Sago, Raisins, & Tapioca came safely & in very good condition. I had a Sago pudding for dinner with raisins in it & it was very good. Was somewhat disappointed that there were no spices or Catsup & Rice & that lamp in the parlor wants a chimney, you know. Did you get the butter? Was it good?

We were sorry not to hear any thing from dear Mollie. Emily has been very opposite to day, every thing I wanted she tho't should be different & some what tantrmy has gone off to her own room this eve to sleep.

Mrs. Hardy has invited us there to morrow. Willie & Emily went to ride this P.M. & afterwards Willie & I. We went to Madame Prevosts. She was about, but all bundled up. Said she had been very sick, then we rode some in the Cane it is beginning to tassel & in a week will be covered with tassels as every stalk (almost) blooms.

Sunday Eve. Nov. 15, 1857.

My dear Mother.

I have not recommenced my Journal since Thursday when we sent letters by the Excel. Today Mr. Dole came, George came yesterday with Dr. Smith who went on to Wailua to spend the Sabbath & Abbie went with him to meet her Father who is at Anahola.

The sermon was very good. Text was "Oh that I might die the death of the righteous &c". Mr. D. read the whole Chapter before Sermon & made a good many comments.

All the Children went to Native meeting except Lizzie & self & Anna. Read to Anna in Peep of day. She was very much interested in the good & wicked Angels. Read to Willie in Lucy Thurston & Precept upon Precept.

Monday

Mr. Dole & Malvina went this morn. George stays till Wednesday. I do not know as I have told you that since you went

away we have all come to supper, they are so few of us now, & it is so much more pleasant. Sundays I have had a cold dinner about 1/2 past 12. Yesterday had a Cold turkey & Vegetables. I made some Papiyan sauce Saturday which was very popular.

Nov. 17th Tuesday

Lizzie Emily Anna & I went to Madame Prevosts to French lesson, Madame was in good spirits & our lesson was very pleasant. I begged some Nasturtion seeds to plant around the fence in the garden for this morn Kaliapio & I have been at work in it. I hope to get it in nice order before you return. We debated whether we should go & call on Mrs. Rienhart & Ausgut or not but as the six o'clock bell rung concluded not to. We found father waiting for us & he & Anna had a frolic. The Gents went out as soon after prayers as they could & Emily brought her paper dolls & played on the parlor table. Father kept blowing them away tho'. George & Emily made paper doll all Tuesday afternoon.

Thursday, Nov. 19,/57.

This morn we hurried up the work & all went down to get Cucumbers to pickle. We got quite a number of small ones, afterwards we went to the Orange trees & got a few Oranges. But did not stay long as I felt quite unwell. We bathed & were home two hours before dinner & Lizzie did my hair up like a lady.

Father was not home till 1/2 past two, & I said to him in jest, "Of course there is no vessel come." "Why yes there is," he said & presently handed me the letters. I was very much surprised as we had a high West wind all day & I had understood that vessels would not go out in such wind from Honolulu. I cannot tell you how glad we are to hear from you, during the three weeks & 3 days you have been gone we have heard from you but twice.

Friday, Nov. 20th

The things you sent, have come & Anna is in a state of perfect glorification at those boxes of blocks, she can hardly think of anything else, her shoes, that red part! Oh she hardly knew whether her heels were up or down.

I feel hardly better. So many nice things. There is only one thing you sent that I cannot find that is the emery bag. I like that table cover very much & it makes the room look quite gay.

This morning, We Churned & I baked Bread, & Bridgets bread Cake, & preserved Citron, & began to Pickle Gherkins, & cleaned out the Store room. I do not think dear Mother that you can say that your girls have been *Idle* while you are gone. Some of those beautiful dried Apples are soaking tonight to pay penalty to-morrow. The Milk has increased a little within the last two days but I very much fear I cannot send you much butter next time. The Chickens are very troublesome indeed half a doz. have gone into the "Hale Paahao" as Kaliapio says, this afternoon.

Father has quite a severe headache this eve, & I got warm water to soak his feet. I think he is getting very lonely for you. You know we girls do not know how to entertain him. The Carraige is all mended.

Emily & Lizzie took a ride this P.M. they went to the beach & saw the "Excel", "Keona Ana", a little vessel from Kalihiwai & a large boat with a mast beside little boats. Was'nt that quite a number for Nawiliwili? We are all glad to hear Mary Ellen is coming down. Maggie Hardy is a most entertaining little creature. She will march right up now & sit in our laps & talk.

I am very glad to hear you enjoy yourself so much & Mary too, but I hope you will not be sorry to come home again. Emily says she has received your letter, she says she does not beleive we will ever need any more embroidery thread.

May God be with you & bring you home safely. Lovingly  
Maria

Woodside, Saturday, November 21st 1857.

Ever dearest Mother

I have been busy all day to day. This morn I put away all those things you sent me & Lizzie & I scoured up the Castor & Monkey jug & I cleaned the Commode & Safe & Store room. Kaliapio washed the Dining room & Parlor, too. My new loose dress & Emily's too are done & I have a brilliant skirt.

Mrs. Widemann & Children came & spent the afternoon today. Anna, Otto & Pattie had a great play with Annas new blocks. You could not possibly have got any thing that will afford her more amusement, & pleasure.

After they went away I rode over to Mrs. Hardys alone. They all seemed very glad to see me, & Allie wants to come &

see Annas blocks. Mrs. Hardy is very glad that Mary Ellen is coming. George Wilcox has sent some Sage.

Every body seems to be asleep & I "reckon" I will follow their example. So Good night. Holy Angels keep you & watch over your slumbers. Lovingly Maria.

Sunday Eve

Today has been quite quiet. Father felt too tired to go to native meeting & so of course none of us went, somewhat to Annas disappointment who wanted to show her new shoes to the natives. Father read one of the Village sermons this P.M. You know "His brother minister S. C. Damon" sent them to him.

Monday morn. Nov. 23.

Father is going to send a man to Koloa with our letters as the "Excel" has gone there tho there is a load here ready to take up. I don't think he likes it that she has gone there because if she takes the Koloa sugar you know we cannot send by any other vessel & of course we are in a hurry for ours to get up first so that the market will not be stopped. Possibly she will yet come back.

I have got the nut of our center lamp ready to send, & I do hope you will find chimneys to fit. I will write a list of things that we want

	Chimneys for hanging lamp
	Shade " " "
Anna wants a	Little broom, like Allie's
Emily says she would like a	Hat
"	Emery bag
"	large Hair pins
Anna says she wants a new	Dress
	Cans of fruit,

Kailiaha wishes you to buy her one of those  $\frac{1}{2}$  dollar belts, Indian rubber.

As for myself I do not think *I need* any thing but if you would get quite a quantity of thread, needles, & pins, they would not come amiss here. Oh some cheap gloves, & a couple of dishes for cooked fruit you know ours are very much worn. I forgot to tell you that Emily burnt a great hole in the green lamp shade. And mother dear do you not think a *small* vase would be very convenient now that my nice little "horn of plenty" is broken. Oh dear!

Father is quite disposed to laugh at you for spending so much money.

I hope you will let me have one of those E. & H. Testaments. We expect to go to Mrs. Hardy's this afternoon to help her fit her riding dress.

Mrs. Dole complains that I have not written her since you have been gone. I do not think you can complain, for see, I am upon my 20 page.

Anna wanted to know this morn if it was a day to play & when we told her yes she wanted to know if it was afternoon day, and when we said no, it was morning she said "now I can't play Maria says I cant play till afternoon with my blocks."

I hope you have had my pins mended. Do have Yours & Marys Ambrotypes taken.

Anna says to her kitties, "Look to me & not cry," they all have opened their eyes & she is perfectly happy between them & her blocks & shoes.

They begin today to have the new Cane cut. We are going to get some flowers.

Love to Mollie.

Anna prays every night for you & Mollie & Mr. & Mrs. Cox. I must go & get dinner & bathe.

Lovingly,

Maria.

And when Sister Maria was away from home, what a blank her departure left! In 1855 she went back to Honolulu to school at Punahou and in later years attended school at Koloa under Father and Mother Dole. But even the short twelve miles from Lihue through the



"BABY NANA"

Anna Charlotte Rice about 1856

mountain gap of Koloa seemed a long distance, and messages of all descriptions followed her. Most of these loving letters seem to have been kept, for beside many folded ones of later dates there still exists a thick volume of sheets written during the fifties, carefully unfolded and sewed together at the back and marked in her mother's hand: "Compiled by Maria Rice Isenberg and at the request of her husband saved for her children." Among these are many from spirited young Emily.

Dear Maria

Mollie & I sleep in your bed. The rain leaked down in our room so we abandoned it. I went to milk this morning we are having school only we aint. Will you make us some paper doll's only don't make Mollie any cause she fights me. Opunui has got well and wears Kaniho's dresses.

Good By from Emily.

Letters from her mother also told Maria of the busy days at Koamalu:

Dear Child

. . . . We long to see you again and are all counting the days until your return. . . . At first Anna did not wish to speak of you, but this morn when Emily was setting the table Anna said, "Emily, sit by me, I got no Moma." . . . .

Anna talks of Moma and we all miss you . . . . Emily wrote you a pleasant note, but by mistake it was left & she destroyed it. I was vexed with her.

. . . . I have just finished putting to rights, all in order but the Tecoma room. . . . Now I sit in your little room thinking of you, praying for you & it brings you so to mind. I hope you have had a pleasant Sabbath & a profitable one.

Willy has been ill with the influenza, has scarcely spoken loud for three days. . . . I do wish to tell you how much you helped me when you were at home & I miss you much. Were you so afraid in the last thunder storm? I thought of you all the time.

. . . . It is a very stormy day. We are glad you did not come over these slippery roads. Anna crying says, "Moma come home",

but when I tell her Moma's horse would slip & hurt Moma, she is content. She says, "I love Moma very much & Please Moma not slip down get kill." She is singing away.

Mother.

The arrival of ships was in those far-off days much more momentous than today. Once in 1856, when Maria was in Honolulu, her mother wrote:

. . . . We are expecting the King, Queen & suite today. . . . Just now father cried out, "Sail ho!" Anna's face brightened and she exclaimed, "Moma come, Anna hat, see Moma come." Then she ran out to ask Opunui, and ran about saying, "Moma come tomallow." . . . . Anna gets along pretty well—clings to Emily, but talks of you.

At this time a brother of Father Rice made his home in the Koamalu family. Like so many others suffering from consumption, or tuberculosis as it is now called, he had fled the rigor of northern winters to try a more tropical climate. In these home letters frequent references were made to "Uncle Hubbell", whom all loved.

Dear Child

You will be disappointed in not hearing from us today, but Mr. Widemann killed beef & we hope to send tomorrow.

Uncle seems better again. We have trimmed up the trees, but if you are not pleased, you will be willing to have them so, as Uncle likes it much better.

Father hopes to ride over for you Friday to the bridge or beyond after 2 P.M. & then you will have all that is new. I love to have you come. Anna says "Love Moma". She sends 2 oranges to Moma, 1 to Dore & 1 to Fany.

Indeed we all miss you & long for your return. When your father came back I teased him for his attention to you, said he must set store by you. "Set store!" said he, "I love her with all my heart & soul." So you see if you do not secure the attention of general society, you are loved at home, which is a true woman's highest ambition. . . .

Lovingly your

Mother.

Once when Molly was also away, she received this epistle from Emily:

Dear Mary

I am going to write you a letter instead of Maria cause she never answer's my letters. I found a peice of paper in her room so I am going to write on it. I am lonely now because I do not have any body to play with but Anna & she tears my dolly's. I have been playing & making doll's all the morning & Anna has got a cold & cant play out of doors.

But I must stop

Emily

And again both Emily and Molly kept Maria informed of what went on in the children's world, Mollie's letters being printed in large, laborious capitals:

Emily & I have just been see sawing at the iron fence. Yesterday I painted in your Merry's Museum will you forgive me. Mother has made some orange jellie.

Good Bye from your dear little monstrous

Molly

. . . . Us children have built a city for our paper dolly's there

is a doctors house, a ministers house a hotel a meeting house & a school house. Mary Ellen has the millers house and the hotel Willie has the farmers house & another. Molly has the Doctors house & I have the ministers house our city is out in the grove we used to play in. . . .



MARIA AND MOLLY RICE  
About 1852

Mr. Widemann has got a railroad car he is going to use it in his oil business Molly has seen it.

Yesterday we went to the orchard I climbed up in that large tree & I could hardly get

down. We got a water melon & broke it open & then put our feet in it because it was rotten.

We went down to Mr. Widemans yesterday they were getting ready for the King & Queen washing windows & doing such work.

. . . . We went over to Mr. Hardy's this morning Mary & I bathed with Mary Ellen. We went all over the pond. She has two banana stocks & a rush boat to sail on we played that we were fishing she would get on a banana stock & I would dive under & pretend to catch a whale.

I have just been doing squash for pies. . . . I have been over to the store helping mother do the poi list, we have picked the grandilla. I am going under the house to get eggs now we have got 7 pine apples dont you wish you could have some

Your Aff. Sister Emily

Dear Maria

I send you two peices of paper to make some paper dolls of. I want you to make to twin men & their wives and another man & a woman girl, boy. I can not write any more so good by.

Mary.

And even later when the printing had changed to script, the appeals were similar from both Emily and Molly:

. . . . Please make me some paper dolls & send them to me. I want a whole family a man a woman a boy some twin girls and a baby make Emily some too.

We are not going to have school today because we are sick. I had to take some salts & it was awful bitter.

Make Anna some paper dollys we all want some.



MOTHER RICE AND MOLLY  
About 1850

. . . . We have picked the citron it smelt very sweet. Your lame yellow hen has got a beautiful brood of chickens. We played a good while this morning in that large tree above the store. I was Mary Ellen's husband we had nice times.

We were reciting our spelling lesson & Anna came in bringing the little grandilla fruit it was not half grown & perfectly green.

Occasionally there appeared a letter from Brother Willie, who apparently spent as little time indoors as possible.

Dear Maria

I have just been up in the tree and got a good many water lemons I gave Anna 2 Mary 3 myself 4 & Emily 5.

I go to the cattle pen every morning I milked a wild cow this morning. We have got a cow named speckled back.

Now I have got to go & tend to Dr. Smiths horse. . . .

Your brother Willy

Again Mollie's capital letters, sprawling but emphatic, fashion a news budget and items of instruction for Maria and Emily at school:

Dear Sisters

Mr. Whipple gave Anna a Bottle of Sweet Scenting Rose Stuff & I gave her some Paper Dolls. Anna was sick yesterday & has not got well yet.

Mother says you Maria must mend your own stockings & Emily must mend her tattered petticoat. She sends you some fruit which is about the last of them. I hope you are having nice times over to Koloa.

Good bye Mollie.

The spice of very human mischief scents the air of these childish letters, for, like several of the good mission mothers, these small mission daughters "loved to giggle," and half the fun was in telling Sister Maria about it afterwards. Maria entered into all their good times, though she was often very sedate, their brother said,

"and Emily, though she looked sedate, was mischievous and full of jokes."

Dear Maria we are going to have Arithmetic. There was a auction in the store of Dr. Wylie's things. Mrs. Bond gave us some very pretty ribbon & my hat is trimed with it. Anna is very mischievous now.

Good Bye from your Mary Sister

It is raining hard this is my letter.

Emily D. Rice.

Dearest Sister Maria

Emily has painted a good many pictures today.

Do you have to eat with a silver fork?

One day when we were sliding we saw Mr. Ausgut coming & we wanted to show off so we waited at the top of the hill till he came along & then we went sliding & when we got to the bottom of the hill we all tumbled off.

We write in your room Please write me a letter.

Mary Sophia Hyde Rice junior

Dear Maria

Father has been surveying up in the woods. He is going for you Tomorrow if nothing prevents.

We showed Mrs. R. and Mrs. S your silk dress they thought it was beautiful. When they were going away Mary & I climbed up in a Koa tree so we would not have a great time kissing.

Mother wants you to bring home some slips of the pomegranate if Mrs. Dole will let you.

Mary was crying today saying how I wish Maria was at home.

I am sleepy so good night

April 3d.

Dear Hannah Maria

Last night we went to walk with mother to some natives houses. Mother goes to walk or ride most every day.

Anna picked lots of pohas & mother made a pie of them.

I only got April fooled two times I should think Willie got fooled about 20 times I pinned a night cap on mother & a great

white cloth on father & a large red ribbon on Willie & a collar on Mary but I can not tell you the rest as you will not be interested in it.

· Anna makes the little kitties squeal a great deal. There is no Kittie for you but you may have the head & fore legs of mine.

Anna ate 5 bannanas this morning for breakfast.

Mother keeps books for father.

Mary has a sore under her foot Willie has a sore on his hands Anna has a sore on her heel & lastly though not the most important of all I have a little bile on my arm . . . .

Mother found out she was wearing your garter boots. She will send them over . . . .

Dear Maria

When you went away yesterday Anna cried some but we stopped her by letting her go to the store with us we bought 3 pairs of shoes one for Mother Mary & myself then we had two of our lessons geography & spelling then Mary & I went & turned heels over head in the grass then we got some cane & went down by the fence & begun to eat it the steamer has come in & I hope no company has come. . . . .

We have got the stove moved in the new cook room. It does not smoke at all now. I do not believe you can read this scrip scrap scrawl.

Aug. 9, 1856.

. . . . . We received your letters yesterday & the beads and the gloves & the pieces of silk. Anna has 5 strings of beads Molly 1 & me 1. Mother gave me the blue pair of gloves & she had the other 2 pairs. Did Mrs. M. sink the vessel?

Mary Ellen went home today. Mr. Hardy got the colic. We are frying doughnuts some of them got burnt, those us children are going to have. We went up to that large tree above the store & played a good while this morning.

Father has come down from the water ditch. We are going over to Mr. Widemann's tomorrow if nothing prevents.

Your Sister Emily Dole Rice

## Letters from the Old Homes

That the foundations of this home at Koamalu had been firmly laid in love, hard work, self-sacrifice and faith in God, is a conclusion not far to seek. One might even surmise a corollary, namely that such a home had had its origin in New England or some neighboring state. And such, indeed, was the case, for as soon as they could write and almost as soon as they could talk, the Rice children became well acquainted with Grandfather Rice, Grandfather Hyde, Aunt Lucy, and the other relatives who lived an ocean and a continent away. As a child of eight Maria of her own accord began to save a third of her "sixpences" for a gift to Aunt Lucy,—names of American coinage being still borrowed from Old England and even transplanted the eighteen thousand miles to the Sandwich Islands. Glimpses into even a few of the letters from these far-away kinsmen show how closely knit was the family bond, transcending time and space. And although most of the painstaking little letters written to these relatives by the child Maria are now lost to us, their spiritual substance survives in the eager answers that returned across the distance.

Covington, Kentucky, March 10, 1854.

My dear Hannah Maria,

Your kind letter of Dec. 26 came to hand in due time. You dont know what kindlings of affection it waked up in my bosom to know that I had a little Grand Daughter whom I never saw taking so lively interest in my welfare. Yes, when I read your letters & then look at your likeness in the picture your Pa sent us, it is a cause of heart felt thankfulness to the Great Dispenser of blessings that there is a way open (although separated so widely) for us to correspond with our friends at a distance. . . .

And now my dear H. Maria, learn all you can that is useful. You are the eldest Child of your Father's family, you will be

looked up to for an example by all the younger members of the family. Even that pet Babe you speak of will soon be looking to you for a course of conduct for her to follow. Well, all that I can say is, Honor your Father & Mother.

Your Gran Ma joins with me in sending love to all.

Your Gran Pa Rice.

Covington, Nov. 13, 1854.

My dear H. Maria,

. . . . I feel under great obligation to write to one that has taken so much pains to write to me with so much affection & love. You dont know how glad I was to get such a beautiful description of the landscape & scenery where you live. Those groves must be so nice to throw such a cooling shade over you, living as you do under a vertical sun. I could almost wish myself there to share the pleasure with you. I think that all those lovely spots should have a tendency to soften the heart & make us better. You mentioned that you united with the church which is the most important news to me of all. . . .

Now faith is something like this—you believe that you have a Gran Pa here in the U. S. & therefore you write to him in confidence, believing that he will give you an answer, although you never saw him. . . . Just so we should believe all that the Bible tells about the Saviour. . . . I rejoice that you have set out in the Christian race so young. . . . I feel that I have lost much by delay, & I would say to you, Cultivate the Christian Graces, God Giveth Grace to the humble. . . .

I feel that the time of my writing to friends is short, though my rule is to answer all the letters I receive. You gave me a description of your dwelling house which I was much pleased with. I always like particulars. . . . Your Mother will not neglect to write some thing every chance, she dont know how much we prize every letter from her. The rest of this sheet I must fill for your Father.

Your Grand Pa Rice

And two years later "Gran Pa Rice" sent Maria a cameo pin, "a little present given by a Lady" who had shown great interest in a letter from Maria which her grandfather had read in "Sabbath School". He added:

This Lady that gave the pin would be much pleased if you would send your daguerreotype to her. . . . You dont know how much interest it awakens to have some token of respect sent from one living on Heathen Ground. . . .

“Gran Pa and Gran Ma Rice” had not always lived in the South, but had been so enterprising as to take up a small farm there after their large family had grown away from the old home farm in Hannibal, Oswego County, New York. Little by little these sons and daughters, even William Harrison from “Heathen Ground”, sent their mite to help clear the mortgage on the new homestead. As early as 1845 Grandfather Rice had given evidence of his conviction on the great question which even then was beginning to mark the boundaries between North and South. He wrote to his son William, “I suppose you would like to know why it is we are here in a slave state.” And twenty years later several of his sons served under the Confederate flag in the conflict of civil war. The more immediate concern of Grandfather Rice, however, was the saving of souls, an enterprise in which he enlisted his services as colporteur or Bible reader with the American Tract Society, spending the day on horseback going from house to house, often among the slave people, to whom he became greatly endeared. In this same early letter of 1845 he wrote:

Ever dear Harrison & Mary, little ones & all,

. . . . Yesterday was observed as a day of public thanksgiving in this State. I dont know but Kentucky will yet nearly come up to the Sandwich Islands in Morrals & Religion, for I understand this to be the first thanksgiving day ever held in the State.

We have received several letters the past year. Your sister Maria received one containing a lock of hair from each of your children which was very pleasing to us all.

Your Father

Joseph Rice

In 1853 Grandfather Rice described more fully his self-appointed task, writing, as he frequently did, to Grandfather Hyde at Eden, Erie County, New York.

My field of labor is an interesting & an arduous one. Those that will take the trouble to go through the hilly part of Kentucky will find that not all of the heathen are away off in the Islands of the sea or in foreign lands. I find that one 7th of the families are destitute of the Bible, & some have no Book of any kind. A great portion of the heads of families can neither read nor write. . . .

I have free access to the slave population. . . . At one place I told the Lady of the house that I would be glad to have all the Blacks on the plantation come in. One old Black woman had said she would like to be in at prayer time. There were some 15 or 20 came in Sabbath afternoon, all cleaned up, & behaved respectful while I prayed with & for them. . . .



"GRAN PA" JOSEPH RICE  
About 1869

For years Grandfather Rice corresponded faithfully with his children "on the islands of the sea", his facts and figures still clear, although the handwriting began to show the quavers of old age:

Covington, Oct. 3d, 1857.  
My dear Grand Daughter  
Maria,

. . . . I have been looking for some time for a letter from Emily & Willie, also from your father, but none has reached me yet. Remember our love to them & tell them not to omit writing to us right often. Every letter I get from any of you seems to inspire us with new life. I get so trembling & blun-

dering I dislike to write much, but will try to answer all letters from there as long as I can hold a pen.

. . . . You ask whether I visit the same families more than once. I have three Counties for my field of labor, it takes me about six months to go over one county, consequently it takes a full year and a half to get over the whole field once. I have two Cities, Covington & Newport, both containing 25,000 inhabitants. Those cities I reserve for my winter work, in doing so I can come home every night. Covington & Newport are joining each other except Licking River divides them. We have a wire suspension Bridge over the River that unites the two, no trouble in crossing except paying ten cents for both ways.

Sometimes I call on the same families 3 or 4 times in the course of the year, & in Covington I have about 200 papers to distribute Monthly. For the past year I have not rode on horse-back, but have rode in a Buggy. It became too hard for me to lift my saddle bags full of Books on & off the horse some 15 or 20 times in a day. My Buggy is what we call a rockaway, the Body comes down low between the wheels, & the wheels a good ways apart so that I can step in very easy with one foot step. It is covered so that I can ride in a heavy shower & not get wet. The part of my field that I have spent this summer in, I had not visited for 4 years past, namely on North & East Bend on the Ohio River in Boon County from 15 to 30 miles from home. My horse is a deep bay, not large, 8 years old, kind & gentle.

We intend to make your Aunt Elizabeth a visit next week & then I suppose your Grand Ma will comply with your request that is to kiss your little cousin Ernest in your name. . . .

Write soon.

Your Gran Pa J. Rice



"GRAN MA" SARAH RICE  
About 1869

Covington, June 3, 1858.

. . . . I received a letter about a month ago from Maria stating you had sent by Capt. Cox a keg of sugar. Saw in *The Friend* that he left Honolulu the 2nd of Dec. bound for New Bedford in the ship *Magnolia*. I wrote him at that place to forward it & after its long journey by way of South Sea Islands, Cape Horn, Boston, some 19,000 miles, it reached here last Saturday in good order. One of the hoops was off the end so that it drained a little, but we took out one hundred ten pounds. We value it highly . . . . as being an article of your own production.

And now Harrison & Mary & all of the children, let me tell you it would be the Greatest Earthly enjoyment I can think of if we could just for once sit down with you in your own home & talk over the way in which the Lord has led us for the past 18 years, but we must be contented to wait till we can sit down with Abraham, Isaac & Jacob & each other in the Kingdom of Heaven, if the Lord will please to have it so. Why, that will be Heavenly joy, I think. . . .

Sept. 9, 1858.

My dear Grand Daughter Maria

. . . Your picture arrived the first day of this month. . . . We have seen the Lady that is to have it to Church, but she has not yet come for it. . . .

Your Gran Pa is in his 76th year of age, your Gran Ma in her 69th year of her age, & both of us are enjoying perfect good health & I dont know but we are as happy as we can be unless we have more religion. Our yard is studded with flowers, shrubbery & shade trees, our 3 acres of ground supplies us with plenty of fruit & vegetables, not many apples this year but a supply of peaches. Your Gran Ma has just brought in some very large, tinged with red. We would be much pleased if you was here to share with us in eating them. We are about two miles from Church, out of the noise & bustle of the City & free from City taxation.

It would please me much to visit Lihue Plantation & witness the Sugar Making with free labor. I think the sugar sweeter & better than ours that is forced out by the lash—better as you say stimulate the men with an extra 25 cts than apply the whip. I had no idea that the Islands were paying so much attention to the manufacturing of Sugar till I read your letter. I thank you for the

description you gave of the products of the Islands. It was very interesting to me also of the churches, Sabbath Schools, &c. I suppose you are already informed by the papers of the great revival all over the States & Canada the past year.

Now the great excitement is the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. I think the World will not be satisfied till it is all tied together with wire ropes. May it prove the means under God of uniting the World in love & friendship, harmony & peace & of hastening the time when nations shall learn War no more, & when every man shall respect his fellow man.

When I am at home I go to Church in the forenoon, come home, get dinner, then go one mile the other way, superintend a Sabbath School. It keeps me quite busy. . . .

Tell Emmy & Willie to write again. Write again soon.

Your Gran Pa & Gran Ma Rice

At home, June 27, 1859.

Dear Children,

Those bills of exchange arrived the 20 of May . . . . The bank gave me the face of the bill without any cost or charge. I discharged my debt at the Bank & have 225 Dollars left which relieves me entirely from any anxiety in regard to debts & perhaps have a little left which will aid me in laying in stores for winter. We hope that nothing will occur that will place me under the necessity of calling on you for any more aid, although so generously offered. How to express my feelings & gratitude to my children I know not . . . .

Your Mother is somewhat lonely while I am gone. We keep a Boy that has no other home. He can hoe garden & do anything that is wanted. We raise as many vegetables as we need. I have an acre of corn, it looks fine, much of it as high as my shoulders. I planted every hill myself & have plowed it over 4 times. This I have done at odd spells when I came home. I put my horse to the plow, set the Boy on his back & go at it like an old Yankee farmer. We had an abundance of strawberries, raspberries, some cherries, very few apples, a sprinkling of peaches,—not a full crop.

Many Blessings rest upon you for the letters of the whole family congratulating us that our lives & Healths, rational & natural faculties were all continued to us for fifty years from the

day of our marriage. . . . We cannot express our feelings of joy on the receipt of the family letter in regard to the Golden Wedding that that time should be celebrated by our absent children though mountains tower & oceans roll between. I will just tell Mary that her Gran Ma did not wear hoops on that day. . . .

Nov. 18, 1859.

Dear Grand Daughter H. Maria,

. . . You dont know how much pleasure it gives us to get letters from our Grand Children whom we have never seen. . . . Yet we dont feel lonely when we are both at home. We are always glad to hear that you are trying to do something for the little natives in learning them to read, also teaching them the first principles of our holy Religion. . . . I think you will find it a slow task to translate that book into the native tongue.

We thank you for the ages of the whole family. It seems your Father & Mother prize that Bible I gave them 19 years ago very highly to keep it so nice.

Some time in Sept. a Gentleman & Lady drove up to the door. I met the man between the door & the gate. He introduced himself as Mr. Alexander from the Sandwich Islands. It did not take us long to form an acquaintance. They had their little daughter with them. They came at noon while we were at dinner, & staid with us two nights. You may imagine we enjoyed the visit much. They were so social & gave us a great deal of information respecting yourselves & others & the country, the manner of Harrison's irrigating his plantation, &c. &c.

We are very much pleased with Mary's printed letters. I dont know a girl of her age in this country that could excel her in that style of writing. And that little prattler Anna, your Gran Ma says she wants her to come & talk, sing, laugh & play to her as much as she pleases, the more the better.

It is a chronicle of surprising vitality and long-continued usefulness. During the winter of 1861 Grandfather Rice described to "Dear Daughter Mary" his activities of the decade just past:

I have settled with the Tract Society the first day of January. It was just ten years from the time I entered their

service. During that time I distributed 25,800 volumes of their publications & visited 18,000 families, rode six years on horse-back & 4 years in a buggy, estimated travel 16,000 miles. Besides I sold & granted 500 dollars worth of Bibles. Now I am out of business except what I can do at home.

Your Mother earns our living now by boarding three young men, she does all the housework for us all. But this coming season we shall spend some months with our children & friends. We should like to call & make you a visit, but your not living on the Eastern rout, we shall have to forego such a visit for the present.

At this distance of time no one but an exile himself can know the joy brought by these "letters from home". Voluntary indeed was the pilgrimage of these missionaries across the rolling deep of two oceans, yet for all they moved upon the wings of faith and fortified themselves with the intense happiness of their devotion to the cause of saving souls from outer darkness, and for all the joy they took in the planting of their own homes, not in the wilderness, but in these far island gardens of the sea, their heart life was none the less lived ever in exile from the homes and scenes of their youth.

Up to this point, however, the letters have given us only a small part of one side of the family picture, sketched by the loving hand of "Gran Pa Rice." Of Grandfather Hyde's life as a devoted missionary on the Indian frontier, then at close range near Buffalo Creek, more than one interesting volume might be put together. The same is true of the home there in the wilderness, the rough log cabin where the burdens of the feeble mother were so soon taken up by the elder step-daughter, Eunice. To this day the name Eunice is held in gentle memory among the Rice family in Hawaii, because of the love and reverence which "little Grandmother" cherished for it. It had meant *mother* to her almost from the time that she could remember, for it was Sister

Eunice who had bathed and dressed and fed the little flock of six Hyde children, never thinking of herself even on the payment to her of a small inheritance from Grandfather Huntington of Norwich, Connecticut, but spending it all to keep her father's home together. And when it came time to send little Mary Sophia as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, Sister Eunice it was who paid her tithe to the Lord that year in fitting out the young bride for her distant journey. For the Lord's tithe was an obligation always met in that little household where the sight of coin was a rare thing. And the following year Sister Eunice "tithed her flannel and wool in stockings forwarded for the American Board of Foreign Missions," she wrote.

This little home on the Indian frontier was indeed one of self-denial and rigid economy. Writing back to it from the tropical sunshine of Honolulu, Mary Sophia recalled some of its privations and the bleak winters of her childhood in the forest and lake region of upper New York state not far from Niagara Falls:



AUNT LUCY HYDE REEVES  
*About 1862*

Punahou, March 24, 1852.

My own dear sister Lucy,

. . . . It has been a comfort when reading the accounts of the very cold winter that you received the draft. Have you a carpet? It would make your room so much more comfortable in winter. Has Father a good rocking-chair? The children wish to furnish these two articles, if you are without them. . . . We have New York papers to Jan. 22. What a cold winter you have had! I long to hear how you have endured it.

A young man by the name of Slocum who lived in our family several months & was head carpenter on our school house intends to return to the U.S.A. & expects to pass through Buffalo. He has promised us that he will visit you in about a year from this time. I sent by him the little mats, the first work of the sort done by the little girls. . . . I shall try to send another draft before Mr. Slocum visits you, to pay the expense he incurs visiting you.

. . . . Three mails from the U.S.A. have arrived here the past week but no word from home or brother Atwood. . . . The piece sent was 5 dollars in gold, three from me and the other two Maria has been gathering by sixpences ever since we sent last. When she receives money one third is always laid aside for the Lord, one third for Aunt Lucy, & the remaining one third she spends for herself. The plan is entirely her own. Last Saturday after she had retired I was called by her weeping to her room & found her in great distress on account of her sins. She said she was such a sinner that she deserved hell & feared Christ would not forgive her. She has long been the subject of serious impressions & I have many hopes that she is one of Jesus' Lambs. Pray for her, dear Father, & for us all.

I leave the sheet for Harrison to finish as I am about to leave my home to spend a short season at Waimea on Hawaii at Mrs. Lyons'. She always reminds me much of Sister Lucy, is like her in countenance, character & manners. How we should enjoy letters oftener from Father & Lucy. I hope to write again while absent. William will tell all about our arrangements. I am too weary to write more.

Your affectionate daughter Mary.

It was also during the years at Punahou that Hannah Maria herself wrote to Aunt Lucy Hyde:

. . . . We have had our daguerreotypes taken—Emily, Willy & myself in one, Father, Mother & Mary in the other. Father looked very dark & cross, the Natives don't like it at all. One man who has lived with Father ever since he came here said that he loathed it. Another woman said that that was a cross man in the picture, but Father was a pleasant man. The natives all love Father very much. The pictures of Mother & Mary are very good. If Mary should see you, at first she would look up at

you just so. Emily & I had some dresses on that Mrs. Willson gave us. They were red instead of blue. Willy is very good too.

Even without the following reply from Grandfather Hyde one might easily imagine the joy of receiving these miniatures, as they were called, a joy shared by no less a personage than Miss Marcia Smith herself who left Punahou in the early fifties and returned to live in "the States."

My dear children:

. . . . With the pictures we were exceedingly pleased as children always are. But seriously you could not have sent us anything else so interesting. This is next to coming yourselves. It is the image of you & your little group, an impress of your reality & appearance which no description in words could make, & what seemed to give a deeper interest, we received the pictures a week or so before Miss Smith came to our house. And she was most agreeably surprised to find you all here, & looked on them with delight, often renewing her look on them, not however to provoke any envy as though she was partial.

Miss Smith arrived at our house July 14th, left the 19th. . . . She had the task of answering questions which she did cheerfully & with much information. . . . She drew for me a plan of your establishment. And I learnt more about the Islands than I could from many letters. . . .

The things you sent she delivered in all fidelity. They were just the things most agreeable. Maria's inkstand I keep before me & write out of it every day. It is better than any I had to keep in it my pens & pencils & other little things. Little Mary's soap I use every time I shave & is an excellent article. Emily's sixpence has gone by the board perhaps for crackers, not candy, but I have not forgot I had it, & it did good in its time. The tea from William we are using every day, & it is excellent tea. The shirt sent by Willie, if I should live to see another winter it will be the very thing I shall need. The socks by Mary seem almost providential. I have had no new socks for years or any footed, & but for repairs the original would have been gone. Mary's socks came to fit a vacant place. . . .

And now my dear children & grandchildren, how many more letters we shall exchange is known only to that good, & merciful Being who holds our life in his hand, who hath so favoured us in his providence that our letters have gone without failure & been received, & so few have bourn distressing news, but other days will come, this intercourse will be broken up. . . . It is not probable that we shall ever in this life see one another. But O, that we all may so live as to meet in heaven!

In letters from Mother Rice's sister Lucy and brother Atwood there was borne out to these children in the Pacific much of the pulse and thought of life in the Eastern states which might otherwise have remained little more than dim tradition to young "Sandwich Islanders." And the feeling that these eastern homes were not only open to them, but were actually their own, was strongly evident. As Father Rice's health grew more frail, Mother Rice even sent savings for the purchase of a small house



EMILY, WILLY AND MARIA RICE  
*About 1854*

not far from her sister, Lucy Reeves, in Tennessee, thinking to take her children there to settle, should the home at Koamalu be broken up. Far from severing ties, separation thus bound them all the more closely together.

Dear Maria

If you was here just now you would find that there are others beside you and Mrs. McBryde that can laugh, & talk, too. How I do wish you could ride over here some times. You might talk as fast, laugh as loud, & wear as big hoops as you please.

I had never heard any thing about Mr. Widemann except what you wrote, & I thank you for the account. It is really refreshing to hear of any one so much like Christ. I never knew any one so unwearied in showing kindness "to the evil & unthankful."

Your Uncle Reeves says that when he gets his new coat done, he will have his "phiz" taken. If you were here, I expect he would tease you nearly to death. If you were all here, we would have rare times; children always like your uncle, he loves to play with them. He is making himself very merry laughing at me. . . . You must not think, however that we always talk nonsense.

Emily & little Mary have left off writing to me entirely, what is the reason? . . . .

Love to all.

Your Aunt Lucy.

Winchester, Tennessee, July 10th, 1858.

Dear Maria

Your mother had mentioned about the "book club". You have a great many more periodicals than I ever see. I think your "Friday evening exercise" a capital idea.

The "History of the Dutch Republic" is really very interesting, & exhibits some of the very best & some of the very *worst* characters I ever read of; and so does "The War in India". . . .

You have indeed great reason to be thankful for your home & friends. Very few children have such parents as you have. . . . Love to your parents & all the children, & to Mr. Dole's family.

Your Aunt Lucy.

Dear Maria

May 22nd, 1860.

Your last touches on so many subjects that I hardly know where to begin in reply.

If you are not pleased with "Pollock's Course of Time", I am greatly mistaken. . . . I was sorry to hear of Macaulay's death. I have read what has been published of his history of England. Do you not admire the characters of Wm. & Mary? (not Rice). But the great historian was evidently no christian. . . .

We do not take the "Eclectic Magazine", but I have had the reading of it for more than a year. I have not seen "The Minister's Wooing", but will get it if possible, confiding meanwhile (begging your pardon) in the opinion of the N. Y. Observer with regard to its sentiments & tendencies. I have no confidence in Henry Ward Beecher's piety or orthodoxy, none whatever. I consider him a noisy declaimer, always ready to wage war with all who do not think as he does, especially on the subject of slavery.

. . . . . I am not apologizing for slavery. You cannot abhor it more than I do. But I do know that those meddling fanatics have done more in a few years to rivet the chains of the slave than can be undone (humanly speaking) in half a century. But for them—Kentucky & Maryland & most likely Tennessee, Virginia & Missouri would have been now free states, or have adopted a plan of gradual emancipation. . . . I do not know how slavery will finally end, in blood, or by the power of the gospel in the hearts of master & slave, disposing the former to *justice & mercy & self denial*, & teaching the latter industry, economy & self-dependence. I have perfect faith in the power of the gospel to effect all this, but the standard of piety must be very much elevated here.

Your Aunt Lucy

Uncle Atwood Hyde, Aunt Lucy's brother, was a distinguished and scholarly lawyer of Jasper, Tennessee. The tone of his letters to Maria is often whimsically didactic, full of vivid descriptions of the country about Jasper and of the difficulties encountered by the famous "pony express", the new overland mail service of cowboy postmen to the west, as well as almost equal difficulties presented to the male residents of Jasper by the invasion of hoop skirts in the world of fashion.

Jasper, June 29th/57.

Dear Niece Maria

You ask a letter all to yourself alone. The request contemplates the future it is true, when you get to be a "young lady, and can write good enough." Lest peradventure when the anticipated period arrives, other cares, other duties, and other affections shall have placed your Uncle in the background—a mere distant outline in the picture of your imagination, I write now, in haste to have my letter deposited amongst your American memorials, while there is hope that it will occupy a place of distinction. . . .

There follows a charming description of the mountains and valleys of Jasper, contrasted with Maria's "beautiful home, a spot where Nature has drawn her most delicate lines of beauty, with a climate neither pinched by cold, nor parched by heat." So that the island children might well picture to themselves "the level & fertile valley"; "the summit of the mountain covered with a heavy growth of timber & luxuriant with wild grapes"; the "silver thread" of the Tennessee river with its steamboats; the Sequatchie river valley; "the broad expanse south & west of the state of Alabama, & in the southeast Georgia is tributary to your gaze." Writing to Mother Rice, his sister, Atwood Hyde remarked:

Nov. 13, 1858.

We wonder whether Maria & Emily, yourself & the foreign & native ladies of your islands have acquired the amplitude that is now epidemic in the U.S. Hooped skirts extend even the short dresses of school girls. Public assemblies, churches, are inflated with steel, whalebone & rattan extensions, occupying a large space but each enclosing but one individual. Even Martha [his wife] in dress is unapproachable without coming in contact with steel, but I will leave her to make her defence. . .

I have been in some doubt whether to try the new overland mail to San Francisco, several mails have passed over it, the time occupied about twenty days. When the rout is protected by a sufficient number of military posts & is known to be reliable, it will

greatly expedite our communication with you.

Affectionately your brother  
A. A. Hyde

This letter was perhaps the last to be sent "via New York & Panama", for on November 17th, four days later, Uncle Atwood wrote to Maria:

... Wishing to test the overland mail route sent from St. Louis to San Francisco, this letter will be put upon the devious way. If it reaches you & could present a Daguerreotype of the various prospects & scenes through which it passes, it would come laden with an interest which no pen wielded by mortal can give it. After passing the boundary of Missouri & Kansas a boundless rolling prairie is presented to the eye, relieved only by the timbered margins of streams, cities of Prairie Dogs, Wolves, Deer, an occasional herd of Buffaloes, & possibly a regiment of wild horses, upon alarm snorting defiance & bounding over the plain like an avalanche in their unrestrainable headlong speed. Then the Sahara of America is encountered, little less to be dreaded than the great African desert in its parching thirst & its clouds of sand lifted & driven by the storms which sweep over it. The mail route is supplied with water tanks at proper distances. These tanks recently dried up, or some of them, & those in charge of the mail killed animals for their blood and drank it.

After passing the desert the scenery is more diversified, Prairies of smaller dimensions, Mountains capped with snow, wild crags, & stupendous bluffs, gorges never illuminated by sun light, & winding valleys & streams, &c. &c. Along the route Indians are often seen, some of them Comanches, the most expert horsemen in the world. In their battles they make their horse their shield,



UNCLE ATWOOD AND AUNT MARTHA HYDE  
*About 1860*

shoot under his neck at their foe, presenting only a single foot over the back of the horse to the enemy, & all this with the animal at full speed. None of the Indians are however at the present time hostile, that is, those on the mail route.

When you receive this, answer it immediately, & especially let us know whether you discover in or upon it any traces of the panorama presented in its line of travel.

You probably know that the United States is connected by a perfect network of Telegraphic lines. . . . The Rail Road communication is not less complete. . . . A Rail Road to the Pacific is again on foot. The work ceased on account of the failure of the company, but having surmounted their difficulties, the work will soon be carried through Texas, but its ultimate completion is a labor of years, unless the Government shall lend its aid, as should be done. . . . When completed, your Islands will be on the highway to China, & communication will be counted by days, not months.

Affectionately

A. A. Hyde

Impossible, indeed, would it have been, save perhaps to the very wildest fancy of a Jules Verne, for them to have dreamed seventy years ago of our harnessing even the air today, bidding it convey our letters and even our bodies on the very wings of the wind, and of our actual words and tones of voice, set free into space, being caught on the other side of the world in the flash of an ether wave.

In the generation since their childhood on Buffalo Creek the son and daughters of Rev. Jabez Backus Hyde had watched with keen interest the gradual disappearance of the Red Man over the western horizon. The log cabin where these children were born had stood near the eastern reservation of the Seneca tribe of Indians where the modern city of Buffalo has since grown up. The log house was built around a huge fireplace where most of the cooking was done and where a remnant of the fire was always carefully hoarded even during the summer and where the placing of the great backlog was always an

event to the children. Indian visitors, coming in from their wigwams, were always welcome at this hearth, often standing and squatting about it, wrapped in their gaudy blankets and grunting low gutturals of approval. Friendly enough they seemed and usually were, but throughout the nine decades of her long life little Mary Sophia Hyde recalled the intense fear with which, at the approach of an Indian, she had always crept under the one table in the room where somehow she "felt safer among the feet of the family." Was there not White Chief, an Indian of the Indians, yet born a white boy in the Susquehanna Valley? Was there not Mary Jamieson, the "White Woman of the Genesee", whose mother on the eve of her capture had "bade her never to forget her name and her childhood's prayer"? Were there not the wildest tales of ferocious war dances and scalping tomahawks? As a child, little Mary Sophia could not realize things which her father had learned and which she herself came to learn in later years, namely, that little by little the Red Men were being driven westward by the cruel Fire-Water and the deadly war-arm of the White Man.

Grandfather Hyde was, in fact, one of the few who regarded the Indian as a human being. When still a young man he had left his pioneer home in Connecticut to carry the gospel to the remnant of the "Five Nations" in the once beautiful Eden of the Genesee Valley. The oldest letter preserved by the family is written by "Rusha" Hyde, his wife, who had been Jerusha Aiken of Vermont and later Richfield, New York. This old letter, written journalwise to home friends, bears date of "Lord's Day Evening 29th" of December, 1811, and on the following "Lord's day Eve. Jan. 5th 1812", exclaims, "Don't it seem strange that Rusha and Polly are at Buffalo, well here we are alone this evening, Mr. Hyde is gone to the village."

In the very year of their arrival the Hydes allied themselves with a small group of pioneers whose spiritual descendants now worship in the splendid edifice known as the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo. And the history for the centennial of this church in 1912 opens with the following interesting paragraphs:

The Niagara Frontier, held by the British in violation of all Treaties for thirteen years after the War of the Revolution, offered little to attract the prospective settler to this region. Hence it was that the year 1798 found but eight families here, dwelling in seven log huts & well-nigh surrounded by Indians, for the great village of the Seneca Tribe lay on the plateau where Seneca Street now crosses Buffalo River. The entire frontier was densely wooded, except here & there a natural plateau. A wide margin of sedge and willows bordered the river far out into the country, & marshy streams found their way across the trails into the lake. . . .

In 1811 the population of the settlement, now called Buffalo, had increased to about five hundred, of all varieties of character to be found in a frontier post.

The chief concern of Mr. Hyde, however, lay with the Indians, among whom he worked for the next twenty years. His journal of the first nine years was printed in 1903 by the Buffalo Historical Society and it is only the very sharp exigencies of proportion which restrain one from quoting it at length. In regard to the situation of these frontier Indians one cannot find more interesting reading than exists in two introductory papers, distinguished for their charm and accuracy, and written by Henry R. Howland for this same volume of the Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society. They are entitled: The Old Caneadea Council House & its last Council Fire, and The Seneca Mission at Buffalo Creek. Referring to the remarkable league of Five Nations, Mr. Howland speaks of it as

an extraordinary confederacy whose hereditary seats stretched from the Hudson to the Genesee, . . . the Gen-nis-he-o, the "beau-

tiful valley" of the river which we still know by their melodious name. . . .

Its easterly wardens were the Mohawks at the Hudson, while to the westward burned in succession the council fires of the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and last of all that of the Senecas, the Ho-nan-ne-ho-ont, the hereditary "Keepers of the Door" of the Long House, . . . likening their confederacy to the form of their bark dwellings, which were often extended to a length sufficient for ten or even twenty families. . . .

They had been faithful brothers to the British, and when the war of the American Revolution began, . . . the Senecas took the warpath with their allies.

. . . . The retribution was swift and sure and fatal. The beautiful valley of the Genesee was swept with the besom of destruction, town after town of the Senecas was burned to the ground, their crops and stores of grain destroyed, their orchards of peach and apple and pear trees cut down. . . . From the ruin of their homes the dwellers fled in a panic-stricken rout to the protection of the British at Fort Niagara. . . . In 1826 the last of the "Keepers of the Door" departed and the beautiful valley of their fathers knew them no more. . . . Only here and there, in glen or waterfall there lingers some name that whispers of the past and breathes in its melody some accent that suggests those long-forgotten days and "the pathos of a vanished folk."

Among an unlettered people history dies hard. When in 1811, according to *An Authentic & Comprehensive History of Buffalo*, published at Buffalo in 1865, a minister of the gospel and a school teacher were sent by the New York Missionary Society to establish a mission among the Indians at Buffalo Creek, it is scarcely to be wondered at that opposition to this course was found to exist and that "the silver tongue of that most famous of Indian orators, "Red Jacket," delivered the following characteristic speech:

He said they had listened attentively to what had been argued in favor of the religion of the whites, and if it would accomplish what those who advocated its introduction among them promised,

it was very good, . . . ; but as they were not fully satisfied on the subject, they thought the experiment had better be tried on the people in Buffalo, for they were great rascals; they cheated the Indians, they drank a great deal of whiskey and caused the Indians to get drunk, they never spoke the truth, and were always quarrelsome. If the missionaries would go down and preach to them a year, they (the Indians) would see what effect it would have upon them, and would then be able to decide what was best for themselves.

Thus spoke the deliberate logic of this transitional Council Fire. It was desired, however, that a teacher should remain among them, and this teacher was the catechist, Jabez B. Hyde. To follow the earnest, prayerful struggles of the succeeding ten years would fill a volume. Discouragement only whetted his zeal. With Red Jacket were many other valiant chiefs, some hostile, some friendly, among them Capt. Billy, Jabez King, Twenty Canoes, Two Guns, Jacob Turkey, Destroy Town, and Henry Silverheels. By dint of quiet patience in school and training in hymn singing, an exercise which greatly delighted the Indians, Mr. Hyde at last saw the day, in 1819, when five of the young men came of their own free will and asked to be taught the new way. Others joined the little congregation, and the following year the chiefs consented to the settlement of an ordained missionary within the tribe.

It was a great work in which three features are strikingly evident. First, and perhaps most striking, is the interest manifested by Mr. Hyde in the old religion of the Indians and his realization of the fact that they already worshipped a divine being, their God of harvest and of rain, and that they must first make an "impartial and candid" examination of their old faith and discover its defects before they could reasonably be expected to have any desire for the new. In those early days of foreign missions it was the custom to teach in English only. But Mr. Hyde soon came to see that the mission school books



REV. JABEZ BACKUS HYDE  
*About 1850*



must be translated into the vernacular, however roughly at first. His painstaking zeal in translating and printing hymns and scripture, especially the third chapter of John's Gospel and the Sermon on the Mount, won for him an open sesame into the hearts of this proud race, many of whom became his devoted friends. His hymn book, printed in Buffalo in 1818, was the first publication ever issued in the Seneca language. No copies of this are now known and even the second edition of 1819 is so great a rarity that it is seldom seen. His Seneca Spelling Book was published before 1820, when his little daughter, Mary Sophia, was in her third year. In the revision of his hymn book in 1827 Mr. Hyde makes grateful acknowledgment of the persevering assistance rendered him by several of the young chiefs, among them Seneca White and Thomas Armstrong, who thus greatly lightened his "task of writing the Seneca in measure."

Nor was the lot of martyrs spared to this frontier builder. Far more frequently found than the missionary in such early colonies as Buffalo Creek was the unscrupulous promoter whose absorbing thought was to exploit the Red Man's landed holdings. Such men more than once brought alluring offers to the poor missionary, who, with his feeble wife and large family of children, might easily have been tempted by the comfort of an income of a thousand dollars a year. But his purpose remained staunch and his loyalty to his Indian friends never wavered. Betray them he could not. For this he was outlawed and forced to live as such on the Indian reservation. Rarely indeed does a strong man fail to make enemies, even in his own camp. Nor was it otherwise with Rev. Jabez Backus Hyde, who was bitterly opposed even by the young seminarian sent up from New York to supersede him. Yet after a few years of experience at this frontier post, this same young missionary came to admit that "the attempt that proved most successful in

doing away with the prejudices of the Senecas was made by Mr. Hyde." Indeed, all the mission work which followed was built on the foundations laid down by Jabez Hyde. It is a record not only of zeal and understanding, but also of severe self-denial and martyrdom to the principles of justice and honesty.

Yet the man's openness of mind and adherence to principle made not the entire sum of his record. Among all this labor and privation Mr. Hyde yet managed to plant there on the edge of the wilderness a flower even more rare. This was an American home, simple, poor in the things of this world, but rich in the things of the spirit. This was felt not alone by his own children, but even by the wandering Indian men and women who were welcomed at his fireside. To the very last days of her long life Mary Sophia Hyde recalled vividly the significance which it held for her. She set down some of these memories in an unfinished sketch now valued by her grandchildren as one of their choicest legacies to be hoarded and passed on to their own children:

When I was a little girl, about four years of age, we removed to Buffalo, three miles distant from the Seneca mission station. How long we lived there I do not recall, but poverty was our lot. I remember my wounded pride in my dress. The Erie canal was then greatly talked of, even scorned by some as "De Witt Clinton's big ditch"; but much was said of the good wages paid to laborers digging on it. And I begged my father to find work there so that he could get for me a red crape dress, a leghorn bonnet and a parasol, for all of which I was much ridiculed. . . . The one treat that we ever had was in January when the sap was running in the maple trees. The men would dip little ladle-fuls of hot syrup out on to the snow to test the boiling, and we children would hover around to catch these little bites out of the snow pockets. Nothing ever tasted quite so good, not even fragments of the maple sugar blocks when they were done. We lived in the woods, you see, among the Indians, and there was no grocery store at the corner with a shelf full of tall bottles of long stick candies!

There came a time when my father was called to preach in the town of Eden, twenty miles distant. Our journey was performed in a lumber wagon over muddy roads. A breakdown occurred and I remember a forlorn group seeking shelter in a farm house. As we approached I piped out, "They took the shaggy strangers in, And reared them for their own," and wondered at the laugh the words caused.

Eden is rich in memories. A new town it was, or rather a succession of log houses, each farm joining another. There I became as blue a Presbyterian as lived, and still fresh in my memory is one of my terrible disappointments when my wise sister Lucy told me on one of our walks from church that everybody did not think the Presbyterians the best. One neighbour who had little comfort at home was a constant visitor and brought all the news to my father and of course our little ears were intent when he arrived. I remember the talk when Mormonism was started in a neighbouring town. "But," said my father, "is it possible that men and women are pinning their faith on such persons as Joe Smith and his mother? Well, I have always thought there might be something started too absurd to believe, but now I give it up."

Our school teacher was later president of the United States, Millard Fillmore, whose clear blue eyes and kindly smile are still remembered. . . . My father made us his associates, trained us in Bible theology, talked of tenets of faith and all the changes of nations and rulers, expositions of Scripture, our duties to each other and to God. The Wise Woman in Proverbs was the model for girls. Systematic giving was dwelt upon in theory, as we had little to give. . . . In that home our mother declined in health, and one night her children were awakened to stand by her dying bed, and the funeral in the log school house is in my memory. Our mother was a loving, gentle person, fair of face, and always trying to teach us to be useful and to furnish our memories with God's word. Our Aunt Sarah came to care for us seven children and after her death the burden fell on the shoulders of our older half-sister, Eunice. Without her loving care and unselfishness in sharing with us a small inheritance from her own mother, I do not know what we should have done. There is no one that I wish more to see in Heaven to ask her pardon for being so naughty, as I often was. . . . Memories cluster about that old home in Eden.

## Pilgrims to the Westward

Growing up in homes so grounded on faith and sacrifice, is it any wonder that Mary Sophia Hyde and William Harrison Rice built their own home on the same foundation rock? Is it any wonder that their hearts were stirred to the depths of compassion for lost souls even farther to the westward than the Black Man of the South and the Red Man of the Indian frontier? Just when these two young people became acquainted we do not know, but it is possible, as Miss Krout implies in her Reminiscences of Mrs. Mary S. Rice, that their first meeting occurred on the summer day in 1839 when Mary Hyde graduated from Fulton Seminary. Both of them had bent every energy toward obtaining an education beyond the district schools, teaching alternating with learning, and expending every penny thus earned on further schooling.

Fulton Seminary, founded on the model of Mount Holyoke, and "one of the first schools in New York for the higher education of women, was situated twelve miles up the Oswego Falls river." Miss Krout adds also that Mary Hyde "had relatives living near Oswego where her mother had lived in her girlhood." The Rices lived at Hannibal, also in Oswego County, and it is certain that young William Rice had seen Mary Hyde before that graduation day and that he attended the ceremony for the express purpose of seeing her again. And certainly he never saw her to better advantage, as with her "soft and musical voice" and her "gentle and graceful manners" she delivered her graduating address in the form of a grateful farewell to the school with a word, too, for her associates. A copy of this valedictory, neatly written and carefully revised, still exists among the papers treasured by her granddaughter. The thoughtful and correct use of English had been a part of her father's wise train-

ing and her childish love of finery had developed into an "excellent taste in dress, a love of delicacy and neatness." Young William Harrison had likewise been trained in good schools and thus knew how to appreciate her care for precision and grace of diction, for some of the family heirlooms are his essays,—labored, it might seem to us of the present day, but true to the training and expression of that early school—essays on Man Considered as an Intellectual Being, Happiness and Desire, The Equality of the Sexes, The Law of Honor and The Cause of Foreign Missions.

It may be that William Rice, like many another young mission candidate, went to that graduation exercise seeking a wife. In August of that same year he offered himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in these words, the original manuscript of which may still be seen in the archives of the American Board in Boston:

I perceive by a notice in the New York Evangelist for July 20, that a teacher is needed for the boarding school at Dwight, and having for several years felt a deep interest in the cause of missions, and a desire to spend my life in laboring for the good of my fellowmen, I am inclined to offer myself to the service of the Board, should I be considered qualified to fill the station, which needs to be occupied.

Although he may not have been looking for a wife at Fulton Seminary, he most certainly found one there, for his next letter to the American Board craves permission "to introduce Miss Mary S. Hyde as my contemplated partner in the missionary work." And true partner indeed she proved. The wedding ceremony was performed by her father on the 28th of September the following year and in a few days the first stage of the long wedding journey was begun on the new Erie Canal, "Mr. Rice's father meeting them at the most convenient point with a carriage and driving them to his house." The journey was

continued from Oswego to Boston by canal and stage coach, and less than two months elapsed after the wedding before they set sail from Boston with the ninth company of missionaries to the distant Sandwich Islands.

One of Mr. Rice's eager requests in a letter to the mission board had been for the names and addresses of those who were to be his "co-labourers" and companions on the voyage. These proved to be three ordained ministers and their wives. Rev. and Mrs. John D. Paris were, with the Rices, destined by the mission to labor in the field in Oregon. The other two, Rev. Elias Bond and Rev. Daniel Dole, with their wives, were designated for the Sandwich Islands. The four earnest young couples met in Boston and after the careful purchasing of meager outfits of furniture, they were commissioned by the Board and sent forth. While their worldly equipment may have been scant, their souls were royally furnished for the journey of life. Among the share of family papers allotted to the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rice may still be found their original passport and government permit from Washington. The former, an enormous document, is made out, by an error, to "the Revd. William H. Rice accompanied by his wife", and dated almost a year before they were married, anticipating not only the clerical title but also the conjugal state. The latter did indeed become a fact, but, although Mr. Rice later preached as a layman to Hawaiian congregations, he was never ordained. Sufficient was it in those days for the husband alone to be supplied with a passport, and his physical description is carefully given as to dark-brown hair, fair complexion, eyes of a light bluish hazel, even to "a scar from the kick of a horse just above the right eyebrow." Nor would it have been possible in November of 1839 to describe Mrs. W. H. Rice, for their wedding did not take place until the following September. The other document, dated October 14, 1840, just a month before



To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting

**DESCRIPTION**

*27 years from the birth to a brown coat  
and thinning of eye brows*

Age 27 Years  
 Nature of Soil White  
 Complexion White  
 Eyes Light Blue hazel  
 Nose well shaped  
 Mouth well  
 Cheeks well  
 Hair Dark brown  
 Complexion fair  
 Face well  
 Signature of the Consul W. H. Rice

1839

The Undersecretary Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit, safely and freely to pass with the said W. H. Rice accompanied by his wife, — a Citizen of the United States and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection.



Given under my hand and the impression of the Seal of the DEPARTMENT OF STATE, in the City of Washington the 19th day of November 1839 — in the 6th Year of the Independence of these United States.

*W. H. Rice*  
 Acting Secretary of State

GRATIS

FATHER RICE'S PASSPORT OF 1839

their sailing from Boston, bears the signature of the Secretary of War and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with the official seal of the War Office; and gives the young missionaries permission to reside among the Indian Tribes in Oregon Territory, commending them to the friendly attentions, and if need be to the protection, "of civil and military agents and officers, and of citizens."

Of the long voyage around Cape Horn no one of this ninth company to the Sandwich Islands Mission has left a complete account. In after years Mr. Paris and Mr. Bond set down memories of the journey, which have been published in the stories of their lives. And to Father Bond's story were added considerable extracts from the Rices' journal which, up to the arrival at Rio de Janeiro, gives entries under frequent dates. The keeping of a diary was felt to be a valuable exercise and no doubt the other manuscripts of this voyage have been lost, for the only journal account of it now existing is this incomplete one in the handwriting of Mr. and Mrs. Rice.

The ship Gloucester, on which they embarked at Boston on November 14, 1840, was described by Mr. Bond as "one of the old kind with square ends, built by the mile and cut off as wanted, the same at both ends," contrasting unfavorably with the slender and more graceful clipper ships which later sped over the seas. Religious services were held on board at the embarkation in Boston harbor and then "a northeast gale coming on, we anchored in Nantucket Roads till morning." Mr. Rice's account adds that they lay at anchor all the next day, the captain thinking "it imprudent to put to sea. . . . Had no regular service on board till evening & then only family prayer." Monday and Tuesday were pleasant and the Gloucester was soon "fairly out of sight of our beloved land with canvass spread & making good progress." But all during the next two days the unseaworthy old ship had a perilous battle with a storm from the southwest.

. . . . Our captain was in his berth asleep when the squall struck us, but was very soon on deck. The storm was so sudden and so violent that for a few minutes we thought we must capsize. The man at the wheel was knocked down, but fortunately a passenger who was near saw his situation and sprang to his relief. The ship turned up so much that her lee was entirely under water, and the gateway was carried off, together with one or two bags of potatoes which were loose on deck. . . . So perilous was our condition that it was deemed indispensable to our safety to cast overboard some 40 or 50 tons of deck cargo.

Unfortunately, this lightening of the ship disposed summarily of the fresh provisions, such as pigs, chickens, beef and vegetables, and even quantities of salt pork, supplies which the captain, for some reason, was unwilling to replace at Rio de Janeiro, where repairs to the ship necessitated a stay of three weeks. And "Salt Junk" became such a staple article of diet that many remained away from the table as often as possible, and Father Bond always said that "the very sight of Salt Beef was like a dose of Ipecac." Thanksgiving Day, however, was celebrated with an appropriate feast which rejoiced their hearts. Extracts from the Rices' journal continue:

Dec. 5th. We entered the Trades in about 14 days from Boston, since which time we have had a constant breeze, but they blow more directly from the east than we expected, for which reason we do not make longitude as fast as we could wish. . . .

Since we entered the Trades we have averaged nearly 2° of Latitude in 24 hours. We today had the pleasure of speaking a ship for the first time, though we have repeatedly seen sails at a distance. She was a Danish ship from Hamburg, bound to the West Indies. We at first hoped that she was bound to some port in the U.S.A. that we might have an opportunity to report ourselves. We were therefore all on deck, & eager to catch the answer, when our Capt. hailed her. "Brig ahoy! Where bound!" When the answer "W. I." was returned, we found our hopes in this respect blasted, still this event produced an agreeable excitement.

Wednesday 9th. We are now within  $10^{\circ}$  of the equator; and while our friends at home are doubtless shivering over a brisk fire, we are oppressed with heat. . . . Most of us now enjoy tolerable health. Mary has been improving rapidly, still she is quite weak. She has really had a severe siege. No one has suffered as much as Mrs. Dole, but we have reason to hope that she will soon recover. Our regular religious exercises are; — family prayers at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  morning & evening, preaching at  $10\frac{1}{2}$  on Sabbath morning & prayer-meeting Sabbath evening.

10th. We today discovered a bird at some distance approaching the ship. Its appearance & gait were different from the sea fowl which we have frequently seen. On its approach we ascertained it to be a screechowl. She was evidently much fatigued. She came directly to the ship & lit for a moment on the yard arm. After lingering about for some time she again disappeared. How so clumsy a bird could be seen so far from land was matter of astonishment to us all. The nearest land, the Cape Verd islands, cannot be less than 400 or 500 miles distant.

Sat. 12th. We yesterday broached a new cask of water which is much worse than any previous one. It is so very offensive, owing to its being put into impure casks. Nothing that we can put into it seems in the least to destroy that biting, nauseous taste. Tea & coffee are particularly offensive. The most common blessings of life, are those we hanker after most when deprived of them, indeed we hardly know their value till we feel their need.

Soon after eleven today a very dark cloud appeared above the horizon. As it rapidly approached, increasing in wildness, we anticipated a terrible gale. Capt. E. stood watching it a few moments, then commenced the shout of command. "Pull down your gallant sails, clew up main sail, up with fore sail," &c. &c. All was hurry & bustle putting the ship in rig to meet the gale. There was sufficient time, almost completely to strip her of sail & set her before the wind, before the squall struck us. . . .

14th. After a calm of 48 hours, we are again under way with a fine breeze. We are now in, what is called by the sailors the *swamp*, from the fact that the winds & weather are variable,—sometimes blowing a gale, sometimes entirely calm, sometimes clear & very hot & at others dark & rainy. It is not uncommon to experience these several changes in the short space of one hour.

In consequence of this we thought best to hold our services below yesterday, which deprived the sailors from being present. The evening however being calm & pleasant we had our prayer meeting on deck. Deprived as we are of meeting with Gods people in the sanctuary these seasons are precious ones to us. Our curiosity was somewhat excited toward evening yesterday, by the discovery of a shark lurking about the ship. A hook & line with a piece of pork for bate were prepared by the mate & cast over. The ravenous monster was soon his prey, but it was a small one.

17th. N. Lat. 4°. 20 miles Long. W. from London about 26°. We are still enjoying almost every variety of weather except cold. Our wind sail,—a ventilator of canvass constructed so as to convey the wind through the booby hatch into the cabin—renders the cabin quite comfortable, affording us a supply of fresh air when not taken down in consequence of rain. . . . For a day or two past we have been favored with water that is quite tolerable, though such as we *would not* drink at home. . . . We can not expect *cold spring* water here.

Dec. 22. Our progress since the 17th has been quite slow, with frequent calms and squalls almost every day. About eleven oclock today, the cry of "Sail ho!" once more broke the monotony of sea life. After being isolated for some days, having no object upon which to fix the eye, but this vast expanse of waters upon which we gaze day after day with nothing to limit our vision but the horizon, & the broad canopy of heaven over our heads, a sail is no uninteresting object. It proved to be a Brig on our lee stern, & by examining it with a spy glass, we found she was headed the same way with ourselves. She remained in sight till nearly night.

From this point in the journal the chronicle is carried on in the handwriting of Mrs. Rice, and one can only regret that the arrival in the brilliant South American capital put a stop to the journal entries.

23rd. . . . Took a salt water bath while leaning over the bow of the ship with Husband. The water at this part of the ship appears more beautiful than any other. It dashes back its white spray against us in the evening studded with phosphorus which in beauty if not in solidity rival the diamond.

24th. . . . We fell in with the S. E. trades two days since. Our course however is more westward than we could desire. . . . As we expect to cross the equator tonight, there has been much talk of a visit from Neptune, it being his custom to pay his respects in person to ships as they approach the seat of his majesty's dominions—especially if there be passengers on board.

Jan. 5th. at half past 5 P. M. discovered land, Cape St. Thome. Joy beams in every countenance.

6th. at sunrise Cape Frio full in view. In a few hours the coast from the cape to Rio was distinctly discernible. The sugar loaf marks the entrance of the harbor, which may be seen many miles. At 10 P. M. we cast anchor in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. The evening was calm, the moon shone in real splendor, the rocky mountainous coast was really imposing to the view.

The passage of seven decades served not a whit to dim in Mrs. Rice's memory the pleasure and the brightness of the next three weeks in the great city of South America. Of this happy sojourn a charming record was made from Mother Rice's memories as she told them to Miss Krout for her *Reminiscences* of that long and interesting life:

. . . . To Mrs. Rice the city was enchanting, . . . the beautiful land-locked harbor, studded with islands, surrounded by mountains, whose foothills penetrated the outer streets of the city. . . . the fine gardens, the public buildings and the mixed and busy population. . . . She saw, for the first time, palms and other tropical trees, and brilliant tropical flowers. She also saw the young Emperor, Don Pedro II, driving in his carriage, with his suite. . . .

And, strangely enough, friends were found even in this distant part of the world, for a Methodist missionary, Rev. Mr. Spaulding, was most hospitable in the entertainment of his brother and sister missionaries. Letters and journals were dispatched from this point to North America, many of them no doubt copies, as was the custom. Indeed, it may be that this halt in the journey was the cause of our possessing this one fragment of a "Gloucester" journal, there having probably been no time



WILLIAM HARRISON RICE  
*An early portrait*



in Honolulu at the end of the journey to copy the second part which was subsequently lost. A letter from Mrs. Rice's sister Lucy, bearing date of April 22, 1841, mentions the receipt of Mrs. Rice's "first letter from Rio Janeiro" and is greatly taken up with the horrors of slavery which she must have witnessed there.

On resuming the voyage to the south the old ship Gloucester encountered repeated rough weather. Hatches were closed and passengers often longed for fresh air. Mrs. Rice, who had anticipated long days of quiet study, was again disappointed. Eight days were consumed in the passage around the famous Southern Cape, and the monotony was finally broken by touching at the port of Valparaiso. Thereafter the passengers enjoyed some six weeks of smooth sailing and sunny days, finding themselves quite at home on the sea. A letter written in July by Mr. Rice to his parents made brief mention of the end of the journey:

. . . . We sailed from Valparaiso on the 5th of April, crossing the line on the 29th. At 10 o'clock on the 19th of May discovered the mountains of Hawaii many miles distant. On the morning of the 20th were along side of Maui, at sunset along side of Oahu and at 8 o'clock off Honolulu, but it was too dark to find the entrance to the harbor, so we lay off for the night. Next morning we were discovered by those on land & boats came off to us, 8 or 10 miles, with a pilot, the American Consul, two of the missionaries & several other gentlemen. Between 10 & 11 we came to anchor outside the reef & the missionaries & several of the other passengers came on shore in the king's large boat. . . . Such a warm reception & hearty welcome as we met, made us almost forget the last six months of solitude & loneliness.

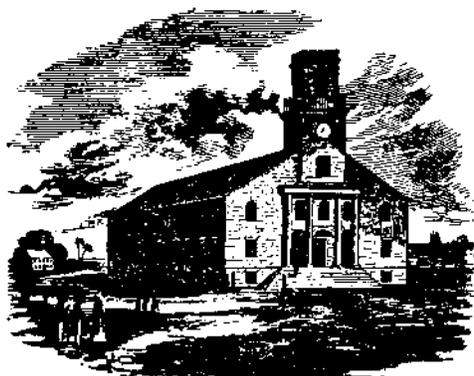
The voyage had been unusually long, for even in those times 188 days constituted what was known as "a protracted voyage", and in Honolulu not a little anxiety had been felt as to the possible fate of the Gloucester. The General Meeting of the mission, held in Honolulu at this time of the year partly because newcomers to the work

were usually due in April, had been adjourned for special prayer for the safety of the ship and its passengers. The few brief notes left by Mrs. Rice tell something of the arrival at their destination:

On May 21, 1841, we left the good ship Gloucester reluctantly. For with a kind captain, it had been a home for six months and we dreaded change. We soon found ourselves at the old school house, where we were welcomed, as well as the six months' mail we brought. . . . With a hasty survey of the brothers and sisters, I was impressed by the pale faces and apparent ill health. The town seemed a waste of sand, with scarcely a tree or a flower. Our first home was with the Armstrongs, who with the Halls, occupied the premises now known as the old home of the Cookes. I had come from the home of a poor minister and was not surprised by the simplicity of life.

The "old school house" where General Meeting was held was, in 1841, only four or five years old and quite the pride of the mission station at Honolulu. Its one large, cool room and four thick adobe walls with deep, recessed windows still serve even the present generation near Kawaiahao Church. And the Armstrongs' home, which first sheltered Mr. and Mrs. Rice, was the old frame house brought out from Boston in 1819 and now kept as a precious relic on the historic mission grounds. The great stone church of Kawaiahao, so familiar a land-

mark these last seventy years, was in 1841 still in the process of building, and references to this must surely have been made in letters now lost. "Foreign" service was held in the Bethel Chapel "in town," where is now the corner of Bethel and King Streets. But mission services were held



Sketch by Rev. H. Bingham, 1840  
KAWAIAHAO CHURCH

under the steep, thatched roof of the beautiful new adobe church at Kaumakapili, near the Nuuanu stream, and in the last of the four or five thatched houses at Kawaiahao which were finally making way for the great stone structure. In his letter of July, 1841, Mr. Rice speaks of both these churches and at length takes his parents with him to his first service in the old "grass chapel" which stood somewhat to the westward of the new stone building. Mention is made also of the visit of the new missionaries to the king, Kamehameha III, "a kindly man who at that time did not speak English":

. . . . The next day after our arrival I had the honor of riding with the germs of royalty, several young chiefs who are collected in a boarding school taught by Mr. & Mrs. Cooke. . . . The young princes are learning English.

On May 23 we met with the native congregation in the old grass chapel without doors or windows except open spaces. The building is very large, will accommodate between 3 & 4 thousand.

In the afternoon Messers. Bond, Dole & myself were requested to address the people, through an interpreter of course, of our coming to the Islands, &c. &c. Just before we left off speaking a Chief in the congregation sent a note to our interpreter, requesting permission to speak, which was granted. He came forward to the stand, a tall, neatly draped, good looking man between 30 & 35, and spoke somewhat after this manner.

"Twenty years ago," said he, "when I was a lad & was with the king Kamehameha on Hawaii we heard that missionaries were coming from America. We inquired of foreigners living here what missionary meant. They told us it meant a very bad man, very bad indeed, a man not fit to live anywhere. We hardly knew what to do about letting them land here, we thought we did not want any worse people here than we had already. Bye & bye the missionaries came & asked us to let them land, said they would be peaceable citizens, & said they, 'You may try us & if you find we are not good citizens, then you may send us away.' That was fair, & we concluded to try them." He then described their degraded condition at that time & then said, "We have tried the mission-

aries for twenty years and have found them thus far to be good men seeking our happiness. We see how much better off we are than when they first came here."

In 1839, Mr. Hall, printer of the Sandwich Islands Mission, had made a voyage to take a printing press from Honolulu to the Oregon mission of the American Board. But recently returned, his account confirmed others to the effect that the mission in Oregon was not sufficiently established and permanent to warrant reinforcements. Mr. Paris and Mr. Rice both decided, therefore, and on the urgent invitation of the mission body, to remain in the Sandwich Islands unless further instructed by the Prudential Committee in Boston. Had they proceeded to "the Oregon", as it was called, they must inevitably have perished in the massacres by the Indians, which occurred a few years later.

One of the questions pressing for attention at the General Meeting of the mission in Honolulu was the selection of a teacher for the school experiment just begun at Punahou for mission children. Each of the four newcomers was "invited and urged to become Principal of the projected school, and Brother Dole finally consented to take the position," Brother Bond reported. The isolated stations of Kau and Kohala on Hawaii and Hana on Maui were then assigned to Brethren Paris, Bond and Rice. And for the first few weeks of struggle with the language the Rices "crossed the arid plain to Waialua to the home of the Emersons." There Mrs. Rice first

saw mission life at an out station. Dear Mrs. Emerson, can I ever forget her loving efforts to do good? A sweet singer, she had a trained choir. With a knowledge of medicine she was ever at the call of the natives to relieve suffering; in her home she was self-forgetting, patient and methodical.

And there Mr. Rice set down his first long letter home. It contains a description of the island and its probable fertility "could water be applied", a story of a horse-



WILLIAM HARRISON RICE and His Wife, MARY SOPHIA HYDE  
*This likeness may have been made before they set out  
from Boston in 1840.*



back tour around the island with Brother Paris, and a lively picture of attempts at school teaching at Waialua with the strange feast of poi at hoike, or quarterly examination. But in all that long, interesting letter nothing is more touching than the opening paragraphs, especially with reference to "Brother Bishop" who lived at the solitary mission station at Ewa and whose two children had been sent to New England for their education.

Waialua, Island of Oahu.

July 23, 1841.

My Ever dear parents:

Through the kind providence of God I have been kept thus far, & am permitted again the unspeakable pleasure of writing to you. Though 18,000 miles from you, separated by sea & land, mountains & rivers, from those I love & of whom I love to think, my thoughts often travel to the home of my childhood. . . . You can scarcely conceive my anxiety to hear of your welfare & as a vessel is expected in a few weeks, we of course expect letters.

On our arrival here I saw no man I so heartily pitied as Brother Bishop. He heard not a word from his parents or children more than I could tell him, which was but little. The poor man wept and I felt like weeping with him. Could his friends but realize his disappointment they would never lose another such opportunity.

One of the first letters received by William and Mary Rice during the year 1841 was a combined one from the Hyde family, all of whom followed the pilgrims with intense affection. Their letter was addressed to Oregon, but probably did not go far out of the direct route by sea and found its proper destination at the islands which were at that time a wayport on the route to the Oregon territory. Previous letters had apparently reached the young missionary bride and groom in Boston before the Gloucester set sail. Every word of this long letter has its place here, but only a few paragraphs may be given. The

three sisters were all eager to set down their thoughts and Lucy even added a second portion, so that Father Hyde was restricted to the tail end of the last page which was not needed in folding the long sheet for the address. His message, though brief, does not fail of its point.

Wales, N. Y. Dec. 28, 1840.

Dear Brother & Sister,

. . . . . We went to Buffalo and had a pleasant visit. Our horse went very well except drawing us rather rapidly up some of the hills. I hope Pa will take our advice and sell him in the spring. . . .

Among one of the books sent for our winter's reading is Irving's Astoria. From the account of the voyage thither and the overland journey to that territory, I should greatly prefer the voyage. . . . . I must go soon, to sew at Mr. Weed's this week.

Your Sister, Lucy.

Tuesday evening.

. . . . . Pa was informed at Buffalo that Eunice's property left by her uncle will be about 150 dollars, just enough to finish paying for the farm, so you see we are always provided for.

Brother Atwood is teaching school about four miles from home and spends the sabbath with us. . . . . We have been reading a book entitled the South Sea Islands. I think I should prefer the Sandwich Islands to Oregon, but I suppose it is of very little importance where we spend our days, if they are only well spent. I was in hopes we should have received a paper from Boston, but we have had no account of the departure of the Gloucester. Please give a particular account of the voyage and how you are situated after you arrive at your home.

If I could see you, I should have much to say, but pen, ink & paper are poor materials for *me* to express my feelings with. It would be some satisfaction to know where & how you are, but I hope you are happy in each other under the protection of an almighty friend.

Your affectionate Sister,  
Hannah W. Hyde.

. . . . . There seems little left for me to write, yet I will add a few words. . . . . We have got a pretty little cook stove, which with a fire on the hearth makes our cabin quite comfortable.

We were very much interested in reading a description of the people with whom you expect to reside in the Oregon Territory. Nothing but the power of God can renew such wild men, and indeed nothing but Almighty Grace can save the most enlightened and civilized. My prayer is that you may be an instrument of good to that people. . . . . No one can know the trials you may have, . . . . . every son whom God receiveth he chasteneth. It is easy to say sour grapes. I have always thought there could be nothing more gratifying than a voyage at sea. Not long since I dreamed of knowing all about you. All the passengers, especially the females, were sick. I thought how little you could enjoy the scenery, and I awoke quite contented on the solid hills of Wales and not liable to seasickness. . . . . May the Lord bless you and prosper you in all your undertakings.

Eunice.

Wednesday evening.

I have been sewing, but thought I would write a little more. I anticipate for you a very pleasant visit at the Sandwich Islands on the way to the Oregon. According to Mr. Stewart's account the islands must afford very pleasing proof of the power of the Gospel in transforming the savages into enlightened Christians. But it is past 11 o'clock and I will conclude by wishing you all the happiness this vain world can afford. . . . .

Your Sister, Lucy.

I have but a small space left to fill and the person who carries the letter is waiting. I would refer you to Philippians, 1st Chapter, 27-29 as expressing what is in my heart to say to you, my dear children.

Your affectionate father  
Jabez B. Hyde.

To  
Wm. and Mary.

## New Altars

If one cares for our inter-island voyages—and many have done so even in the primitive days of double canoes—one of the most interesting of these journeys is to take the slow boat that makes a weekly trip to the west coast of Hawaii. Coming overnight from Honolulu to the intervening island of Maui and in the morning leaving the modern harbor of Kahului, our trim little steamer coasts along the windward side of the island, while one watches the changing scene of deep green valley, rocky headland, rushing stream, occasional field of waving sugar cane high above the sea, once a small sugar mill, now and then a tiny beach in a sharply cut inlet, with perhaps a native house under tall palms or dark, sheltering mango trees, and rarely a glimpse of a narrow road. At times our steamer passes so close that one might almost step ashore, and nowadays one would catch glimpses of automobiles whizzing along the “scenic” road recently built. At Hana, on the eastern extremity of the island, one is reminded of the birth there of Hawaii’s great queen, Kaahumanu, and while the steamer waits a few moments at the small wharf, one can almost touch with one’s hand the startling rock, Kauwiki, the refuge-fortress, pakaua, of ancient times. The last touch with Maui is the tiny boat-landing, Kaupo, named for the eastward gap in the mountain crater of Haleakala. Here a landing is rarely made once a month, so sparse is the settlement of ranch people. Indeed for miles east and south of Hana not a house or trace of civilization is to be seen, nothing save the vast stone church, mute, powerful witness to the work of days gone by.

In the annals of the Protestant mission in Hawaii the year 1838 is marked as the year of the Great Revival, when, after eighteen years of teaching, thousands of the

childlike people pressed for admission to the church communion. The opportune arrival the year before of an unusually large number of ministers and teachers had permitted several distant out-stations to be occupied. When the ship Gloucester arrived with eight new workers, Mr. and Mrs. Rice were sent to Hana, to reinforce the labors of Rev. and Mrs. Conde, already stationed in that isolated, thickly settled region of primitive Hawaiians. Well worth while would it be to thread one's way through the mist of folklore which still lingers about that ancient shore and to touch here and there the less invisible strands of historic lore in the transitions brought about by the passing of the ancient forms of worship to the building of the great white church on the rocky shore. And, indeed, our present story does concern itself with the transplanting of a flame closely allied to that altar flame of the church, a smaller flame, it may be, yet every whit as vital. For the love of such a young couple as William and Mary Rice was kindled at the altar of sacrifice. When, indeed, have love and sacrifice ever been other than close kin? And from the sacrament of their marriage on that September day in 1840 the two bore with them not only the sacrificial fire of a life pledge to mission work, but also the undying altar flame of their own new home. Over eighteen thousand miles of ocean and over a year's time this tiny flame was nourished until it was brought safely to the planting of the new home in Hana. Twice again this altar flame was carried to a new home, until it came to its final resting place under the shade of silvery koa groves on the distant island of Kauai. But always it remained that marvelous thing, the germ of a home, so intimate, so sacred, that one scarcely ventures to unfold the pages of the few letters left to us from these very early days. Concrete facts concerning this first home are few, and most of them from the hand of Mrs. Rice:

To reach our Hana home we had our first experience of sea life in a little schooner. Mrs. Conde and myself were dropped down in a cabin seven feet by four, and there I suffered all that can be said of seasickness. Our home at Hana was at length reached and beautiful indeed we found it, no matter if we lived in a grass house with the smallest of windows and only one room with a floor, we had plenty of work and intelligent and kind associates,—the only other white family within forty miles.

While at Hana, there came from the island of Hawaii some families of the old chiefs. Kuakini, a giant among his people in stature, and knowing well that industry and sobriety alone would save his nation, he was ever trying to promote those habits. With them came John Young, an uncle of Queen Emma. Elegant in figure, every motion had grace, but wanting in sobriety, he became a wreck.

Here at Hana began Mrs. Rice's long life of intimate association with the Hawaiians, of whom she was wont to say in her old age that they had always been pleasant and that never in all those years had she received anything unpleasant from them. Another of her particular memories of Hana was of the comet that was visible during her stay there, hanging like a flaming sword across the sky and gazed upon with awe and wonder by Hawaiian and missionary alike. The associates at Hana, Rev. and Mrs. Daniel T. Conde, had been stationed there since their arrival in 1837 and were already beginning to feel the effects of the damp, rainy climate. Kind friends and neighbors they were, Mr. Conde's good collection of books furnishing many an interesting hour of reading aloud while the two husbands were occupied abroad. Solid reading came foremost, of course, but the ladies' sewing was sometimes alternated with such "harmless fiction" as Coeleb's *In Search of a Wife*. Mr. Rice was often away for days at a time, inspecting in the large native schools of East Maui and preparing students for the High School at Lahainaluna.

Often the days in the little grass house seemed long, especially when one day of rain succeeded another, yet there were frequent visitors even at this lonely outpost. Like many another mission house, the Rices' thatched cottage was built with a Dutch door, swinging in two halves, so that on the daily arrival of Hawaiian guests the closing of the lower half of the door allowed the busy housewife to pursue her indoor duties with a measure of privacy, while the open upper half admitted fresh air and the laughing chatter of friendly voices from without. This veranda became a favorite spot for all-day visits, the luxury of such an open lanai being known more as attached to the house of a chief in those days rather than to that of a commoner. Standing close to the shore and on the windward side of the island, almost surrounded, in fact, by the boisterous Pacific, this little mission home was fre-



*Engraved at Lahainaluna*

MISSION STATION AT HANA ABOUT 1840

quently covered with spray in a storm, which often left salt crystals on the tiny windows. Beside the veranda, the house consisted of only one room, but it had the great luxury of little windows with four panes of glass each. And to have the companionship of white neighbors, the only family within forty miles, ah, that signified being highly favored, indeed.

On the seventeenth of the following February, 1842, William and Mary Rice looked for the first time upon the face of their first-born child. No physician was at hand on the isolated Hana coast, but Brother Richards, who had served almost twenty years in all the vicissitudes of life in the pioneer mission and had a family of eight children of his own, had come over the pali, down the cliff trail, to the aid of the young mother and father. It was a visitation as from heaven, wrote Mrs. Rice, "he seemed an angel come to succor me in my need." The name of the small daughter, Hannah Maria, was borrowed from both old homes, Hannah from a sister of Mrs. Rice and Maria from a sister of Mr. Rice. Thus did the flame on the new home altar in the Pacific become even more completely established.

When it came time for the General Meeting of the mission, Mr. Rice went alone and wrote back from Honolulu:

May 19, 1842.

Ever dear Mary:

How gladly would I sit down with you in our quiet grass house & spend this evening, instead of writing a dry letter. I am determined not to remain in Honolulu nei [and vicinity] more than two weeks more, if there is any possibility of getting away. . . . General Meeting thus far goes rather dull. I board at Bro. Armstrong's, but sleep in the basement room.

More than one family have been called upon to part with a dear little one. . . . I feel as though perhaps God would not permit me again to see our sweet little daughter. . . . Sometimes I feel

that perhaps your remaining at Hana is the means ordained for her preservation.

There are but few articles in the Depository and we shall not be able to get near all our supplies now unless there is an arrival soon. There is one barrel of flour for each family. I have purchased two dresses for you, one dark calico, the other light muslin. I somewhat fear you will not *ae* [agree] to the latter. It will cut a great dash I assure you, and only 50 cts per yd.

Does baby cry as hard as ever when she is washed? No doubt you have a good many lonely hours these days, but keep up good courage, days & weeks fly swiftly on. . . . Would I were at Hana this very night. . . . Watched last night with Dr. Andrews' youngest child, sick with dysentery.

Dined at Punahou today. For reasons which I know you would approve I let Sister Dole read your letter, a favor which I never before granted anyone & would not now to anyone else.

Sat. Eve. 21st.

Just one year today since we landed at this port. Hope we may do more for this people the coming year.

May 30th.

. . . . My health is somewhat improved, but still it is by no means as good as it was when I left home. I have not yet got rid of my cold, yet cough but little & think I may be well in a few days. Have had no fever for several days. I have not been to Bro. Doles for about a week, am a little afraid to go there these days, as Sister A. told me they were daily expecting some important event to occur.

The Maryland arrived from Mazatlan today, but no word came from the A.B.C.F.M. The Brethren are almost out of patience about it. Bro. Knapp rec'd a letter stating that Dr. Smith *ma* [and associates] were to sail in Feb. and we learn that a vessel sailed for these Islands on the 24th of that month, so that they may be expected about August. It appears too that Uncle Sam & Mexico are getting by the ears. The former has sent one of his big men with guns to demand of the latter the immediate payment of \$6,000,000 & the release of certain Americans imprisoned by the latter. Intelligence has also been rec'd from France, though not directly of an official character, stating that the Laplace treaty was



Sketch by Rexford Hitchcock

Courtesy of Punahou School

## PUNAHOU IN 1842

far from being ratified up to May, 1841. More than all, Queen Victoria has a second born, a son, Prince of Wales, of course.

The Emersons are to be our neighbors at Lahainaluna. I was in to see Sister E. just at dark. Poor woman, I heartily pity her, she is almost distracted, without a moment's thought to fix right off to Maui with her family of boys, & to get two of them ready to leave here in school, & no school to leave them in, except in name, & but little prospect of one for weeks or months to come. All this is most too much for her. Perhaps I ought to explain about the new school at Punahou. The rooms are not yet done, Mrs. Dole is not in circumstances to take any charge of children, Miss Smith is not there & it is by no means certain that she will go there. I hope that something more will be done soon for the school.

May 31. A vessel sails to Maui this P.M. There is some prospect that I shall start for home this week.

June 3d.

Yours of May 26 was most gladly recd. yesterday just one week from date. I was truly most happy to learn that you & the dear little one were well at that date. My own health has quite recovered, though I have slight coughing spells.

Our General Meeting closed yesterday A.M. Three days from this time I expect to sail for Maui. The Victoria is engaged to go to Lahaina, thence to Kailua, thence to Hana, thence to Hilo. Dr. Lafon is engaged as physician for Maui this present year. I may leave the vessel at Lahaina and get home by land.

Bro. & Sister Conde are to go to Hilo. Tell them to be all ready to go on by the Victoria, as this is probably the best opportunity they will have in a long time.

I cannot tell you in this letter about all the nice things I have got for you, & some not so nice, but wait a little & you shall see. Much love to all & many kisses for the little kama-aina [child of the land].

Harrison

This annual assembly of the mission body always occurred in the spring of the year, when vessels might be expected to arrive from home, with news personal and political to be shared. It gave a breathing-space in the work and a season for girding up the loins for the new year. Vigorous were the preparations made for it in Honolulu, beds and linen were aired and rooms made ready against an indefinite number, since it was never certain how many might be able to come. It was a great family gathering of brothers and sisters, suffering, of course, from disagreements and mistakes, but drawn inevitably into a very close association of family intimacy. In particular was this true of those who had endured together the long and often perilous journey over Atlantic and Pacific. Mother Bond, of Kohala, even in later years, wrote to Mother Lyons at Waimea: "Do you think Brother Rice ma [and family] will come this way to visit? I have always wished for a visit from them." From continued association the Doles and Rices became even more intimate, as is evident in this early letter of Mr. Rice in 1842. On June 6th of that year, four days after the General Meeting had closed, a son, George Dole, was born at Punahou, and Mrs. Rice, on being apprized of that exciting, but not wholly unexpected, event, wrote promptly to Mrs. Dole:

My very dear sister,

. . . . . I do very much wish to see you and the little stranger. Does he grow? What is his name? I suppose he has dark eyes.

Healthy & sprightly, I suppose. I begin even now to think of next General Meeting almost a year hence, yet not without remembering the *entire uncertainty* of all earthly hopes.

I wish you could see my little precious one. She is in no respect precocious & I would not have her so. But she is good, seldom cries, goes into her little cradle at 8 in the eve. & often sleeps until morn, & never wakes more than once during the night. . . . These precious little ones, may God make them rich blessings to us.

Mr. Rice is gaining strength from the slow fever. . . . He became very weak and for the first time I felt that it was very trying to live so far from medical advice. . . . Had I been in Mrs. Bond's place & you in mine or hers, it seems impossible that we should have survived our recent sicknesses. Yet in the Providence of God we are still spared. . . .

Give my love to Miss Smith. Neptune has broken up our correspondence. I should be glad to resume it. Mr. R. wished much to write to Bro. Dole, but is too feeble today.

Your affec. sister

M.S.R.

The following year Mr. Rice continued to suffer from attacks of fever and was forced to spend a short time in the drier climate of Lahaina whither Mrs. Rice sent him long, closely written sheets from Hana:

Oct. 25, 1843.

My precious husband

. . . . The room is lonely without you. The wind whistles around us tonight & every gust brings a fear that you are not well protected from its blasts. The prayer for your welfare is often breathed, I can assure you.

Our dear child is very roguish, does not cry for you, but often speaks of you.

Eve. 26th.

. . . . I have had a class of natives today and shall soon call in our natives to prayers. Sister Conde called toward night, is quite low-spirited & not well.

Dear, I have been thinking today perhaps we ought to seek another climate on account of your health. Watch the indications of Providence. Good night, my precious Husband.

Friday eve. 27.

Our little one is soundly sleeping & I have just come in from prayers with the domestics. I do love to hear Opunui pray. You know there is nothing inconsistent in his life to spoil his prayers and then he always remembers you so particularly. I find it a great deal of company to have Malaulua sleep in the room with me. . . . I think of you as enjoying Mr. Bailey's hospitality tonight at Wailuku & not exposed to wind & rain in a native house.

We spent the day at Sister C.'s today. H. Maria was very happy. I think she is learning to play with children. . . .

Sat. Morn. 28.

I will mention a few things now lest I forget. Hope you will not forget the onions and wish you would get a bottle of wine & one of brandy. Have been thinking for several days of sending Kaiwi to Lahaina next week with letters.

Sat. afternoon.

What a gratification would it be to know how you are this P. M. . . .

Spiritual privileges seem precious. Have set apart today as a day of fasting and prayer for three things: that your health might be restored and we be made holy & useful missionaries, that the blessing of God might descend upon the native children & youth under our care, and for grace to train Maria for usefulness & heaven. She gives increasing evidence of the depravity of her nature. Is it not a fearful thought that she is by nature an enemy to God? . . . . Fear I shall not have an opportunity of sending letters & know you are anxious to hear from me.

. . . Precious Maria complains much of her teeth, has said Papa many times today. She seems to miss you.

Your affectionate wife M.S.R.

In April of the following year it was thought best that Mrs. Rice should seek medical aid at Lahaina, as she wrote April 1, 1844, to Sister Richards at Wailuku:

. . . . The past has been a year of mercies, our cup has overflowed. . . . Mr. Rice and self have been permitted to labor uninterruptedly. He has a very interesting school & I in my "hema-hema" way have weekly tried to do something for the poor

females around me. You know full well the "lights & shadows" of laboring for this poor people, how the carelessness of many awaken the most painful feelings, . . . & again how the affection & attention of others repay abundantly all we endure.

We do love our labors and our *home*, & trust we will be spared to return to them after our temporary absence. . . . Have been too busy & well to be much troubled with our solitude. It is when prostrate by sickness without ability to labor for our families or the people that we remember we are shut in by a stormy ocean & almost impassable palis. . . .

We are quite ready to leave, but detained by the weather. Should we continue to be so for two weeks to come, I trust we should get away in time.

No schooner arriving, however, the little family left early in April on a double canoe, the raised platform of which in good weather afforded comfortable seats for passengers in good health bound on a pleasure trip. But in uncertain weather, with a small child and both father and mother in frail health, the prospect of the forty miles to Kahului was not alluring. They had every confidence, however, in the stalwart Hawaiian paddlers who were their devoted friends. A storm of wind and rain setting in, the lashings of the double canoe were torn apart and a forced landing was made at the first possible inlet. Hospitable natives of the little fishing village sheltered them in their small hut where between the roaring of the storm without and the ceaseless talking within the strangers did not lie down to a night of rest. A long walk stretched before them the next day. Little Maria, barely two years old, was quiet and good, carried either by her father or the natives up and down the trails often thickly overgrown with tropical vines. Mrs. Rice struggled on as best she could, "climbing with the aid of two natives who pushed and dragged her by the hand up the steep sides of the gulch, while she clung to the vines and bushes." And even in this extremity she found cause for

rejoicing in the fact that there were no snakes in the tangle of undergrowth. Until eleven o'clock that night they walked, coming at last to the doorway of the hospitable mission home at Wailuku, which is now the William and Mary Alexander Parsonage. Here Sister Clark met them, shading a lighted candle with her hand, as she exclaimed, "Oh, you poor child!" And such a refuge did the weary travellers find there that Mrs. Rice ever afterward said of Sister Clark, "I think her a choice spirit."

In a few days the intrepid little family of pilgrims set out once more in a canoe through the rough waters of Kahakuloa Point and around the headland of Kaanapali to the safe shelter of Lahaina harbor. Here at Lahainaluna, above the heat of the village, little Emily Dole Rice was born a month later, on May 10, 1844. She was named for the dear mission sister who had died at Punahou on April 27th, scarcely a fortnight before, leaving her second son, Sanford Ballard, a babe four days old. The General Meeting of the mission was next in order and thither Mr. Rice went, leaving his wife in safe hands among other similar "widows", as they called themselves. That the session was to prove an eventful one his letters soon began to indicate.

Honolulu, June 4, 1844.

Ever dear Mary:

. . . . . We arrived here in safety. . . . . Were becalmed about half the night & light winds. I slept on deck, was not very sea sick, rested but little, 80 or 90 native passengers on deck and plenty of tobacco smoke, but on the whole a pleasant passage.

The Globe is not here & we have heard that she came near being wrecked & put into the Cape Verde Isls. So she will not reach here probably till some time in July at soonest, & General Meeting will have to do the business of location without the new brethren. Good night, dear.

Wed. morn. Have had a comfortable nights rest, tho my sleep departed from me at 2 this morn. . . . Perhaps I shall

become more intellectual, if I sleep but 4 hours per night. This day is devoted to religious exercises, I understand, not to fasting & prayer as formerly, *that's too popish!* . . . . Eve. Perhaps I shall conclude next week to adjourn to Punahou, since Bro. Dole expected me there. He preached to us this morn & this P.M. we have had a prayer meeting, a very good season. There is a religious meeting this evening also, but it is best for me not to be out. Owing to the religious observance of this day I have not got those few articles to send by this vessel, but will send them Friday by the Clarion, if I can get them. I hope you will not allow yourself to feel anxious about my health.

My dear daughter Maria, papa sailed away to Honolulu. He wishes he could see dear Mama & dear Maria & dear sister tonight, but he cannot. There are many little children here & they have meeting every morning to hear about God & pray to him. God loves good children. Papa hopes Maria will be a good child. He will try to get Maria some shoes.



LAHAINALUNA SCHOOL IN 1838

*From a copperplate engraving made there about that time.*

Tuesday noon

My ever beloved Mary,

I have just half an hour before dinner & that is yours. We are now on Location. Bro. Conde is to be at Lahainaluna, if we can carry it, & I think we can. We shall have a heavy tug on this business. . . . .

June 7. . . . . I shall say nothing more about Punahou until the locating committee bring it before the mission, if they should do so at all. They seem to have no thought but that we will go in & board all together with the school. If we return to Hana we cannot get our year's supplies now. There is no flour, no cloth, except unbleached & no anything scarcely, that we need. By making a thorough search I have found 2 pairs kid shoes No. 2, which I have taken possession of, but I have not yet found a single pair for myself.

My health is improving rapidly here. O, how I wish I could hear just how you are tonight! Good night, dear wife, dear Maria & dear little Emily D.

June 11. At noon I little expected that before sundown the whole subject of location would be settled. We *must* go to Punahou & try to make ourselves happy there, considering it to be our duty to do so. Our accommodations the present year will be the 2 rooms Miss Smith used to occupy & the corner room adjacent. A door has been cut through from the sitting room to the corner room. Miss Smith occupies two rooms adjoining the kitchen in the same court. She is to do the cooking without relying upon you for aid. *Our* department (for I intend to take the principal part of the labor myself) will be to see that the children keep their rooms in proper order, look after their cloathes, etc. We shall not build much the present year but lay our plans so as to be prepared to build to our minds next year, unless the trustees decide that they have made a mistake in putting us there.

Did I consider the Pilot a safe vessel, I should take passage. There is no other now in port bound for Lahaina & may not be for a week.

June 14. We are now nearly through the business of General Meeting, but when a passage to the windward will offer is not certain. Our removal to Punahou seems so clearly to be the voice

of the *mission* that I feel quite reconciled to it. My health has greatly improved. Dined today at the Lowell Smiths. She has a fine little daughter with a head of hair as long & more black than our little Emily D. We had a very pleasant season at Bro. Armstrong's last eve, not of fashionable folly, but of Christian fellowship, conference & prayer. Bro. Dole talks some of accompanying me to Maui.

Good night, my *all* on earth, but I trust not my *only* treasure.

Your

Harrison

Anciently one of the king's favorite seats, and sometimes referred to as the capital town, Lahaina was still the annual resort of hundreds of whaling vessels, and several families of missionaries worked both in the town itself and in the seminary for native teachers on the hill a mile above, at Lahainaluna. No safer place could have been found for Mrs. Rice and her two very small children. Their faithful friends, Opunui and his wife Kaniho, remained with them, and the situation was sufficiently near to Hana on the east coast to allow other friendly and familiar Hawaiian faces to appear from there as the weeks passed. Some of the letters written to Honolulu by Mrs. Rice have been found among the papers of the two small daughters who kept her company there.

Lahainaluna, June 4, 1844.

My very dear husband,

The night has passed away since your absence and I awoke refreshed & feeling thankful for mercies. H. Maria seems to realize that you are gone, starts if she hears a step, and says, Papa come, Papa write to Malia. Baby had a quiet night. Good morning, *God bless you.*

June 5. I have just laid down my Testament, seeking relief from solitariness & sadness which I found stealing over me. Dear husband, it is in its precious truths & there alone that we can find

relief from the sorrows of earth. We are all comfortable. I begin to wish to get out in the fresh air. Maria is a great comfort, does not forget you. She does not incline to stray away, but stays near me constantly. Baby is better, & begins to notice things some.

May you have wisdom from on high to direct you & a speedy & safe return.

June 6th. H. Maria is happy & contented, a precious comfort, & quite a help. She saves me a multitude of steps during the day, stays constantly by me & loves the baby as tenderly as ever. . . . . I am gaining strength daily & think to ride horseback tomorrow. Wish I could take a peep at Honolulu this P.M. Should enquire first if Mr. Rice was *well*; 2, if the Globe had arrived; and 3, if location of missionaries was on the carpet in General Meeting. O, it is no little thing to change ones home & sphere of labor.

Do take care of your health, if not for your own sake, for the sake of her whose earthly all is centered in you. Love to Bro. Dole. Tell him our little Emily Dole thrives. The vessel did not come in from Honolulu, but carried letters, etc. on to Hilo. I feel that my shoulders are sufficiently broad to bear almost anything with the exception that you, dearest, are sick. May God bless you with health & strength & "the saving health" of the soul. May God prepare us to spend his holy day acceptably.

Kauwai has written a letter to the General Meeting remonstrating against our removal from Hana. Opunui is very sick. K. says that all the learners will be scattered like sheep, if we leave. Great is their love. God direct us in the path of duty. Our 1500 children on East Maui are precious to me as jewels of the morn.

June 10, 1844.

I wish I could know how you are this morn. . . . H. Maria was delighted with your letter. She wished to carry it about all the P. M. & could not be satisfied until I gave her a bit of paper which she scratched on with a stick for a letter for dear Papa. I am quite well this morn, took quite a ride on horseback, & begin to feel something like vigor. . . . Emily Dole thrives, sleeps finely nights. . . . If you could procure some *good* Codfish, it would be very acceptable. I begin to need some relish of that sort.

It seems to me to be working in the dark to locate new missionaries before they arrive. Mrs. Conde thinks those single men

the Jonahs & may be they are. Well, if through any mishap they are spilled out, I hope they will find as good or better accommodations than the old prophet did.

I have been thinking, dear, that perhaps we should go back to Hana alone. Don't object on my account. . . . Luiki called on us this morn, said he was "taumaha" [downcast] at the thought of our leaving. Every Hana face that strays this way causes my "aloha to hu" [love to grow] for my old dear home there, but where Providence directs, there would I abide, let it be at Hana or Punahou. . . . May you be guided by Heavenly wisdom. Much love to poor Brother Dole, I do not forget his & our inexpressible loss.

The thought that you are gaining strength reconciles me to your absence, yes leads me to rejoice in it. . . .

June 14.

An unexpected opportunity occurs, & I send a few words. . . . Little Emily is on my arm, well & thriving. H. Maria says repeatedly, "Tell Papa come, come home."

Our natives, Palili especially, expressed great pleasure when I informed them you did not think we should be removed from Hana. . . . I have felt much for your General Meeting this year and pray that the spirit of God may be poured out on your assembly, that "no root of bitterness" may spring up among you.

But the change from Hana had already been determined upon and the comfortable new house almost completed there by Mr. Rice and his native carpenters was left to the new arrivals. Great was the mourning among the natives at Hana that their old teachers were not to return, and at least one couple, Opunui and his wife, accompanied the Rices to Punahou and remained attached to the family the rest of their lives. Having seen his little family safely conveyed to Oahu, Mr. Rice returned to Maui to attend to packing and transporting their household effects. A tale of rough weather and delay fills part of a note which he contrived to send to his wife.

Lahaina, Aug. 14, 1844.

. . . . . Thus far the Lord has protected me from the dangers of the sea, but instead of being here bound to Oahu, I have yet to make the trip to Hana. We have had a very rough time of it, have been off Kawaihae, in the channel, etc., etc., & returned here yesterday without being able to get up the channel between Maui & Hawaii. We propose to start again today & try the other side of the Island. What would I not give to be clear of this business! Were it not for attending Bro. & Sister Whittlesey, new to the islands and our successors in the work at Hana, I should be disposed to take the first passage to Oahu & let the vessel do the best she could with getting our things from Hana. You must not feel alarmed, dear wife, about me, but rather trust in the Lord. My thoughts have been far more *with* you & *for* you & our dear little ones than for my own safety. We shall probably get away this forenoon. I would see you by tomorrow, if it were best.

With ever increasing affection

Your Harrison

It was then the custom for Punahou School to open in July, or after the session of General Meeting, and it was not many weeks before our little mission family from Hana had settled in the larger school family under the thatched roof of the adobe building shaped like a capital letter E. The death of Mrs. Dole had left to Miss Marcia Smith the charge of two very small boys in addition to all her school duties, and the summer was hardly past before a rest at Kaneohe, on windward Oahu, was necessary even for her vigorous physique. Except for the providence of Mother Rice's coming, however, small Sanford Ballard Dole would probably not have lived, but Mrs. Rice was fortunately able to nurse him as well as her own babe, named for his mother, and thus the two families of children grew up as foster brothers and sisters. And good Miss Marcia Smith felt so like one of the Rice family that eleven years later she wrote to Mrs. Rice's sister, Lucy Hyde, on the death of the Rev. Jabez Hyde, saying that she herself had heretofore occupied a sister's

place at Punahou, but that now they should all expect Lucy to come out to the islands and take her own place in the Rice family. And *aunt* Miss Smith certainly was to the Dole boys as well. When little Sanford Ballard was about three months old, he was taken out to the kind care of Father and Mother Bishop at the Ewa mission station, until his second year, when he was brought back to Punahou on his father's marriage to the widowed Mrs. Knapp. During those two years Marcia Smith kept with her the older Dole child, small George Hathaway, tending him even during her vacation. Miss Smith was the sister of Mrs. Lyons of Waimea, Hawaii, to whom she wrote as frequently as the crowding of her duties allowed:

Punahou, Sept. 11, 1844.

My dear sister,

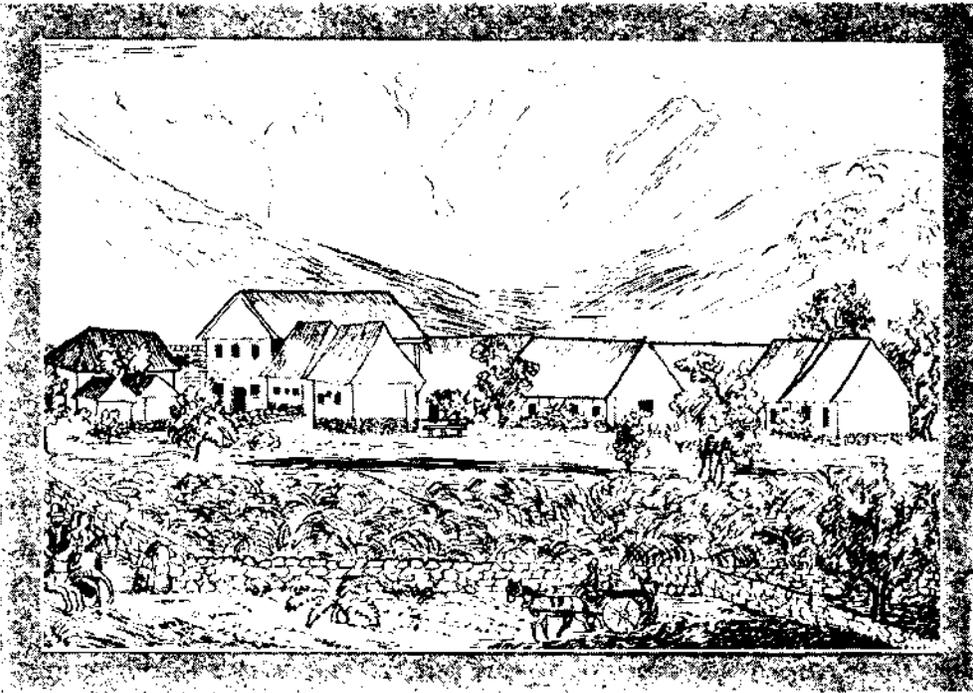
. . . . I staid but one week at Kaneohe on account of George not being very well, . . . and I did not like to be from home . . . . for he needs the utmost vigilance.

Mrs. Rice got along so easy, that I proposed to be boarder the next week, which she allowed me. I feel a little rested. . . . Mrs. Rice is very energetic & efficient in her labors, very systematic, . . . and her pale face notwithstanding, is able to assume more care than ever Mrs. Dole was. Mr. Rice's health is not very firm.

Punahou School, just out of Honolulu village, had been started for mission children, who otherwise must have been sent the 18,000 miles away to school. Its loyal teachers had the difficult task of trying to please all the parents, but "without this school," Mr. Rice wrote, "so many families would inevitably go back to the States, that I should fear for the very existence of the mission." His own tasks were the varied outdoor demands of a pioneer school, subsisting for the most part on the produce raised by the boys themselves, working outdoors an hour or two before breakfast and several hours after school "until

they could count seven stars." Irksome it often was, but in after years Mr. Rice's vigilance and precision received due meed of praise from "his boys". One of these, General S. C. Armstrong, speaking at the semi-centennial of Punahou, stated proudly that many of those early field lessons had gone into the building of Hampton Institute.

Very soon it became evident that the Rice and Dole families must have homes somewhat more retired than the little ground-floor rooms of the one-story adobe building, and Mr. Rice's duties were multiplied by the adding of a second story at the two mauka corners of the capital letter E, which faced makai. Today the Old School at Punahou, built by Mr. Rice in 1852, is the oldest house on the campus, but during the years of 1890 the two-story corners of the original letter E still remained as Rice and



*Redrawn by H. N. Poole in 1916*

*Courtesy of Punahou School*

**PUNAHOU IN 1846**

*From a sketch by Mr. Knapp, one of the missionaries. The two-story addition at the corner had just been completed by Mr. Rice.*

Dole Halls. Miss Smith, writing in 1845, speaks of their being built and of the children, some of whose names are found in the annals of Hawaiian life and letters. School was dismissed in May, before General Meeting, and Miss Smith gives her account of attempting to spend the vacation with her sister on Hawaii in 1846, in company with Mr. Rice and some of the children.

Punahou, May 28, 1845.

. . . . Mr. Rice is driving at the work, finishing off the rooms, but he finds it slow work, for there are so many natives still laid aside with the influenza and fever that few are able to work yet. This will delay the commencement of our school necessarily. Perhaps I shall stay on here till the plastering is done, so as to commence the cleaning.

. . . Sanford is now 13 months old, a great healthy boy, weighing 28 pounds. He has a handsome eye, dark hazel, much like his mother's, and a pleasant disposition, though he exhibits a good degree of resoluteness. . . .

Hilo, April 25, 1846.

My dear Lucia,

. . . . Our school was dismissed one week short of the term, in order to embark on the Clarion. . . . Mr. Rice tried to prevail on the Capt. to tarry till after the Sabbath, but he said he could not. As that was the only probable opportunity for several weeks, we commenced our preparations. Later we were informed that the clipper ship would sail on Monday at 2 P. M. for Kawaihae, & Mr. Rice then engaged our passage on the clipper. Monday came, & every thing except our food was sent on board before dinner. We were under way, nearly down to the Mission, when word came that we should not sail till next morning. So we turned about & went back to Punahou in the rain to stay the first night. The children's beds & clothing, even to a nightdress, were on board, & they were compelled to sleep as they could.

Tues. morn we started again, but on the way we discovered the schooner going out of the harbor. As soon as might be we procured a boat and gave chase, thinking that she would put back for us. But she soon lay her course,—and we turned ours to land.

In the harbor we discovered the *Amelia* under sailing orders for Hilo the next day. So we made the best of our way home to Punahou & I made provision to bake a new lot of bread, &c. The oven nicely heating & bread in the tins, in came a messenger. "The vessel is ready, come as soon as you can." Again we were in motion and soon on board,—but our

trunks gone to Kawaihae. With a very light breeze we did not reach Lahaina till noon. Here the vessel had some business & we were detained till after the Sabbath. The sea was very high, whale boats were upset and several men drowned. . . . The Capt. said it would not be possible to land at Kawaihae, & Mahukona was out of the question. When daylight came Tuesday we were well nigh in sight of Hilo, and there we landed in the evening. It is now late Sat. P. M. & we are expecting to embark on the whale ship bound to Lahaina, at four o'clock Monday morning. . . .

It is childish to repeat how much I feel the disappointment at not visiting you at Waimea, dear sister Lucia. If you hear we are *gone*, please forward the trunks by the first opportunity.

Eighty-five years ago the overland journey on Hawaii from Hilo to Waimea over only the roughest trails, not often used by grown men, was not to be thought of with a woman and a number of children. Chance sailings for west Hawaii were so very irregular and infrequent that the projected visit at Waimea was perforce abandoned and all turned their faces once more toward Oahu and General Meeting. In July of this year, 1846, a son, Wil-



*Courtesy of Punahou School*

DOLE HALL AT PUNAHOU

*Sanford Dole was born here before Father Rice added the second story to the original adobe building.*

liam Hyde Rice, was born at Punahou. In 1848 Miss Marcia Smith's chronicle continues amid epidemics even more fatal to the natives than influenza.

Punahou, Dec. 25, 1847.

. . . We were all very busy last eve preparing for company today. . . . Our gathering numbered one hundred and four persons, viz. the Mission families, Mr. Damon's family, & three of Dr. Judd's children. Each lady provided what she pleased, & we had an overabundance of food. After dinner we had a religious service. The day has passed very pleasantly, & I think not unprofitably. Most delightful weather. . . .

Dec. 6, 1848.

. . . Today is appointed by the King, as a day of fasting and prayer on this Island that the scourge may be lifted, if the Lord will. . . . Malie, Mrs. Rice's little native girl, now lies a corpse, only waiting for a little cessation in the rain to consign it to the earth. She had hooping cough first, then the measles followed by the Diarrhoea. Emily and Willie cough pretty hard, but are not made sick by it. Maria, George and Sanford all cough. . . .



*Sketch by James Chamberlain*

*Courtesy of Punahou School*

#### PUNAHOU IN 1849

*Both additions for the Rice and Dole families are to be seen at the upper corners of the E-shaped adobe building.*

Jan. 8, 1849.

Yesterday morning a new sprout of Rice appeared in the garden of Punahou. She is flourishing yet, and gives promise of doing honor to the domestic department of the Institution. . . .

During the summer of 1850 Miss Marcia Smith, accompanied by small Hannah Maria Rice, apparently succeeded in making a visit to her sister, Mrs. Lyons, at Waimea, on the northern slopes of Mauna Kea. Escorted by Mr. Lyons, the two visitors then made the journey along the Kohala mountains northward to the Kohala mission. The chronicler is eight-year-old Maria, dutifully and laboriously penning what was perhaps her first letter home.

Kohala, June 22, 1850.

My Dear Father & Mother

I take My pen in hand to inform you that I am well & I hope that when this Piece reaches you you May be enjoying the same Blessing. I have been here a day & too nights. I will tell you about our journey. We came throgth some tall weeds & then we got to the woods. There were some oats & some shells & some Butterflies & some poha Bush. When we got here we saw the Meetinghouse. There is only one piece of it.

Now when we got here it was dark & I got homesick. Mrs. Bond asked Me why We came so late Mr. Bond asked Me why I did not cry as before I laught & said that I did not feel like crying. Thomas is littler than he was at home Mr. Lyons went away this Morning Mr. Bond plays on the Melophine.

June 24 Today Miss Smith got a letter From My Mother. A Native woman gave me a stock of broom it had seeds. A native Man did not bring a letter for Me. I am glad to here that Mothers eye is better.

June 26 I have found a bunch of strawbery with 3 bery on it We found 3 Mulbery there are birds here.

June 28 I have been copying this letter yesterday Today & yesterday. I have a Rash. I send My love to all.

Hannah Maria Rice



MISS MARCIA SMITH

Toward the end of the year 1849 Mr. Rice was again distressed by an obstinate cough. An excursion early in December to the Emersons' home at Waialua afforded change of air and scene, but heavy rains detained him there a week or more. Kind Sister Emerson, however, provided him "with a bottle of pure wine made at Waialua nei, *something* to

cheer the spirits," and his appetite improved. He was well aware of the grave danger indicated by such a state of health, yet his letters were invariably cheerful, rarely including such a remark as, "I cannot say I have no doubts, no fears, no anxiety, but I trust I have been led to serious self-examination. I pray for submission to the Divine will. I desire to feel that the Lord's way is right & that he will dispose of me and mine in the way which will be most for his glory & our good." At the same time, common sense seemed to point him toward taking advantage of every possible opportunity for physical relaxation and he was glad to avail himself of an offer to go to the island of Hawaii on business that would pay his expenses. He accompanied Judge John Ii thither with a commission to dispose of the personal effects of a high chief recently dead. It was to be an absence of possibly two or three months, which Mrs. Rice engaged to endure cheerfully

in the hope that his health might be restored. Seven of her letters to him during January and February of 1850 are still carefully kept by their grandson, Charles Atwood Rice, together with three written from Hawaii during the same time by Mr. Rice, and three additional letters still remain with Harry de la Vergne, another grandson. This whole group of letters on a most interesting episode was once the treasured property of Emily Rice de la Vergne, and one would give much to be able to quote them in full.

After a journey of four days by schooner from Honolulu Mr. Rice felt his cough already improved and began to enjoy his visit with Father and Mother Thurston, pioneer missionaries at Kailua. He was surprised to find them living in a frame house, when the district had been so bountifully provided by the hand of Nature with good building stone. The dry climate of Kona delighted him, and the still, cool nights under a cloudless sky freed him from the irritation so often produced in Honolulu, he wrote, in air "which comes from a mass of clouds and is driven with the full force of the N.E. trades." After going over lists of property and arriving at a plan of procedure with Judge Ii, who had accompanied Mrs. William Pitt Leleiohoku, the widowed chiefess, to Kailua, Mr. Rice gives a picture of the work ahead of them. The deceased chief had been governor of the island of Hawaii in 1846, and was the son of High Chief Kalanimoku, also known as William Pitt and the Iron Cable of Hawaii, who in 1824 had been despatched by Kaahumanu to quell the rebellion on Kauai.

Kailua, Jan. 5, 1850.

My dear Mary,

. . . . . I have been at work prizing waiwai [goods]. We commenced in the garret of Gov. Adams old house & have reached the cellar. That done, we have at least 5 more houses to overhaul, but I hope not so full of everything as this.

I am anxiously looking for letters. Send to any point on Hawaii you can get a chance to. The Anne (old tub) which sailed for this place 3 days before we did reached here 3 days after. Don't you wish I had taken passage in her?

Monday 7th. Even with good services on the Sabbath I could not help feeling lonely, perhaps a little homesick. I do not mean to indulge such feelings, but had I no business here but to seek health, I do not believe I could be content.

I walk about a mile in the A.M. to the house, commence at 9. At 12 take a lunch such as I can pick up among the natives there, melons, bananas, coconuts, etc., & then continue business till 4 P.M., which is the ordinary dinner hour at Mr. Thurston's, as they take but two meals per day. They allow me however to go into the pantry, when at home, & help myself.

Wed. eve. About noon the Wilhelmine hove in sight, but seemed to stand off toward Kealakekua. I therefore chartered a canoe to go off for letters. The man was gone about three hours, but returned without letters, was told the vessel was under such head way that he could not keep up with her.

I have felt pretty well starched today, for my native has starched my shirt from top to bottom—think he will not do the like again. We are progressing slowly, have rummaged 6 houses from garret to cellar, & there are any number more. One of them was built by Kamehameha I and he is said to have lived in it 7 years. It is thatched, but the timbers, of Lama wood, seem to be all sound to this day.

If I continue to grow fleshy as fast as I have since landing, I shall become quite chiefish before I leave. Mrs. Pitt, who came with us, takes good care to keep me in fresh fish, nice & fat, & then we have a good supply of Kailua beef, & other good things. But we are out of butter, having just finished what I brought. Could I *know* that my dear family are all well, I should be quite happy.

Friday eve. I am glad to have your note of Jan. 1 wishing me happy new year. We have not got through with our inventory, and I fear we shall be detained here. John Ii coughs badly, but I hope he will be able to proceed as soon as we can close up matters here. I know not when I shall be able to send this, as most of the vessels pass right by this place, there being little inducement to call here.

Jan. 12, 1850. . . . . We have commenced overhauling the property in the 9th house. How many more there are is more than I can tell, but it will probably be three weeks before we reach Hilo, even should we not be hindered by rainy weather. Here in these old houses is the greatest collection of trumpery I ever saw, a little of everything, and of old duds not a few, many of them have been on hand ever since the days of Kamehameha I. I shall pick up a few little things as presents for the children, &c.

Jan. 17. I believe we have at length found the identical coat worn by Peter, if he was in reality the first Pope (as some would make us believe). It is all of red, or scarlet color & its pattern of such antiquity that I have thought of purchasing it & sending it to Europe a relic which hath been for these ages hid in these ends of the earth & but now revealed for the adoration of the faithful. Would you not think it well, dearest M., to risk a small sum in such a speculation?

I feel in good humor tonight because it hath been announced to me today that there remains but *one* more house belonging to the estate of William Pitt Leleiohoku in Kailua. We have today completed the round number of 15 houses belonging to said estate & containing the property thereof. I think we have now work for about 4 or 5 days more here in surveying lands, herds, etc. & getting the property into a shape to be disposed of, or shipped to Oahu. In less than a week we may be able to take up our line of march toward Kealakekua where we shall make but a short stop. After leaving here our work will amount to but little except traveling, till we reach Waimea.

Jan. 25. . . . . I have just received your letter of Jan. 5th & 9th, & would gladly hasten to your assistance and relief, did I not feel that a still further absence would be a mercy to you & to our dear children. . . . . Thank them for their letters & kind remembrances. I have everything arranged to start early in the A. M. for Kealakekua and, I hope, Kau. My health has very decidedly improved since I have been at Kailua nei, still I have some cough yet.

Kealakekua, Jan. 29, 1850.

Dearest M.,

The wind is from the south & I am likely to be weather bound

here, how long no one can tell. The whale ship Tiger is here. Mrs. Brewster, the captain's wife, & myself visited on board yesterday P.M. She said she was going to apply for admittance to Punahou to stay during the season while her husband goes to the arctic ocean. I told her we had a large family & but poor help. She replied there could be no harm in writing to Mrs. Rice on the subject. I recommended her to write to Miss Smith, if to any one.

I still cough some, but am able to use my voice much more than when I left Oahu. Bro. Paris being absent, I listened last Sabbath to 2 sermons from natives. I have refused to attempt speaking in public & think I must continue to do so.

Waimea, Feb. 22, 1850.

. . . . . I was perfectly astonished when I received your letters at Hilo, I could hardly conceive that with all your cares & the sickness of the children you could find time to write so much. Be careful of your own health.

Aloha ia Oponui ma, a me na keiki a kaua a me ko ka hale a pau.

Na'u wa Laike.

[Love to Oponui and his family, also to our children and all the household.

From me Rice.]

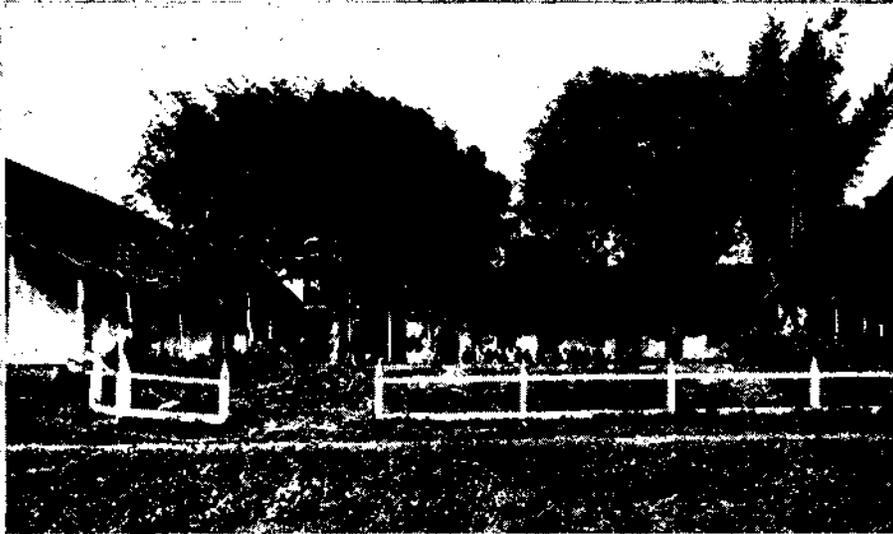
How matters had fared meanwhile in the busy home at Punahou School may be conjectured from this last allusion to letters from Mrs. Rice and more clearly seen in some of those letters themselves. Influenza and other ailments were rife. Only the faithful Oponui from Hana could be mustered for the heavier kitchen labor. Mr. Dole was uncertain as to the number of Hawaiians whom Mr. Rice had employed for milking, and whether they were "to receive a cow or only cloth" in payment. Severe illness had appeared among the "sprouts of Rice," some of whom were still very small. True to her promise, however, their mother kept up her courage. Small William Hyde Rice, born at Punahou, was not yet four years old,

Baby Mary just one. Emily sent word to her father that the day he had sailed for Hawaii she had ridden down to the wharf with Mr. and Mrs. Dole, Maria, George and Sanford to see the schooner. Mrs. Rice wrote:

Jan. 5, 1850. . . . . I have had the large room cleared out up stairs & intend to spend the days up there & the nights next week. We have the little waggon & it is quite a comfort to Willy to be drawn about in it & watch the children from the verandah. He is as hungry as a bear, but still too weak to endure much food.

Jan. 12th. We were so glad & grateful to get your letter yesterday. If the business exposes your health, come home & go again in the spring, if necessary. Do make your health the first object. . . . . Your dear children are all well, Willy improving daily, though still too weak to walk. He speaks of you often & it would comfort him to have his papa to hold him.

We are out of debt on the depository books & have \$6.71 in our favor. I have purchased a dress and a pair of shoes. . . . .



*Courtesy of Punahou School*

THE BOYS' COURT OF PUNAHOU  
*Rice Hall at the back corner, with an upper veranda.*

I feel very anxious to refund 1 tenth of our salary this year, otherwise our living is not the way for Christians.

Tuesday eve. 15th. I am glad to report a decided improvement in the children. . . . I went to meeting twice on the Sabbath, Communion in the P.M., & one of Bro. Dole's best sermons. Quite a thinning of foreign residents in the Bethel Chapel.

Jan. 22. Dear, it is almost bed time, but I cannot retire without telling you how grateful I felt to receive your letter today, dates until the 12th. To learn that you are better quite reconciles me to a prolonged absence. Do not on any account risk the loss of what you have gained. I have rummaged the dispensary in Honolulu for your Balsam of Cherry, but it is all gone. If I cannot obtain it of Dr. Smith, I will send the best substitute, and will fill the rest of the box with loaf sugar to be dissolved in it. I am much gratified that you have so much strength to labor, it will so prevent your suffering from the absence of your dear ones. What should I do if my hands & heart were not full from morn till eve? The children are in good health, now no longer a matter of course to me, but a choice & special mercy.

Our natives suffer severely with influenza. Oponui & Kaniho keep about, but we have no others left except those who work in our kalo patches. Mr. Dole has rheumatism some, Mrs. Dole not very well, likewise Miss Smith. You forgot your Aloha to them. Why do you not write Bro. Dole? I fear they will think you *like me best*. And if you can find time to write the children on separate pieces of paper, it would gratify them. You are kind to write so fully. I prize your letters very much.

Curtis Lyons & Munson Coan occupy your study at night, & Henry & Frederic Lyman frequently spend the evening with me, so I am provided with protectors & company. You must prevail upon Sister Lyman to accompany you for a visit with us, if you leave from Hilo. Do not take no for an answer.

Don't stop growing fat until you get up to 160 pounds. I will own you if you do look a little chiefish.

Jan. 31. It would be a comfort indeed to see that Massachusetts go with your letters and medicines, but I can learn of no other vessel to send by. I have been down to Honolulu today with all the children and have spent the day calling in the neighbourhood. Miss S. requests that you secure some Pia [arrowroot], if

possible, on Hawaii. Mr. Ives is still on Kauai, engaged in making Pia.

Feb. 2. It was a great privilege to receive your letters today down to the 29th. Every word you write is so precious to me. I have been favored above all in hearing that you are improving. I have had some pain about my ear all the week and Maria has had much sympathy for me. "Mother," she says mornings before her eyes are open, "does your ear ache?" She takes much care of Willy & Mary, & is a great help. Mary reads in her own way by the half hour, and talks and laughs, and walks by things. We have moved down stairs again today. I did it with regret, but I must try to teach & be where I can do the most. My little folks are a host of company to me. Both Maria & Emily love to read, E. reads readily in the Testament. They are all good at table, which is a comfort, & yield readily to my judgment. Five of the older boys have formed a pleasant circle with us, Curtis, Henry, Frederic, Munson and E. Johnson. We have finished this eve the life of Roger Williams.

Dear Husband, I am weary of living alone. What a privilege it would be to see you once more.

Feb. 7th. . . . . School commenced Tuesday. I teach 1 hour in the morning in my own room & have the school the last hour in the P.M. It is very pleasant to begin school & regular hours with Maria & Emily, & they are happy in it. Willy wishes me to write to Papa for him: I wish to see you very much. I am a hungry boy. We have talo cakes & sweet potatoes & Irish potatoes. I went to meeting Sabbath day with Mother & wore my new jacket with bright buttons & new pantaloons. Mr. Damon preached about Mr. Bond's meeting house. Opunui washes the dishes. Mia [Maria] wipes the tumblers & gives them to me to put on the waiter. Emily wipes the cups & I carry them. We have some pigs & hogs & little pigs. They lie in the mud.

Your little son Willie.

Flour is selling in town for 25 dollars per barrel & we are using our last barrel. Of course we eat bread sparingly.

Feb. 23. . . . . Mary has been a little fretful & disordered, & I began to fear another period of sickness when I discovered accidentally that her eye teeth & 2 double teeth were *through*, & I was almost overjoyed, & so were the little folks.

Feb. 26. Sabbath day I was startled I can assure you to hear that John Li had arrived. But it is said that a vessel was gone to Hawaii for him.

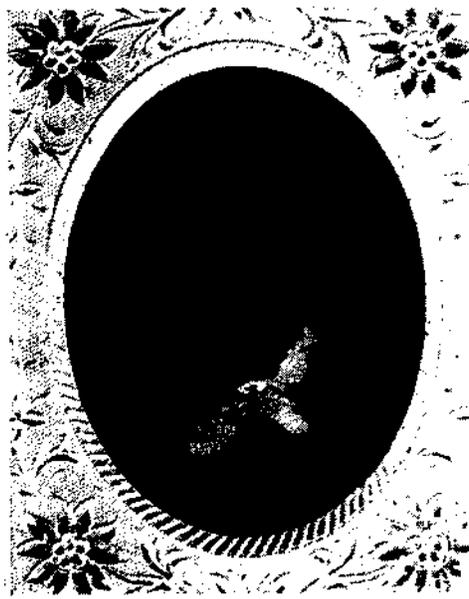
I feel not very well tonight. My right ear is very painful, but I think it will break soon. Yet you need not think I am sick enough to be a lady, Oh no. It has been baking day, no help but Opunui, & Miss Smith not very well. I washed part of the dishes after breakfast, had my morning school, made custard & got dinner on the table, had society meeting at 1 P.M., went into school in the P.M., came out & got tea for Mrs. Clark ma at five, to say nothing of looking after some 4 little representatives of your honorable self.

I asked Willy tonight if he had had a pleasant day with Albert Clark. "No," said he, "he spouted me if he was bigger than me. An't I a large boy, Mama?"

Our school Waggon is not useable owing to the tires of the wheels being loose, & we are deprived of attending Chapel on the Sabbath. We hear that sickness is again prevailing on Hawaii &

it makes me the more anxious to hear from you. But good night, my dear husband. May you be safely kept. It is a privilege to commit you to our heavenly Father's care & keeping.

Your own Mary.



MOTHER RICE  
ABOUT 1850

Something of what the presence of little Mother Rice meant in the school home at Punahou was expressed two years later by Miss Smith in writing to her sister, Mrs. Lyons of Waimea, whom Mrs. Rice had been visiting for a few weeks during the summer recess.

My dear Sister,

Punahou, July 19, 1852.

I knew you would enjoy Mrs. Rice's visit, but heaven directed her to come home. . . . She is a marvel, a rare woman in this selfish & self-conceited world. So considerate of others—united with so much dignified independence & such a quick perception of justice. Her sensibilities prepare to suffer, but at the same time, being so much under the control of reason & judgment, they afford her much exquisite enjoyment.

Rest from her school family was indeed necessary at times for Mrs. Rice, who longed to give to her own children the care which responsibility for children of others forbade. From this first visit to Mrs. Lyons, mentioned in Miss Smith's letter, Mrs. Rice had written to her husband:

Waimea, Hawaii. June 12, 1852.

. . . We had a delightful ride up from Kawaihae on the ox cart. Curtis took great pains to fix it comfortable. Waimea exceeds all my expectations, a pretty place I call it with its rich mountain scenery & grassy plains. We had a cordial reception.

The children are very happy here, & I have what I have long desired, an opportunity to *do more* for them. I commenced with Willie yesterday in reading—do not intend to confine him long at a time, but mean he shall be thorough.

Bro. Bond writes he is ready to help me over to Kohala, but I do not intend to go there to return here. If you can make arrangements to sail with us from Kohala, very well. If not, let it be so. I am intending to make the long-contemplated *quiet* visit here. Mrs. Lyons makes me very happy & I feel as much at home as at Punahou. I do feel thankful for such a retreat, such a *rest*, time to pause & *think*.

Thursday, 17th.

We have got into quite a regular way indeed. I have a regular duty for every hour—some half dozen interesting volumes on my table, regular hours with Willie. Mrs. Lyons allows me the care of the dining & sitting rooms. Sewing & teaching Emily the same art, a drawing & reading school with Mrs. Lyons' & our own children furnish pleasant employment without fatigue.

Mr. Lyons says he has never witnessed so dark a time among his people, for Waimea is given up to drunkenness. Surely the bearing alone the burden of a heathen church is life-exhausting work. . . . Old Mr. Parker called yesterday. He said, "Mr. Rice asked me to his house last year, the only man in Honolulu that ever did." He goes down next week—ask him again, for he is among the very few foreigners of Waimea who have not increased the drunkenness here.

Saturday Eve.

. . . The room is lonely without you, dearest. I long to see you all, & shall expect you a month hence. I esteem it a great privilege to have so much time for Willy & Emily, but I shall not be content after the month is out. Now don't disappoint me, dearest, without you find home pleasanter without me.

How the mother's heart yearned to fit out her own children and all those under her care with the best and highest equipment for life's journey! This same year, 1852, Mrs. Rice wrote from Punahou to her sister Lucy:

Mary stands by my side & says tell Aunt Lucy I have a little bit of a fiddle Miss Smith gave me. Father has an old horse called Blacky, I can ride him alone & he never kicks. We have a little garden of our own. I have corn & beans & potatoes in it. I can spell words of 2 parts now & I read little stories to Mother.

Emily wishes to tell Aunt Lucy that she is now making for herself a new dress. She says, I have a pretty garden where I work out, a good many ladislippers & larkspurs & some lilies. Maria is in school now. It has rained almost all day. But few of the girls have come to school today. Mother is going to have a new set of teeth. Maria & me have a new dolly that father gave us. We have a great many melons & squashes now.

I send Maria's letter to grand father. I hope if spared another year she will send better looking ones. I intended she should have writing lessons this year but could not accomplish it. It is hard in some respects to be mother & teacher. However I will not complain. The Lord has given us the desires of our hearts by sending the Holy Spirit into our midst & bringing, as we trust, a number

of our dear pupils from darkness into light. . . . The voice of prayer is now heard from lips unused to pray. . . . Indeed, my sister, I have shed many tears of joy. Pray for us, dear Sister.

Similar, intimate glimpses into that happy home of "Rice sprouts" are opened up by a tiny letter written by Mother Rice for the three younger children to Maria, who was on a visit to the Lyons at Waimea, Hawaii. Dictation was apparently given with considerable speed.

Dear Maia come home.

Dear Maia we have some toy chickens.

Dear Maia you must be quick to come home. We have some new books to sing in & new books to read in. We have some toy pigs & we have real pigs.

Father sold Mr. Emerson's Bonny to Dollie's Uncle William. Mary is a happy bird. Now she sits in Mother's lap while mother writes. Last night she ran out in the road & father took her on the horse & I rode behind. Did you like to sail on the ship?

Give my love to Albert Lyons.

Your bro. dear Willie

In writing to her aged father, Mrs. Rice expresses her concern for him and gives him news of the children. Notes from the three older ones she again writes at dictation, feeling even Maria's childish writing not yet fit for eyes other than her own.

Punahou, Aug. 22, 1852.

My dear Father,

. . . . You are certainly highly favored at your time of life to be permitted to engage in active labor for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Father Rice is also engaged in colportage in Kentucky, but he is 10 years your junior.

Maria was greatly pleased with her letter. All committed to memory the verse to which you referred them. Willie repeats it this week at the breakfast table.

I wrote to Lucy in June & sent a little remembrance to you both by the hand of Mr. Castle, a member of our Mission. But

changing his mind, he returned from California without visiting U.S.A., but he brought the bundle safely back. We have turned it into money & send the draft by this. There was a pretty little lamp mat made by Maria which Lucy would have valued & I will keep it until another opportunity of sending occurs.

I sometimes fear you receive the impression that our children are better than they are in reality. They give indisputable evidence of their descent from Adam & Eve. I am often reminded by their faults of the sins of my youth. It is a great work to rear a family of children & I rejoice that I have so many praying friends & that Grand parents are spared to intercede for them.

Mr. Rice is putting up a school house of stone. It is a heavy job & takes almost all his time & thought. He rejoices in all your usefulness, but has not time to write. I am again teaching, as it is term time, 2 or 3 hours per day & 2 classes on the Sabbath. It is a very great comfort that with feeble health I have been spared for nearly eleven years to *labor* on missionary ground. Almost all the time I do more than care for my own family. . . . It is a time of spiritual dearth around us. A circus has been introduced & the poor natives flock to it like foolish children, grown up children



*Courtesy of Punahou School*

**THE "NEW SCHOOL HOUSE OF STONE"**

*Built at Punahou in 1852 by Father Rice. Verandas were a much later addition now no longer used on the old building.*

they are. Beer shops have been greatly multiplied, luring to drunkenness. You are aware, dear father, of the efforts made to demoralize the Indians of our own land by wicked white men. Such efforts are numerous here, wicked whites are our worst citizens.

It is also a time of great commercial distress. California & these Islands are flooded with every species of foreign merchandise. The low price of sugar is ruining the planters, two have already failed. A year ago wealth seemed within the reach of all, so abundant was money & so high the price of labor. Labor still demands a high price, but merchandise is almost given away.

My idea in regard to letters is to write to you or Lucy once in 6 months, enclosing a note to Atwood & Martha, & once in 6 months to them, enclosing a note to you. The notes can then be exchanged without the heavy out of country postage, and we can hear from each other once in three months. It was now the turn to write to Atwood, but on account of the draft for you, I will write to *them* in 3 months' time. I will add notes from the little children.

Dear Grandpa, I was very glad to get your letter. It was the first American letter I have had. When I have finished my Geography Mother says I may learn to write. I am studying Colburns Arithmetic, History & spelling, & we have a little Latin lesson with Mr. Dole. Emily & I have D'Aubignes History of the Reformation. I have read it through. I am learning the Assembly Catechism. I think Mary is a beautiful little girl. When she sees a piano she says, I want to play on the banno. She is full of fun. She stands by me now & says tell grandpa come here & play with me with my blocks.

Your granddaughter Maria.

Dear Grandpa, George & Sanford Dole are with us in the Latin class. I am making Willie some little shirts. We have a Missionary box & put in money. We rode & walked tonight to where father is building a bridge. Willie says tell Grandpa I wish him to come here & eat our figs. We have a tamarind tree by our door. I can climb it. We have a hen with 10 beautiful chicks.

Your grand daughter Emily.

A few months afterward Maria is allowed to send her own letter. The words are traced with infinite care, many of the lines cutting quite through the paper with the hard, sharp point of, perhaps, her first steel pen, for earlier letters show the softer lines of a more pliant quill.

My dear Grandpa,

Punahou, Oct. 11th, 1852.

. . . . It is Ma's birthday to day & I gave her a thimble. I wish that you would come to Punahou & I will give you all the figs & grapes & bananas, kalo & poi & love that you want.

Ma has had all her upper teeth taken out & false ones put in. Father jokes & laughs at her a good deal because he paid for them with a horse & it died soon after & he says that she ate up the horse with her new teeth.

Oct. 12.

I go to Sabbath School now & I have never been before. . . . Emily, Willy & little Mary all love to go too. Little Mary is in the class for little children that cannot read.

It is Father's birthday today. . . . Have you seen little Atty yet? I wish you would write me how he looks.

Miss Green teaches me in Music, Drawing & writing. I love her very much. In the picture of me you will notice perhaps a Chain around my neck. You do not see the pencil hanging from the Chain. It was given me by Miss Green.

Give a great deal of love to Aunt Lucy & all my friends in America that you see and keep a good share your self.

Good bye. Your aff. Grand daughter Hannah M. Rice.

Had "Grandpa Hyde" accepted Maria's invitation to visit them at Punahou, he would have found that his daughter's gentle sway within the adobe walls of the mission school at Punahou was but the counterpart of her husband's wise guidance among the boys out of doors. Until they were very old men, some of those boys were grateful to Mr. Rice for his patience and wisdom. Before the dawn appeared, the hoeing was begun, the boys' bare feet often tingling in the cold dew of winter mornings.

The cows were fetched from the upper pasture, a section of Manoa Valley which has now become one of the exclusive residence districts of the city. And after school hours farm work was resumed until daylight gave place to the appearance of the first seven stars of evening. After one of the older boys, William DeWitt Alexander, had gone away to college, his brother James wrote him of the results of their careful work.



*Courtesy of Punahou School*

*Father Rice's new schoolhouse of stone is now the oldest building on the campus of Honolulu's old mission school.*

Punahou, March 31, 1851.

Mr. Rice has planted more ground this year than he did last. All the ground above the road to the wall is now thickly covered with a splendid patch of melons and squashes. This seems to be the richest part of the field. We have as many melons as we can eat every day. Mr. R. has sent many hundred summer squashes down to the market. There is not much corn this year. The worms have killed a large part of it, but there are twice the number of beans. The figs and guavas below the play ground bear well. Mr. Rice has some Turkey figs which are beginning to bear. They are twice as large as common figs, but no better in taste. The grape vines planted by the beds are now set up on frames.

In 1853 Mr. Rice, who was an active member of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society, reported to that organization on grains. And in the report on vegetables the following items appear as having been successfully raised by him at Punahou: Of seed-bearing vegetables: 4 varieties of squashes, 3 of melons, 2 of cucumbers, 2 of tomatoes, 5 of beans, and 1 each of carrots and radishes. Of non-seed-bearing: onions, turnips, beets, cabbages, and kalo, or taro. When small "Wili Laike" had grown to be an old man he still loved to tell of the sweet little black figs and bananas that his father grew makai of the old adobe buildings. There was the old tamarind tree, too, in their corner of the north courtyard, but that had been planted by someone else the year that Punahou was started. There was the cow that his father had given him, but that had to be sold after charging at small Willie and knocking him down when he went to see her new calf. There was the amused astonishment in his mother's face when her small son informed her that he desired to be married to Miss Marcia Smith, that he might always have someone to take care of him. Toward the older children Miss Smith was often rigidly severe, summoning them to sit on her old green trunk literally by the hour in penance for sins, but Willie was one of her babies and a great favorite. There was the scar on Emily's head just above the eye where she had been struck by the big flat bat one day while they were all playing aipuni, or rounders, something like baseball.

Many were the memories stored up by little Wili Laike up to the time he was eight years old, when home and school were transferred. Mr. and Mrs. Dole continued to be his friends and teachers on Kauai, where Mrs. Dole's health improved somewhat. At Punahou he remembered her being carried by Mr. Dole into the dining room at mealtime. His most vivid recollections, however, centered outdoors with his father during those eventful years

at Punahou. While the new School Hall was building, his father and certain trusted Hawaiian workmen had much blasting to do in the quarry on the hillside. During the smallpox epidemic of 1853 there were many little thatched huts hastily erected just beyond the school for some of the families whose infected houses had to be burned, and there were long days when his father was away all day, coming in wearied at night, but never touching any of his family until he had bathed and changed his clothes. That was the same year that his father directed the Hawaiians in building a new stone church out to the eastward at Kamoiliili. In earlier years there had been the building of a long stone wall on the Manoa trail and the placing of a certain large stone, a kupua or demigod, in this wall by the upper gate. The natives said it could not be lifted, but father managed it with all the men on the place and a borrowed ox team. There were all the cattle up mauka in the Manoa pastures that had to be driven down early every morning to the various pens for milking. Every mission family or group had to have its own herd. There was the Punahou family carriage, an express wagon with a top on it and drawn only by a horse that was too lazy to be ridden and had to be "licked" hard the three miles in to town and back. One fine horse, Blackie of joyous memory, the three older children were allowed to ride, all piled onto his back at once sometimes, until one day Emily ran out suddenly to join them and was knocked down. Then that sort of riding was made tabu loa. There were the acres of kikania burrs on the plains to the west, toward town, the bushes higher than a man on horseback and with narrow lanes cut through them by horses and cattle. Beretania Street was only a lane, but broad enough for the wagon, quite a boulevard, in fact, and often converted into a race track by the Dole boys, who staged hurdle races there on horseback, almost as far as Thomas Square, where the beginning of the town was marked by a neat old adobe house.



*Courtesy of The Friend*

MOILILI CHURCH

*Built by Father Rice in 1852. Rebuilt fifty years later by his grandson, Paul Rice Isenberg, and still used by its Hawaiian congregation today.*

Notwithstanding uncertain health and a multitude of occupations for the mission school, Father Rice never lost sight of his mission vow of service to the Hawaiians themselves. Quite fittingly the monument to his memory at Punahou still may be seen in the stately Old School Hall. Lovers of Hawaii find yet another memorial of his industry, his skill, and his devotion to his adopted people in the old church still in use about a mile south of Punahou in the district of Kamoiliili. Here, where little oriental shops and automobile service stations are springing up overnight, there lived formerly many hundreds of Hawaiians, who formed an Apana, or branch, of Kawaiahae Church in the town. Here today amid clanging street cars and whizzing motor vehicles one finds a sunny open space where children swing and dance in the "Mother Rice Playground". And here on the hill as the road turns to the eastward, stands the old stone church of the Apana Kamoiliili, built in 1852 under the personal guidance of Father Rice. The tribute of his wife is the best, as also her view of the old mission school is perhaps the surest and the truest, written down, though it was, at a great distance of time:

Notwithstanding uncertain health and a multitude of occupations for the mission school, Father Rice never lost sight of his mission vow of service to the Hawaiians themselves. Quite fittingly the monument to his memory at Punahou still may be seen in the stately Old School Hall. Lovers of Hawaii find yet another memorial of his

In the journey of life many events pass without making deep impressions, while others are living pictures fixed in the memory. Such is our removal to Punahou in the summer of 1844. After one of those memorable schooner voyages which, thank God, are things of the past, we reached our new home, weary and sad. In my arms, a very crying baby, who bore the name of Emily Dole, but she whose name she had, gifted, intellectual, a friend in whom I rejoiced as one that always helped me, whose society would have given grace and charm to our new duties, had just been borne from Punahou to "the house appointed to all". Many of her duties I was to assume. I was expected to be a mother to 10 or 12 boys with limited wardrobes which required two days of the week for repairs. Then there was the care of the rooms which the boys were expected to keep in order. To these duties was added some teaching.

Punahou in the days of her poverty was not an inviting place, without flowers or trees, connected with Honolulu by a treeless plain. The simplest of buildings, with an economy necessary that forbade adornment within. The beautiful mountains, the grand old sea were ours to enjoy, and the priceless spring of water. Its value may be inferred by the water being carried to Honolulu in demijohns, where the water was only from brackish wells.

All the cooking for the family was done at an open fireplace, but the great brick oven, true to its New England pattern, was a help indeed. The cook house was separated from the dining room, the path without any shelter from the strong trade winds which often rushed in, carrying things hither and thither in the dining room and we ourselves at times seemed powerless to withstand the blasts. Perhaps we only shared the common lot of those who have boarders, but our table was never satisfactory. The price paid for board was very small indeed. No fresh vegetables could be had much of the year and until the Chinese succeeded in their gardens, it was thought impossible except during the rainy season to raise anything but taro and sweet potatoes and bananas. Even at that time there were many foes. The Pelua, a small worm which one year came up even into our houses, was the great enemy of our vegetables. Still, when we were successful, was there ever such a luxury as string beans?

We were associated with the Rev. Daniel Dole "an Israelite

indeed" and Miss Marcia Smith, who still lives at an advanced age. Recently reading a letter from her with its vigorous thought and clear hand-writing, she was vividly recalled. She was never very popular with parents or children for she fully believed, with Solomon, that "children should be seen and not heard". But could Punahou have survived without her wonderful self-denial, great physical strength and devotion to the interests of the school? I remember her also as the kindest of associates, ever striving to carry the heavier part of the burdens, not faultless, but true.

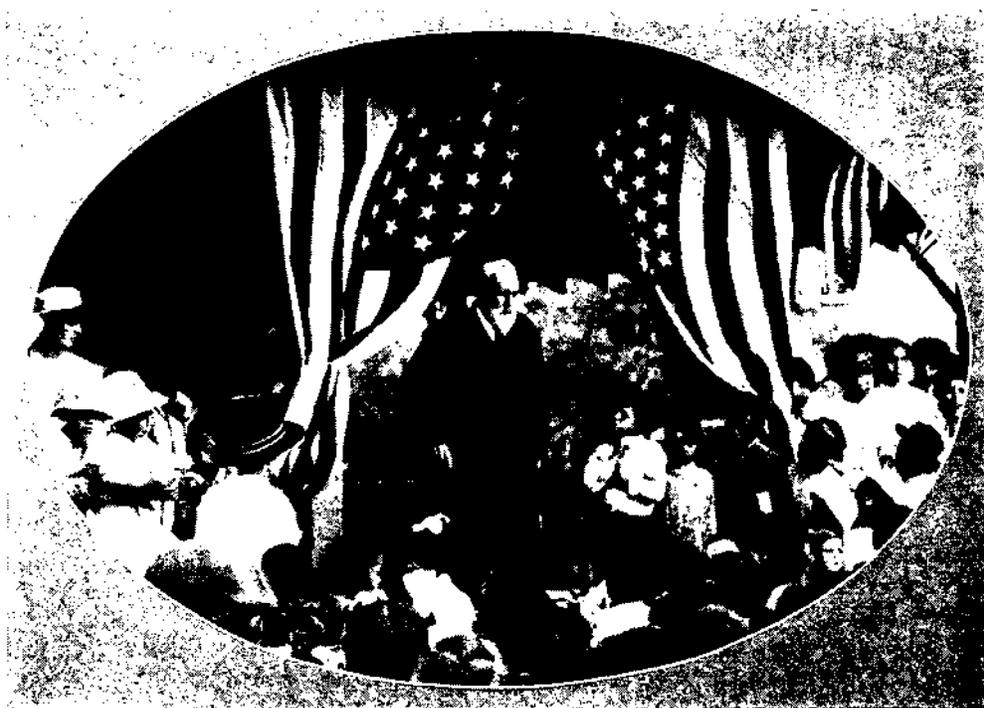
Our first guests at Punahou were Rev. Mr. Whitney and wife from Kauai. He was seeking relief from the malady for which there was no cure. Of very commanding presence, a faithful and successful missionary, but most sympathetic and genial. The visit left a fragrance, especially as some remark of his at our family prayers was the means of the conversion of one of our family who is now a pillar in the church of God. Punahou was a sort of missionary hotel and we greatly enjoyed the visits of our brethren and sisters in Christian friendship.

Correspondence with the parents was a source of pleasure. With Mother Lyman I had an interchange of letters for nearly 40 years. In her last, written in 1885, she says, "Our next meeting will be in the beyond probably, and what a meeting awaits us there with the loved ones who have passed on before! It does not seem so far away." Mrs. Forbes expressed much sympathy in my labors, as I had then the care of all the rooms: "Those long walks around the courts must be fatiguing, I could not endure them. But there is a clime where health, beauty and vigor never decay. . . ." Another dear sister wrote: "Do be careful of your health. I often feel that dear sister Dole shortened her days by her devotion to the dear children."

In the summer of 1853 came the terrible ravages of the small pox. There was a large temporary hospital just east of Punahou and the yellow flag floating everywhere depressed and saddened us all. The school did not commence that year until the pestilence had passed. My husband devoted his whole time to the sufferers in hospital and homes. Shall I withhold my tribute to the memory of the just man whose tender, loving sympathy enabled me to endure the ten years at Punahou? He not only was devoted to

the school, but could never forget the Hawaiians, whom he loved and for whom he labored even after failing health prevented his efforts for Punahou.

The recompense has not been withheld. . . . Recently a gentleman said to me, "General Armstrong is one of the most useful men in the country." I felt a glow of happiness as I remembered him in my care in his early years. . . . Many of "our boys" are classed with those whose "feet have brought glad tidings." I am sure that those feet have been covered with many a thread from my needle. From among those early pupils I find now my dearest friends with whom I take sweet counsel. Lovers of Hawaii are they and workers for the Church of God in our borders. It is a comfort indeed that the school continues prosperous and useful. We did not spoil "our boys", and we do not claim that they owe all to us, but, with imperfection it is true, we did honestly and earnestly toil for them.



DEDICATION OF MOTHER RICE PLAYGROUND

*At Moiliili, Honolulu, in 1917. Her son spoke to the children of all races whose play place it was to be.*

## School Days

With the removal of the Rices to Kauai in 1854, the scene indeed changed, but the altar flames of home and of mission labor were only transplanted from one island to the other, for the heart of the home remained the same. Punahou School, in the attempt to meet growing requirements, became Oahu College, presided over by young Mr. Edward Beckwith, who had been principal of the Royal School. For a year after the departure of the Rices, Mr. Dole continued to instruct in classical languages, but during the summer of 1855 he removed to the old settlement of Koloa on Kauai, where for some years, to the joy of his loyal friends at Lihue, he opened his home to a few pupils. He had married the widow of one of the early missionaries, Mrs. Charlotte Knapp, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Smith at Koloa, and the friendship with their Lihue neighbors was never severed while life lasted. The Rices' youngest child, Anna Charlotte, born at Punahou in 1853, was named for the second Mrs. Dole, as little Emily, nine years before, had been named for Mrs. Emily Ballard Dole. And when, in April of 1854, the first migration from Punahou to Kauai took place, Emily was content to stay on a few months with the Doles. Letters remaining from this early year are not numerous, but two from George Dole, just twelve years old, show the friendship of these foster children:

Punahou, April 10, 1854.

Dear Maria,

As a vessel is going to Kauai this evening I thought I would write you. It seems very lonely without your family. . . . I think you can remember the roof over the dining room was thatched, it is now shingled. Emily cried about all day, but she is very happy now. I guess you found the old donkey alive, and well. Was the

baby seasick, as much as the rest of you? I hope you will write me soon.

From your friend, G. H. Dole.

Punahou, Christmas, 1854.

Miss H. M. Rice,

Today is Christmas. I caught a good many persons except the girls I did not try to catch. Last Saturday I went down to the wharf to see if any body had come on the "Kalama" and I saw Mr. Ingersoll, the luna on Lihue plantation, just getting off the steamer. . . . Mr. Baldwin said that Mr. Ingersoll had had a fight with a Chinaman and the native judge had fined him so he came up here to see about it. . . . I have got the hooping cough pretty bad, but not very. I hope you will write me soon & tell me all about the fight and everything else.

From your friend, George H. Dole  
Oahu College.

P. S. If you find a bundle, you must not open it until New Year's morning.

George Dole

To H. M. Rice,  
Lihue Academy

Contrary to our usage today, the exchange of gifts was at that time reserved for the first day of the new year, as is done in France, but then, as now, the twenty-fifth of December resounded with shouts of "Merry Christmas" and children thrilled to the delight of "catching" each other with the surprise of the happy wish. Other customs, too, as revealed in this friendly letter, are quite in accord with human nature of today, for when have small boys existed who did not long to wander about wharves and hear details of the latest fight?

During the last term of 1855 at Punahou, Maria Rice joined the Doles there for a few months' schooling, her belongings stowed "in a little wooden chest painted blue", made for her by her father. So eager is her young spirit in its searching, so vital is her love for all those in the Lihue home, that one cannot be satisfied with mere

snatches of her letters. On tiptoe she seems, as she opens the doors of life, with a vivid sense of being alive to the tips of her fingers, with, to be sure, far more of balanced judgment than have most girls of thirteen, yet with a zest and a fervor that reveal human nature in the early springtime of its charm.

My Darling Mother, Oahu College, March 8./55.

Since I last took my pen great & important events have transpired. Mr. & Mrs. Moris Beckwith have come, & I can tell you only of the excitement over the new teacher, that it was as great as was the arrival of Emily in *our* family. . . . I hope in a day or two that I can tell you how they look, for I have not seen them yet, though a whole day has passed. Mr. E. Beckwith wished none but a few of the older scholars to see him, since he (Mr. M. B.) was quite unwell. . . .

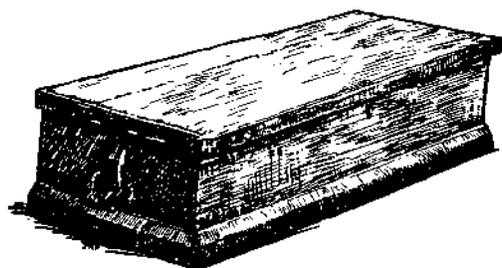
I saw Mr. Widemann today. It seemed *good* to see a *home* face. He said he was going to come up tomorrow. We had a holiday to day in honor of Mr. & Mrs. Beckwith's coming.

March 12/55.

I never saw it rain so hard & long. Oh, it did seem so good to see Mr. Widemann, he told me little things I wanted to hear.

One of our Cows (a Mooly) has got a calf. I think it is Willy's cow.

Wont you tell me in some of your letters whether the sugar they are making is good? & if the Chinamen are any good? . . . No one has even said whether there was still any mill in Lihue or if they had stopped making sugar altogether.



*The little wooden chest painted blue, made by Father Rice for Maria when she went back to Punahou to school. In 1920 it was given by Maria's daughter to the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society in Honolulu.*

Please give my love to Mrs. Reynolds & Mrs. Bond. Give my Aloha to all the natives, K— & I— & Opunui & Kaniho & Lahuanui & his

wife & Johnny & Kaliahi (I dont know how to spell) & native Willy & all the others.

I keep my room in pretty good order & I try not to be noisy & rude, though I am such a careless child it seems some times as though there was no use trying. . . . Today my lessons were not very well learned, I fear.

But I must close. Give my love to Emily, Willy, Mary & Father. Kiss Anna. Does she talk any yet?

With love, your aff. Child

Maria

Please tell Samuel I dont thank him for the plug of tobacco he sent me.

March 16/55

. . . The hard, hard Analysis & Arithmetic lessons are over for this week (Friday is review day). Have not been down to Honolulu this week and do not know any news.

I enjoy the pond here very much indeed. It is such a relief after studying hard to plunge in & have a good swim. Would you like to know where I am now? I am seated at this nice little desk by the window writing. Hattie & Carrie Parker (nice girls) are at their table in their own room getting arithmetic. Hattie Coan (no love lost, but I am polite) and Mary Jane (very pleasant) have shut their door so as to study good, while Abby & Lizzy are fussing away together. I have read very little since I came. "Lives of Kings & Queens", "Far Off" & "A Journey in the East" are all the books I believe your Book Worm has eaten.

Home, Home! I would give all my little purse to see or talk with any one of you, just once to get on Oahapu, Carlo or Jimmy & be off in the dear groves, or a peep at Anna, just *one* kiss & time to throw myself on the green grass under a *tree* & hear a little of her *sweet* talk, or even a peep into the hen-yard would not be despised, to see for just half a minute what Mrs. Dole or Mrs. Ingersol or George or Sanford and all the other inhabitants of the hen-yard were about.

March 19. Monday.

Letters from Home! again. Oh, how glad I am, & all the news too. Mr. Beckwith gave them to me at the close of the last recess & let me read them all through the last hour. Was not that

kind, Mother? & he looked as though he was *glad* we had heard from home again.

I had a good laugh over Emily's letter as usual. Oh, Emmy, I long for one of *your* letters when I feel homesick. How kind it is in you to write such nice long ones to me, when I dont write half as long ones to you. But Mrs. Dole is going now & I must run. We are going to see Mrs. Bond at the ship.

March 22/55.

Dear Emily,

You cant tell how glad I was to get your long letters. . . . Abby did not have any letters from home last time, & I had such lots of them. Bella does not write you for out of school she is very busy sewing & then she sets the table for breakfast & supper. Franky Beckwith is a *pretty* good baby, but I dont think he half comes up to Anna. He & I are just getting acquainted now. Mr. & Mrs. Shipman have been up here. I like Willy, their baby, pretty well. He would not let any one but me keep him still.

But I forgot to thank you for the nice apron. It was very pretty & I wanted just such a one very much. I am glad the Mill has not run away. Wont you ask Father how many more months he will grind? Is the sugar good? How I long for a good horse, any one of mine, & with or without Anna to dash off in the cane fields or in the woods.

There are no pretty cocks here, but there are some pretty hens. Why did you kill Willy Ingersol? He was such a nice boy. Please dont kill George or Mr. Dole.

How did Mother dry those pohas? They were first rate. I allmost allways help Lizzy do the butter. We have got to sing alone, but I cant at all. I must stop for today. Kiss Anna for me many times. Love to all.

Affectionately your sister

Maria

Oahu College. March 26 / 55

My darling Mother,

. . . Mr. M. Beckwith is slowly getting well . . . Mr. Emerson sends his love to you.

The first time I put my gaiters on they all burst out at the heels & toes so that they are not fit to wear. The other shoes

heels came off too. . . . But I think I can get along though till the Ocean Pearl comes. (My pen is very bad, I cant write good.) I have received that bundle with the parasol, &c.

Lizzy sends her thanks for the ribbon, it just suited her taste. . . .

My Own Dear Mother,

Sunday.

We went to hear Mr. Andrews preach today. It was an excellent sermon on "Growth in Grace". He dwelt on *little* sins such as parlor politeness in professing great regard for a person you really dislike. . . .

Monday.

Rain, Rain! I am sewing on my sack. I must get it finished to wear tomorrow, as I need it very much. . . . I have a passion flower by my desk, shedding its fragrance over me.

. . . . They are all very kind to me here. One of the girls talks against Mr. & Mrs. Dole as much as ever, but I love them every day a great deal better.

There goes Charles now for the wagon & I must close. Darling Anna, how I long to see her. . . . Every night I go home in my dreams. I am a great deal happier than I expected to be.

Your affectionate Child

Maria

Monday, April 2 / 55

. . . . One day last week I went with Mrs. Dole down town. At Mr. Hall's store we got 6 pair of unbleached stockings & 2 pair of shoes at Mr. Wood's for \$1½ & they are very good ones.

Friday April 6.

The Ocean Pearl has come. Mrs. *Warren* Chamberlain has come & they were married on Monday. . . . Mr. Beckwith has put Ellen, Lucinda, Juliette, Abby, Nelly Fairbanks, Chas. Clark, John Robinson & my-self into Will's Grammar again & we are all glad for we could not quite understand Analysis, it was so hard. You inquire if I have ever been marked for bad conduct! I have *not* & dont intend to be.

I inclose a letter to Grandfather for you to read. If you dont like it, please tell me & I will write another. Some times it takes

me a long time to get to sleep. I wish I could feel the sleepy cool air of Lihue again. Oh, it is so warm & sultry here. I hope you will hear from Grandpa Hyde this mail. If you do, please tell me how he is.

I heard something about there being a new clerk for the store. Is it so? I do want to see Anna very much. Cant I soon? 8 weeks *does* seem a long time to wait. I am so sleepy. Good night.

. . . . Inoa gave me the Pohas. I was very glad to see her. My brown muslin is all made & I have worn it a good deal, it is so hot here. My white dress is almost to my feet, but all the girls even Ellen & Abby wear them as long & longer, so it will do very well. . . . I forgot to tell you I have not a cent of pocket money left. . . .

Oahu College, April 23 / 55

Dearest Mother,

Today is Frankie & Sanford's birthday, & the steamer goes.

Oh dear, it seems to me as though if I could only find *one* of our kukui groves & throw myself in its shade, it would be worth going a couple of miles in this hot sun. However, thanks to the Pond, my head has not ached once, though I feel very stupid.

. . . . I sent by Inoa a little bundle of candy to the children. It was so good to see her kind face. The Hitchcocks came too on the Ocean Pearl. Mrs. H. told me to tell you that she & Mr. H. thank you & Papa for all the kindness you have shown to Rexford. They also send their love to you & she said she would write to you when she got settled. Miss Ogden sends her love too. I love her more as I know her better.

I want to know, Mother, if I can get a pair of Gaiters. I would like one very much & will pay for them out of the money you sent me. Since the Ocean Pearl came I got me a pen knife, a hat & 2½ yards of ribbon.

Do you see Mrs. Hardy much? I went up to Mother Andrews & had a very pleasant call. She sent her love to you. The natives say that Father talks of coming up to examination with Willie. I *hope* he will. Sanford says "Tell Willie he must come." Mrs. Dole said tell Mother that we shall be very happy to have Willie.



HANNAH MARIA RICE  
ABOUT 1857



Oh dear, the wagon is going so soon that I must stop. Love, love to all & kisses too. I long to be *home* again. The scholars are singing a pretty piece called "Going Home". Part of it is

Going Home, Going Home.  
I've sung it to my heart  
Which has sung it back to me.  
Going Home, Going Home,  
There's music in that Word  
Which those that never roam  
Never, Never, never *yet* have heard.

There are parts of 2 or 3 verses mingled up, & I don't know which is which, but I wrote down what I loved the most.

In the precious home whither Maria's eager imagination often transported her she was far from forgotten by any of the family, least of all by Mother, who wrote her once:

Dear Daughter,

The native letter enclosed give to Kalama as his wife is to send it to Manoa. I should be sorry to have it lost. . . . . You may send me a variety of Cotton Tape. And enquire for me the price of Napkin Rings, Ivory or Bone. Also at Castle & Cooke's for silver forks, and plated. As the vessel leaves on Saturday, I fear the Pohas & Tube Roses will not keep until Monday. But I will send if I can. Tube Rose is a beautiful waxen flower of the purest white & a fine fragrance.

This blot is Anna's work. She stands on a chair by my table doing her mischief. One of her tricks is to wet her finger in her mouth & rub it across my letter. I tell her it is *Myria's* letter. Then she kisses the paper & laughs, then tells her stories & shakes her wise little head.

Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith. Father intended to write Mr. B., but I fear he will not find time. I thought he would be in the house some such rainy weather, but he has been out all of the time or at the store. He got wet twice in one day without taking cold.

Sat. 24th. It is doubtful whether the Moku [ship] will leave, but I will send our letters down so that if she slips away you will

have them. Through the goodness of God I can report us all well this stormy morn & happy too. We have had no company to a meal for a fortnight, but we are not lonely. It is so pleasant to have time for the children's lessons & to fix up warm clothes for them & dear father. My sewing basket was piled high with things to be done.

Can you read my writing readily? Give my love to Lizzy, Abby, Ellen & Isabella & the Honolulu girls.

Your aff. mother,

M.S.R.

And after Maria's return home to Lihue serious little letters addressed to Friend Maria from George Dole tell of plans for the Dole migration to Koloa, which was apparently accomplished during the summer of that year.

Punahou, June 20, 1855.

. . . When the Kinoole gets back from Molokai, my father is going to charter her to take his lumber &c for our house to Kauai.

Punahou is about the same as ever, only not near so good as it was in days of yore.

Sanford goes down to Mrs. Chamberlain's every evening, & sleeps there all night & in the morning he milks her cows; & after breakfast comes up here again. Next week I am going.

July 2, 1855.

Dear Mary,

. . . . Don't you ever tumble off the little donkey? Can Anna ride him all alone? I am glad we are coming to Kauai. We are going to take Maria's parasol; it was in her room. Is Anna mischievous? Ask Maria to write soon, & do so your self.

Koloa, 1855.

Friend Maria,

Our house is almost plastered & painted. They have commenced making the cook house. I hope our stove will come by the Steamer next time. Excuse all mistakes.

Your cousin,

George

Maria herself gives much more detail in writing to her "old friend", Albert Brown Lyons of Waimea, who in his reply, uses his own peculiar signature. Some of these schoolday letters are written in code, one of the secret languages that young people delight to invent.

Koamalu, Lihue Plantation.

Oct. 11, 1855.

Dear Albert,

. . . . Our old new neighbors the Doles have most got their house finished. We are very glad, but I guess I am about as much as any body, for I am going to school. Oh! how I long to. Georgie & Sanford come over here once a fortnight with Mr. Dole when he comes to preach. Tis very pleasant to have our Dear *Old playmates* and *later* our School mates with us again, and we are anticipating many pleasant hours in our little house. Mr. Dole has only built a small house of 2 rooms & a garret. . . .

I am going to help Mrs. Dole about her cooking, &c. & am going to school. Then I will not have as much leisure as now for our monthly Dispatches. I will be as hard at work as you are & more than all I will have to redeem lost time (in study), for now it is most 2 years that I have had but 3 months schooling. However I am well & hearty now & all prepared to dash in & take my books by storm.

Dr. Smith will give us lessons in writing (I guess you'll think I need some, but I have never had any instruction in it, so spare me.) and music. Don't you love to sing? . . . . I can play a little on the Instrument. Emmy is learning too some. Willy sends much Aloha to you all & Albert in perticular. He is just rejoicing in the purchase of a horse whose name is "Kate". He dearly loves to ride, & even Mary & baby Annie love it. Dont you think it will be pleasant to be so near home to school, only 10 miles?

Kauai is a beautiful Island, & having been all over it on horse back, I think I can judge some of its beauty. . . . People from the States think Hanalei is the most beautiful place. We think Lihue next in beauty & Koloa next.

Uncle Hubbell has just sent me a noble big Orange. I wish I could send it to you. . . . By the time your next monthly dispatch

reaches me I hope I will be in our snug little garret. If I am not, dont expect any letter till I am. . . .

I remain as ever your affectionate Friend & Cousin,  
H. Maria Rice.

Dear friend Maria:

Waimea, Nov. 30/55.

. . . . The mails have been stopped all over the Islands, but ours between Kawaihae & Hilo is continued by private subscription. Strange! that a government that can spend \$43,000 for military can not spend 1/43 part of that sum for a much more useful purpose!

Dec. 21st. It is nearly a month since last date, but I've been busy. Father has been gone on his tour about 3 weeks.

I think that I should like to live on your *beautiful* island, but I would still prefer Waimea, my *home*, with its winds & storms and wide-spreading carpet of rich green; its noble mountain looking down in unchanging grandeur; or capped with its white snow & illumed by the setting sun—no, I would not exchange this one beauty with its two less grand & imposing, but yet not devoid of beauty—I would not exchange these for the beautiful valleys of Kauai, or the bright, beautiful or grand of any other place.

I have not told you of our visit to Kohala to the dedication of the new church. I will only say that we had a *beautiful* ride of 9½ hours through the woods, amid *beautiful* scenery & natural bowers & arbors, & reached Iole in the dark. We enjoyed the visit very much, & almost regretted to be obliged to return so soon.

. . . . Give my love to all the folks.

Your friend & cousin

A. Brown Lion

There is something not a little appealing in the happy, spirited rivalry of these young people as they stand at the threshold of life, just beginning to touch the glories of their native land and to realize their heritage in it. So a young tree, thrusting its roots deeper and deeper into the stones and soil, grips a firmer hold on the earth from which it sprang, and, throwing up its head in exultation, flings out its arms with a shout, utterly abandoned to the

joy of new vigor and exuberant growth. Many of Maria Rice's letters spring from this keen enthusiasm, this sheer delight in being alive, but in none of them is this more evident than in her first letter to her mother from the new house at Koloa which, small though it was, opened wide its hospitable door to receive and teach the children of other families. Within a year or two the original house was enlarged, for the school family often numbered thirteen or more, but no succeeding year was entered upon with more zest than the first.

Students Garret. Koloa, Nov. 29/55.

Dear Mother,

Here I am at last & hope to be at school this afternoon. This is the prettiest little house I ever saw in my life, tis a perfect little beauty & my room is the coziest nicest little garret in the world. I believe there never was such a beautiful house inside. The walls are as white as snow. The partitions are mats up stairs & white cloth downstairs, and yesterday Mrs. Smith was coming upstairs & forgot about it, so she leaned back & nearly went through. The cook room is nearly as large as ours at home. The Stove is a beauty & the dishes so nice. Sanford's & George's room is larger than mine, but mine is so cosy. Every thing is so pleasant.

I'll go now and see if I cant help Mrs. Smith. Last night I lay awake and named some of the stars after E., W., M. & dear little Nan, Father 2, Mother & Uncle Hubbell. . . . We are going to have dinner today in our house, though the stove pipe has not come. Mrs. Smith & Mrs. Dole & Miss Knapp are so kind. I love them.

There is no news since Saturday. Love & kisses to all the dear ones at home, & dont let Nana forget me.

Lovingly,

Maria.

Suffering shared soon bound the two families even more closely together, as Mrs. Dole related in a letter written at the request of Mrs. Rice to Mrs. Lyons in Waimea, Hawaii.

Dear Sister Lyons,

Koloa, Jan. 16, 1856.

I will commence a letter, though it is uncertain whether I shall have an opportunity to send it. The steamer was wrecked here a week ago & the schooner that has been running here, we hear is in the sand at Koolau, Oahu. . . .

We returned yesterday from Lihue, having been over to attend the funeral of Mr. Rice's brother. He died on the Sabbath just at eve, & early Monday morning they sent for me & the children. Mary Rice & Willy had been sent to me some days before, on account of their pilikia. Maria had gone home with Mr. Dole on Sat. eve when he went to preach.

It is a great comfort that we are so near together, & can relieve each other in times of pilikia, & visit at other times. This is the fourth of Mr. Rice's brothers & sisters who have died within little more than a year. Then the young man who has charge of Mr. Rice's plantation store is failing with consumption. They had a third in their family, but he has gone to China. It is trying to have such boarders, so much of a tax upon the nerves. Coughs often send a thrill through my whole system. . . .



FATHER DOLE  
ABOUT 1870

This difficult situation might have been paralleled in many another family at the islands during those years when so many sufferers came westward in the hope of prolonging their lives in a milder climate. Regular school life was soon resumed at Koloa, the ride back from Lihue through the mountain gap having once been accomplished in the roar and crackle of a forest fire. For April 23rd, 1856, "San-

ford's birthday," a bookmark was carefully prepared as a gift by Maria and the report of the day came promptly back to Mother on the 25th:

. . . . We had to ride through the smoke, with the blazing fire on both sides of the road, . . . And it was sad to think that the whole ride would now be so desolate, our beautiful hills robbed of their glory. But this evening there is rain & the fire looks most out.

. . . . Sanny got a good many presents, 12 in all, just as many as he was years old. . . . . A whale ship came in this morn. & is off & on now. My headache keeps on a little, & I have left off my Latin.

The younger children, meanwhile, were already beginning to rank among the "young people", and Willie soon joined Maria and Emily on the early Monday morning ride to Koloa and occupied in his turn the little Students' Garret. Here the surreptitious games of checkers, substituted occasionally for study hour until Mr. Dole ordained to the contrary, were not chronicled in written reports to Mother! Maria's letters were all from a young girl's point of view, some pencilled in haste, but all thoughtful and serious, as became the eldest in the family, who occasionally stayed in Koloa over the Sabbath.

Koloa, March 19, 1856.

Dr. Smith goes tomorrow to Lihue, I dowish I could go home with him. Will you send Amen [evidently a Hawaiian helper]



MOTHER DOLE  
ABOUT 1870

for me, to carry my lots of dirty clothes? . . . A good many ves-  
sels have been here recently for potatoes, two are here now.

Tis Wednesday when we say our poetry in school. I had it  
very well today. I won't tell you any more now, for I won't have  
any thing left to tell about when I go home.

I send 5 paper dolls for my dear little Nana. Tell her I am  
coming home Friday. The rest of the dolls are for the other chil-  
dren. My letter for Grandfather is finished. Two nights more  
and I will be at home I hope, hope—Good night, Mother.

Koloa, Sunday afternoon.

My own dearest Mother,

The church bell is pealing on the quiet air, while I write, I am  
*alone* up to the Pogue place. It seems more like Home to me than  
any other place in Koloa, because it is so quiet, and then there are  
trees around here, *not* beautiful ones, but trees for all that, and  
I can shut my eyes and feel the wind and hear the rustling of the  
leaves. I have been reading the chapter on "The work of the  
Spirit on the Heart." I think it is very good indeed.

Evening.

I had a very pleasant talk with Emma this eve. She *is* a lovely  
girl. . . . . She says she does not have doubts now whether she  
is a child of God. Happy Emma, I think she is one, if *any one* in  
the world under 16 is a child of God. Oh, Emma makes me  
*ashamed* of myself every day. In *Latin* and almost *every thing*  
except Arithmetic.

Good night.

Summer vacation in 1856 brought Maria a happy visit  
on Oahu with the Emersons at Waialua, a year or so  
after their sojourn with the Rices at Lihue. From these  
vacation days Maria wrote to her mother something of  
the joy of youth.

. . . . . I rode over to Waialua Thursday with Samuel & Oliver.  
We started from Honolulu at 2 & ½ o'clock P.M. & got here at 8.  
They were having prayers when we arrived & when they had

done Mrs. Emerson came out into the Varandah & put both her arms around me & kissed me. Samuel has changed very little. Joseph & Oliver have only grown. Sophia is still quite lame. . . .

Saturday Mr. Cook, Joseph & myself rode up in the woods to the orange grove in a deep valley which we walked down. We got plenty of Guavas, Ohias & Citrons. Joseph & I leaving Mr. Cook at the trees went up on the mountain for shells. We got 2 bunches of bananas & some bamboo & Joseph got some shells & I some ferns. We two enjoyed our selves. We sang & shouted as we went. When we returned to the house Mr. Cook complained of being quite tired, but J. & I did not feel tired at all.

Honolulu, Aug. 21st, 1856.

. . . . After two weeks exactly at Waialua I have returned to Mrs. Hall's again. I think they were the happiest two weeks I ever spent away from home. The kindness of all the Emersons I can never repay. I have had a fit of homesickness or *loneliness* here. Mrs. E. wished me to stay till Father came for me, but I thought you might not like it, tho' I should have loved to dearly.

While at Waialua I went to Mokuleia once with Samuel and three times to Mrs. Chamberlains, once Oliver on his donkey and I on Mr. E's pet horse whose name is Lihue. Mrs. C. was very kind. She fitted my Muslin dress that Mrs. Emerson gave me. Mother dear, now I *did not* read all the time! I made a dress all except the button holes and sewing the skirt on, beside nearly making two pair of pantalettes. And I helped Mrs. E. and visited and rode some and walked some, & laughed a good deal. This last you will say, might very well have been dispensed with. But Mother I felt as free as a bird out of a cage and it seemed so like home I did, just as I do at home only not *quite* so wild.

Mr. Emerson *teased* me a great deal, and that made it seem like home. I eat so little there, that they wondered what I lived on. But Mother it is a fact that when I laugh the most I eat the least. Would you think it, Kittie Hall chides me because I am such a sober deacon. A great change you will say, but when I go home I guess you will find your quondam Daughter just as of old.

Both the Emersons and Chamberlains asked many questions about Plantation matters and you and father. One day Mr. E. questioned me about something I was not fully prepared to

answer, so I did rather cautiously and he said he would have to look and see if the bump of Cautiousness was not very fully developed on my head. . . . . What a blessing to have friends like the Emersons and Doles. One morn, on lifting my plate at breakfast I found under it a beautiful wreath of Jasmynes which Oliver had placed there.

I called today on Mrs. Dimond who wishes 3 or 4 of those rush hats for girls, broad brims and low crowns, made about Emilys and your or my size. The Halls are very kind. Mrs. Hall says your pail of butter is very nice and acceptable. Kittie and I found it at Mr. Hall's store.

I am longing to see you all, but will be patient. Tell the children I think every day much of them all. I am so glad that the water is running into the cane. Tell Father I congratulate him. Oh I am so glad.

Honolulu, Sept. 2nd, 1856.

My own precious Mother,

I sit down to write with so many things to say, I expect that my poor hand will get very tired before I am done. . . . . The dentist has been working on my teeth, & one was very painful. Sunday I went to church as usual. Mr. Strong preached on The Lord's Supper. The three heads were Transsubstantiation, Consubstantiation, and Symbolical. An excellent doctrinal sermon.

Monday I called at Mrs. Luce's. She wished me to stay to tea & have a frolic with the children. I was introduced to Miss Moxley (Cousin Bessie). I ran out with the children, the lamb running after us. After tea I helped Miss Moxley put the little girls to bed. After they were undressed they knelt down and said their prayers. It was sweet to see them praying, clasping their little hands and kneeling before me. . . . .

Love to *All* our family. My Aloha to our good natives.

Lovingly Your daughter

H. Maria Rice.

In March of the following year Mr. Rice and Willie made an expedition to Honolulu to see the one dentist there and to transact other business. Maria, having been at home, wrote to Willie from Koloa:

You don't know how much we all missed you at home, when I was there. Sanford Dole & Sammy Wilcox have been at Lihue with their parents. Sanford went over the day that you started to go to Honolulu & Sammy Wilcox came Saturday with his father & Mattie Chamberlain.

Mama Dole (our Pussy) has three little kitties & Anna calls one "Anna", & one "Dear Willie" & one "Malaia".

George Wilcox milks our cows. I think that all the cows are well, but I don't think the horses or cows want you to come home yet, for while you are gone they have such a lazy time.

Dear Willie, be a good boy. Obey father & don't be *rude* when you play with the girls.

*Anna & we all* want you both home so much. She wants you to get her a broom, & a little bucket, & some shoes. If father thinks best, buy them for her.

Have you been to see Sammy Damon? Do you play with Albert Clark & Charley Cook?

During the portions of three years that Maria spent at school in Koloa the interchange of letters through the mountain gap by messengers a-horseback was often quite brisk. The mother's heart yearned for her absent children, as mothers' hearts will, and every detail of their lives was eagerly followed with love and wise counsel:

My dear Maria,

. . . . I do fear, Dear child, that your studies & cares & *reading* prevent that control of temper that all ought to possess. Now *struggle* for a "meek & quiet spirit", for a gentle, unauthoritative tone. Do not tax yourself with long compositions, 2 pages are enough. Now is the time for a victory begun over self, — your mother is still learning that lesson, but is determined never to give up.

. . . . Be good children. Maria, please say to Mrs. Dole that I wish she would have Willy bathe at least once a week. I intended to write her, but have not time. . . .

I must tell you what an escape dear father had today. That new horse he has, reared & threw himself & father over backward.

. . . Kamanu & Opunui brought father in, faint & pale . . . but this P. M. he is walking about, has been over to attend to the trash and appears only a little lamed. What a mercy that he has so escaped, but let us not forget to whom he owes this spared life & we this greatest blessing.

We are all counting the days until your return. . . I will send Willy a woolen suit tomorrow. Tell Emily to take care of herself. Write by mail for anything you need to make you comfortable & I will send on Saturday. We send Keo early tomorrow morn with clean clothes for you. Let him bring back all the clothes you need to send, & father thinks he can bring a few medicines in the bag too.

. . . . It seems a sad loss to have the steamer wrecked with all her freight, but thus it is with *all* earthly treasure. The world in its best estate seems so poor a portion, strive to improve all your spiritual advantages. . . I should ever have few anxieties of a worldly nature for my children. . . .

If you need stout shoes, let me know. I send you each a dark dress, for light ones will do poor service if it is as muddy at K. as at Lihue. . . . Company has arrived at the Beach & I can send only a word, dear Maria. I am so glad your Studies are not to be interrupted by all mother's interruptions. . . . Anna has added Dole to her name. She is full of fun.

Be a help all you can to Mrs. D. It is a great favor for her to take you. . . . We are all in heaps, so do not invite anyone to come over with you. The work has not gone very fast. Thank you for all your letters. I have put up some butter for Mrs. D., but cannot send it today. The weather is hot and mosquitoes abound. . . . E., M. & self went "poha-ing" last eve.

Emily is full of play, yet ready to work. Yesterday Mary got up a coach of chairs in my bedroom & Emily was a fussy old woman passenger, constantly worrying & taking fright at every brook & hill, her best cap in a band box. I dont know when I have laughed so much as to hear her talk. . . .

I hope you are better, Maria. I send over a piece of Grass Cloth for an embroidered piece for the bottom of your pantalets. Cut the piece to embroider just as deep as you can around the pantalet. I would make a deep scallop, but do not confine yourself to working it. Yet I prefer you should do this to any other orna-

mental work, as you will need one more pair of nice pantalets. I am beginning to work at your sewing & intend to have you ready to go with Mrs. Dole to Honolulu.

As part of a little girl's dress her pantalettes were likewise classified as *nice* or *everyday*. Embroidery might enter into the construction of the former, but the latter were often made of the familiar cotton material designated as turkey-red, a color harmonizing economically with much of the country landscape and in particular with all the deep dust or mud through which travellers were at that time conveyed. Small Anna Rice still recalls her inward grief due to the fact that Honolulu girls wore white pantalettes *every day*. A vacation visit to Honolulu was an occasion long and joyfully anticipated, even by sister Maria, who shouldered responsibility so resolutely. Fashions were fashions, in those days as in this, and Mother invariably had a long errand list for the shopping center. Yet with all she had to do, Mother Rice, when writing to daughter Maria in Honolulu, never failed in her very scrupulous care to return courtesies extended to her family.

Yours from Honolulu to myself & to Emily with calico, pins & pail came safely. All right, tho you may get 6 papers more of pins before you come home. I also wrote you last week to get me a few yards of Bishop lawn for bottom of pantalets. Be careful of your money, but get what you need. . . . Sanford has sent over to Anna for a name for his new kitten, & nothing would suit her but Malia, so you are honored.

If you wish to stay over another week, do so, & I will remunerate for your board. I send Mr. Hall a pail of butter today which I hope will pay for mine & Anna's boots. If short of money, father will send an order for your dentist bill. Father intends writing. If he does not, it will be because he is not well.

The health of Mrs. Dole was never robust and in September of 1858 she wrote from Lihue to Mrs. Lyons of

one of the return courtesies so lavishly extended by the home at Koamalu:

For some time I have been sick four weeks out of five. Mrs. Rice proposed that I should come here & stay the rest of the term and let Maria take the helm at housekeeping for the school. Is she not a kind sister? It cost me a struggle, but I finally came, in a carriage, reclining part of the way, and am improving. . . . We have a very pleasant family of 13 at Koloa, all ready to lend a willing hand, instead of finding fault with what is done for them. Mr. Dole came over yesterday to preach & this morning returned with Mr. Rice's children & Eddie Ladd. Sanford was left as house keeper, and Miss Knapp went down to be a sort of makua [elder person] to those left at home.

Subjects "pursued" at the little Koloa school were very much the same as those which would be taught nowadays. Maria wrote to her mother in 1858:

We are getting a few more Ideas every day. Edward Wilcox and I are parseing in the evenings, & are a little waked up to the meaning of Grammar. I like it rather better. . . . In Philosophy we will finish Magnetism tomorrow.

And Mother! Emily & I have sung every day save one that we have been over here. That day the tune was a minor and so—Horrid.

Maria having been promoted downward from the little Students' Garret of the first year and upward to the position of chief housekeeper for the lively school, the boys now had the garret to themselves. And in after years Willy Rice delighted in the wicked tale of the konane games up there during study hour.

For a while Edward Wilcox and I roomed in the garret of the Doles' house. He was five years older than I and was studying alone with Mr. Dole before going away to school. We got up into our garret by means of a ladder and a trap door. When it was time to study, George Dole used to sneak up through our

trap door and we would play konane on a little Niihau mat woven in black and white squares for a chequer-board, until one day Mr. Dole caught us at it and the little mat was confiscated. . . . Later we went to Punahou. One day we tried smoking. I was the only one who did not get sick, and also the only one who did not smoke later in life.

Maria mentions singing as one of the subjects taught at this little Koloa academy presided over by Mr. Dole. Emily Rice, and possibly Maria as well, had instrumental lessons also from a Mr. Newmann, who worked as a cooper on the plantation, but was passionately fond of music and had taught it at Punahou. "The Instrument" on which they played was one of the little melodeons which preceded modern pianos. Handwriting, too, was carefully taught by Dr. Smith, who received "4 vols. of Bushes Notes" as a special gift from his pupils and thanked his "young friends" in a courteous note written in faultless script. At sixteen, Maria's handwriting became noticeably firm and clear and so reduced in size as to be at times minute. This was due not only to training, but in part, doubtless, to the innovation of the fine steel pen, which evidently compared unfavorably with the quills then in use, for she remarked in a letter to her mother:

. . . . If you think my writing looks strangely, you must lay it to a *steel* pen. I do hate it, it is so *stiff*. But I must "*grin & bear it*."

This method of meeting the difficulty resulted in an exquisite hand, remarkably fine and clear, even when penned with evident haste. Nor was the substance of writing forgotten in the pursuit of form, for, as Maria wrote to her Waimea friend, A. Brown Lion: "Once a week we write Compositions, and the next week learn a piece of Poetry." Not infrequently she copied for her mother verses which had appealed to her, one in particular about "Father," which seemed to her so true

"Our School Magazine"

a.

Semi monthly

Magazine

Dedicated to Literature, News of the Day,

The Sciences,

and

Commenced  
1858

Written by the scholars

Wednesday the 20<sup>th</sup> of October

1

The Koloa "Trade" School.

Edited

by

Miss H. Maria Rice.

COVER OF THE KOLOA SCHOOL MAGAZINE

of her own father, and in which she underlined the following lines:

He makes all toil, all hardship light;  
Would all men were the same.  
So ready to be pleased, so kind,  
So very slow to blame.

And to this day many of those little Koloa compositions have been kept as treasures. Maria, as one of the older pupils, often wrote in her fine, clear script, long historical or biblical themes on such subjects as *The Leyden Drama*, from the Rise of the Dutch Republic, the story of Damascus, *Cornelia the Mother of the Gracchi*, *Socrates*, *Cromwell the Lord Protector of England*, *Scenes in the Life of Christ*, *The Love of Native Land*, and *Recollections of a Visit to the Volcano in 1849*. All are thoughtful and conscientious. The most appealing is the tender obituary of a very dear friend, Mrs. Cox, who had lived with the family at Lihue. This is entitled:

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

On visits to the Lyons family on Hawaii Maria had been much interested in the magazine called the "Little Rill," which was made of their school compositions. In 1858 Maria was chosen to occupy the editor's chair for a similar journal at Koloa. It was known as "Our School Magazine" and was conducted according to certain rules laid down by the agreement of all. The "scholars of the Koloa Haole School" were to "contribute one or more original papers by the end of school on Tuesday, to be read by the Editor upon Wednesday." The Editor aforesaid wisely retained the refusal of any contributions and for lack of contributions the culprit was to be fined, "the amount of the fine being decided upon by the School." That these requirements were not always met is evident

from the editorial statement which prefaces the second issue. The first number had carried, in the Editor's fine writing, two lists of names, of those contributing and those not doing so "without giving any excuse to the Editor." In the second issue the delinquents have increased from three to five, forcing the vigilant editor to separate the sheep from the goats even more sharply in these unmistakable terms, the sexes carefully marked off among the Elect, as at a Quaker Meeting, but indiscriminately mixed in the list of sweeping condemnation:

The following are the Contributors to this number:

Edward Wilcox	Clara Rowell
G. H. Dole	Marion Rowell
S. B. Dole	Maria Rice
Willie Rice	Emily Rice

The following *who are able to write*, have not handed in any contributions:

Emma C. Smith  
 Charlotte E. Smith  
 Willie Owen Smith  
 Mary A. Burbank  
 Sammie Burbank

## Near Neighbors at Koloa

In the days of whaling expeditions to the North Pacific the settlement of Koloa, on the south side of the island of Kauai, where it was sheltered from the prevailing trade winds, achieved such a reputation as a port of call for provisions, that Lihue, now the county seat and possessing a modern harbor within its spacious bay of Nawiliwili, is sometimes twitted with having once been "a suburb of Koloa". When in the northern seas the ice, instead of continuing to recede, became stationary and finally began to close down aggressively about the whaling fields, the vessels would turn southward, many of them to spend the winter months in repairing and refitting at the Sandwich Islands. During some seasons as many as three hundred vessels called at Honolulu to transship their cargoes of oil and bone to merchant vessels not equipped for whaling, but sent out annually by their owners for trading and carrying back the barrels of oil accumulated by whalers which often spent three or four years on a cruise.

The impetus thus given to the commercial growth of Honolulu brought complaints from New England that our little mid-ocean metropolis "was getting all the profits from the business." Nor was Honolulu the sole point in the islands where such profitable contact was made with world commerce. Mr. W. O. Smith, who was born at Koloa, stated in an article written for the Kauai Historical Society in 1915:

. . . . The pay of the officers and men of the whaleships was a certain percentage of the catch. At Honolulu the price of oil was ascertained and the amount due the crews was advanced by business firms in Honolulu, as also money for supplies and repairs, and bills of exchange taken on the home owners. Some ships discharged at Hilo, but the greater number came to Honolulu.

Supplies were obtained not only at that port, but frequently at Kawaihae on Hawaii; at Kalepolepo and Lahaina on Maui, and at Koloa and Waimea on Kauai. Koloa was one of the favorite places of call for such articles as sweet potatoes, beef, pigs and firewood. Sometimes seventy or eighty whaling ships would call at Lahaina in one season and forty to sixty at Koloa. These ships required large quantities of supplies especially for the cruise to the North, and gave the natives opportunity to sell their vegetables, fruit and pigs.

Koloa, in fact, was the most thriving center on Kauai during the generation from 1840 to 1870, and apart from its interest as a port of call, is distinguished by the fact that its sugar plantation, begun there by Ladd and Company in 1835, was the first to make Hawaiian sugar a commercial success. Mr. W. O. Smith further states that even "before 1835 there was a small sugar mill at Mahaulepu", the valley to the east of Koloa, and that these early mills had only the soft, sweet native cane called "kokea". Experiments had been tried in Manoa valley near Honolulu, at Hilo, and one or two other places, but the Koloa Plantation, albeit after a change of ownership and several changes of managership, was the



CHINESE MILLSTONES

*These may still be seen on the grounds of the manager's residence at Koloa.*

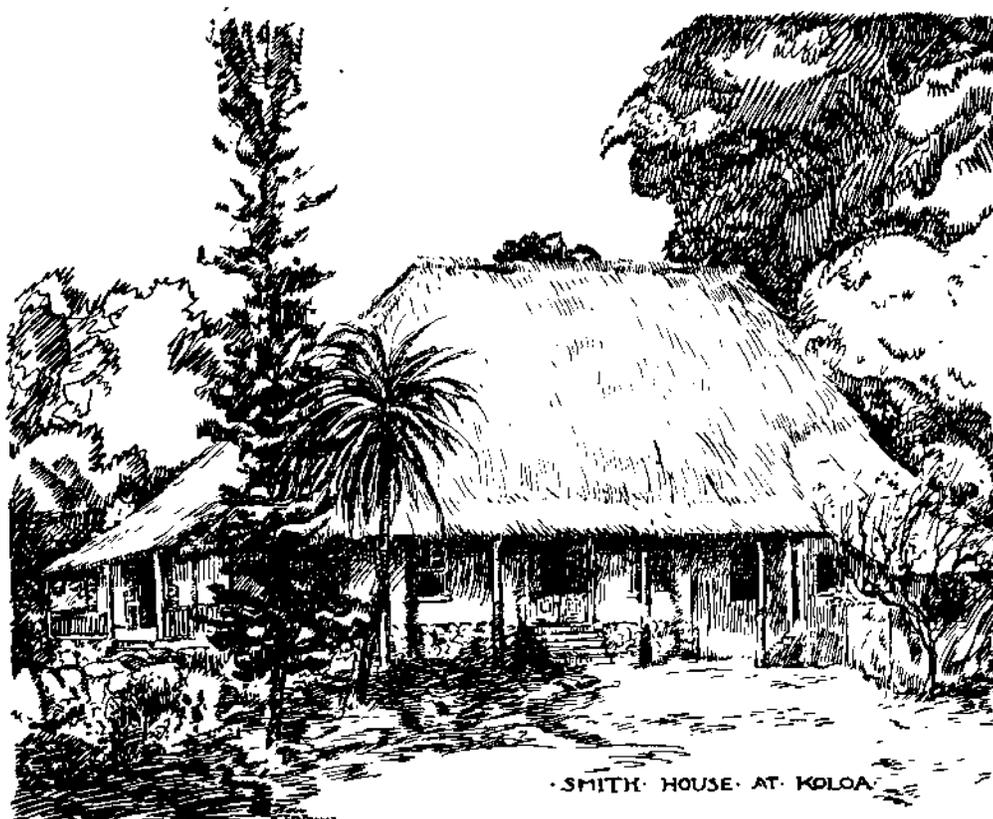
first one to weather the vicissitudes of experiment. To travelers going around the island the site of the old stone mill built in 1842 is still to be distinguished by the solid masonry of the great square smoke stack and ruins of other stone structures long disused, which mark the cor-

ner of the main road at the present new bridge where one turns sharply westward on the belt road.

Indeed, in the development of settlements on Kauai, the story of Koloa presents so many different sources of interest that selection from them seems meager in its results. From the pioneer Protestant mission center at Waimea, fifteen miles to the westward, the Rev. Peter J. Gulick, stationed there in 1828 with the Rev. Samuel Whitney, had at times visited Koloa and other native settlements further to the north, preaching and teaching as he went. In 1834 he was assigned by the mission meeting in Honolulu to establish a new station at Koloa, the second on Kauai. Late that year or early in 1835 he relinquished the sandstone dwelling laboriously begun at Waimea and brought his family of five very small sons to a low thatched house near the Maulili pool at Koloa and about a mile from the landing. Most of the missionaries banned tobacco as an evil in those days, and it is said that a Hawaiian woman in the habit of using it was helping Mrs. Gulick in the kitchen which was close to, or a part of, the main house. Feeling that her sin must be kept secret from the kumu, or teacher, the old woman one day stowed her pipe away under the thatch before smoking it out. A few moments later smoke began to curl out of the dry grass, and flames soon leapt up in spite of all Mr. Gulick's efforts to smother them with mats. Kind Hawaiian neighbors helped to save the few household goods, especially the family rocking chair which had come around the Horn and was yet to go to other islands and to Japan and back on mission journeys. In building the second grass house Father Gulick took care to place the cook house at some distance from the dwelling house, as was customary among Hawaiians. And not many months elapsed before he had started the construction of a house of adobe blocks, which, with its steep roof of thatch

renewed every two or three years, served his successors with a commodious dwelling for over fifty years and came to be a landmark of the countryside. It stood on the road leading eastward from the great thatched church, only a few steps from it, and was soon shadowed by the same tamarind trees which tower over the modern parsonage today.

An itinerant station of schools and church services had long been maintained at Koloa. The building of a home for the kumu transformed it at once into a permanent settlement with its threefold mission of church and home and school. Brief records from Mr. Gulick's station reports tell something of Koloa's first steps in civilization.



• SMITH HOUSE AT KOLOA •

*Built of adobe by Father Gulick and long occupied in later years by the family of Dr. Smith. Sketched from the memories of Mrs. Lena Smith Waterhouse.*

Nov. 28, 1835.

A church, a branch from that of Waimea, was organized here in April last, consisting of twelve members. In September eighteen more were added by profession of their faith in Christ. Last Sabbath three more, and three also by letter from Waimea, which makes our present number thirty-six.

Koloa, 29 Nov. 1837.

Our new doby meeting-house, 95 by 40 feet inside, all plastered and white washed within, overhead, and without, with a piazza 8 feet wide quite around it, was dedicated last Thursday, the 23d instant. The dedication service was the commencement of a protracted meeting of four days. Messrs. Whitney and Alexander assisted.

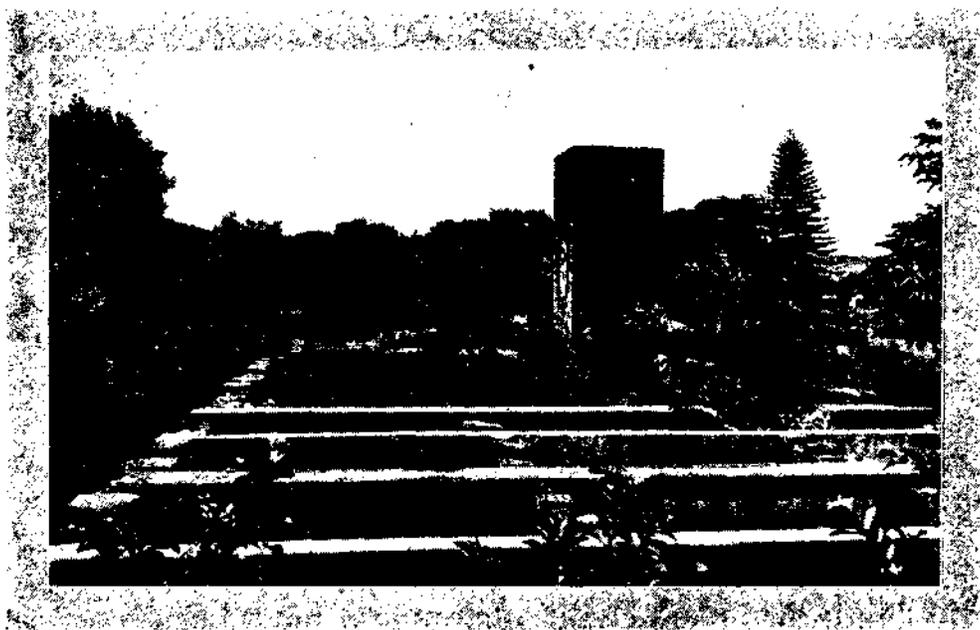
Koloa, July 1838.

When we first arrived here we occupied a native house, without floors, damp and uncomfortable. Now we have a doby house, plastered within and without, with a cellar underneath; and though the roof is thatch, it is tight, and the house comfortable.

We then worshipped God in an old tottering school-house. Now we have a pleasant doby meeting-house, with glass windows in the ends and north side, and lattice in the south. Then, our audience on the Sabbath was from three to five hundred. Now it is from nine to fifteen hundred. In May, 1835, we organized a church with 12 members. Now, we have 125 members in good standing. . . . Yet I am ashamed and grieved to think how little I have done in a field so white to the harvest.

The year 1835, which witnessed the establishment of a mission station at Koloa, saw also the signing of the lease for the tract of land there which Ladd and Company of Honolulu had obtained with difficulty from the king. Hawaiian chiefs, in those days, were reluctant to allow even the use of their lands by the foreigner and one of the principal obstacles confronting the enterprising haole, or foreigner, lay in the fact that, beside controlling the land, the chiefs could, almost in a feudal sense, command the labor of the commoner who lived on that land and could at any moment take possession of everything

“owned” by the commoner, whether it were canoe, nets, food, house, child, or wife. Under this new lease of the Koloa land, however, in 1835, the haole was also permitted to hire the labor of a certain number of commoners, as stated by Mr. Jarves; and, moreover, the workman was at last to be worthy of his hire, was to possess the fruits of his toil, which the chief, whose power was already on the wane, had no longer any means of alienating. The commoners were not slow to appreciate this advantage, and natives from other sections of the island soon began to flock to the new plantation. Hundreds at a time often arrived, Mr. Alexander McBryde says, when allowed holidays by their own chiefs, and many of them were of necessity turned away, but the increased sense of independence among those who obtained regular work soon became so marked that the missionaries more than once noted the beneficial economic tendencies of the new enterprise. Those Hawaiians who settled at Koloa as planta-



*Photograph by J. Senda*

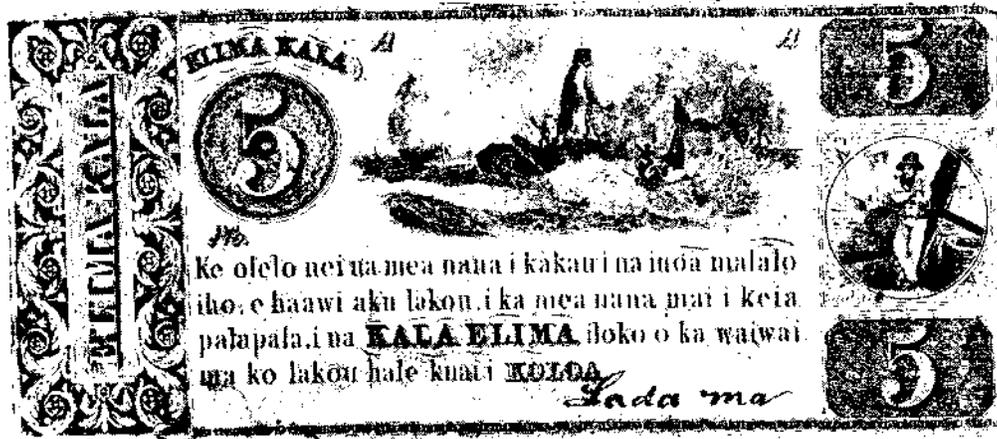
RUINS OF THE OLD KOLOA MILL BUILT IN 1841

tion workers were soon "the envy of the whole island". About two years after the beginning of this experiment, Koloa was seen by James Jackson Jarves of Boston, one of the ablest of Hawaii's historians, who was apparently visiting there with his missionary uncle, Rev. Reuben Tinker. In his sketches of Kauai, published in the *Hawaiian Spectator* for January, 1838, Mr. Jarves makes valuable observations on the economic changes brought about by new enterprises at Koloa and adds much to our picture of that early settlement.

The surf breaks heavily along the shore, but a safe landing is effected at the mouth of a small stream. Clusters of native dwellings are scattered on the plain, but the principal village is situated a mile from the beach, at a short distance from the missionary buildings. These buildings, which are encircled by a pretty garden, are neat and substantial. A new church, capable of holding nearly two thousand persons, surrounded by a thatched verandah supported by neat wooden columns, shows prettily in the distance.

Fields of sugar cane, taro, yams, and other vegetables, bespeak a more than usual attention to agriculture. The population of Koloa, which is about three thousand, is increasing rapidly by emigrations from other districts. But the principal attractions here are the estates of Messrs. Ladd & Co. and Messrs. Peck & Titcomb, American gentlemen.

From Ladd and Company Messrs. Peck and Titcomb subleased about 400 acres on which, from 1836 to 1840, they conducted careful experiments in raising cotton, coffee and silk. Their mulberry trees thrive so that one of the little hills on their land was soon called Mauna Kilika, or Silika, as it still is on old maps. It was thought that the care of cocoons might well employ Hawaiian women and children, and many of them did become adepts in the delicate manipulations required. One of the interesting castaways of the South Pacific, Mr. Horace Holden, who as a sailor had been enslaved and tattooed



*Courtesy of Bruce Cartwright*

*One of the old bank notes engraved in Boston about 1840. Signed Ladd & Co. in Hawaiian, the face of the note promises to pay bearer Five Dollars in goods at their Koloa store.*

from neck to heels by natives of the Pelew Islands, came to Koloa to aid in this new industry. Beset by one difficulty after another, such as drought, blight and failure of the silkworm eggs to hatch even when taken in bottles to the mountain tops for a lower temperature, silk culture was abandoned about 1840. Mr. Titcomb then transferred his equipment across the island to Hanalei to begin similar attempts there. And sugar thus remained the one active commercial enterprise in Koloa. Mr. Holden became an assistant in the sugar mill of Ladd and Company. Later, after moving to the Oregon Territory, he sent his children back to be educated in the islands, where his two daughters were adopted by Miss Ogden of the mission in Honolulu and his two sons by the Gulick family, who had been his neighbors at Koloa.

To look at all into the very significant venture in sugar culture at Koloa is to rely largely upon a valuable paper now in preparation for the Kauai Historical Society by our historian, Professor R. S. Kuykendall. Messrs. Brinsmade, Ladd and Hooper, arriving in Honolulu in 1833,

set up a commercial house there and soon desired to enter upon an agricultural experiment which should prove to the king and his people the value of organized and systematic industry. Only a complete study of the situation can give any impression of the difficulties surmounted. Although considerable success was gradually attained, the search for necessary capital became so extended that it involved international complications with England, France and Belgium and finally the failure of Ladd and Company, the lease reverting to the government in 1844. To conditions then existing an added interest is lent by the great changes which in less than ninety years have transformed an experiment into a thriving and basic industry. Before the gleam of California's gold had broadened the horizon of the Pacific, limited indeed were the prospects of a venture which found its nearest markets in Chile and New Holland, as Australia was then called.

In his *Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands* Mr. Jarves indicates certain advantages possessed by these islands in their virgin soil and freedom from taxation. Housing and feeding Hawaiian workmen is thought to be less than anywhere else in the world, and the cost of ploughing and planting does not exceed five dollars per acre. The name itself, Ko-loa, meaning "large cane", is significant of the great size attained by the soft Hawaiian variety of cane in the fertility of that sheltered corner of the island. In his earlier account, published at Honolulu in 1838, Mr. Jarves takes us more intimately into the life of that busy plantation hamlet, when the little mill was turned by water:

They at present have eighty acres under cultivation, and intend the ensuing year to cultivate two hundred more. . . . With the leases orders were given for thirty-six men, as laborers on the two estates; as the common people are held rigidly by the chiefs, it

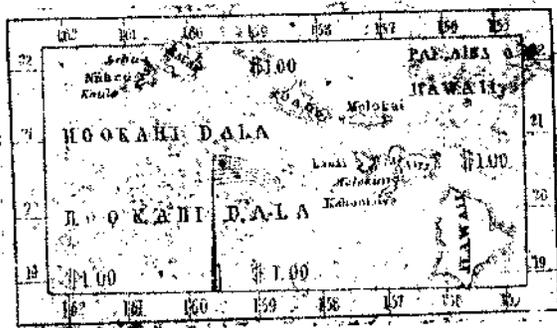
was with difficulty that they could be obtained; and when procured proved to be the offscourings of the islands. Of this number nearly one half were soon discharged for various misdemeanors, and punished by the authorities, after a fair and legal trial by jury. To the others, houses with lands to cultivate for their own benefit, were allotted. These were joined by a few stragglers, who seemed to have no master; but proved themselves valuable servants and now constitute the real population of the plantation.

A large number of day laborers are also employed. To all, twelve and a half cents per day and their food are allowed, . . . fully equal to a dollar per day in the United States. Mr. Hooper, the gentleman of the firm who has the immediate care of the sugar plantation, estimates the daily cost of furnishing food to each man, which consists of fish and poi, at one cent. All ardent spirits are tabued by the government, so that none are brought to the island. . . .

At sunrise all the laborers are turned out by the ringing of the bell, and work till sunset, sufficient time being allowed for their meals. At night they are assembled and paid by a sort of bank note, considered as good as money all over the island and redeemable in goods on Saturday.

. . . . Thus far the government have encouraged the undertaking, by affording every facility desirable. . . . The chiefs are satisfied that to lease their lands to worthy men is the best course for them to pursue. Such is the present opinion of the King and his council, who have said that they derive more revenue from this one plantation, than formerly from all Koloa.

This familiar use of money constituted an economic revolution in itself. Although barter was still customary, many foreign coins circulated in the islands, and to this day it is related on Kauai that English half-crowns were sometimes manufactured by cutting whole crowns in two, albeit not always in two halves, for a source of revenue might be tapped by reserving a slender strip from the middle of the original coin and melting it down into bullion! Due to a scarcity of small coins the plantations at

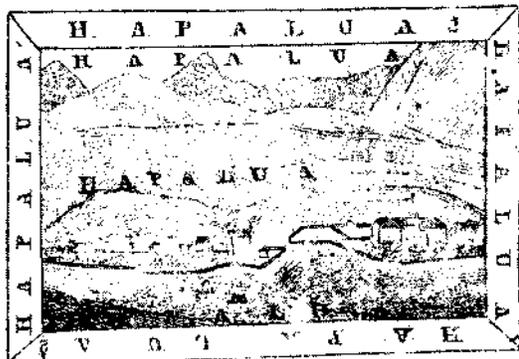


ONE DOLLAR

[An early map of Hawaii]

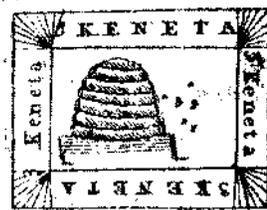


6 1/4 CENTS



HALF DOLLAR

[Lahainaluna School]



3 CENTS



QUARTER DOLLAR

Courtesy of Hawaiian Mission Children's Society



12 1/2 CENTS

Currency Engraved at Lahainaluna about 1840

Koloa introduced paper currency which Mr. Jarves presumes to be the first in Polynesia. Certainly it must have been the first in Hawaii. Small cards bearing the required denominations were probably printed in Honolulu. A specimen presumably of such currency is preserved in the Archives of Hawaii, loaned by Mr. Bruce Cartwright. A few years later Ladd and Company had larger notes engraved in Boston, and a letter, also in the Archives, states that Judge Andrews engraved small currency for the settlers, Bernard, Titcomb and Kellett, of Hanalei. As late as 1851 this, or a similar "cardboard currency" was still in circulation on Lihue Plantation also, and not a few complications arose through the use of paper money in the payment of Kauai taxes. Three sets of six denominations are now treasured in Honolulu museums. Engraved on copper at Lahainaluna about 1840, these few remaining prints, in the opinion of Hon. George R. Carter, are historically the most significant of all those produced by Rev. Lorrin Andrews and his Hawaiian students in that remarkable art academy on West Maui.

Quite a market came into existence at Koloa. According to Mr. Alexander McBryde, one article of trade was wild ducks brought down by the bagful from swamps above Kilohana crater. In August the Hawaiian species of duck moulted so suddenly as to be unable to fly, and being also very fat from the summer's good feeding, could easily be snared or even caught by hand. Inimitable are the pictures of this old-time market in the thatched village of Koloa as sketched by Mr. Jarves, who is impressed with the vigor and cheerfulness of the Hawaiian laborers, and with the pleasure they express at receiving their daily wages. On Saturday

at sunrise the little shops on both plantations are opened. . . . Crowds [arrive] in the rudest attire, or no attire at all. . . . One brings vegetables, another fish, fine tapas, mats. . . . Women lead-

ing fat pigs, which ever and anon they press to their bosoms to still their deafening lamentations, join the throng; while dog and fowl add their voices to the dulcet strain.

Then commences the barter;—knives, needles, flints, calicoes, and all the numerous etcetera of a trading establishment are spread in tempting array before their wistful eyes, and a scene of cheapening ensues, which would require the pencil of a Cruikshank to depict. . . . More meaning is conveyed in a look, wink of the eye, or twitch of a muscle, than volumes of the king's English would express.

In contrast to this scene of lively chaffering Mr. Jarves is struck by the New England Sabbath at Koloa, when hundreds of well-dressed Hawaiians, summoned by the sonorous blowing of a conch shell, "are seen quietly wending their way to the house of God," to seat themselves there on the ground, the men on one side of the long "doby meetinghouse" and the women on the other. This exemplary Sabbath Mr. Jarves attributes to the Koloa "mission establishment of but three years standing," but it must be remarked that it might be due in part to the lingering memory of former Kapu laws, far more strict, as well as to the influence of neighboring villages where mission customs had prevailed for almost twenty years.

In 1837 the Rev. Thomas Lafon, M. D., joined the mission station there, the first physician on Kauai, although his brother missionaries had long ministered to the ills of the body as well as of the soul. Beside medical and pastoral work in the immediate neighborhood of the station, Dr. Lafon organized a native church at Nawiliwili. Leaving the mission in 1841, Dr. Lafon was succeeded the following year by Dr. J. W. Smith, who, with his equally devoted wife, gave the rest of his life to the service of Koloa and Kauai. Mr. Gulick had been zealous

in the prosecution of his labors in various directions, as the account of Mr. Jarves ably testifies. In 1841 the Protestant mission schools for Hawaiians, which had been hitherto attended only by adults, began to change in character, owing partly to the enactment of the first school laws by the council of King and Chiefs. The native teachers were better paid, children began for the first time to come to daily sessions, and Mr. Gulick's school report for 1841 records four schools for Koloa with five teachers and an attendance of 225 children.

Not long after his arrival at the Waimea station in 1828, Mr. Gulick had made one of his first preaching tours around the island of Kauai in company with Governor Kaikioewa. In an interesting journal of that tour, extracts from which were published several years ago by the Kauai Historical Society, Mr. Gulick's practical eye noted the fertility of the soil of the island and the possibilities for agriculture. It was always recalled by the Gulick sons and is recorded by Mr. Lydgate that Mr. Gulick, while at Koloa, "broke and drove the first yoke of oxen in the Islands, plowing with them, much to the wonder of the natives, who, though more or less familiar with cattle, had never seen them used." When the first plowing was done on the Koloa sugar plantation in 1836 no such assistance was available and a team of forty powerful natives was always required to operate a plow. And so genuinely interested were the Koloa missionaries in the beneficial habits of industry inculcated by the new enterprises of silk and sugar, that, on the failure of the silk industry after the unprecedented drought of the year 1840, the Rev. Messrs. "Tinker, Gulick and Lafon wrote to Ladd and Company urging the firm to erect an additional mill at Koloa in order that the natives might be induced to plant more cane." Mr. Lydgate mentions

this in his article on Koloa for the Kauai Historical Society and feels thereby assured of the emptiness of the charge that the missionaries placed obstacles in the way of new industries, especially by forbidding the natives to feed the silkworms on the Sabbath day. And as early as 1837, Rev. W. P. Alexander of Waioli Mission, on a journey around Kauai by canoe, wrote of his pleasure in visiting the sugar and silk plantations of Koloa.

In 1839 the Gulicks' seventh son, named Thomas Lafon, was born to them, and the following year their oldest son, Luther Halsey, in his twelfth year, was sent with the Rev. Reuben Tinker the long voyage around the Cape of Storms to complete the education his mother had begun. Luther Halsey's own missionary record would fill volumes; nor were his brothers far behind him in similar achievement. It would seem as though Mother Gulick's hands, in the training of these sons, might have been too full to reach beyond her own home. And, indeed, her school classes had to be given up, but her influence was a vital factor in the little community in many ways. Her only daughter, also a consecrated missionary, still relates that her mother held dressmaking classes and was the first to teach Hawaiian women to weave "pua", or hats made from the stalk of the cane tassel. These were a novelty much sought after by the women, who soon became adepts in the art.

After eight years at Koloa the Gulick family was transferred, in 1843, to the mission station at Kaluaaha on Molokai, and the following year Dr. and Mrs. Smith were reinforced by the Rev. John F. Pogue, newly come to the mission. He was an active, eager young associate who remained three years at this station, living in the house left vacant by Dr. Lafon. In March of 1847 came the great Koloa deluge, often called "the Pogue flood",

and the like of which was not recorded in the memory of man. Heavy rains for over a month suddenly increased so that the torrent of the Koloa stream drove natives from their houses and swept away bridges and fences. Many recalled the Biblical deluge of forty days and forty nights. Late one night Mr. Pogue decided he must go over to the Smiths, a little further down the stream, to render any assistance needed. On opening his door, he was met by torrents of water rushing in. He called to Eli, his Hawaiian helper, only to find that he had taken refuge in the branches of a tall hau tree. Nothing daunted, Mr. Pogue pursued his course toward the adobe house built by Mr. Gulick, but later occupied by Dr. Smith. This was on the site of the present Koloa parsonage, where tamarind and kukui trees of these very early days are still standing. Mr. Pogue soon found himself up to his knees in water, and climbed one of these kukui trees. "Children" of the Smith family, to whom his tale became a tradition, still point out the tree. Feeling that he must proceed, Mr. Pogue climbed down and was swept away by the flood, dashed against stone walls, and in danger of being carried out to sea. Over a quarter of a mile he was hurled and battered, until a bend in the course of the stream threw him high upon a pile of stones, where he lay helpless, with the water surging about him on its short way to the sea.

At daylight some Hawaiians found him and sent word to Dr. Smith, who brought his oxcart and carried him to his house. Owing to the cellar under his house and the complete flooding of that, Dr. Smith's house had escaped damage, and he and his wife were now able to rescue the friend who had been injured in their behalf. For two months he lay ill, at first in a critical state. His house was utterly destroyed, together with his books, and very little was left of his clothing and furniture. Many of Dr. Smith's books and medicines in his basement office were

likewise ruined. The Hawaiians suffered greatly, many standing in water up to their middle all night waiting for the dawn and a chance of escape. Many of the taro lands and fish ponds disappeared entirely. Damage to the sugar mill amounted to over two thousand dollars. That same summer Mr. Pogue was transferred to Kaawaloa on Hawaii, and in 1848 took with him as his bride young Maria Kapule Whitney, from Kauai. She had been born at Waimea, on October 19th, 1820, the first white child on Kauai, and named for the queen. Sent as a little girl of six or seven to friends in "the East", she had now returned after more than fifteen years, vowed to the mis-



KOLOA PLANTATION IN 1850

*From a water-color sketch by Mrs. R. W. Wood, wife of the proprietor. Redrawn in 1928 by S. Hironaka under supervision of Miss Mary Burbank, who lived there during the 1850s. The manager's house is at the second bend of the stream, the mill in the far distance, the church and mission station beyond, near the sea.*

sion service, and making the voyage out in 1844 in the Brig Globe, the same vessel which brought Mr. Pogue.

Even in the early days of Koloa the mission families there were not entirely isolated, as at some stations, for the family of the plantation manager usually resided in the stone house further upstream. During the days of Ladd and Company, Mr. William Hooper was the first manager, and the other members of the firm often came on visits. Mr. Peter A. Brinsmade, for many years U. S. Consul at Honolulu, became very active politically and was frequently the spokesman for the firm. Mrs. Ladd and Mrs. Brinsmade were sisters and the Brinsmades lived at Koloa, Miss Burbank states, "in a house on Mauna Kilika above the manager's house." Mrs. Brinsmade died there in 1840 and her grave, with its slender marble shaft, was the first one in the cemetery plot bought and given by Mr. Brinsmade for foreigners, on the hill below the Tobey plantation and not far above what are now the ruins of the old mill. Koloa children during the years of 1850 were quite impressed with the Greek inscription on this first Kauai tombstone, which was translated, "The night cometh." The original wooden mill of 1836, according to Mr. W. O. Smith, who played near its ruins in his boyhood, was run by water power and stood at Maululu on the bank of the stream to the east of the mission premises. Between this old mill and the Gulick-Smith house was a little pond called Kaupena, because it was adjacent to the cow pen.

There are still a few Koloa "children" who played in and around Maulili pool in the Waikomo stream below the ruins of this first old mill. Judge Dole remembered it with the keen zest of boyhood, and Mr. Farley, who lived in Koloa many years later, had heard of its being a swimming place for old and young in the days of clean and abundant water. In still earlier days, wrote Mr.

Farley for the Hawaiian Annual, it was both sacred and noted. There lived the large moo, or dragon-goddess, Kiha-wahine. There on its eastern bank was the steep rock known as the Pali o Koloa, from which the district of Koloa takes its name. And just below this Pali o Koloa was a rock called Waihanau, Birth Pool, its significance lost in the mist of legend, although its name is preserved in the opening lines of the mele, or song:

Aloha wale ka Pali o Koloa,  
Ke Ala huli i Waihanau e, hanau.

Greeting and love to the Cliff of Koloa,  
The trail winding to the Birth Pool.

There, also below Wai-hanau, is the projecting rock known as Ka Elelo o Hawaii, the tongue of Hawaii, said to have been wrested out and brought from Hawaii by the Kauai warrior, Kawelo of Wailua. At the south end of Maulili pool started the two large auwais, or ditches, which watered the land of east and west Koloa. So, likewise, in senses both figurative and real, the little wooden sugar mill built above Maulili pool on the western bank of the stream made fertile the lands of all Koloa, both north and south, as well as east and west. The larger stone mill, somewhat farther up Waikomo stream, was built in 1842. The ruins of this mill, now called the old one, still mark the turn of the belt road around the island at the new concrete bridge.

In 1844 Ladd and Company failed and the remainder of their lease was taken over the following year by Dr. R. W. Wood, who had charge of the American Hospital for seamen in Honolulu. He was evidently a man of some means, since the transaction was made in payment of a debt owing him from the Hawaiian government, and from the detail of his historical account of the little plantation it is evident that he had watched its progress with eager interest for many years before becoming

its owner in 1845. For the next twenty-five years Dr. Wood continued to be the proprietor of Koloa plantation, living the greater part of the time in Honolulu. His first manager at Koloa was Mr. Charles Burnham, who had built the manager's house there and had probably been the manager for some time under Ladd and Company.

This Mr. Burnham had first arrived in Honolulu in 1833, having been sent out from New York to build the seamen's Bethel Chapel, the framework of which came around Cape Horn on the same vessel with him. In sympathy with the work of the Protestant mission, he was recommended in 1837 by the General Meeting of the mission as secular assistant in the erection of buildings. Later he went into the employ of Ladd and Company at Koloa as a master mason and carpenter and in 1839 or 1840 erected the house which still serves as the manager's residence after ninety years. It is of stone and adobe blocks, solidly built with a cellar and thick walls, to the front of which modern managers have added a more pretentious two-story structure. But the old ohia beams, handhewn, remain as stout as ever they were, and one passes with not a little reverence under the original koa lintel of the broad, hospitable doorway, which now stands in the center of the house. It must have given Mr. Burnham considerable satisfaction to move into this substantial house and to live there with his wife and children. That he managed the plantation work well is attested by a visitor in June of 1845, who may well have been the editor of *The Friend*, for the comment appears in that periodical for the following month. The editor, Rev. S. C. Damon, had a warm friendship with Mr. Burnham, who, during these first years of the publication of *The Friend* in Honolulu, is listed as the Koloa agent for subscriptions to that paper. Mr. Burnham's final visit to the islands in 1881, "after an absence of exactly 35

years," is duly chronicled by the same editor. It was on arriving in 1881 that Mr. Burnham met Miss Mary Burbank and told her that he had built the old house at Koloa and had lived in it several years as the manager. He must therefore have been some time a resident there when the editor of *The Friend* remarked, in June of 1845:

. . . The contrast is most striking between the arid plains of Oahu and the undulating fields of Koloa, clad in the rich verdure of pasture lands and fields of sugar cane. . . Pineapples are found in great abundance. . . . The garden and plantation of Mr. Tobey exhibit much taste and good management. He has succeeded remarkably well in the cultivation of the strawberry, as we are able to testify. The sugar making establishment under the care of Mr. Burnham is now manufacturing a goodly quantity of sugar and molasses. We were highly pleased with the quiet and good order which everywhere appeared.

In that troublous time when the discovery of gold in California had begun to attract Hawaiian laborers and the sudden influx of population to the "gold coast" threatened to stimulate the prices of our island produce to figures before undreamed of, the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society, an organization but newly founded in Honolulu, listed the products shipped from island ports during an eventful twelvemonth:

Exports from the Port of Koloa			
as manifested at Honolulu			
July 1, 1850 to June 30, 1851			
Sugar .....	26,023 lbs.	Cattle .....	50
Molasses .....	2,851 gals.	Swine .....	130
Syrups .....	353 "	Goats .....	1
Sweet Potatoes .....	360 bbls.	Turkeys .....	542
Yams .....	40 "	Fowls .....	1,017
Onions .....	75 "		
Squashes .....	1,000	Total Value .....	\$6,631.94

Unquestionably, Koloa exported in addition to this much that was not manifested at Honolulu, but the

variety of the list is of considerable interest. That only one goat should have been forthcoming is not a little surprising, when Hawaiian goat skins, the report states elsewhere, were highly estimated among shoemakers, although the skins went by way of California and were then listed as California products. Among the papers presented at the first meeting of this Hawaiian Agricultural Society was one by Dr. Wood, the proprietor of Koloa Plantation, extracts from which give an excellent summary of its difficulties and its progress up to the year 1850. He speaks of it "as the first enterprise of any magnitude of this kind on the Sandwich Islands", and adds:

For a period of six years, subsequent to its commencement, its failure continued to be confidently predicted by the more intelligent portion of the foreign community. . . . .

There were no working cattle at that time upon the Island. Wild, or indigenous canes, abundant in the vicinity of Koloa, after three or four months persevering resistance of the Kapu imposed upon them by the Chiefs of Kauai, were collected and a nursery commenced. From the first crop of cane obtained, the proprietors succeeded in producing molasses or syrup only. The following season they succeeded in producing sugar, but of inferior quality, and the sugars produced from that estate previously to the year 1842, would now be considered scarcely merchantable.

Previous to the year 1840, two mill sites were abandoned and the entire works, including buildings, machinery, and furnaces sacrificed. A third mill was erected in 1841, which, with improved works, enabled the proprietors to increase considerably the products of their estate, with however but very little, if any, improvement in the quality of sugars manufactured.

About this time a French gentleman, M. Provost, who had had considerable experience in the manufacture of sugar in the Isle of Bourbon, was engaged upon the estate for the period of one year. In consequence of the improvement introduced by him in the tempering, clarifying, boiling and granulating of sugars, their quality was greatly improved, and their value increased. Previous to the year 1843, in the absence of purchasers, and for the want of

nearer markets, the proprietors were under the necessity of shipping their sugars, on their own account, to Valparaiso, Sydney and the United States, and they sustained by these operations, a loss of some thirty thousand dollars.

It is largely from the proceedings of this invaluable Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society that one gleans the few items still extant with regard to these early years in the history of Koloa plantation after the lease was acquired, in 1845, by Dr. Wood. From 1851 to 1857 the manager and part owner was young Judge Burbank, a brother-in-law of Dr. Wood. Mr. W. O. Smith, who grew up in Koloa, and himself became a lawyer, stated in regard to him, "Mr. Samuel Burbank came from the State of Maine and was a lawyer by profession, and when terms of the Supreme Court were held in Honolulu, the judges were always pleased when Mr. Burbank could be present." Such legal training and practise, however, interfered in no way with the practical conduct of the sugar plantation, which Manager Burbank brought to a successful issue. A decidedly mechanical bent carried him even to the invention of tilling implements better suited to the stony soil of Koloa, on which imported products made little more than surface impressions. The homemade plow soon came into favor with other planters as well, who reported to the Agricultural Society that they "could not do without Burbank's mammoth drill plow," which required from eight to ten yoke of oxen to draw, but penetrated a distance of twenty inches into the soil. This same report makes mention of the Burbank harrow with heavy, strong teeth, which required from three to four yoke of oxen. Imported carts were also found too light for the rougher island work, and in the construction of more durable wagons the Koloa cooper and joiner began to use hard native timbers, with the exception of imported oak for tongue, spokes, and axle.

Premiums were repeatedly awarded by the Agricul-

tural Society to samples of sugar taken at random from Koloa's exportations, other new plantations, notably on Maui, frequently winning in the annual competition. In 1852 Koloa submitted the only sample of refined sugar in the islands and since the prizes had been offered only for raw sugars, the judges recommended that "a distinct premium be granted to Dr. R. W. Wood for the beautiful sample of refined sugar from Koloa, which was said to be refined by the use of animal charcoal and therefore did not come within the rules of the competition." The record of 1853, in the report of the vice-president, Mr. J. F. B. Marshall of Lihue, makes mention

of the Koloa plantation, under the able management of Mr. Burbank, as in a highly flourishing state, with 450 acres in cultivation and the crop now coming off estimated at 150 tons. Many difficulties are to be contended with in its operation, the mill and works being old, small and imperfect. A new water-wheel is now on its way out, and a new mill is ready for erection. . . .

The operations at Koloa and Lihue are the only sugar plantations now in cultivation on Kauai. The Chinamen's plantation at Mahaulipu, near Koloa, is in a state of ruin, owing to pecuniary embarrassments. The mill, a primitive wooden affair, the works and buildings are gone to decay, and the property at present has gone out of cultivation. . . . . George Gilmore's dairy farm at Koloa did a good business last year in supplying an unusually large fleet of whaling vessels touching there, with firewood and recruits.

By 1854 the new mill was in action at Koloa, with its new train of boilers and clarifiers, and new water-wheel built by Mr. D. M. Weston, who had come out to the islands to install his modern centrifugal separators. And for this year, 1854, the Koloa crop of 300 tons produced a revenue of \$46,000 at an expense of \$15,000. For a struggling little plantation which some of its best friends had for years seen foredoomed to failure, this was not a bad showing. And already the question of replenishing

the soil was beginning to press for attention, since this same report of 1854 contains a letter on the matter from Mr. R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Dr. Wood. The opening statement in the letter refers significantly to Dr. Wood as "one of the most extensive Planters in the Kingdom and the best able to give a sound opinion as to the quantity of Guano which the Islands would consume yearly."

Although occupied professionally in Honolulu, Dr. Wood kept in close touch with every phase of the development of his promising enterprise on the southern shores of Kauai. His wife and her younger sister, who later married Dr. Hoffman of Honolulu, often made long visits in the stone house of the manager at Koloa. It was on one of these visits in the latter years of 1840 that Mrs. Wood climbed the little hill east of the house and made the water-color sketch of the plantation which her niece, Miss Mary Burbank, has so carefully kept. During most of the years of 1850, little Mary Burbank was herself an occupant of this stone house, her father being the manager and her mother a sister of Mrs. Wood. Near the old house, of which Miss Burbank has given us also her own memory-sketch, stood an unusual thing, a tree quite new to the islands. It was a young monkeypod, the rain tree of South America, two seeds of which had been brought to Honolulu from Mexico by the American consul, Mr. Brinsmade. He gave them to Mrs. Wood's younger sister, Mrs. Hoffmann, who at that time, when not visiting at Koloa plantation, lived with Dr. and Mrs. Wood, on Hotel Street in the coral stone house on the site of the present Young Hotel. In this old Honolulu garden Mrs. Hoffman planted the saman seeds, and here she left one of the two little trees that sprouted. The other she took to Koloa, which was quite as bare of trees as Honolulu in the days before 1850. She set it out near the stone house on the bank of the stream, and it was not

long before young descendants of this first monkeypod tree were to be seen in the neighborhood. To little Mary Burbank they seemed large trees a few years later when she lived there and went to Mr. Dole's school with the Rice, Rowell and Smith children. Of that oldest tree only the stump is left now, but one of the characteristic pleasures of present-day Koloa is to ride into the cool shade of its giant monkeypod trees growing by the stream and along the old stone walls.

Few indeed there are today who recall the Koloa of 1855 and 1860, when it boasted the only school on the island for white children, the only successful sugar enterprise anywhere in the islands, and took third rank in importance as a port of call for whalers. As early as 1840 Miss Marcia Smith, later of Punahou, had been the first to "keep school" for the white children, her small



THE MANAGER'S RESIDENCE AT KOLOA IN 1855

*Redrawn by S. Hironaka from a memory sketch by Miss Mary Burbank, who lived there as a child in the 1850s and recalls even the rain-barrel at the corner under the eaves.*

pupils including the older Gulick boys and the two oldest Alexander boys, of six and seven years, who rode over the forty-five-mile trail from Waioli in umekes, or calabashes, strapped on either side of their one horse. Fifteen years it was before Koloa saw another school for white children, who during that time had been sent to Punahou in Honolulu. Some of Mr. Dole's Koloa boys and girls also went to Punahou, and there are still several who recall living in Koloa or passing through it on their way to and from Honolulu.

On the stony stretches north of the Koloa landing, now almost hidden under cactus and mimosa, enterprising Hawaiians grew great quantities of squashes, and much of the flat, rocky land about the shore had long ago been converted into salt pans, for salt and pumpkins were much desired articles on the long whaling voyages. Mr. S. W. Wilcox, one of the Waioli boys, recalled seeing the whaling vessels lying at the Koloa anchorage strung with crook-necked squashes all about the stern and even up into the rigging, when ready to set sail in the spring of the year. Beside barrels of salt beef, pigs and cattle were shipped on the hoof, to be slaughtered later, as the vessel approached northern latitudes, and hung up in the rigging to freeze,—a primitive cold storage having more than one advantage over the elaborate methods of modern times. "Charman," said Mr. Wilcox, "was the man always in demand when trading with a schooner was under way. Barter it was, exchange of produce, and he was the best man for that." This Mr. Charman was an Englishman who had lived on the upper Lihue road toward Koloa and had attempted cane-growing there, but had later bought the "old Tobey Plantation" to the west of the main road leading northward out of Koloa. Here Mr. Charman planted cane and, according to Mr. W. O. Smith, contrived a small mill driven by horse power. He also owned horses and a herd of cattle, his brand being

Number 45, from an old milestone opposite the Charman home in England. And many a time have Kauai people heard the recital of "Charman's recipe for Salt Beef", kept by Mr. Lydgate among unpublished papers of the Kauai Historical Society:

First ye gits a barrel an' sets it up an' puts a stone in the bottom to hold it steady, then ye puts in some beef, an' some salt an' another stone,—case there be a wind blowin'—an' so on. Ye know them stones gives it a fine flavor.

Latterly, when trading with schooners had fallen off, Mr. Charman grew cane, which was ground at Koloa mill, but beside cattle in the early days, he carried on a thriving trade in firewood cut in the mountains and sold to the plantations and whaling ships or sent to the Honolulu market. Like many others who wandered to these islands, Mr. Charman had been a sailor and is said at one time to have worn in his ears the gold rings thought by sailors to prevent diseases of the eyes. In later years Mr. Charman bought the Doles' place on the lower Koloa road, and one of his daughters, going to school at the Priory in Honolulu during the years of 1870, was often in great demand because she could produce old Hawaiian postage stamps which had been pasted on the back of one of the doors of the old house by the Rice children when there at school years before. Mr. Charman lived to a good old age in 1892 and was often seen driving about in what was known as Charman's chaise, a carriage bought of Bishop Staley, who had purchased it from the Bishop of Tasmania. Mr. Dole's carriage for his invalid wife was probably the first carriage on Kauai, but this perhaps did not survive to the antiquity of the famous Charman chaise of episcopal antecedents.

Odd characters there were aplenty in the old days of Koloa. There was John Hobbs, the harnessmaker. His wife was a Hawaiian, and their oldest daughter was Mrs.

Charman. Then there was Robert Brown, the Welsh blacksmith, who rode a fiery horse, greatly to the admiration of the Koloa children. He and the Dorsetshire carpenter and wheelwright, John Cook, were great friends. Then there was Hayward, the stonemason, and Titus, the bricklayer, and Hiram Fredenberg, always called "Mr. Hiram", an American who took contracts for plowing and cultivating cane, and Blake, the carpenter; Neal, the cabinetmaker; Mundon, the wheelwright, and James Gray, always called Man-of-War Jim. Charles Newmann, the cooper, lies buried in the little graveyard on the Koloa hillside. Of all those familiar figures of childhood, perhaps Masterman Ready was the best at turning his hand to "anything from setting a limb to driving a nail". Charles Griffiths he was, a Welsh sailorman on the ship which brought to the islands the Brown family, who lived some years at the "Wailua Mansion" on the windward side of Kauai. Hawaiians, too, stand out in memory. Captain Paniani and his tiny schooner have been immortalized by the historian, Mr. Jarves, who crossed the Kauai channel with both sleeping and waking accommodations on her narrow, crowded deck:

. . . . She is a frail thing, manufactured in the forests of Tahiti, and one day, after buffeting the tropical waves for two months, found herself in the harbor of Honolulu. In any other port, she would have astonished the inhabitants almost as much as the barks of Columbus did the simple natives of Guanahini. But Honoluluians are accustomed to Sinbad feats of sailorship. The virtues of the Pilot being so well tested, she was formally installed as a regular 'liner', under the command of the experienced Captain Spun yarn. . . . He knew every wave by sight, and every change of wind and variation of current by instinct. He could not have been happier or prouder, had he commanded a dashing frigate. To be sure, he had capsized her once in a squall, but being near land she was towed ashore and righted. And as for drowning a Polynesian, you might as well try to drown a flying-fish.

In those days no cabins were to be had aboard ship, unless perchance the captain turned over his small bunk to ladies with children. Every one lay on the small deck with everyone else, blistering in the sun or soaking in the rain. Of food and bedding one brought one's own supply. Most of the travellers were native Hawaiians, who beguiled the night watches and the long, hot days with stories and the singing of meles which the young Anglo-Saxon boys often caught up into memory from much repetition, for although their parents may have forbidden them to speak Hawaiian, what else could one do, lying on that deck day after day, and night after night? And in very still or very stormy weather the schooner might be out of sight of land for a week! Captain Likeke,

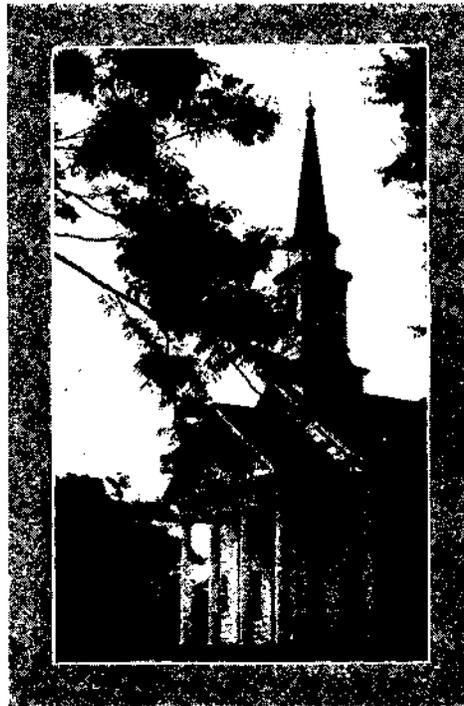
of another Kauai schooner, is still recalled by "Koloa boys", as also Judge Lilikalani, "the refined gentleman honored by chiefs and people", and the Hawaiian preacher, Rev. Samuel Kahookui — blind as to the eyes of the body, but with those of memory preternaturally sharpened,—a moving, eloquent speaker of great spirituality.

The work of the missionaries at Koloa would write a story in itself. Mr. Whitney, the pioneer at Wai-mea, had occasionally held services at Koloa, but Gullick and Lafon are the first Koloa names. For a year or two Mr. Tinker, having for reasons of conscience sev-



KOLOA CHURCH IN 1928  
Built by Father Smith in 1859

ered his connections with the mission board, attempted to make a living there in agriculture, translating at the same time the Hawaiian History of David Malo for the Hawaiian Spectator. With the coming of Dr. J. W. Smith into the home left by the Gulicks, the Koloa station continued as a constant ministry to the body as well as the soul, the doctor being indefatigable, ready at a moment's notice to set out for the furthest ends of the island. Only rough trails existed for many years, and it was long before the broadest streams were bridged. His most famous ride, perhaps, was early in February of 1866, when young Mr. Wyllie was dying at Hanalei, over forty miles away. With a fresh mount ready as a relay every ten miles, the good doctor pushed on and covered the distance in three hours. In 1854 Dr. Smith was ordained and formally installed by his brother ministers over the Hawaiian church at Koloa, the ceremony being the first ordination ever performed on Kauai, and the pastor being the only one of the early Kauai pastors to be entirely supported by his Hawaiian parishioners. In 1858 the Koloa meeting house was blown down in a storm. Almost at once the members began collecting materials and funds for a new church, and the Koloa report to the General Meeting of the mission in 1860 read, in part:



*Photograph by J. Senda*

K O L O A   U N I O N   C H U R C H  
*The old Hawaiian church  
rebuilt in 1928*

The past has been a year of toil and prosperity. We have built a new church, substantial and commodious. Seats, gallery and much inside work remain incomplete, but we have dedicated it and occupy it with comfort and gratitude. It has cost thus far \$3,700, \$400 of which remain a debt, owing to the partial failure of our crop of cane. . . . The occupation of the new house was followed by increase in attendance and seriousness.

It is of no small economic import to find that Dr. Smith and his Hawaiian parishioners were growing sugar cane to be ground at Koloa mill to help defray the heavy expense of church-building, a very practical linking of spiritual and material interests in the one common bond of human endeavor. Almost bare of trees as the lower slopes of Koloa then were, the new church formed the most prominent feature of the landscape, as the great white adobe church of Father Gulick's time had done. Undoubtedly, according to the opinion of Mr. G. N. Wilcox, old rafters from this adobe building of 1837 were used in the new construction, for Hawaiian hardwoods, when covered from the weather, are very long-lived, and it was a huge task to hew out new ones from the ever-receding forests. The *Missionary Herald* of 1860 recorded this new church of 1860 as "standing on high ground and seen far out at sea, forming a land-mark for ships approaching the port." Landmarks indeed were these old churches to the eyes of the body, and light-houses to the eyes of the spirit.

Today, seventy years later, the old Koloa church stands rebuilt by Mr. G. N. Wilcox and other friends for the English-speaking congregation, the very few remaining Hawaiians worshiping in their own new chapel near by. Handhewn beams of native wood from the old church of 1860 still support walls and roof of the big church, and its spire, though raised a few feet, still marks the same spot from which surveyors for almost three-quarters of a century have taken their bearings for land

measurements. This stately white church, transplanted almost directly from New England, still lends the atmosphere of its home land to the Koloa roadway which is shadowed by great monkeypod trees much as oaks and elms arch above a traditional New England street.

Dr. Smith's parish was not limited to the boundaries of Koloa. The village of Nawiliwili, ten miles to the eastward, was also included, and he reported likewise for Wailua, "the most remote part" of his field, where conditions had been less prosperous because his Hawaiian assistant found it difficult to carry on the work without more direct supervision. In 1862 the Hawaiian church at Koloa supported financially one of its own members, David Kealahula, a graduate of Lahainaluna Seminary, in the new mission in distant Micronesia. And that same year Father and Mother Smith established near their home a boarding school for twelve Hawaiian girls, presided over by Mrs. Smith's sister, Miss Knapp, and two older daughters of the Smith family. With his multitude of cares Dr. Smith yet contrived to superintend the native church members in growing sugar cane to aid in supporting their church. The new boarding school was an added responsibility and it is said that Dr. Smith sold land at Moloaa to help erect the building for it. That intrepid traveler, Miss Isabella Bird, who visited Koloa about ten years after this school was founded, tells something of the joy among its small pupils.

. . . . . I have complete sympathy with the passion which the natives have for riding. Horses are abundant and cheap on Kauai. . . . . I think every child possesses one. Indeed the horses seem to outnumber the people.

The eight native girls who are being educated here as a family school have their horses, and go out to ride as English children go for a romp into a play-ground. Yesterday Mrs. Smith said, "Now, girls, get the horses," and soon two little creatures of eight and ten came galloping up on two spirited animals. They



*By Courtesy of Dr. A. H. Waterhouse*

KOALO GIRLS' SCHOOL  
 Conducted by Father and Mother Smith  
 from 1860 till 1870

had not only caught and bridled them, but had put on the complicated Mexican saddles as securely as if men had done it; and I got a lesson from them in making the Mexican knot with the thong which secures the cinch, which will make me independent henceforward.

These children can all speak English, and their remarks are most original and amusing. . . . . They are the most joyous children I ever saw. When not at their lessons or household occupations, they are

dancing on stilts, acting plays of their own invention, riding or bathing, and they laugh all day long. Mrs. Smith has trained nearly seventy since she has been here. If there were nothing else, they see family life in a pure and happy form, which must in itself be a moral training.

Yet absorbed as they were in their devotion to religious observances and spiritual needs, it is marvelous to find how human were these early-day mission workers. In the days before irrigation was used Dr. Smith always found time in October to have garden beds prepared and when the first rains came in November he showed his small boys how to plant the seeds and cultivate their vegetable crops. They also, as they grew older, "milked the cows and made butter, swept the yards and performed most of the chores," as generations of Connecticut farm boys had

done before them. And in the evening by dim whale oil lamps, how good the hard bread tasted, sailor's hard bread of "the good old type in large round cakes an inch thick", which Mother had simmered in hot milk. Then there was good brown sugar from the mill, the white being "used only for company", and good molasses, much better than any nowadays, to pour over slices of fried paiai, or hard poi. Indeed, Mother had a good deal to do with the human side of life. She always had a smile and lots of good food for other boys "when they rode over to see us", even if they did sit on the railing outside the front door. She was never out of patience even in the kitchen, where she spent hours over jams and jellies and cakes, breads and meats, showing her own daughters as well as small neighbors how to make right use of the material things of life. To this day one of those small neighbors recalls the lessons with gratitude, and tells with tears in her eyes of how "Mother Smith, even



*Water-color sketch by Philip H. Dodge*

**THATCHED GUEST COTTAGE AT DR. SMITH'S HOME**

*One of the necessities in older days and known as the Company House.*

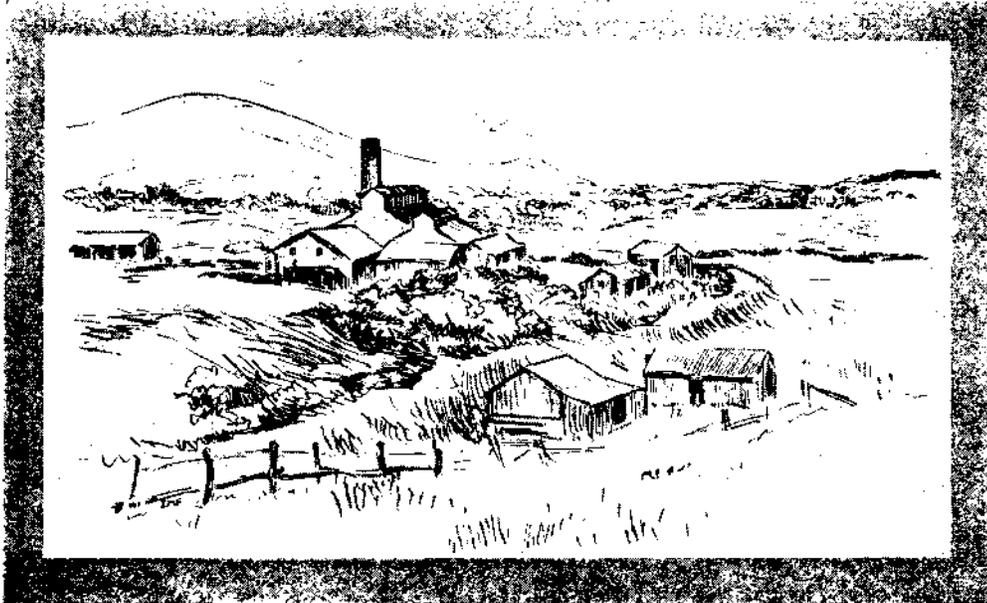
when she lay down to rest in the afternoon, would call us to read to her from the Hawaiian Bible, would correct our pronunciation and explain the words. She even taught us to write Hawaiian as well as to read and to speak it, for she said you must know your own language as well as English, and you must never forget it." This little neighbor, now Mrs. Conant, was the daughter of Mr. Neal, the plantation cabinetmaker.

Hardly was Dr. Smith's new Hawaiian church in use in Koloa when, on September 5, 1860, the Foreign Church of Kauai began to function. Two years later it was more formally organized. This was an important step in the growth of civilization on the island. For five years Mr. Dole had preached in English on alternate Sabbath afternoons at Koloa and Lihue in the Hawaiian churches, but thus far no formal organization of a church body had taken place among the English-speaking residents of the island. By such a definite move the little communities were even more closely drawn together. Father Dole was the pastor, Father Rice a deacon, and the original nine members were soon increased to sixteen, according to the mission report. Barely a month passed before Mr. Dole, in October of that same year, started a subscription for one thousand dollars to build a chapel for Sabbath services in English and a week-day school for English-speaking children. The subscription paper circulated all over the islands and today remains in Dr. Smith's private safe in Koloa. It was a task to build that house and to find a deficit of more than thirty dollars when it was finished, but faith and courage won the day. This school-chapel stood on the grounds of the present public school below the Hawaiian church and many still recall its community service of seven days a week. In 1865 the joy of a melodeon was added to it and the short subscription paper for this may also be found in Dr. Smith's safe. This paper circulated only as far as Lihue

and back, being headed by Charles Newmann, the Koloa cooper, who was also a musician, followed by Mother Rice, Father Dole, Paul Isenberg, Captain George Charman, Manager Burbank, Dr. Smith, H. Gillingham, George Dole, and finally closed by Mr. Newmann, who, in his eagerness to have a musical instrument in Koloa, himself contributed more than a third of the one hundred dollars required. Thus civilization grew.

For some fifteen years this little school-chapel at Koloa continued to be the meeting place of the Foreign Church of Kauai on the Sabbath and of Mr. Dole's English school on week days. After Mrs. Dole's death in Honolulu in 1874, however, Mr. Dole, himself in frail health, sold his Koloa home to Captain George Charman, and about 1876 went to live with the family of his son, George Dole, manager of the new sugar plantation at Kapaa, on East Kauai. There Father Dole died in 1878, and there he was buried, but after his son's family moved to California his body was brought to the little graveyard at Lihue and placed near the grave of Father Rice. The Hawaiian school of Koloa, started by the Protestant missionaries a generation before the English school, and later taken over by the government, was, about 1884, moved from its old building near by into Father Dole's little school-chapel and English became, not long afterward, the language of all the schools. With changes in buildings the Koloa School has continued on this same site, its history having been carefully traced for the Kauai Historical Society by its present principal, Mrs. K. C. Ahana. And one seldom passes it nowadays without thinking of the old Dole home across the road, as well as of Kauai's first little English school, by which, together with Punahou, the elder Doles are now chiefly remembered.

During the years of 1850 Father Dole was a strict teacher with a stern eye even for the very little fellows; indeed, it sometimes seemed as if he selected the smallest



*Redrawn by J. May Fraser from an old photograph by J. Valentine*

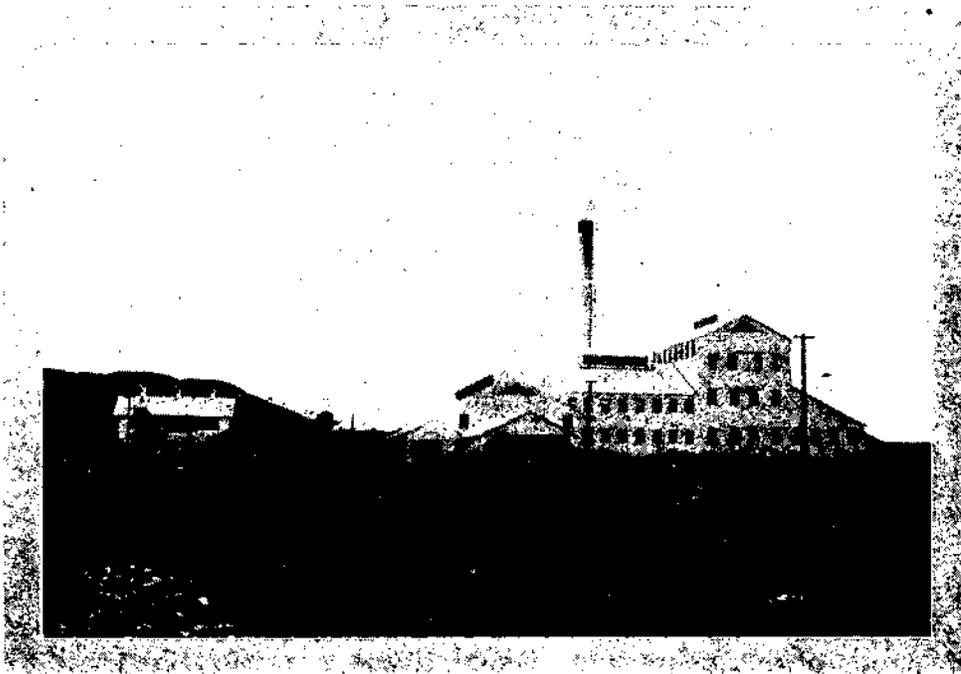
KOLOA MILL ABOUT 1866

ones for punishment as examples, for Sammie Burbank and Willie Smith, at six years of age, were almost constantly called to the desk and commanded to stand there until class was out. To little Mary, Sammie's sister aged seven, the sight was not to be borne until she had begged and received permission to join the culprits in their punishment. With constant repetition of misdemeanors, however, sister Mary's tender heart became inured to the sight of the public pillory, especially when the two urchins one day at recess time climbed up the uncovered frame of the school house—there being no ceiling—and unceremoniously swung their legs from the rafters, only to be sternly ordered by their mentor to remain where they were until the close of school. Yet Mr. Dole was a kindly man, a scholar and much beloved. And notwithstanding his stern disciplinary conception of his duties, he somehow found time to grow the lovely garden flowers that little Emily Rice envied, and to put up in his back

yard the simple gymnasium equipment necessary to the "superabundant energy" of growing boys. His son Sanford never tired telling of these athletic "stunts", in many of which he excelled and some of which he continued to practise even as an octogenarian.

We Koloa children, we boys especially, led a very joyous life, mostly in the open. . . . We were devoted to aipuni, or rounders, out of which baseball later developed. We all had horses, hardy little beasts that could live on anything from pili [thatching] grass to sweet potatoes, and with lots of "go" in them, all of which we knew how to get out of them. We scoured the country far and wide and knew every corner of it.

At Maulili, east of the mission premises, there was a famous swimming pond, the center of attraction for all Koloa. Wonderful feats of swimming, jumping and diving might be seen there any day, in which we boys held our own with the Hawaiians. We



*Photograph by J. Senda*

KOLOA MILL IN 1931

were expert in the art of "pahia" jumping, the graceful mode of which was to fold up like a jack-knife on the way down, then straighten out suddenly and strike the water with a boomerang curve that would skim the water to a feet-first presentation.

Just above the bridge at Maulili, at what used to be the old mill pond, there was another swimming place which furnished us much amusement of another kind. The earth banks of this pond were quite steep, ten or twelve feet high perhaps. With a little water judiciously applied, this bank became a toboggan slide as slippery as glass. We were our own toboggans, of course, and the state of our skins when we got through may be imagined. Of course, we had work as well as fun. There was more or less farming to be done in connection with the school; cows to milk, stock to be taken care of, and housework to be done.

We were fortunate part of the time in having the benefit of the musical endowment of a Mr. Newman, who had been a professor of music at Punahou. He was a cooper at Koloa, but his heart was in music, and he did much to stimulate the love of music among us. I worked with him as a cooper for a time earning money to go away to school.

When our family moved permanently to Kauai, my father brought a horse and carriage, landing at Nawiliwili and driving over to Koloa. That was a great rarity then, but my step-mother was more or less of an invalid. The smaller streams on the island were bridged; the roads were fairly good, or at least we thought so. Even schooner transportation had improved. We had had a little schooner of perhaps fifty tons, Capt. Spun yarn (Paniani), a Hawaiian, in charge. This was followed by the Rialto, with a white captain, a fine schooner of about a hundred tons. The crack schooner, however, of Hawaiian fame was the Nettie Merrill, of one hundred and twenty tons or so, which belonged, I think, to Alvah Clarke and Orramel Gulick. We felt that she was almost as good as a steamer.

For a short time we had a wornout California river steamer, the West Point, rechristened the Kalama, running to Koloa. She was comfortable and roomy, but was entirely inadequate to the demands of our rough, inter-island, deep-sea work. She came to grief in 1856 in an attempt to get out of Koloa in the face of a rising Kona [southerly gale]. Her engines went back on her and

she was speedily carried on to the rocks where she broke up. She was loaded with sugar and oranges, and for days the whole coast was yellow with Kauai oranges.

Another schooner of those very early days that I remember with interest was the Maria. My father chartered her for one hundred dollars at Honolulu and brought down the lumber for our house. To us she seemed a phenomenal vessel that could carry a whole two-story house.

Koloa is a small place on the map of the Pacific and even on the map of Kauai, yet there is something about it, intangible, but very real, which is often felt by passing strangers and which has riveted the loyalty of many who expected to be transients. Even with its ancient Hawaiian reputation of growing especially long cane, which gave the place its name, modern managers stay on there while frankly admitting that there are many other spots where they would prefer to grow cane. Unusual physical features abound in Koloa. Even the wind plays tricks in the pocket of surrounding hills, twisting itself sometimes, when cane is being burned off for cutting, into tiny whirlwinds which snatch up handfuls of flame and drop them without ceremony at some distance in fields quite unconnected with the order of the day. Varieties of soil and climate are many, for so small a place. Rocks are almost more abundant than soil, and much of that is poor, while some fields are extraordinarily fertile. Crystals have been found there, of considerable brilliancy. Deposits of clay in small quantities are present in more than one quality, from that used for cement to the fine variety which goes into the manufacture of meerscham pipes. A swampy valley bottom, now converted into a large reservoir in the hills of Koloa, was long a puzzling problem. The energy and enterprise with which it was attacked is well pictured by the editor of *The Friend*, who early in the year 1857 paid a visit to the mission and industrial settlements on Kauai.

. . . At Koloa we witnessed the ingathering of the cane crop. On this plantation one hundred yoke of oxen can be mustered. The proprietors not only rely upon the plow, but they have literally *plunged* into a swamp or marsh of a thousand acres, and there have undertaken a system of drainage and cultivation, which could never have been made successful without an immense amount of *real, hard work with the hands*. No animal can cross this marsh, but man can! We saw a heavy crop of cane being taken from a portion of it, a temporary railroad being laid down between the stacks of cane and extending one-fourth of a mile towards the center of the swamp. Subsequently to watch the long train of "four-ox" carts, heavily loaded with cane and trudging off to the mill, was an animating sight.

At Lihue the plow and hoe were moving with the dawn of the morning. . . . At Hanalei, too, the people work, and work hard. . . . To consider how much hard labor and persevering toil have been expended on the plantations of Kauai, and what are the results, makes us feel hopeful for the Sandwich Islands, when the inhabitants are willing to invest capital and work with their own hands.

It is said that this strange swamp land was called Koloa, place of ducks, thus giving rise to the name of the district itself. Some of its peculiarities are described by George Dole, who for several years was himself manager of the Koloa plantation. In *The Islander* for 1875, a magazine published that year by Sanford Dole in Honolulu, these notes appear from the hand of his older brother, who pictures this marsh as an area

of about 400 acres where for centuries the tall reeds have flaunted their tassels in the breeze, and the duck, the heron, and the mud-hen, have held undisturbed sway. There is reason to believe that the existence of this marsh had some influence in the selection of Koloa as the scene of the first extensive experiments in Hawaiian sugar culture. . . . It was regarded as a prospective "mine of wealth". About twenty years ago the work of draining it was actively undertaken. An outlet was blasted through the obstructing ledge of pahoehoe lava and the whole broad expanse of marsh land was cut into sections with miles of ditches. A buried



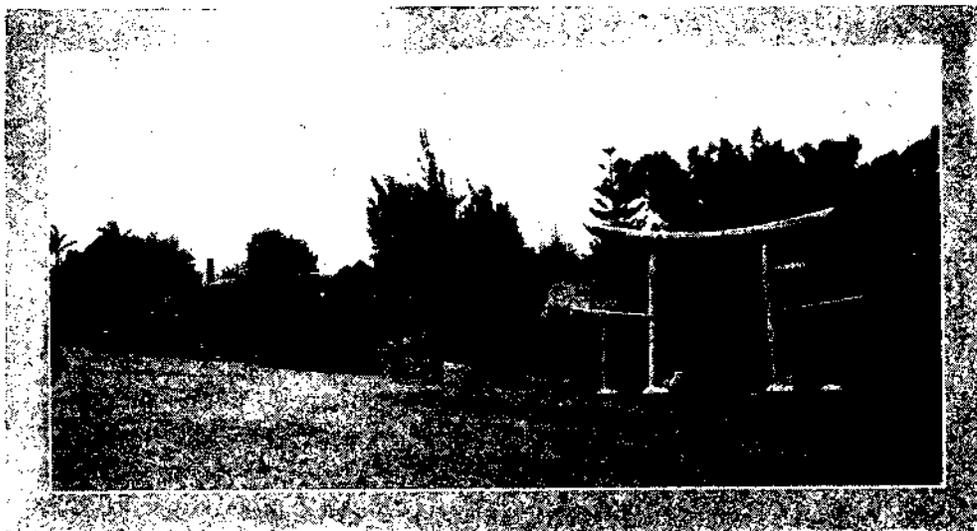
*Photograph by J. Senda*

LAWAI BEACH HOME OF ALEXANDER MCBRYDE



forest came to light, huge trees of ohiaha and lehua, and loulu palms above them, the stumps extending their roots through the clay exactly in the positions they occupied when they sustained the lofty trees. We may safely infer that the destruction of this forest took place about one thousand years ago. No one can doubt that water was the agent of its destruction. . . [The deposit now furnishes] Koloa Plantation with two or three hundred cords of excellent wood annually.

Later, this area was planted to cane, but found not fertile unless watered in very small quantities which would soak to the right depth without running off, like larger amounts. A fire set to burn off brush near this field was soon discovered to be consuming the ground itself, which proved to be an ancient peat bog. The whole bowl-like area was then converted into a reservoir, which seems now like a natural lake nestled in among the hills. Through the rocky substratum of the Koloa soil run many dark, winding caves, some of which may account for the partial draining of this strange peat bog. Some of these caves were formerly used as burial places for the



*Photograph by J. Senda*

THE CENTER OF KUKUIOLONO PARK

chiefs, others as refuges for escaped prisoners, and still others have probably never been explored. As one starts northward from Koloa on the road to Lihue, one of the steep hills rising out of the cane-field to the westward shows long scars, said to be tracks still existing of the much-loved game known as holua, or sled-racing down grassy slopes on two long wooden runners mounting a slight fiber seat, the whole incredibly light and slender. On the famous holua slide of Diamond Head on Oahu a sled would sometimes shoot a full mile down into the Waikiki plain. This slide at Koloa shows intersecting tracks, a feature of the sport which lent the zest of danger to life and limb.

The modern district of Koloa points sharply to the north into the mountains near Waialeale and stretches from Mount Haupu and the range of hills on the east along the southern shore westward to the long earth crack believed to have been rent asunder by volcanic action rather than worn down by erosion, and known as Hanapepe valley. Before reaching the fissure of Hanapepe the two valleys of Lawai and Wahiawa intervene, where hill and dale are now neatly marked off into well-kept fields of pineapples and further westward into broad acres of sugar cane. Much of this region was first leased and then bought by Judge Duncan McBryde, from whom the present sugar corporation takes its name, although originally it was called Eleele Plantation. At the mouth of the Lawai stream, under the lee of a protecting bluff and looking southward across a broad, white beach to the sea, Judge McBryde's oldest son, Alexander Moxley, true Hawaiian in thought and feeling, has made of an ancient royal seat a rarely tropical garden, where the world may wander under towering palms, where one may lose oneself in dreams of light and shadow, of fragrant fern, or brilliant hillside of blossoming vine. To be a Scotsman is to be a maker of gardens, they say. Above

in the hills another son, Walter Duncan McBryde, by exchange of lands for the Kalaheo homestead project there and by dint of development in the pineapple industry, built up a park for the island. Kukui-o-lono it is called, Torch-of-God-Lono, an ancient place-name from times when a beacon nightly shone on the hill there to direct fisher folk and travelers far out at sea. Today park and forest lands cover seventy acres immediately surrounded and in part sustained by five times that area in fields planted to pineapples, and all this fair estate has reverted by irrevocable deed to the use of the island whence it originally came into private hands. The Lawai hillside above the modern pineapple cannery is marked by eighty-eight Buddhist shrines, many followers of that faith having made their home in Hawaii during recent years.

By far the smaller of the two districts on the leeward side of the island, Koloa yet presents many an arresting feature. Not the least of these is found on the stony ledge of sea coast to the eastward of Lawai stream. Or as Mr. Jarves described it in 1838, "At the water side in Koloa, there is a singular curiosity called the Whale, or "Spouting Horn." This jet of spray and foam, some sixty feet high in a strong wind or heavy swell, and etched in sharp contrast against the black rocks and blue sea from which it bursts, is still, after ninety years, one of the "points of interest" even for modern tourists who have been everywhere and seen everything. Skulls and other human bones found in sandy places along the shore formerly gave rise to the belief that some ancient battle had been fought there, but closer knowledge of Hawaiian customs showed that caves were reserved, Mr. S. W. Wilcox pointed out, for the burial of chiefs and that owing to the difficulty of digging with wooden implements, the commoners were buried in great numbers in the sand dunes.



*Photograph by J. Senda*

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT KOLOA  
 Built in 1856 by Father Walsh

On the Keoniloa beach, "between the sand-stone cliffs of Makawahi on the east and the lava cliffs of Makahuena on the west", there lies, according to an old Koloa resident, Mr. Farley, "a pictured ledge of rock which is usually for years at a time covered with many feet of sand." Strange figures of men and animals are cut into the flat sandstone, similar to others that occur in lava rock on the island of Hawaii.

One of these Kauai petroglyphs was given by Mr. Farley and Koloa Sugar Company to the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Honolulu. In 1897 this ledge at Koloa was freed of its covering of sand by some wave action for about ten days, and an old Hawaiian woman who lived near there related that she had first seen them as a young girl in 1848, with a Catholic priest, one of the first who came to Kauai. "In those days," she said, "there were many people in the land. The priest talked with my father and grandfather and many others. They had all seen the pictures, but had never heard who had cut them or why they were done. The oldest of the people said that their fathers and grandfathers had told them the pictures had always been there."

One of the landmarks of lower Koloa, not far from the

landing, is the old stone church built in 1856 under Father Robert Walsh, the first Catholic missionary to come to Kauai. He arrived at Koloa in December of 1841 and on Christmas Day of that year recorded in his diary: "I have celebrated the first Mass that has ever been celebrated to my knowledge on the island of Kauai, and founded the mission of St. Raphael the Archangel." Father Walsh visited other parts of the island as well as Niihau, and was soon assisted by other priests in founding new centers. Some of the people welcomed the Roman Catholic form of worship; others deplored it. But chapels and schools multiplied even under opposition and today minister to most of the Kauai villages. For many years, however, Koloa remained the administrative center. In 1852 Father Walsh bought there a tract of some seventeen acres at about thirty cents an acre from the Land Commission, presumably the land on which the



STONE SCHOOLHOUSE AT KOLOA

*Until recently a part of the Catholic Mission of  
St. Raphael the Archangel.*

church of St. Raphael now stands. The new church, fifty-three feet by thirty, was built of stone and plastered, a great labor for those days, and was consecrated on October 24, 1856, by Bishop Maigret of Honolulu, according to records found by Father Reginald Yzen-doorn, historian of the Roman Catholic Mission in Hawaii.

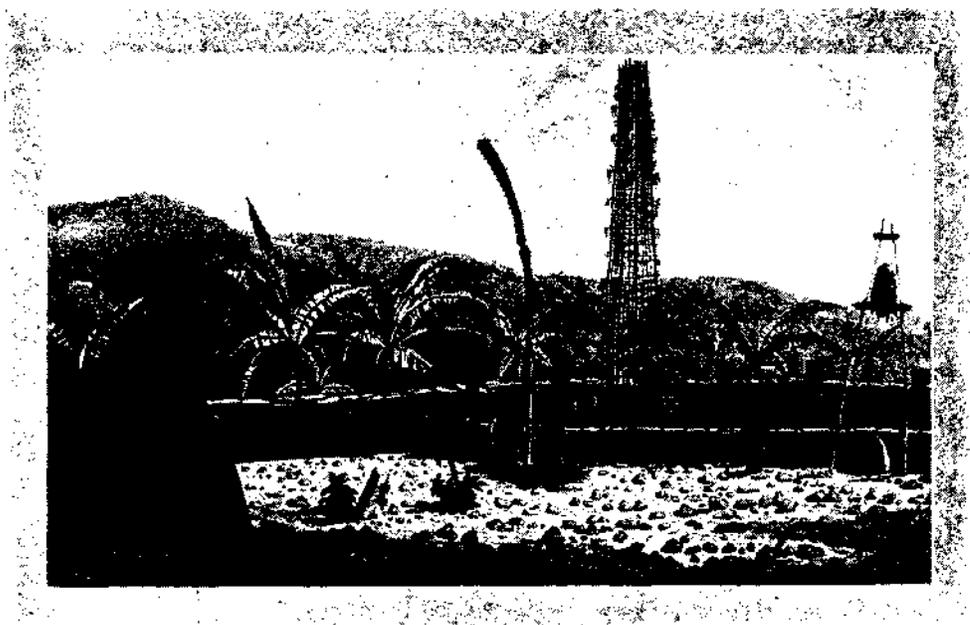
Today this old stone church of St. Raphael the Archangel and the quaint old schoolhouse, which until very recently stood near by, rise out of the stony soil in a dry, deserted waste, where once were many thatched houses, but where one now sees little more than wandering stone walls in thickets of mimosa and cactus, sometimes in a cloud of blue morning-glories, and accented here and there by the sharp spikes of aloes or century plants, descendants, doubtless, of the sisal hemp brought to Koloa from Brazil, according to *The Friend*, about the year 1840 to supply the demands from ships for cordage. All these peculiarities of the Koloa countryside, one may say, are of the surface and in themselves have little power to explain the peculiar attachment to the place which its residents so often experience. Yet even without any apparent explanation its kama-aina, or children of the soil who have grown up there, as likewise many newcomers, feel for it an intense loyalty and attachment.

*BOOK II*  
Early Settlers on Kauai



## Waimea, Seat of Kings

Fifteen miles to the westward of Koloa, or sometimes eighteen miles on the old trail along the coast, over the wooded ridge of Wahiawa and past the winding gorge of Hanapepe Valley, the next settlement of neighbors was, in 1855, to be found in the broad, level valley of the lower Waimea River. Although this little village lay a long day's journey from Lihue, the very distance drew people together in those days, when isolation made of the whole island a close neighborhood group. In the previous century Waimea had been the first point of contact with the outside world, which wrought such rapid changes in the islands and their people. For it was in the roadstead of Waimea that British ships of exploration under Captain James Cook first dropped anchor on that



A HEIAU AT WAIMEA

*Drawn for Captain Cook's published account and probably the oldest picture of any Hawaiian temple.*

January morning of 1778, while gesticulating natives ran to the shore, shouting, "What is that great moku, that island, with branches? It is a forest come down into the sea! Behold, our God Lono returned from his long voyaging afar!" And when this awe, created by the apparition of sailing islands, had somewhat abated, swimming brown arms doubtless fathomed out the length of the Resolution and the Discovery, as their length had recently been fathomed out by natives of the Southern Pacific.

Although more than seven years elapsed before other foreigners touched at the Sandwich Islands, it was to the safe port of Waimea on Kauai that British fur traders turned the prows of their little vessels when rigors of winter and fear of scurvy drove them from the shelter of Nootka Sound. At Waimea these hardy voyagers "wooded and watered", and found "plenty of pork and salt to cure it", while the neighboring islet of Niihau long furnished abundance of "yams as a substitute for bread." Cordage for rigging, made of olona fiber, was also to be had in quantity and was as great a necessity perhaps as yams and salt and pork. To discover salt in quantity was a great boon to voyagers from the South Seas, for in the Society Islands, according to the Rev. William Ellis, natives were accustomed to use salt only in its natural solution, first dipping every mouthful of food into a bowl of sea water before eating it. Owing to the presence of several salt lakes in the Sandwich Islands, and to the advantage of the longer dry season, the natives here had formed the habit of drying out salt in its crystal form, of storing it carefully and of using it freely in the preservation of fish, as well as directly with their meals. Travelers from the Northwest Coast likewise soon learned of the Sandwich Islands as a source of salt for the curing of furs and skins obtained in trade in the regions of Nootka Sound and Alaska.

Not Great Britain only but other nations as well became indebted to Captain Cook "for the commerce of the Northwest Coast of America and its profitable application to the China market." And, paradoxical as it may seem, these tropical islands, first made known to the world by Captain Cook's voyage of discovery, became in the course of a few years an important factor in the great fur trade of the North Pacific Ocean. Captain John Meares, who made this acknowledgment to Captain Cook, stated also that the most valuable branch of commerce offered spontaneously by the North American Coasts was the Whale Fishery, but many years elapsed before this maritime industry assumed great proportions. Himself the first to attempt wintering in the north on a commercial voyage for the purchase of furs, Captain Meares was likewise one of the first to set his course thence toward the Sandwich Islands in the hope of rescuing his perishing crew. The strangers were hospitably entertained by the islanders, in ten days the sailors had recovered from their illness, and at the end of a month, that of August, 1787, many of the natives of Waimea, Kauai, pressed forward with great



*Photograph by J. Senda*

MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK  
AT WAIMEA

eagerness, begging to be taken to "Britannee." The high chief, Kaiana, brother to King Kaeo of Kauai and also to King Kahekili of Maui, was the only one of the islanders received on board the little ship Nootka for the journey, and he embarked "amid the envy of all his countrymen." He is referred to by Captain Meares as "an amiable Indian", and a number of details are given of his three months' sojourn in the ports of Macao and Canton. "When Tianna first beheld the ships at Wampoa, his astonishment possessed an activity which baffles description, and he emphatically called them the islands of Britannee." When purchasing oranges on the city street, he greatly incensed the old woman who offered them for sale by tendering her two nails in exchange and insisting, by means of unmistakable pantomime, that he was not only discharging his obligation, but giving her a present beside. Nor could his mind by any known method be persuaded to grasp the value of current coin. When in need of a medium of exchange, "he would innocently ask for iron, which, being the most valuable metal in his eyes, was naturally considered by him as the medium of barter among other nations."

Another British commander, Captain Nathaniel Portlock, who had known "Tyaana at Atoui" in 1786, the year before, found him at Macao modestly attired in "a light sattin waistcoat and a pair of trousers," although he greatly preferred to walk abroad in the streets of this old city of southern China in "a beautiful feathered cap and cloak, with a spear in his hand to denote himself to be a person of grandeur and distinction." Captain Meares fulfilled his promise of returning Kaiana to the Sandwich Islands, and even attempted to convey thither with him a considerable supply of citrus trees, of cows, bulls, calves, goats, turkeys, rabbits, pigeons, and other live stock, most of which, however, was lost on the perilous voyage of almost eleven months eastward across the Pacific to the

trading stations of Nootka Sound and thence southwest to the Sandwich Islands in December of 1788. To lose these valuable gifts "purchased and destined for Taheo, sovereign of the island of Atooi" was a matter of keen regret to the canny British navigator, who had purposed thereby to render the Sandwich Islands "the most eligible places for refreshment in the whole extent of the Northern Pacific Ocean." Prince Kaiana himself was presented with veritable wealth in the form "of saws of different kinds, gimlets, hatchets, adzes, knives and choppers, cloth of various fabrics, carpets of several colours, a considerable quantity of China-ware, and ten bars of iron," and on his arrival at "Mowee and Owhyhee", having "dressed himself in his best apparel", had to be forcibly restrained from giving away, with a princely, but improvident munificence, every shred of his newly accumulated treasure. Captain Meares thus describes the gift which Kaiana most prized:

Of all the various articles that formed his present wealth, his fancy was the most delighted with a portrait painted by Spoilum, the celebrated artist of China, and perhaps the only one in his line, throughout that extensive empire. The painter had, indeed, most faithfully represented the lineaments of his countenance, but found the graceful figure of the chief quite beyond his genius. . . . He was about thirty-two years of age; he was near six feet five inches in stature, and the muscular form of his limbs was of an Herculean appearance. His carriage was replete with dignity, and he possessed an air of distinction. He wore the dress of Europe with the habitual ease of its inhabitants.

Every stroke of the brush on this portrait had been followed by Kaiana with unrestrained eagerness. When it was finally presented to him, he accepted it with a singular solemnity and very apparent conflict of emotions. When he could command his speech, he made clear to his foreign friends that it brought forcibly to his mind recollections of a sacred image, or portrait, which the



*From The Voyage of Capt. Meares*  
HIGH CHIEF KAIANA

natives of Hawaii had made of Captain Cook after his untimely death and before which, when it was carried in solemn procession, all prostrated themselves, as before a deity. Presumably, the portrait of Kaiana was carefully bestowed on one of the five large canoes which bore his wealth to the shore at Hawaii, but nothing more of it is now known. Having heard that the chiefs

of his own island of Kauai were in strife amongst themselves and that his brother, King Kaeo, regarded his return with feelings of envy and jealousy, Kaiana had concluded to remain on Hawaii under the protection of Kamehameha, who was already well on the way to supremacy and thought to enhance his prestige by retaining this young chief so well acquainted with foreign customs. Kaiana was therefore enriched by a gift of lands on the island of Hawaii. Kamehameha himself had been expressly invited to call on Captain Meares' ships in Kawaihae Bay, and having "made his appearance in a large double canoe, attended by twelve others of the same size, beautifully adorned with feathers," was accorded a salute of seven guns. After a return visit had been made on shore, "the King and Queen returned on board with the Captain, as they considered it to be a luxury of no common description to sleep in his cot."

It is an absorbing story of the meeting of two civilizations so oddly at variance with each other, and yet both so ready of approach. Commanders of these commercial voyages were not slow to learn that the Hawaiian commoners made excellent sailors, and in the course of time numbers of them were shipped before the mast. Always at home on the sea, the natives were never loth to embark on voyages of adventure and uncertainty, and eighty years later it was still estimated by that accurate guide, *The North Pacific Pilot*, published in London in 1870, that perhaps two to four thousand Hawaiians were "annually afloat, many of whom never return." A year or two after Prince Kaiana had come back from foreign travel, American fur traders familiar with the China market discovered that the Sandwich Islands were crested with sandalwood. In 1791 Captain Kendrick, the Boston commander of the sloop *Lady Washington*, "left three sailors at Kauai to collect sandalwood and pearls against his return from New England." And early in 1792 the village of Waimea, Kauai, welcomed the arrival of Captain George Vancouver, commanding the British sloop-of-war *Discovery* and the armed tender *Chatham*. He had been commissioned to make a survey of the northwest coast and to receive from Spain the cession of Nootka Sound on the island later named after him.

Coming again less than a score of years after his first journey as a young lieutenant under Captain Cook, Vancouver met old friends once more in the chiefs of Kauai. One of these, the guardian of Prince Tamooerrie, or Kaumualii, remarked that while the gifts of Captain Vancouver were excellent, "he would gladly exchange them all for one musket or pistol or ammunition." This, however, the wisdom of Vancouver would not allow, and the primitive intelligence of Inamoo was forced to be content with the knowledge that King George, high chief of a far-away island called England, had placed a strict kapu

on all the firearms in these two ships. Yet even so, for such ordinary articles of trade as cloth and nails, or even strange creatures like "a male and female goat, and three geese", the natives could hardly be expected to bring in exchange more than a tenth of the hogs that would have been brought for guns and powder. With the day of small things, however, Vancouver had learned to be content, and he took pleasure in giving "the Indians an assortment of garden seeds, and some orange and lemon plants that were in a very flourishing condition." Cattle and sheep were likewise brought by Vancouver on his second voyage, and in all his intercourse with the chiefs he strove to bring to an end the disastrous wars that were constantly being waged, particularly on the windward islands. The North Pacific Pilot, a small, interesting volume, ascribes to Captain Vancouver the title of the first Christian missionary to these islands, so sound was "the advice he gave and the rules he proposed for adoption."

For a man who followed the sea Captain Vancouver had a keen eye to agriculture. Captain Cook and his officers had indeed remarked at Waimea, Kauai, the neat fences, the deep and regular ditches, leading to taro plantations, and "the roads through them thrown up and finished in a manner that would have done credit to any European engineer." It must, of course, be recalled that these roads were not modern highways, but the boundaries and terraces of taro patches at varying levels which often represented a very considerable degree of skill. Owing to the circumstance that the Hawaiian tongue showed numerous points of resemblance to the partly familiar one of Tahiti, Captain Cook was able to inform himself in considerable detail with regard to the Waimea of his day. But Captain Vancouver was apparently the first foreigner to observe the fabled Menehune watercourse which long had distinguished Waimea in the legends of Hawaii. Today one might easily miss see-

ing even the few remnants that later roadways have left of it. In March of 1792, on a walk into the valley of "Whymea", Vancouver noted "the low country occupied principally with the taro plant. . . interspersed with a few sugar canes of luxuriant growth, and some sweet potatoes, the sugar canes planted on the borders and partitions of the taro grounds." No streams, he observed, fell from the surrounding hills, and, although the cultivated lands were considerably above the level of the river, yet he found them uniformly well watered.

As we proceeded, our attention was arrested by an object that greatly excited our admiration, and at once put an end to all conjecture on the means to which the natives resorted for the watering of their plantations. A lofty perpendicular wall now presented itself, which by rising immediately from the river, would have effectually stopped our further progress into the country, had it not been for an exceedingly well constructed wall of stones and clay about twenty-four feet high, raised from the bottom by the side of the cliff, which not only served as a pass into the country, but also as an aqueduct, to convey water brought hither by great labour from a considerable distance; the place where the river descends from the mountains affording the planters an abundant stream, for the purpose to which it is so advantageously applied. This wall, which did no less credit to the mind of the projector than to the skill of the builder, terminated the extent of our walk; from whence we returned through the plantations, whose highly-improved state impressed us with a very favorable opinion of the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants.

The account of Vancouver, as of all the early voyagers, was published before the art of writing had come into use among Hawaiians. The name of the island, Kauai, was spelled *Atooi* by Captain Cook, *Attowai* by Captain Vancouver in 1794, and *Atowi* by Malte-Brun in an account of the islands published as late as 1827. The American missionaries, arriving in 1820, took the early spelling, *Atooi*; by 1823 they were using the form *Tauwai*; and the following year, *Tauai*, which is practi-

cally the present form, since *K* and *T* were dialectic, *K* being used by some natives and *T* by others. Mr. Whitney, for instance, when newly arrived in Kauai, wrote of *Tauai* and rode over to *Toloa* for letters from a chance vessel, adopting thereby the *t* which at that time was almost everywhere used on this island, in place of the *k*. In the interests of uniformity, however, the *t* was finally replaced by the *k*.

The significance of the word itself, Kauai, reveals not a little of interest. In its first written form, *Atooi*, it is preceded by a particle somewhat in the manner of the early forms *Owhyhee* and *Otaheite* for *Hawaii* and *Tahiti*. Rev. William Ellis, the English missionary and scholar from *Tahiti* who gave untold aid to the American missionaries during their first few years of struggle with the language, was of the opinion that the name *Atooi* was compounded of the two words a *Tooi*, signifying *and Kauai*. This is the phrase natural to a native in naming over to a stranger all the islands beginning at the windward, "O *Hawaii*, *Maui*, *Ranai*, *Morotai*, *Oahu*, a (and) *Tauai*." Difficult it was even to approximate sounds foreign to English orthography and usage, as Mr. Ellis indicates when he adds that "the more intelligent among the natives, particularly the chiefs, frequently smile at the manner of spelling the names of places and persons in published accounts of the islands."

Interpretations of the name *Kauai* vary. Mr. Ellis believes that the name signifies to *light upon*, or to *dry in the sun*, possibly from droughts, or from driftwood which lighted upon the shores of *Kauai* more often than on other islands of the group. The island of *Kauai* does indeed lie "in the track of the tradewinds" and of ocean currents, so much so that in 1925, when Lieutenant-Commander *Rodgers* and his little airplane crew were finally rescued near *Kauai* after having been given up for lost, an old native repeated the ancient proverb, "All good things

come to Kauai at last." William Hyde Rice, accustomed to the Hawaiian speech from infancy, and from boyhood resident on Kauai, was wont to quote this proverb in its Hawaiian version, as an indication of the meaning of the name, Kauai. Its proper pronunciation and interpretation, he said, was not Ka'-u-a'i, with the accent on the first syllable and meaning *to place out to dry*; but Ka-u-a'i, accent on the second *a*, without the glottal break between the last two letters, and meaning *the fruitful season or time of plenty*. The name had been given because in old times Kauai was the only island of the group which never suffered from famine on account of drought. Reasonable this seems, for Captain Cook is said to have remarked that no other island in the Pacific could boast a like abundance of provisions. Mr. Rice's rendering was fortunately recorded by his granddaughter, Edith Rice Plews, who edited his Hawaiian Legends in 1923, and who calls attention also to the very ancient name of the island, Kauai-a-mano-ka-lani-po, occurring in his account of the Menehune. Freely translated, this significant old name refers to the island as The Fountain-head of Many Waters from On High and Bubbling Up From Below.

An instance of logs drifting to Kauai from the northwest was recorded by Captain Vancouver when, proceeding from Oahu to Kauai during his second sojourn at the Sandwich Islands in March of 1793, he was surprised to meet in mid-channel a number of canoes "passing from Attowai to Mowee". The afternoon being calm, the sloop of war Discovery obligingly hove to and gave "some of the islanders an opportunity to visit the ship", and the record runs:

. . . . The foremost of these, undertaking so distant a voyage in a single canoe, much attracted our attention; on her coming along side she proved to be without exception the finest canoe we had seen amongst these islands. This vessel was sixty-one feet and a

half long, exceeding, by four feet and a half, the largest canoes of Owhyhee; its depth and width were in their proportion of building, and the whole was finished in a very masterly manner.

The size of this canoe was not its only curiosity, the wood of which it was formed was infinitely greater, being made out of an exceedingly fine pine-tree. . . . The circumstance of fir timber being drifted on the northern sides of these islands is by no means uncommon, especially at Attowai. . . .

This, it seems, was left on the east end of Ottowai, in a perfectly sound state, without a shake or a bruise. It remained there unwrought for some time, in the hope of a companion arriving in the same manner. In this case, the natives would have been enabled to have formed the grandest double canoe these islands could boast of; but their patience having been exhausted, they converted the tree into this canoe; which by the lightness of its timber, and the large outrigger it is capable of supporting is rendered very lively in the sea, and well adapted to the service it generally performs,—that of communicating intelligence to Taio, whilst he is absent from the government of his own dominions.

This continued absence of King Kaeo, or Taio, from his own island of Kauai was a primitive, but very effective, means of weakening his influence among his subjects and thereby securing the windward islands from attack. Kaeo's heir, a mere lad, had been found by Captain Vancouver in residence under a regent at Waimea, the king's seat on Kauai. And with Kaeo himself the British navigator renewed an earlier acquaintance. Though now grown old, Kaeo "retained a perfect recollection" not only of Vancouver's name, but also of various incidents of their intercourse during the visit of Captain Cook's ships, fifteen years before. And one of his choicest treasures was a lock of Vancouver's hair, bestowed at Kaeo's request as a pledge on that first visit at Waimea and now still, Vancouver wrote in 1793, "well preserved,—tied carefully around at the bottom, where it was neatly decorated with some red feathers." With this heritage of friendly regard for the foreigner, it

is not surprising that even before his majority, young Kaumualii, King Kaeo's son, adopted the name of King George, and required his retainers thus to address him. When grown to manhood and to the burdens as well as titles of kingship, Kaumualii was never deserted by this feeling of admiration for the learning and dignity of the foreigner. His small son was named George Humeume and, as a lad of six or seven, was sent by his father in the care of a sea captain to obtain an education in America. The king made ample provision for the venture by supplying the captain with a fortune of several thousand dollars, presumably in sandalwood.

Traffic in this fragrant wood is as old as India itself. Wrought into the adornments of Solomon's temple and palace were almug trees, probably sandalwood, brought with the gold of Ophir by Hiram of Tyre. Of the same wood harps were made "and psalteries for singers, and there were none such seen before in the land of Judah." On our islands of the Western Ocean Polynesian kings levied tribute of sandalwood upon their people and gathered it into storehouses for shipment across the sea to Canton. And so lightly was its cost regarded that its quick returns were dissipated with a like rapidity.

The Rev. J. M. Lydgate, who was well read in accounts of the early voyages and in 1916 presented a paper on the sandalwood trade before the Hawaiian Historical Society, states that "even if collecting and shipping had been paid for at any reasonable rate, the profits would have been enormous," since the extravagant price received for it was often \$150 a ton. Moreover, the chiefs were at practically no expense at the time, since reduction of man-power and destruction of the sandalwood forests themselves did not at once reveal their drain on the national resources, and the king and chiefs were free to embark upon a career of prodigal

spending. Bales and bales of Chinese silks were imported, sometimes only to moulder away in damp storehouses. Without second thought, a chief would present some favorite sea captain with a thousand dollars' worth of sandalwood. King Kaumualii of Kauai is said to have ordered one of them to bring back to him "a diamond about the size of a coconut."

A trader who lived much in the islands at this time was the Englishman, Peter Corney, of the British West India trade, and later chief officer on the little brig *Columbia*, which cruised among the Sandwich Islands to take on cargoes of sandalwood to be unloaded at Honolulu. Having been at the Northwest coast and observed there the preponderance of American and Russian vessels, Mr. Corney, hoping to stimulate trade among British merchants and seamen, published in the *London Literary Gazette* of 1821 brief accounts of certain voyages in the Northern Pacific between the years 1813 and 1818. Fortunately, these were reprinted by T. G. Thrum in Honolulu a generation ago, throwing "much light on the proceedings of the Russians here in 1815-1817," as Professor Alexander states in the preface. They give us, furthermore, a spirited and circumstantial story of the purchase of a vessel in the good old days of Kamehameha the Great, "twice the full of the vessel" being paid for her in sandalwood. Mr. Corney's story furnishes us, moreover, almost the only account of lightering loads of sandalwood off to a vessel in the roadstead of Waimea, Kauai, where he arrived only a few months after the Russians had been expelled by Kaumualii at the command of Kamehameha. It must have stirred an English heart to find the English flag flying from the Waimea fort.

. . . . . We lay in the harbour [of Honororoa at Woahoo] until the 17th of March, 1818, . . . . . when we received orders from Tameameah to proceed to the island of Atooi . . . . . Teymotoo, or Cox, with several other chiefs, came on board. We

made sail, and on the following day came too in Whymea Roads. One mile from the village, the English ensign was displayed on a very fine fort, mounting about thirty guns; the natives came off in great numbers; they informed us that the Russians had built the fort, in which there were dungeons, and had actually gone so far as to confine some white men and natives. The Russians advised Tamoree, king of Atooi, to shake off Tameameah's yoke. . . . .; they made him a present of a schooner, and he gave them in return a large tract of land. . . . . The Russians wished to send Tamoree to Petersburg, but could never get him on board. At length he discovered that they wished to possess themselves of the island; he consulted with his chiefs, returned their schooner, (which they refused), and ordered them on board their ships, three of which were lying in a snug harbour [Hanalei] at the west of the island. . . . . A scuffle ensued, in which three Russians and several natives were killed, but the latter at last forced them on board, and Dr. Shefham [Scheffer, their leader] made his escape to Canton in an American vessel. . . . . The fort does great credit to the engineer; it is situate on a high point at the entrance of the river, and protects the whole town. The king, chiefs, and about 150 warriors live within it, and keep a regular guard; they have a number of white men for the purpose of working the guns.

Our chiefs landed, and were well received by Tamoree; and the next morning they commenced sending wood on board. About 500 canoes were employed in bringing it off, and by the 25th of March we had the ship quite full. The king behaved extremely well, and sent us off plenty of hogs and vegetables. Our chiefs came on board, as did also some Atooi chiefs. We weighed and made sail for Woahoo, where we anchored the next day, landed our wood, and lay until the 19th, when we took on board a cargo of salt for the west end of Woahoo. . . . .

Meantime, the son whom Kaumualii had sent to foreign parts for an education was receiving one of sorts. And other events in distant New England were shaping the destiny of these islands. For some time the little prince lived with a kind teacher in the neighborhood of Boston. But his fortune was soon dissipated and his preceptor

could not keep him without himself turning his hand to a trade, that of a joiner, at which the young prince of Kauai was likewise employed until he was about fourteen years old. Growing restless, the lad went to work for a farmer, under whom he was treated almost as a slave and from whom he soon ran away to Boston, probably with the hope of finding a ship to take him home. Zeal for foreign missions had already been kindled in New England, in part by another youth from the Sandwich Islands, Opu-kahaia, or Obookiah, as he was called, who had been found weeping on the steps of Yale College, "because no one gave him to learn." Other such lads were likewise being instructed and helped, and through them it was learned that the son of the king of Atooi was in dire straits. Search for him proved fruitless, however, and it was supposed that he had found passage to his native land.

At this distance of time and space it is well nigh impossible for us to conjure up the fervid excitement of New England congregations when a dark-skinned youth appeared in the pulpit beside the minister and, with tears in his eyes, besought the good people to send missionaries of the gospel out to his benighted land. American seamen, who had been rescued from shipwreck in a violent gale off the Kauai coast by King Kaumualii, brought word that the king, after hearing that his son had been enslaved in a so-called Christian country, now mourned that son as lost. This was an added spur, if one had been needed, and friends of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions set on foot a plan to establish a Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, Connecticut. And it is from the prospectus of this little mission school, a slender, yellowed pamphlet, that one gleans all that is known of the sojourn of the Kauai prince in foreign lands. Like an engraving of the four Hawaiian lads who accom-

panied the first missionaries to the Islands, this leaflet was issued for the information of interested friends in the hope of calling forth subscriptions. Beside boys from Tahiti, the Marquesas and even Malaya, American Indians from near-by tribes were likewise brought to this school, for by no very great twist of the imagination were they also now looked upon as foreigners in their own native land. But an even keener interest centered in the far Pacific Islands,



*Engraved New Haven, 1822, by N. and S. S. Jocelyn from a painting by S. F. B. Morse*

GEORGE PRINCE TAMOREE

Son and heir of King Kaumualii of Kauai

for our Eastern States have always had much to do with the sea, and the high tide of fervor on which the little brig Thaddeus set out from Boston harbor in the fall of 1819 had already begun to flow from the hills of New England.

This little old pamphlet is entitled *A Narrative of Five Youths from the Sandwich Islands, Now Receiving an Education in this Country, Published by Order of the Agents appointed to Establish a School for Heathen Youth, New York, 1816*. Obookiah and several other Hawaiians, who had drifted to New England seaports, were working at Canaan, Connecticut, until the opening of the new school, when Obookiah one day received a long letter from another Hawaiian boy in Boston:

May 30, 1816.

Dear Henry Obookiah — I imbrace this blessed hour to write a few lines, that i still enjoy that degree of health, which providence granted more than i deserve. . . . When I unseal Your Letter dated 19 Sept. last 1815, did give me a glad of heart, to see how

wonderfully God prosperious us in this Gospel light parts of the World. . . . .

I have the pleasure seen the young prince, at Charlestown, now live with the Pusser of the Navy, i examine him who he was, he answer the king son of Attoi, i ask him if he remember his father name, he said his father name Tammaahmaah, but he hath forgot his tongue entirely, he been absend 9 years, been at school at Pittersburg and Worcester and he can read very well, and Writing Cypher &c i think this is the very young man been looking for, he has been in states service, he was listed board the Guerere Frigate from New York. i ask him if he would like to be educated, he said he would be glad with his heart, he is about 18 years old good looking light hair if you want him to come to receive instruction you better let me know soon for he want to come.

be faithful to your own soul. Be fervent in prayer that God may be glorify thereby. Remember me to Tonoore and to all Requiring friends. I am your in the Lord

Benjm Carhooa

Even in extract this letter is an achievement for a stranger in a strange land, for not many of us could do as well with an alien pen in alien phrase. George Prince Tamoree, as he was called, had well served the young United States in the war of 1812. In the act of boarding the British vessel in the engagement between the Enterprize and the Boxer, he had been severely wounded in the side from the blow of a pike, but his life was saved by the quick action of an American sailor who chanced to be at his side. He afterwards sailed with Commodore Decatur in the Guerriere Frigate to the Mediterranean, where he fought in an engagement with an Algerian frigate. Returned from active service, he was found at the Charlestown navy yard by friends, who placed him with other "Owhyean youth" in the Cornwall school. What was known of his story the agents of this school felt constrained to lay before a benevolent public, in the hope that

they would "not be backward to redeem the honor of the Christian name, and, at least, answer the demands of justice in behalf of this youth." Three years later the prince sailed on the brig *Thaddeus*, "the *Mayflower* of the Pacific", with the pioneer company of missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. He was the guest of the American mission board. He spoke English readily, and could read and write it as well. One of his choice possessions was a bass viol, with which he accompanied the hymn services of the missionaries. He sang also, the music of voice and instrument greatly delighting the natives at Honolulu, where the second mission station was established. Two of the teachers, Messrs. Whitney and Ruggles, were detailed to continue on in the brig, as escorts of honor to the young prince on the last stage of his long wandering, and to learn whether it might be feasible to settle teachers on his island also. Perhaps the first journal entry ever made on that island is the following by Mr. Whitney:

May 3, 1820.

Yesterday Brother Ruggles and myself left Woahoo in the Brig *Thaddeus* to accompany George Tamoree to his father, king of Atooi. At 12 o'clock today we anchored in Wymaah Bay opposite the king's house. It appeared that one of our signals, with which they were unacquainted, had excited some alarm. Four of the king's men were sent off to enquire the object of our coming. One of them who could speak a little English was introduced to George; immediately they all jumped into the canoe & paddled off in the utmost haste saying we must go and tell his father. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the brig and answered by as many from the fort. Soon after Captain Blanchard, Brother R. & myself accompanied George to his father's house. The King & Queen were sitting on a sofa by the door, surrounded by a large company of the principal men. The introduction was truly affecting. With an anxious heart & trembling arms, the aged Father rose to embrace his long lost son. Both were too much affected to speak. Silence for a few moments pervaded the whole, whilst the tears trickling down their sable cheeks spoke

the feelings of nature. After the agitation had a little subsided, we were introduced to Tamoree, as persons who had left our native country & had come to reside at the Islands for the purpose of instructing the natives. They then joined noses with us and said it is good, I am glad to see you. A table was soon set in very good stile, and we were invited to sit down to dinner. In the eve a house was prepared for Brother R. and myself, & we retired much pleased with the prospect of usefulness.

The missionaries, soon finding that George was known as Humehume among his countrymen, also adopted that name for him. As instances of his father's affection, they reported in their joint letter to Boston that on the day of his arrival "Hoomehoom" received two chests of clothing from the king, and on the second day his father presented him with the Russian fort at the mouth of the river;

on the third, the rich and fertile valley of Wymai, in which he lives, and he has committed to him, as second in command, the principal concerns of the island; telling the chiefs that they must henceforth consider Hoomehoom as their master; charging him at the same time, to make it his care to acquire their confidence, and make them happy. Hoomehoom is much elated with his promotion, keeps an American table separate from his father; and is considered by his countrymen as almost a "houra" [haole]. His father says George is "akoome" [akamai, skilled] to play so well on the bass viol. Tamoree's interpreter is an intelligent native . . . . . who once dined in New York with General Washington, who showed him much kind attention.

And so grateful was this so-called "heathen" king for the safe return of his long-lost son that he furnished Captain Blanchard, of the brig Thaddeus, with ample supplies for the vessel and in addition presented him with sandalwood to the amount of a thousand dollars. And with a fine sense of values in appreciating the best in the foreigner, the king begged the missionaries to make a settlement on Kauai as well as on the windward islands. "He embraces us," Mr. Ruggles wrote in his journal,

“frequently putting his nose to ours and calling us his *hicahe* or friends.” So attached did Kaumualii become to them that he spoke of Mr. Ruggles as his child, and *Keiki* he was ever afterward known among the Hawaiians on any of the islands where his work chanced to take him. Mr. Ruggles learned the language with unusual facility and soon seemed indeed a child of the people, by whom he was greatly beloved. The morning after arriving at Waimea, he paid a visit to the king and queen, who besought him to remain as a chief and help to transact their business. With the few Hawaiian words he then possessed Mr. Ruggles told the king that he could not be a chief and do his trading for him, but that he loved him and wished to spend his life doing him good. He then took the Bible sent as a gift to the king and explained what he could of the first chapter of Genesis. The king “listened with strict attention, frequently asking pertinent questions, and said, ‘You must learn my language fast, and then tell me all. No white man before ever read to me and talk like you.’ ” After a visit of some seven weeks, the two young missionaries returned to Oahu in the king’s schooner, a voyage of six days, to bring back their wives and few household goods. In June, during the latter part of this visit on Kauai, Mr. Ruggles had written home to Connecticut:

The week past has been a busy time with the natives. The King’s rent has been brought in from all parts of the Island and from Onewa, a small island to the westward. It consisted of hogs, dogs, mats, tappers, feathers, pearl fishhooks, calabashes and paddles. This rent is to go to Owhyhee as a present to the young King. It was interesting to see the natives come, sometimes more than a hundred at a time, with their loads on their backs, and lay down their offerings at the feet of their great and good chief as they call him.

Some of this royal tribute was perhaps reserved for unofficial gifts, since Mrs. Whitney’s journal records that



*By Courtesy of Emma Whitney Goodale*

REV. AND MRS. SAMUEL WHITNEY

1819

on the departure of Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Whitney from Waimea:

The King & Queen loaded them with presents. . . . They brought about 30 mats, which serve for carpets, ceilings, &c., upwards of 100 tappers, pieces of native cloth 8 or 10 feet square, an abundance of cocoanuts, about half a bushel of oranges, a set of chairs, the timber of which was given by the king, & made by a white resident, several hogs, fans, fly brushes, & calabashes, besides many little curiosities.

Before Kaumualii sent the two missionaries back to Oahu in his own brig he had their pledge to return and "teach his Island". With tears in his eyes he begged it, saying he had spent sleepless nights in fear that they might not come back. Counting on their promise, he sped them on their journey. And before the end of July they had returned. In letters written early in August to the mission board in Boston and in private journals, details of this first mission settlement at Waimea are given:

A large house now building by order of the King is designed for our School and Meeting house. . . . This to stand near the King's, and enclosed with a wall 10 feet in height, to prevent the danger of fire. Thus we shall soon see a temple erected on this pagan isle and on the very ground too where a short time since stood a celebrated Moreeah [heiau, Hawaiian temple].

Our dwelling house will now be finished in a few days. I have sometimes counted upward of 30 men to work at it, . . . but I believe five American farmers would do all the work in three days. The house is convenient for two families, having a room for each family, with a space between them, and a portico the whole length of the house, 50 feet. The king has been present several days to oversee, setting his people an example by laboring with his own hands. . . . He says we shall never want for anything while he lives. He requests me to mention to you that he very much wants a good minister, physician, house and ship carpenter, cabinet maker, & powder-maker, to come & live with him; & says he will support as many good people, as will come to his Island. . . . He has offered to furnish houses & land sufficient for the whole mission family, if we will settle here. . . .

Such is their desire to learn to read, that though their fondness for bathing & sleeping comes in competition with the desire to learn, the brethren have often been amused to see them standing in the river, with their books in their hands, diligently repeating their lessons, *b l a*, *bla*, &c.

Schooling was not new to the Hawaiians, since their ancient mode of life necessitated careful training in many arts and not a few sciences. Where one of our children learns quickly to con over the days of the week or to tell time by the clock, their children learned to watch the passage of the sun or moon, and it was a very slow child who could not count the nights of the month. And so eager was this primitive race to acquire the white man's learning that the grown people put themselves to school for twenty years before it became evident to them that their children must likewise be taught their A B C's. At Waimea first adults, and later children, were taught

the rudiments of letters and Christianity by their new guide, Samuel Whitney, who in a few years was ordained by his brother clergymen as pastor of his primitive flock. Schools and churches were established gradually at different points, Mr. Ruggles, the associate missionary, moving his little family six miles to the eastward of "Wimai" in order to start a new center of civilization in the neighboring valley of Hanapepe.

In 1821, at the time of King Liholiho's unexpected visit, when Kaumualii escorted his sovereign on a royal tour of the island, Mr. Whitney and Rev. Mr. Bingham of the Oahu station climbed over the Waimea mountains and down the steep cliffs of "Wyneehah", where the young missionaries were met by the two kings and furnished with a canoe to the "pleasant village called Hannah-ray."



*Photograph by J. Senda*

WAIMEA CANYON

This must have been the first time that foreigners had made their way over this high mountain trail. On the toilsome journey up from Waimea they found no inhabitants, but met several natives bringing sandalwood and firewood, a distance of from ten to twenty miles. Mr. Bingham tried to lift the burden from one man and found it, he wrote, "not far from what is called a picul, equal to 133 1/3 pounds weight. The king requires each man, woman and child on the island to furnish this picul, whenever he has occasion for it in the purchase of vessels, or cargoes." Mr. Lydgate points out that this precious wood was often sold by weight instead of by cubic measurement like ordinary firewood. And the chiefs themselves did not disdain to oversee in person the weighing of cargoes at the seashore. A picul, strapped on to the back by a pack rope passing over the shoulders and under the arms, was considered a man's load for the long mountain trails. Calloused lumps called leho marked the backs of such carriers as long as they lived, giving rise to the nicknames of leho-leho or kua-leho, calloused backs. Mr. Lydgate also remarks that the sandalwood tree is hemiparasitic, unable to grow on its own root system and dependent upon the roots of other forest plants. Owing to this wholesale cutting and subsequent trampling by wild cattle, the tree has almost vanished from the hills and wooded areas, but now, in 1931, is beginning to be seen again in Waimea forest reserves. The burden of these sandalwood taxes weighed almost as fatally upon the nation as upon the forests, for Hawaiians still tell of its exactions, of families working in the mountains for months, often cold and without enough poi, of taro-patches left unplanted at home in the valleys, even also of men and women committing suicide or making away with their children in order to diminish the number on whom the tribute might be levied.

At both Waimea and Hanapepe the mission soon became established. Small houses of rough stone laid up in mud mortar were built for the white families, a cellar being a requirement for each dwelling. A barrel of soap manufactured with much labor by the young heralds of civilization was also a great curiosity to the Hawaiians. And before he had been in Waimea a year Mr. Whitney dug the first well ever known there, striking water about twenty feet below the surface, although the king laughingly assured him that he would never reach it. Mindful of his promise, the king conferred on Mr. Whitney the benefits of farm land in the lowlands west of the river, two fish ponds, and the labor of some fifty kua-aina, the "back of the land", Hawaiian commoners. Virtually, this elevated the young missionary to the status of a chief. On his death the title of this land passed to his wife, who bequeathed the land and house to the Hawaiian church of Waimea for a parsonage. Since this was not convenient at the time, the land was sold for \$1,800 and thus formed the basis of a church fund on the reorganization in 1915. Late in 1820, when writing of the resources afforded by the king's gift, Mr. Whitney concluded:

The annual produce might support our own family, those who cultivate it, and 60 or 70 children. Our school consists of about 30 children and 8 or 10 adults. We have a flock of almost 20 goats, which furnish milk for our family; and we hope soon to make a little butter. . . . It is all good land, yielding taro, potatoes, yams, bananas, sugar-cane and cocoanuts in abundance.

In another year the young mission families had "made some advances in horticulture" and could enjoy most of the American vegetables. They had even "manufactured some sugar, and the greater part of the molasses" used since their arrival. In a material sense, this was a pioneer search for the necessities of life, a struggle enhanced by the fact that King Kaumualii had

been abducted by Liholiho and forced to remain an exile in Honolulu as the royal consort of Kaahumanu and virtually a political prisoner. Throughout "the eight seas", the channels between the islands, Kaumualii was famed for his beauty of face and of person, and Mr. Ellis, the Tahitian missionary, refers to the Kauai king as "the most expert swimmer in the surf known in the islands." One of the early traders, Isaac Iselin, who saw Kaumualii in 1807, described him as "a fine looking man of about thirty, with an excellent European countenance, and his whole deportment, together with his old French marine uniform coat, makes him more of a Frenchman than a South Sea Islander." Nor was the Queen-Regent unaware of the advantages of possessing such a husband, although she is said to have preferred his son, Kealiiahonui. Once, at least, Kaumualii returned to Kauai on a voyage of state with his consort, their retinue of over a thousand persons crowding the decks of two brigs and two schooners to the limit of standing room. Three of these vessels, Mr. Bingham's history states, "belonged to Kaumualii, but, with their possessor, were probably counted by the Cleopatrian pride of Kaahumanu, as all her own." And on this visit both the Queen-Regent and the nominal king of Kauai gave the spur of royal command to the pala-pala, or new learning. But in their absence their behests were little regarded, either by the people or their inefficient governors. And the king's son, George, who might have done so much, had he inherited his father's character, proved a weak reed, shaken by every passing wind. Kaumualii's love for Kauai never ceased, however, and he exhorted Mr. Whitney by letter "to instruct the people and chiefs in the words of eternal life." From early days the chiefs and king of "the windward isles" had feared the strength of Kauai, and continued to do so even after Kaumualii's acts of submission to the two Kamehamehas, father and son.

With all the fatal wars waged among the chiefs of the different islands, Kauai was never vanquished. More than once storm or pestilence had driven back Kamehameha the Great as he prepared to launch an enormous fleet of canoes across the Oahu channel. And Kauai even had definite plans for invasion to the windward. But at length in 1810, according to Professor W. D. Alexander in papers of the Hawaiian Historical Society, Captain Winship, a sandalwood trader, persuaded Kaumualii to accompany him to Honolulu, that he might confer in person with the Conqueror and thus save much bloodshed. Leaving his mate on Kauai as a hostage, Captain Winship did then actually accomplish this first and only meeting of the two kings. Mr. Lydgate's account of the parley, brilliant with feather cloaks and helmets, records for the Hawaiian Historical Society that Kamehameha came out in a single canoe to meet the ship in Honolulu harbor, and that Kaumualii greeted him on the deck of the vessel with the exclamation, "Here I am! Is it face up or face down?" After a moment of silence Kamehameha said, "There is no death." In 1821 Kaumualii renewed his allegiance to Liholiho, Kamehameha II, but with the well-known tragic result to Kaumualii's personal freedom. Liholiho crossed the Kauai channel in an open sail boat, and was followed by his five wives in the famous flagship, Haaheo o Hawaii. This the king had purchased the year before, Mr. Whitney wrote, for 8,000 piculs of sandalwood, or \$80,000, an exorbitant sum, which Mr. Lydgate estimates at perhaps ten times her real value. She was one of the first American yachts de luxe, on the model of the famous clipper ships, built by the Crowninshields at a cost of \$50,000 in 1816, and gallantly christened The Cleopatra's Barge. Her story is her own and full of interest, a romance of two oceans. Mr. Bingham relates that during Liholiho's visit to Kauai in 1821 this Cleopatra's Barge was one of two brigs in

attendance upon the prolonged royal circuit of the island. On their return to Waimea after forty days of revelry, Kaumualii, visiting late one evening aboard the other brig at Liholiho's express invitation, found that vessel suddenly heading for Oahu. Amid universal grief among his people next morning, Haupu, headman of Waimea, exclaimed, "Farewell to our king, we shall see him no more!" Sad prophecy, for Kaumualii, who had outwitted Russian intrigues to carry him off to St. Petersburg, had now put too great trust in his own sovereign and was never again to find himself king over his beloved islands of Kauai and Niihau.

The fort at Waimea, of which parts of the walls may still be seen and from which the reply of twenty-one guns was made to the brig *Thaddeus* in 1820 when she brought the king's son home, had been built by Russians in 1817. Having established themselves in the fur trade of Alaska, the Russian American Fur Company discov-



*Photograph by J. Senda*

RUINS OF THE RUSSIAN FORT AT WAIMEA

ered a need for trading posts farther to the south and in 1815 sent an agent to Waimea, Kauai, to take charge of goods which had been wrecked there and given into the care of King Kaumualii. Mr. Whitney, who settled at Waimea while the memory of this episode was still fresh, gathered an account of it which was published in the Hawaiian Spectator of 1838 and which adds not a little to Mr. Corney's earlier mention of it. Dr. Scheffer, the Russian agent, had at first been trusted and honored by Kaumualii, who assisted him in throwing up a slight breastwork and mounting a few cannon on the eastern bluff of Hanalei Bay. Directly across the island, to the southwest, on the Waimea promontory east of the river mouth, a considerable fort was erected at Kaumualii's request and with the aid of his men, together with that of a few Kodiack Indians brought by the Russians. This fort at Waimea, covering thirty acres and mounting fifty guns, was never completed, but was used, and flew the Russian flag, quite peaceably, until Kaumualii, on receipt of an order from Kamehameha, began to suspect that his hitherto acceptable guests might become hostile, and forced them to leave the island. For some years the Waimea fort was manned by Kaumualii's native soldiers, and Mr. Whitney, in describing the first mission settlement on the bank of the river in 1824, remarks, "The greater part of the village is behind the fort." The first mission houses were likewise near by, on the east bank of the river.

One of the most charming references to the Waimea of more than a century ago was made by the Rev. Hiram Bingham on the occasion of a visit to Kauai in May, 1824, to accompany Mr. Whitney on a preaching tour of the island. Mr. Bingham's account was not published, however, until 1847, twenty-three years later, and the Hawaiian place names have therefore lost the oddities of spelling which ordinarily appear in such early records. Mr. Bingham entitles this page of his history a "Descrip-

tion of Waimea, Kaumualii's home", and prefaces it with an interesting portrait of that exiled king, with whom he and Mrs. Bingham "interchanged the parting salutations" at Honolulu in a call upon Kaahumanu and other chiefs, just before embarking for Kauai.

Kaumualii we found seated at his desk, writing a letter of business. We were forcibly and pleasantly struck with the dignity and gravity, courteousness, freedom and affection, with which he rose and gave us his hand, his hearty *aloha*, and friendly parting smile, so much like a cultivated Christian brother.

. . . We crossed the wide channel by night, and by eleven o'clock the next morning, reached Waimea roadstead. Captain Swain, who kindly gave us a passage on board the *Washington*, Mrs. B., and myself, stepped into a boat suspended on the davits near the quarter rail, and, with our two children, were quietly "lowered" till the boat rested on the water; then rowing near the shore, took advantage of a good roller, and ran in upon the beach in safety, about one hundred rods west of the fort, where at almost all seasons, a whale-boat or canoe can successfully land. We walked to the bank of the river, some eighty rods from its mouth, and crossed to its eastern bank in a canoe, which Mr. Whitney had provided for us. His humble cottage and chapel were located on a narrow glebe, between the river's brink and a steep cliff, quite near. Before his door were several fine *kou* tres, affording a dense and cool shade. In the rear, a grove of cocoanut trees, of unusual freshness and beauty, extended along under the cliff. The beautiful river, formed of the limpid waters of two rapid streams, descending from the mountains in the north, here, for a mile, is broad, deep, and silent, and passes within a few rods of the missionary premises. It glides almost imperceptibly along, while the sportive fish leap out from its smooth surface, or play incautious around the native angler's hook, till it meets the sand-bank, thrown up at its mouth, by the never ceasing action of the sea. There, through a narrow channel cut by its own force, its waters pass briskly into the sea, by pulsations, being unequally resisted by the waves from the ocean. The surf often tosses itself to the top of the sandbank, which stretches along between the sea and the valley, and is fifteen or twenty feet above the ocean level. . . .



VILLAGE OF WAIMEA IN 1824

*Drawn by Mr. Bingham from the east bank of the river. The mission settlement was then situated directly under the fort on the east bank, at the extreme left of the picture.*

This valley contains about four hundred inhabitants, including those on the sea-shore. . . . On the east bank of the river, at its mouth, stand the fort and national banner. In the distance, to the westward, appear Niihau, and the islets, Lehua and Kaula.

. . . . On a calm and bright summer's day, the wide ocean and foaming surf, the peaceful river with verdant banks, the bold cliff, and forest covered mountains, the level and fertile vale, the pleasant shade-trees, the green tufts of elegant fronds on the tall coconut trunks, nodding and waving like graceful plumes in the refreshing breeze; birds flitting, chirping, and singing among them, goats grazing and bleating, and their kids frisking on the rocky cliff, the natives at their work, carrying burdens, or sailing up and down the river, or along the sea-shore, in their canoes, propelled by their polished paddles that glitter in the sun-beam, or by a small sail well trimmed, or riding more rapidly and proudly on their surf-boards, on the front of foaming surges, as they hasten to the sandy shore, all give life and interest to the scenery. But the residence of a Christian missionary, toiling here, for elevating thousands of the heathen, and humble house of God erected by once idola-

trous hands, . . . gave the peculiar charm to the scene which Cook, when he gazed on this landscape, did not expect it would ever have. For it was the opinion of that navigator, that the fairest isles of the Pacific would never be evangelized.

Toward the end of this same month of May, 1824, word was received of the death of King Kaumualii in Honolulu. His passing, wrote Mr. Bingham, threw a gloom over Kauai, as well it might. Many of the chiefs sailed to Oahu, where he lay in state in Kaahumanu's house. "His splendid war cloak of close netting, covered with small, smooth, bright feathers, red, yellow and black, and a tippet of similar fabric, decorated his couch, and a coronet of feathers encircled his brow." His request had been to be buried "by the side of the departed queen-mother, Keopuolani, at Lahaina. 'Let us both,' he said, 'have the same house.'" And thither his remains were faithfully conveyed by Kaahumanu herself. Mr. Bingham's tribute to the dead king of Kauai is striking. He had been the "patron, warm friend, and faithful coadjutor" of the Christian mission. He had "more than answered the anticipations of Vancouver. He had exceeded the expectations of his American friends. His conduct was becoming a prince."

True to his oath of allegiance, King Kaumualii had left his island kingdom to Liholiho, his sovereign, on condition that his debts should be paid. His son George, however, was unwilling to subject himself, preached disaffection among a few of the Kauai chiefs, and made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the Waimea fort by a surprise attack. The great chief, Kalanimoku, companion-in-arms of Kamehameha, was in Waimea at the time, having come with many other chiefs to aid, if possible, in salvaging The Cleopatra's Barge at Hanalei. These summer months of 1824 held troublous days for the little kingdom of "the leeward isles." On the death of King Kaumualii, Kahalaia, a nephew of Kalanimoku, had been appointed

governor of Kauai, but he was young and pleasure-loving, and cannot rightly be said ever to have ruled the island. The real power was with the old alii [chiefs], of whom Kalanimoku was one of the strongest. On the return of this valiant chief to Oahu, Mr. Bingham recorded that "he was saluted by an elderly and honorable woman as the *Kaula hao*, iron cable, of the country, a compliment higher than the discharge of twenty-one guns from the fort would have been,"—for Honolulu boasted its Russian fort, as well as Kauai. And it was these old chiefs who saved the day for law and order at Waimea, when George Kaumualii's insurgent forces had been repulsed before dawn on the eighth of August, 1824. Even the chiefesses, as of old, accompanied their lords to battle, marching beside them under arms. Mr. Bingham transcribes the impressions of an eye-witness during these trying hours:

Mr. Whitney and myself repaired to the fort, to dress the wounds of the bleeding, and to bury the slain. . . . In a few hours, Kalanimoku, Kekauluohi, the Premier of the kingdom, and her husband, Kanaina, Kapule and others, marched into the fort, armed. We were struck with the martial appearance of the females, the Premier carrying a heavy pistol, and the ex-queen, Kapule, walking with a drawn sword in her hand. . . .

The mind of Kalanimoku seemed to be looking intently to see what Jehovah, the Christians' God, would do with him. He does not appear to have taken any part in the contest, till he had called the missionaries to lead him in prayer, after which he left his sand bank, where he had slept, crossed the river, and took on himself the charge of the fort, and the business of restoring order. Here the value of a trustworthy chieftain could be appreciated, and here I saw, for once, the reason which had not been so fully obvious, why the women of rank bore arms in war, in such a country, where neither the intelligence, nor the virtue, nor the established customs of the nation would shield them from violence, if unarmed and separate from their husbands or warrior friends.

Losing no time, Kalanimoku dispatched a small schooner to Oahu to ask aid of Kaahumanu, the Queen-Regent, for he knew not whom of the Kauaians he could trust in this emergency. From Oahu this "express schooner" sped on her course to Lahaina, the capital of the islands, where Kaahumanu still sojourned after the burial ceremonies of Kaumualii. On receipt of the call for help, she was quite ready to have soldiers embark for Kauai at once, yet hesitated as to sending a high chief. But Kaikioewa, an old chief of high rank, cried in a spirited address to those assembled in council:

I am old, like Kalanimoku. We played together when children. We have fought together beside our king, Kamehameha. Our heads are now alike growing grey. Kalanimoku never deserted me; and shall I desert him now, when the rebels of Kauai rise against him? I will not deal thus with him. If one of us is ill, the others can hasten from Kauai to Hawaii to see the sick. And now, when our brother and leader is in peril, shall no chief go to succor him? I will go. And here are my men also.

Inquiring of the missionary, Mr. Richards, as to the Christian duties of war, Kaikioewa was bidden to love his enemies, whereupon he replied that he was not setting out to kill, but to put an end to fighting, and added, "We will take the rebels and bring them to the windward islands, and put them to farming." And, in point of fact, this is precisely what transpired, according to Mr. Bingham's account. Hoapili, another companion-in-arms of Kamehameha the Great, was made commander-in-chief of the reinforcements, which are said to have numbered a thousand warriors from Oahu in addition to the two companies from Maui. When he had studied the planets then visible, and the fixed stars in the zodiac, after the manner of Hawaii's ancient astrologers, in order to divine the outcome of the conflict, Hoapili met and easily vanquished the untrained insurgents near their encampment on the east side of the valley of Hanapepe, nearly two miles

inland. George Kaumualii escaped on horseback, but was captured not long after and, with other disaffected chiefs, sent to the windward islands. His wife and infant daughter were treated kindly by their captors, the child ever after bearing the name then given her by Kaahumanu, Wahine-kihi, or Rebel Woman. The corresponding economic device employed by these old chieftains was to bring whole families from the other islands to Kauai, literally transplanting them to take the place of those banished to the windward. No halfway measures sufficed in time of revolt.

Thus the little kingdom of Kauai came to an end. Kaikioewa was appointed governor of the island. Kaahumanu, who had at first shown little more than indifference for the truths of Christianity, had, on the departure of the reinforcements from Lahaina, at once proclaimed a fast of prayer and supplication for God's mercy. Shortly thereafter she joined Kalanimoku on Kauai and for many weeks lived near the Whitneys at Waimea, herself receiving instruction and exhorting the people to do likewise. Continuing to be deeply affected by the teachings of the Gospel, she proceeded in December to the windward side of the island and at Kaholalele, ten miles north of Wailua. Mr. Bingham reports that she had a thatched church built and herself urged on several native teachers in the instruction of the people. By royal command, Mr. Whitney was summoned from Waimea and, after being welcomed by the chiefs with great affection, preached to a multitude of attentive listeners. The new governor of the island, Kaikioewa, with Keaweamahealani, his wise and practical wife, commenced almost at once the building of a chapel at Waimea, which they promised should be "the best yet in all the islands." And Mr. Whitney's mission report for 1824 is full of pictures from the first official journey around the island for the purpose of counselling and instructing the people in the new way of life:

Our company consisted of more than a hundred persons of all ranks. The wife of the chief, with her train of female attendants, went before. The governor, seated on a large white mule, with a Spaniard to lead him, and myself on a horse by his side, followed next. A large company of aipupu, or cooks and attendants, came on in the rear. . . . The road being rough, and the chief having never mounted a horse before he set out on this tour, he was obliged to dismount several times, for fear of being thrown.

Indeed, these early tours around the island were far from being pleasure trips. The mainspring was an earnest endeavor to bring the people to some knowledge of their souls' good. The governor, who had formerly been the guardian of the young king on Oahu, now had his people's interests at heart as well as those of his king, and did not hesitate, although well along in years, to follow the example of Kamehameha the Great in acquiring the new art of horseback riding. According to a report by Dr. Judd in the proceedings of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society for 1853, horses had been brought to the islands as early as 1802, and Kamehameha himself became a fearless rider. The Rev. Mr. Ellis imported a mare from Tahiti in 1822. And on Kauai "horses were first introduced as a present to King Kaumualii, after which the then fashionable calico horses were brought by Governor Kaikioewa." In April of 1826, when setting out from Waimea on another preaching tour around the island in company with the missionary, this stalwart old chief made a special appeal to the church and its friends, as Mr. Whitney recorded:

The governor sent word to me, that he wished to address the people, which he did in a manner tender and pathetic. The old man rose,—he is not far from seventy years of age—leaning on his staff, and said, "Brethren, friends, chiefs, and people, listen; I have a thought for you. I am about to go round the island with our teacher to instruct our ignorant friends in the word of God. . . . I am glad that I have heard the good word. Let us all attend to it

with our hearts. . . . Pray for me, and I will pray for you." This venerable chief seems to have no higher ambition than to be useful, and we feel it a great blessing to have his influence on our side.

There were some seventy villages in the island circuit. On arriving at each one, the governor's herald would blow loud blasts on his conch shell to summon the people together, and the governor would exhort them for an hour or more, standing often in the hot sun without shelter. Mr. Whitney preached in almost every village and reported that on this tour in 1826 he found a schoolhouse ready built in every village except two, and two or three in several of the villages. While the chiefs lived, this new mode of schooling was reared on the schools and training of the past, for the whole structure of primitive Hawaiian life had been built on two things, close kinship with life in any form whether of earth or sea or air, and the fitting of every man into that kinship. Endurance and skill were exacted of every man and woman, whether in the making of canoe, or mat, or poem, and with every act was associated the aid of some power more than human. To readjust all these ancient conceptions on the basis of the white man's religion was a task for nice discrimination, and nobly did the old chiefs set about their duty as they saw it.

When priests of the Roman Catholic faith arrived at Oahu and began to establish a center for worship, Kaikioewa, foreseeing dissension in the state, made the journey to consult with the chiefs of the windward islands. Kaikioewa even offered to pay the debts of Governor Boki of Oahu, who had just been lost on his fatal sandalwood expedition to the South Seas, "if his creditors would transport the papal priests from the islands." This was finally done, in December of 1831, by the joint action of all the ruling chiefs, who felt that they were exercising a sovereign right. The nicely balanced question of statecraft here involved might have dismayed leaders far more

experienced in the ways of "civilized" men. Blame for this ejection of the Catholic priests is laid at the door of the Protestant missionaries, who were bitterly opposed to "Popery", as they called it. Bigotry, however, was not exclusively an attribute of those of the Protestant faith. And most honestly did the Protestant missionaries strive to hold aloof from problems purely political; but their work was among a primitive people suddenly assailed by strange questions which drove them to their kumu, teachers, for advice. And, mindful of the Puritan tenets which had founded New England, the Protestant missionaries warned the Hawaiian chiefs that a division in religious belief meant harm to the little nation which had fought so valiantly at Kuamoo in 1819 to cast off the worship of idols, and made clear to them that once the Catholics were allowed to settle in Hawaii, full religious freedom must likewise be accorded them by the state.

Until his death in 1839, Kaikioewa held firm sway on Kauai and his rule brought peace to the island. A large thatched church was erected at Waimea and was so completely filled that the pastor "could only with difficulty force a passage through to the pulpit, while hundreds were forced to remain without." The governor interested himself in erecting for the mission work not only more permanent schools and churches at different points on the island, but also a much-needed stone house for the mission family, more capacious and substantial than the earlier one. First, however, a house for the governor himself must be built of stone at Waimea. And it is said that the little old house now occupied as the manse of the Episcopal clergyman near the hospital at Waimea is the same one built by order of governor Kaikioewa about 1826. The thick stone walls, roughly but solidly put together, are as useful as ever they were, and the small, deeply recessed windows take one back instantly over a full century of years. After the death of Kaikioewa this



GOVERNOR KAIKIOEWA'S HOUSE AT WAIMEA  
*As it looked 100 years after it was built.*

house is said to have been used for the burial ceremonies of chiefs, large slabs of native stone being laid for that purpose on the earth floor of the dark cellar. In after years, when all the chiefs were gone, white people coming to live there felt nothing of the sacredness for which the old house had been set apart, and preferred to place the great stone slabs as paving stones in their garden. Old natives warned them that this was not right and sudden disaster did, indeed, come upon their family, but with time all memory of this ancient usage has fallen away. Mr. Jarves, who was in Waimea not long after the death of Kaikioewa, found the governor's widow, Amelia, possessed also of "the finest thatched house upon the islands, one hundred and ten feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and thirty to the ridge pole." The governor had ordered it built at her wish, and it was of the finest workmanship, such as was becoming rare even in those days.

Associated with Mr. Whitney at the Waimea mission station for short periods during very early years were the Rev. James Ely and Rev. Artemas Bishop, newcomers to the mission, who were thus enabled to acquire the language at the outset of their work. In 1827 both the Ruggles and Whitney families were forced to journey to Oahu and other islands in search of health, and Mr. Ruggles was finally appointed to the new station of Kaawaloa on West Hawaii. The Whitneys, however, soon returned to their own work and to Waimea, of which Mr. Whitney wrote with affection, "This is the place which I shall ever love to call home." Their old thatched house near the river was replaced during 1827 and 1828 by a new one a short distance west of the big thatched church, and built of coral or limestone blocks, the whole plastered outside and in. Thirty years afterward it was remarked in *The Friend*, in the course of a discussion as to whether roofs in this climate were more durable or not when painted, that

. . . . . The roof on the mission-house occupied by Mrs. Whitney at Waimea, Kauai and built about 30 years ago has never been renewed. The shingles were good American pine, and shaved. Mr. Whitney painted the roof, when new, with a preparation made according to the following recipe: One measure of fine sand, two measures of ashes well sifted, three of slacked lime ground up in oil. The first coat thin, the second as thick as can be put on with a paint brush.

One of the treasures long preserved in this mission home was a little bench known as "Mr. Whitney's life-boat." While engaged in painting the side of the brig *Thaddeus* one day on the voyage out in 1820, Mr. Whitney fell into the ocean. James Hunnewell, first mate, had the presence of mind to throw overboard this bench, to which Mr. Whitney clung until rescued by a boat from the brig. The two-story stone house was long a landmark in Waimea, old residents still recalling how it finally

began to lean dangerously and had to be "shored up" with big timbers where the heavy stone walls were beginning to settle irregularly on the foundations. During the years of 1890 the old place was bought by Mr. C. B. Hofgaard, a newcomer then. Since it was not practical to keep the old house as it was, the fine limestone was sold to go into foundations for an extension of the sugar mill at Kekaha, and Judge Hofgaard built himself on the old site a modern frame house called by the old name, Ka Pa Wini, The Whitney Place.

Of the old mission houses at Waimea, one, however, still remains, a little further to the west of the church in Waimea's "missionary row." It has for many years been occupied by skilled employees of the plantation and is often referred to as the Rowell house, although it was originally built some fifteen or sixteen years before the Rowell family made their home in it. In 1828 three helpers came to the Waimea station, Rev. and Mrs. Peter J. Gulick, and with them, though for a short time only, Miss Maria Ogden. In August of that year Mr. Chamberlain, the secular agent of the mission, reported to Boston: "Kaikioewa is highly gratified that Mr. Whitney is at length favored with an associate and helper, and he has built him a good native house and fully furnished it with mats." It may have been in this first thatched home that Mrs. Gulick experienced a sense of distinction, for to this day her daughter relates incidents often told her when she was a little girl on Oahu:

Mother felt quite "set up" because she had a board floor in the best room of the Waimea house, where she could spread out the rag carpet which she had brought from home. Here she had also her high-backed rocking chair, which during the voyage out had dispensed with its rockers because the tiny cabins admitted of no such luxury, and which after almost fifty years in Hawaii accompanied its owner on yet a second missionary pilgrimage, this time to Japan. In the same best room at Waimea Mother

could have her classes of native women. Before her marriage she had been a primary school teacher in New York, when schools for little children were a new thing. But her Hawaiian pupils were grown women, and the long voyage in the ship *Parthian* seemed somehow to have confused the principles of Geography, for the young teacher was confronted by the fact that the Western Hemisphere was east of the Sandwich Islands and the Eastern Hemisphere was west of them.

Arriving at Waimea with a tiny baby, young Mrs. Gulick must have been grateful indeed for the comparative comforts which greeted her there. Something of the welcome accorded them is glimpsed in Mr. Gulick's first letter to the American Board in Boston:

Waimea, Kauai. August 15, 1828.

..... June 10th at Honolulu Mrs. Gulick was delivered of a healthy son, whom we call Luther Halsey. . . . July 15th, accompanied by Miss Ogden, we arrived at this station. The governor had taken down, moved and rebuilt for us the house formerly occupied by Mr. Ruggles. It was moved on the opposite [west] side of the river, to an elevated spot, on which Mr. Whitney is erecting a stone house. By the kind exertions of Brother W. two rooms were floored; Amelia, the governor's wife, with her females, prepared the house for our reception, washed for us also and conferred various other favours. Deborah, formerly Queen of Kauai, and her husband are very kind. Whilst I was writing the preceding sentence, 63 oranges arrived as a present from them. We have received in fish, &c. many equally valuable testimonies of affection. The governor has built us a separate house for cooking which we very much needed, for our dwelling house, like other native houses, has no chimney.

To carry stones for building walls had from time immemorial been one of the exactions laid by native chiefs upon their people. But when it came to a stone dwelling for the missionary, the health of whose family suffered in damp grass houses, Mr. Gulick noted with interest in his letter that someone had contrived to tame a pair of young

oxen caught when small in the mountains and to make a low cart with wheels hewn out of a log, on which this primitive team hauled the heaviest blocks from the sandstone ledge a mile or more to the house site. Slow and tedious was this process, but filled with germs of progress, which Mr. Gulick adapted several years later at Koloa, where stalwart Hawaiians were drawing the first plantation plows. And one can well imagine the open-mouthed amazement of natives at seeing wild animals thus yoked to man's uses. Before Mr. Gulick had been at Waimea a year, he began to plan his own new house of sandstone, which rose slowly on its site just west of Ka Pa Wini, the Whitney place. A part of his payment to native workers on it was made in goats, which were still something of a rarity, and in Bibles and other Hawaiian textbooks allowed him from the "common stock" of the mission in Honolulu, where it had been decided that Brother Gulick had as urgent a claim to a new dwelling as any of the brethren recently arrived. It was hard, slow work with few tools, but brought keen joy, especially to the feminine heart. This old home of the Gulicks, rebuilt by Mr. Rowell, who lived in it for many years, and later renovated many times for plantation families, has probably rounded out its first century of service. Until very recently it was painted white with traditional green blinds, but these landmarks have now made way for a more practical dust brown. Yet some of the old tamarind trees are still there, together with the old cistern, the thick stone walls and deep window ledges, the big fireplace in the dark kitchen, the double Dutch door with the small window where the postoffice was first kept, the narrow, winding stairs within and the veranda stairs without, and the cellar and attic, those features indispensable in old New England houses. It was perhaps left only partly finished when the Gulicks were transferred in 1834 to the



THE GULICK-ROWELL HOME AT WAIMEA

*As it looks in recent years with broad verandas and old trees about it.*

new station of Koloa, and for several years was untenanted save for Hawaiians in need of help.

Those New England homes! With what fidelity have they been transplanted to our tropical shores, as clearly in the outward form of the house which sheltered them, as in the faith and zeal which inspired their inner growth! As one reads, first, the history of Old England and then the biography of its sturdy offspring, Puritan New England, one is profoundly moved at the edifice reared by faith on the great foundation stones of church and state and home and school. The two centuries elapsing between 1620 and 1820 gave rise to a second Puritan exodus, which, sailing the length of two oceans, built in the isles of the sea a similar edifice on similar foundation stones. And, looking back, one wonders which of these

fundamentals had in the eyes of the builders the greatest significance. Certainly all must have been equally poised, else had the superstructure lacked balance and symmetry.

In the pioneer mission station at Waimea, Kauai, one is struck anew by the energy, the perseverance, the unquestioning faith, which laid these foundations. With the advent of a younger helper in Mr. Gulick, Mr. Whitney was released for more detailed work in the large schools of those primitive days. All the "school children" were grown men and women, laboriously chanting their *p a, pa*; and the native teachers, for the most part, were but little more advanced than the pupils, for as soon as they could read a few pages of the little Hawaiian primers at the station schools, the chiefs ordered them out to start schools in their home districts. Textbooks for many years reached in such scant measure to the multitudes of eager readers that a single one must often suffice daily for a circle of pupils sitting around the teacher on the ground. He, unwilling to delegate authority, took care never to let the precious primer out of his hand, pointing to each word as he held the book rigidly before him. Many pupils thus learned to read a page from an angle or even directly upside-down and so ever after held a book while engaged in the art of reading. Lack of materials did not often daunt the more primitive pupil of a century ago who had ready access to the more primitive substitutes at hand. Had one neither pencil nor slate, one practised writing in the dust or the sand with finger or stick. Had one slate, but no pencil, one did sums quite conveniently with the spikes of dead sea urchins cast up on the shore. But resort was had to such expedients only on ordinary days and they were not to be brought to light on exhibition days when the kumu haole, the white teacher, arrived at the school on his rounds.

Returning to his labors in 1828, Mr. Whitney found "the field well kept by George Sandwich, and the Governor very glad to see them." During the following summer Kaahumanu, the Queen-Regent, in whom the force of religious conviction was now joined to royal authority, made another journey to Kauai and, proceeding with Mr. Whitney on a preaching tour of the island, added a mighty impulse to the pala-pala, or new learning. Such an institution as a constitutional government was quite unknown a hundred years ago on Kauai, and on the other islands as well. But until very recently the government schools were given free time on election days for the reason that certain isolated schoolhouses served also as voting booths. And all through these very early mission records one discerns, if dimly, the germs of democracy within the very natural and inevitable union which still existed between church and school and state. School hoike, or examination, for example, was a festival, a gathering of thousands from all the country round, which ended with a great luau, or feast, and was often, as in the following instance, used by the governor for the proclamation of his decrees. The scene is laid in Waimea, the time early in 1829, the record a mission report:

When the school examination was finished the whole company removed from the church to the governor's house. Here were assembled about 9000 people, to hear certain regulations published, and old ones newly enforced. The governor's first step was, to present to the view of the multitude five persons whom he has invested with authority equivalent to that of a justice of the peace. It was gratifying to see Simeon Kaiu and Oliver Chapin, who are members of the church, included in this appointment. . . . The governor then stated and explained the laws, and exhorted the people to obey them. All the regulations appear to have a salutary tendency, . . . especially those regarding the Sabbath and abstinence from the use of ardent spirits.

..... At Koolau and Kona we examined

On the native hymn book.....	Males 167	Females 142
“ “ Sermon on the Mount.....	“ 122	“ 62
“ part of the Gospel by Luke.....	“ 108	“ 143
“ a catechism .....	“ 48	“ 75
“ the History of Joseph.....	“ 29	“ 54
“ “ Commandments .....	“ 37	“ 19
“ select texts of Scripture.....	“ 82	“ 54
“ easy reading in the spelling book.....	“ 154	“ 104
“ spelling lessons .....	“ 218	“ 200
	965	853

Total 1818. Of this number 242 were children.

In the district of Puna we examined 1060, making the whole number on this island 2878.

There are 74 schools taught by the same number of native teachers. The school buildings are much the best and most spacious buildings in their respective villages, several of them about 80 feet long and 36 broad. The people seldom continue longer than 2 hours in school. They usually assemble twice a day, sometimes about 6, but more generally at 8 o'clock in the morning; and again between 3 and 4 P.M.

The teachers are appointed by the missionary, after an examination. The governor has recently directed that there be given to each teacher a piece of land, from which with a little labour, he may obtain a supply of food. . . . . Although much, *very much*, remains to be done, we may rejoice that many are now beginning to read in their own language “the wonderful works of God.”

April 1829.

..... The schools of Niihau, a small island adjacent to Kauai, were examined. They are 4 in number, embrace 33 males and 43 females; 44 who read and 32 that spell.

..... In July last I assisted in teaching a number of the school teachers, the art of writing. Mrs. Gulick did the same for their wives. After filling 2 sheets most of the females wrote intelligibly and several of them a pretty hand. The best male writer received, as a premium, a shirt and pantaloons. The female that excelled was presented with a bonnet, which was made in school, under the directions and by the assistance of Mrs. Gulick. It was

made of the cocoanut leaf. I believe the natives have now some hundreds of hats and bonnets, made by themselves, of this and similar materials. Miss Ogden has been chiefly engaged in instructing about 40 native females in writing and sewing. . . . Their seats and writing tables are chiefly made of those boards on which the natives used to spend much of their time, sporting in the surf.

. . . . At the school examination in January the governor's wife gave a calico dress to each female in her class, which with herself counted 25.

Little primers and other texts were being issued constantly from the mission press at Honolulu, all in Hawaiian, and by this time several books of the Bible had likewise appeared. Great, however, was the desire of the people to possess copies of the new palapala, a longing of which Mr. Gulick's subsequent report gives interesting evidence:

Waimea, February 1830.

. . . . Books continue to be sought for eagerly. . . . By this means, we have enclosed land which when planted with yams, will probably be worth \$200 annually. We have more than 300 goats, young and old. Many of these were procured with books. . . . A grown goat is valued at \$2 in trade. Still, the people would willingly give one for two copies of the Acts or of either of the gospels. We have now no need of produce or of native labour to much extent. If we take the former, it must be sold for books. But this would draw upon us the appellation of traders, and perhaps excite the jealousy of the chiefs. On the other hand, if the books be not thus disposed of, it appears to us that most of them must be given away. . . . Could the avails of the books be properly converted to the use of this mission, I think the day is not distant when it will support itself.

. . . . Our people continue to give a pleasing attention to the means of grace, but do not manifest so much feeling as they did. Most of them are now on the mountains cutting sandle wood.

These early years witnessed an astonishing zeal for learning among the people, with its natural accompani-

ment of growth in attendance at school and church. Items from Kauai mission reports for 1830 mirror something of this development:

We have at present in Waimea two Sabbath Schools, of from 50 to 150 pupils, nearly all adults. They read the Scriptures, and recite portions of them from memory. Thirty verses is a common lesson, to be committed to memory in one week. One female, dependent on the aid of spectacles and apparently near 60 years of age, recited 37. A middle aged woman repeated 62. Mrs. Gulick purposes to commence a school for children, next Sabbath.

Seven have been admitted to our church the year past, among whom is our governor, Kaikioewa. . . . There are 80 schools and as many teachers, with 2,350 scholars who can read. About the same number can write, but for the want of paper, slates, &c. they did not exhibit their proficiency.

In June of 1831 the school report for Kauai listed: Schools, 200; learners 9,000; able to read, 3,500. The whole island was going to school. While one motive was that of curiosity, an equally powerful agent was undoubtedly the command of the chiefs, foremost among whom was Kaahumanu. Her strong hand had been a righteous one for her people, who, together with the mission which she had furthered, experienced a keen sense of loss on her death in 1832. That same year Mr. Whitney was appointed one of a commission to sail to the Marquesas Islands and report on the advisability of extending the mission to that group. Before leaving Kauai temporarily in Mr. Gulick's charge, Mr. Whitney preached at Waimea a funeral discourse on the good Queen-Regent, Kaahumanu, which roused his great audience to intense and lasting emotion. Mr. Gulick soon found evidence of "increase in the spirit of prayer" among the people, who assembled "at the dawning of the morning for united supplications, and often a great while before day." The Waimea report for 1832 gave an account of the proceedings incident to this early religious revival.

We had a lecture on Wednesday afternoon, two sermons on the Sabbath, and some attention was paid, during the intermission of public worship at noon, to the Sabbath School. We had also a daily prayer meeting except on the Sabbath and Wednesday, which has been sustained with the assistance of church-members. In this meeting a few verses are sung, a portion of Scripture is read, a few plain and pointed remarks are made, and the service is closed with prayer. We meet near evening, this being the time in which the people are generally at leisure. The numbers attending vary from 600 to 1200, and average about 900.

In the year past a new and very substantial meeting house, in native style, has been erected at this station. It is 155 feet long by 48 broad, with 7 double doors, each 8 feet wide and 10 high; made—nails, hinges and all—and hung, entirely by natives. . . . Yesterday morning, November 4, Mr. Bingham preached; the house was crowded; the audience nearly 3,000, attentive and solemn.

Again it was the hand of the Rev. Hiram Bingham that sketched a view of Waimea village, this time marking the change which almost a decade of years had made in the houses of its mission settlement. Tidings of the religious fervor evident among the people of Waimea having reached Mr. Bingham at the Oahu mission station, he set out to their aid in the autumn months of the year 1832, during the absence of their older leader, Mr. Whitney.

I hastened to assist Mr. Gulick in the important duty of pointing sinners to the Lamb of God, and sailed from Honolulu with two native assistants, Paulo Kanoa and Daniel Oleloa, in a vessel of twenty tons, which we imagined to be about the size of the ships used by the fishermen of Galilee, on the sea of Tiberias. We came into Waimea roads by moonlight. Three men from the village conveyed me in a canoe from the vessel to the shore. . . . Saluted by the repeated *aloha* of the friendly natives, I was conducted to the missionary's residence, about a quarter of a mile from the beach, in a line parallel with which stood the neat, new houses of Mr. Gulick, Mr. Whitney and Gov. Kaikioewa. The

governor's little palace, or cottage, stood on elevated ground, overlooking the narrow, level, cultivated valley of Waimea, in which the cocoa-nut trees growing near lifted their evergreen and palmy tops to its threshold. It was somewhat showy, being of one story, finished and painted white, having good windows, a neat and spacious verandah in front, supported by shapely pillars, and dormer windows in the attic. In front of the line of these three dwellings, which ornament the village and evince an advance towards civilization, stood their spacious church, frequented by throngs of worshippers.

Day after day Mr. Bingham spent among the people, talking and praying with them, singly and in groups, often at Mr. Whitney's house, and often in their own thatched dwellings, once "at the neat white cottage of



*Photograph by J. Senda*

RICE FIELDS IN WAIMEA VALLEY TODAY  
*A Chinese plowing with carabao, or water buffalo.*

Deborah." Here neighbors soon gathered, until a hundred or more were assembled. After an address by Mr. Bingham, an exhortation by one of the natives, and a hymn,

Paul Kanoa offered a prayer, in a natural, slow, distinct, and reverential manner: "O Jehovah, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, thou art the God of the living and not of the dead. We have assembled in thy presence to praise thee, and to pray unto thee, because we are burdened with sin and are distressed. O, rain upon us now, and let the power of the Highest overshadow us. The hearts of the chiefs and the people are in thy hand, and thou canst turn them. Bless the missionaries, who have sowed the good seed here, which has produced, some an hundred fold, some sixty, and some ten. Bless those who have gone to carry the Word of God to Nuuhiva [Marquesas], and to other parts of the world."

Extemporaneous prayer by Hawaiians greatly moved was one of their highest and finest expressions. To even the simplest of them it was a natural outpouring of the spirit, for in those days even the humblest was eloquent in the imagery and force of primitive language. Today our ears are dulled to the beauty of balance and rhythm in the Hawaiian translation of the Book of Books, a beauty achieved in part through the skill and fervor of the translators, and in part through the close resemblance between the Hawaiian and the Hebrew tongues, in highly figurative expression and majesty of phrase and sonorous period. A few of our older friends—but how few!—who heard the Hawaiian Bible read in their youth, still prefer it, for sheer beauty of diction, to the English version. Mr. Bingham, himself an accomplished linguist, felt the force of this literary, as well as spiritual power, and thus saved for us a few translations, such as this portion of a Hawaiian prayer. This Paul Kanoa was without doubt the same leading spirit who became governor of Kauai some fifteen years later, to serve a long and useful

term in that office. On that Sabbath in Waimea, Mr. Bingham wrote, the great thatched church was filled by half past nine o'clock, with about two thousand hearers, or one-fifth of the inhabitants of the island. Mr. Gulick's estimate of three thousand was undoubtedly made a little later, at the actual time of the service, when Mr. Bingham, preoccupied with his sermon, had less leisure to observe the throngs that pressed for entrance at the seven double doors of the great house. It was indeed a season of prayer and searching of hearts.

During this same month, November of 1832, Mr. Whitney returned with the Marquesas deputation, which, as a result of its survey, recommended that a mission be established there, in case the London Missionary Society decided not to occupy those islands as a station. One of Mr. Whitney's Hawaiian helpers on this expedition to the south had been Simeon Kaiu, or Kaeo, a loyal Christian chief of Kauai. And when the little band of three mission families, Alexander, Armstrong and Parker, with two infants, did actually set out for the Marquesas in 1833, one of their indispensable aids was a Kauai native who had been a member of the Gulick family at Waimea. Mr. Whitney's testimony to the faith and works of these Hawaiians, whose feet were but newly set in the path of Christ and His love, is deeply interesting.

After the Queen-Regent, Kaahumanu, had taken both Kaumuali'i and his son Kealiiahonui as husbands, Queen Kapule, left on Kauai, then united with his half brother Kaiu, or Kaeo. This was in 1824, in the days before Christian marriage was fairly introduced. Kaiu was later baptized by the name of Simeon, and Kapule by the name of Deborah, and both are connected with the church at Waimea, exerting a good influence. Simeon has sometimes acted as one of the twelve judges of Kauai. He was selected and sent to assist our deputation in the survey of the Marquesas Islands. Deborah expressed hearty willingness to go as an assistant missionary to that field when it was taken. But some

of the chiefs chose to detain her here, on account of the value they attached to her advice and influence. One of the common people of Kauai, a pious domestic in Mr. Gulick's family, accompanied the brethren and sisters to the Marquesas Islands, and labored like a faithful Christian to assist them in planting the gospel there. Simeon and Deborah appear humble, contented, friendly, prayerful, ready to do what they can to aid the cause of Christ. . . . . Deborah, like other converts, exerts the same kind of influence in a smaller sphere, that Kaahumanu did.

For more than a decade this Waimea station remained the only church center on the island of Kauai. With the throngs that attended services and the never-ending stream of inquirers both at his house and whenever he set foot outside his house, it is not strange that Mr. Whitney's health had finally given way. Greatly benefited by the voyage to the Marquesas, he resumed the Kauai work with his customary joy and vigor. His conduct of the primitive schools shows progress, and items of church procedure reveal much of the life of that day, as recorded for Boston on the 9th of September, 1833:

I am now able to preach three times in a week, attend a Bible-class on the Sabbath and another on Friday, have a school of 100 teachers, with whom I spend two hours daily, five days in a week; this, together with pastoral duties, attending to the sick, and the miscellaneous duties of the station, is my usual round of duties. I have just completed my third tour of the island since January last, examined the schools, and preached to most of the inhabitants assembled at the six places appointed for examination. . . . Mrs. Whitney superintends a school of 120 children.

. . . . There are now 3,000 on my list of readers on the island. And I have no doubt there are five or six hundred more who can read. My manner of examination is to allow them to choose the book, which must be one equal in size to one of the gospels, and to read any verse or verses I shall select. . . . . The call for books at present is greater than I can supply. The want of teachers, well instructed, influential, and enterprising men, is an evil to be removed only by time, patience, and persevering labor. We have

two teachers for every school. They are with me alternately, four months at a time. While one is getting some knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography at Waimea, his associate is imparting a little of the same to his scholars in the place where they are located. In this way, and by the aid of the High School at Lahainaluna which sends out teachers, and with the blessing of God, I hope one day to see the people more enlightened, virtuous and happy.

The attention among us to religion is not so great as it was a year ago. . . . The assembly for worship on the Sabbath morning varies from 1,500 to 2,000; in the afternoon it is somewhat diminished, as it likewise is on Wednesday. Some two or three hundred, formed into a Bible Class, on the verse-a-day system, meet every Friday afternoon. There are one or more Sabbath Schools in almost every district, taught by the natives, except the one I have, consisting of members of the church, and another taught by Mrs. Whitney. The whole number of members in the church reaches fifty.

A residence of almost fourteen years on the island, coupled with a sincere affection for the people and an intelligent insight into conditions, lends much weight to the following statements made by Mr. Whitney in this same letter. He was a competent judge, perhaps the most competent the island could have produced. It is interesting to note the coincidence of his opinions with the conditions existing in Koloa the following year, when attempts were made to secure land for the new sugar plantation.

Of the general improvement in morals, industry, and enterprise among the inhabitants, I cannot say much of an encouraging nature. . . . Justice has not indeed fallen in our streets, for alas, she never rose higher than her knees, and is still a supplicant at the feet of despotism. Our rulers it is true have done things which deserve our praise and gratitude, and in some respects the condition of the people is meliorated; but the laws are often broken with impunity, though more frequently executed with a partial hand. . . . Every attempt at individual enterprise and

improvement is crushed by the hand that should cherish and support it. To hold up encouragement to a common native of obtaining private wealth, would be received as a thing altogether unknown, unexpected, and unworthy of his belief. . . . But for the cupidity of those whose interests are promoted by involving the rulers in debt, we might hope for some advancement. Their debts, however, rest like an incubus on the energies of the nation, and at present there is little prospect of an alteration for the better.

A membership of fifty in the pioneer church of Kauai seems small, in view of the large attendance and evident interest among the people. But Mr. Whitney's policy of admission was wisely conservative. And by the end of the year 1834 there was prospect of sending out two new branches from the parent church at Waimea. Fourteen new members had been added and twenty more were propounded for membership, Mr. Whitney wrote.

A part of these will probably be admitted to the new churches to be formed at Hanalei and Koloa. A number of our old members will likewise join those churches, as it will be more convenient to them, living as they do in the neighborhood. . . . Owing to the great desire of the natives to get into the church, and their adroitness at deception, I cannot believe it expedient to admit them but with the utmost caution.

About the first of May last, our commodious meeting house was burned by the hand of an incendiary. It does not appear to have been done through any malicious feelings,—but to divert the guard from their attention to a native, a murderer who had been put in custody in the fort. . . . The plan succeeded, but the murderer was soon retaken and executed. We are now building a stone church, which will be a valuable acquisition. The walls are 84 by 44, and 18 feet high, built entirely by the natives. They have contributed 230 dollars in money, to pay for glass, foreign carpenter's work, &c. It will be plastered, and be a very decent church, and I trust a great blessing to the station.

Of the new branches sent out from the Waimea church, that at Koloa is already familiar and that at

Hanalei will be duly recorded. In giving some account of the third, on the Wailua River, Mr. Whitney adds once more to his record of the early Christians sent out from Waimea in 1835. He comments likewise on a marked decrease in population which might well have discouraged a less inspired worker, but which served only to spur him on to still greater effort.

On the eastern part of this island, which lies between the stations held by brethren Gulick and Alexander, there is a dense population, who have long been willing to have a teacher. In May last, Simeon Kaiu with his excellent wife, who was formerly the wife of king Taumualii, concluded to remove thither with all their people among whom were 16 members of this church. As they held large tracts of land in that quarter, and but little in this, they found it much easier to support the company of people attached to them as chiefs there, than here at Waimea.

Scarcely had they got settled, however, before their beloved teacher Simeon, was suddenly cut off by death. It was a severe stroke to the little colony, to this church, to the island, and to the nation. He was a man of sound judgment, excellent temper, and active piety. For ten years he had adorned a profession of the gospel, and was taken from us just at the time when we were hoping he would in a good measure supply the place of a foreign teacher. His wife, Deborah, and the other members of the church will remain in that district, with the hope of obtaining a missionary. There is scarcely a more promising field at the islands.

After having sent out three little colonies, our numbers and strength, both in and out of the church, are somewhat reduced at Waimea. Besides the sixteen members to Wailua, five during the past year have removed to join the new church at Waioli, and twelve to Koloa. We have, however, felt the truth of the promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Twenty-two have since been added to our church. The Spirit of God has most evidently been among the people.

The population of this district is on the decrease. From the records kept the year past, it appears the proportion of deaths to births is as three to one. What we do for this perishing people

must be done quickly. Since I came to this island, fifteen years ago, one whole generation have gone down to the gravel!

On account of Mrs. Whitney's serious illness—during the most severe part of which Brother and Sister Alexander were providentially with us—my time is much broken up, but I manage so as to keep a school of forty teachers two hours in a day, preach twice on the Sabbath, attend two Sabbath Schools, and have a prayer-meeting every morning at daylight. We meet in our new and commodious church, which is uniformly full of attentive natives. God has evidently been with us in these meetings, and there I have spent some of the most precious moments of my life.

It was slow, patient labor, this laying of foundations. And of the countless discouragements incident to its progress, scarcely a word was recorded. The mainspring lay in an inner illumination of faith and of joy which transcended mere human frailty. Eighteen years after the first landing of these "pilgrims of Hawaii" came assurances that the spirit of God was with them. For eighteen years these pioneer scholars from a foreign land had toiled with infinite patience, not only on their incessant pastoral labors, but on the monumental task of translating the entire Bible, in many instances from the original Hebrew and Greek. Book by book, as it came from the mission press in Honolulu, was sent to each outstation to be corrected and revised by the chiefs and other Hawaiians as well as by the older missionaries. In 1838 the first complete edition of the Hawaiian Bible came from the mission press, to the unutterable joy of the teachers and their faithful pupils. This edition is a rare book now in the Hawaiian Islands, a volume quite unlike any other, almost six inches thick, printed on very small, narrow pages, some of the copies bound in goat-skin covers.

The great revival of religion occurred this same year, sweeping from one extremity of the land to the other. Mission workers were besieged by thousands of applicants in a day, begging to unburden their hearts,

loaded with question and doubt. Missionaries varied in their procedure according to circumstance and principle, but all were convinced that "the field was white to the harvest." With his quiet, conservative belief, Mr. Whitney recorded far less spectacular numbers than some of the brethren on the other islands, yet the spirit of awakening was at work:

Waimea, July 28, 1838.

About the first of January it was apparent that some of the members of this church were more than usually engaged in religion. Prayer was a delight, and often offered up with a strong crying and tears. In a protracted meeting I was assisted by Mr. Alexander. The people assembled in great numbers, and the Spirit came with a power I had never before witnessed. My time, besides preaching twice almost daily, was spent in visiting from house to house, for nearly three months, a labor in which I found great delight and abundant encouragement. Eighty-seven members have been received to the church since the first of January, making in all 197 members.

There was a contagion about this religious manifestation similar to that in many other lands. Another revival occurred on the islands about 1852, but since that time variety of beliefs has tended to break up communities into smaller groups less noticeably influenced. Results of the great revival of 1838 were long felt. Relieved of tours around the island by new church colonies at Koloa, Wailua and Waioli, Mr. Whitney could direct more attention to the one thousand inhabitants of the neighboring island of Niihau, separated by fifteen miles of rough channel water. The want of canoes prevented Niihau people from attending church and school very frequently at Waimea, Mr. Whitney wrote, "but most of them can read and the gospel has found its way to their hearts. The Spirit of God seemed to be operating on the hearts of not a few. I admitted twelve to the fellowship of the church, whom I have known as serious enquirers for years."

By his people and his associates Mr. Whitney was admired and beloved. His work stands as his monument, one of the noblest of the foundation stones built into the structure of Kauai's history. While still a young man of fifty-two, but one who had spent his strength without stint, death drew his labors to a close in 1845. Mrs. Whitney survived him almost thirty years, living in the old stone house and doing her missionary work among the people. The pastor's responsibilities at Waimea were taken up by the Rev. George B. Rowell, who in 1846 brought his family from the Waioli mission station on the north side of the island to live in the house built by Mr. Gulick about sixteen years before. This is the old stone house still standing in Waimea, the furthest to the west of the stone church. It had been so long unoccupied that the Rowells found it minus doors and windows. Mother Rowell with her two babies could "never be sure of any privacy and it was such a comfort when one room was at last equipped so that it could be closed to spectators." White women and children were still a great curiosity to the friendly kua-aina, or country folk, to whom seclusion for bathing or dressing was an unheard-of thing. Mr. Rowell rebuilt the house and as his family of children increased from two to seven, enlarged and added to it. To the youngest child, Mary Adelaide, born there in 1853, memories of the old home are still fresh and clear.

Our house and the Whitney house were built of the same limestone of which my father built the big church. There was a shallow quarry of that fine limestone in our pasture, where after being cut the big stones would be left exposed to wind and sun some time in order to harden. Mrs. Whitney next door was our nearest white neighbor. We children used to go over to shell tamarinds for her and we loved to have an errand that took us into her attic where she had great stores of curious things. Whenever we had any special food cooked, like a mess of beans or such, Mother always sent one of us over with some for Mrs. Whitney.

Eight years older than little Mary Adelaide was her brother, William Edwards, who was a year old when the Rowells moved to Waimea from Waioli, so that all his boyhood memories gathered around Waimea. He often told of the old Hawaiian who let the Rowells' cattle swim across the river to pasture during the day; then at night the old man would stand on the bank and call to them, whereupon they obediently swam back again. Even in his seventieth year William Rowell recalled hearing one of the sounds familiar to his childhood, the rhythmic beat of tapa-makers, sometimes five or six at a time in different parts of the valley. This work of the women was a thriving industry then and had a rhythm of its own, unfamiliar to modern ears which rarely enough hear the once frequent sound of poi-pounding. Those were days, too, when neighboring mission boys came sometimes from as far away as Waioli, sixty miles, for a few days' visit, and one of the things to do was to ask Mrs. Whitney's permission to get cocoanuts at Ka Pa Wini, the Whitneys' old pasture ground near the river. One could even trace out the foundation stones of their old house there, probably the very one where the Whitneys had lived in 1826 when the river flooded the house so that Mrs. Whitney with her three babies had gladly stepped into a canoe paddled to their door and finally taken refuge in the Ruggles' house until the sand bank at the mouth of the river broke away, and the river freshet rushed into the sea. Then, to the boys of the fifties, there was the fort up on the hill, if one could get ferried across the river. It was no longer used, but the older boys kept the small ones in fear and trembling with tales of guards and dungeons within, then boldly burst open the heavy door and took the empty fortress by storm. It had long been disused, but one of the Wilcox boys from Waioli Mission never forgot his shiver of terror until the door was actually open and the interior proved to be quite deserted, save

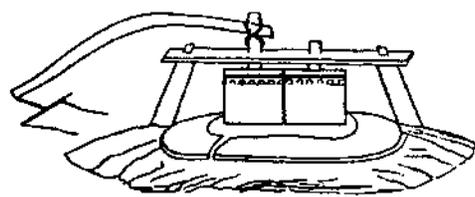
for old cannon and muskets and strange swords with pistols attached to their hilts. William Rowell's own memories show the life of a Kauai boy of the fifties in such contrast to that of today, eighty years later, that one cannot forbear giving some of it more or less in his own words, which were written down by Mr. Lydgate for the Kauai Historical Society:

Father was a good mechanic and I was handy with tools. In fact, I made quite a little money furnishing window and door cases for Hawaiian grass houses, conveniences that were getting to be the thing by that time. Father was a good gardener too, and planted the first mango trees in Waimea. We had loquats, oranges, vis, and bananas from our garden up the valley, and peaches by the bucketful. We were quite a distance from the river, but we depended on it for drinking water. Our Hawaiian man brought two bucketsful every day, and I can tell you we took mighty good care of that water. Father sunk a well twenty-six feet near our house, but the water was so brackish that Mother used it only for cooking. I built a windmill over that well, I remember. We lived mostly on taro and sweet potatoes brought by the natives in payment for books. Rice was a luxury from abroad. We had a herd of about twenty cows that gave us plenty of milk and butter. Mother taught my sisters to make butter, but they were never as good at it as she was. Once a year we killed beef and distributed among the neighbors what we could not salt or dry or otherwise put down for our own use. Chickens we had too, and a great flock of white turkeys. Our little lamps were filled with whale oil, that gave a mighty poor light, and was mostly grease and smell.

Father was something of a doctor, for all the missionaries had to take a short course in medicine and simple surgery. I remember we used to have Epsom salts by the barrel. He was a scholar also, and always read from his Greek testament at family prayers. He was a musician too, and soon mastered the Hawaiian language. At first he had misused words, as beginners do, but the natives never laughed when he exhorted them to sing with a "lio nui" instead of a "leo nui", with a big horse instead of a big voice. Going to Honolulu to General Meeting was a red letter occasion

that did not come every year, especially when the big church at Waimea was building. Why, it was a voyage of discovery to go up the valley to our fruit garden. We all rode horses, of course, like Jehus. And every night Father took us down to the sea to bathe, and he taught us to swim, too. But it was tabu loa, strictly forbidden, to speak Hawaiian or even to play with the children. We went to school at Koloa, riding over on horseback early Monday morning, that is, every second week, for we didn't get home every week. Mr. Dole was a good teacher. Sundays, of course, we had to go to church. It was an infliction to have to put on shoes and sit through the long services.

Difficult it is to think ourselves back into a Waimea without the setting of waving canefields which fills and surrounds it today. Molasses and sugar had indeed been manufactured in small quantities there by Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ruggles as early as 1820. How soon the Chinese of Waimea began to work in sugar is not recorded, but by 1837 some of them had a little establishment which, though primitive indeed, was actually producing as much as three hundred pounds a day, very much in the same way that it had been made for centuries in China. The lower necks of two cylindrical granite rollers were inserted in a large granite slab imbedded in the earth. At their upper edge these two rollers were morticed to receive wooden cogs. The arm by which power for grinding was applied was the bent branch of a tree, this and the granite having been brought from China. The whole is described in the Hawaiian Spectator for 1839.



*From The Hawaiian Spectator*

**A SUGAR MILL**

*Operated by Chinese at Waimea in 1837*

Motor power was supplied by a single horse attached to the wooden arm and driven round and round. To feed the rollers with cane a man sat down before them and kept three or four

between them at a time, passing the same stalks through three times. The juice flowed into a channel around the rollers cut into the granite slab at the base, and so "through a gutter under the horse-walk to a small tub." The furnace was built of bricks "made of common earth, hens' feathers, goats' hair, hogs' bristles, and water, and laid up with the same compound." With the success, however, of such plantations as Koloa on a larger scale, these small Chinese mills fell into disuse.

When one recalls the few, yet important, articles of trade offered by the natives of Waimea to the first explorers and traders, the list of exports sixty or seventy years later presents a surprising variety. Some data on such exported articles were recorded in the first annual report of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society.

Exports from the port of Waimea, Kauai, as manifested part at Honolulu and part at Waimea July 1, 1850 to June 30, 1851

Sweet Potatoes.....	3,009 bbls.	Oranges .....	4,000
Yams.....	9 bbls.	Squashes ....	100
Onions.....	568½ bbls.	Cattle .....	4
Sugar.....	5,000 lbs.	Sheep .....	108
Salt.....	50 lbs.	Swine .....	110
Pineapples.....	2,000	Turkeys .....	110
Coconuts.....	1,400	Fowls .....	1,202
Bananas.....	20 bunches	Ducks .....	12
Dried Pork.....	1,200 lbs.	Total Value .....	\$9,030.62

Hats woven of lauhala at Waimea were also in demand at exhibitions of this enterprising agricultural society, where they sometimes sold for as much as five dollars apiece. And for a time tobacco became a crop of some prominence. Content with a coarse variety and imperfect curing, Hawaiians had long grown it in little patches near their homes, and on the flats of Mana, a few miles westward of Waimea, it thrived except in seasons of drought. Foreigners, however, were more ambi-

tious and hoped to place fine cigars on the Honolulu market, as had been done at Hanalei until the cutworm interfered. Reports of the Agricultural Society for 1853 gave an interesting view of two new tobacco plantations at Mana of some 250 acres each, leased to a Mr. Opitz and to Messrs. Archer and Gruben. This Mr. Archer was a civil engineer of Scotch-Norwegian parentage, who had formerly lived at Hanalei with Mr. Wundenberg. After moving to the west coast of the island to attempt tobacco culture again, he made his home on the makai flats of Pokii and Waiawa above Mana, but built a small house also at Halemanu, which was known as Little Norway and is said to have been the first foreign house in the beautiful Kokee region of the Waimea mountains, now so popular as a summer resort. In this lovely valley of Hale-manu, Place-of-Birds, the Hawaiian bird-catchers had formerly lived to collect the little red or yellow feathers for royal cloaks at the proper seasons. And above on the ridge at Kaana was the region where departed spirits assembled to wait before springing off into the nether world, Po, near the cliffs of Polihale on the extreme west coast of the island. Houses of people living here, the Hawaiians say, were built with the gable ends east and west, with the door to the north or south, or both, in order that the spirits, in their passage westward, might strike against the sharp gables and so be diverted to pass around the house instead of through it. Had the doors been placed east and west, people not yet disembodied would often have been disturbed by the frequent passage of spirits going westward through the house.

Continued drought in the lowlands of Mana and Waiawa soon began to spell failure for the two tobacco plantations there and the leases were bought in 1856 by Mr. Valdemar Knudsen, a Norwegian gentleman, who developed a stock ranch and orchard at Waiawa. He also became interested in the botany and ornithology of

that part of the island and presented to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., many unique specimens, which are classified under his name. The grapes grown at Waiawa were particularly delicious, and made a very superior wine. To this day Mr. Knudsen's daughter Ida, now Mrs. von Holt of Honolulu, recalls the visit of the Knudsen family near Boston in 1886 with their old Lihue friends, Uncle James and Aunt Pattie Marshall. To celebrate the occasion Mr. Marshall produced a cobweb-covered bottle of Waiawa claret, a parting gift which he had hoarded for more than twenty years. Indian corn was another successful crop at Waiawa, taking the highest award at the exhibition of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society in 1856, a meeting at which Mr. Knudsen submitted a careful report on the worm pests besetting his crops.

Mr. Knudsen found his bride on the nearby island of Niihau in the youngest daughter of Mrs. Sinclair, a remarkable Scotchwoman, who had brought her whole family from New Zealand in 1863. In their own little sailing vessel they had set out northward across the Pacific to find grazing lands for sheep in British Columbia, but the extreme cold there had determined them to seek more genial winter quarters in the Hawaiian Islands. Their ship, *Bessie*, was under the command of Mrs. Sinclair's son-in-law, Captain Gay, beside whom she was accompanied on this pilgrimage by her two grown sons and a daughter, together with two other married daughters, Mrs. Gay and Mrs. Robinson, with their six children. One thinks back instantly, somehow, to the patriarchal journeyings of Abraham and his kin in search of pasture for their flocks. And one is delighted to find a little picture of the Sinclairs' vessel as it looked on arrival in Honolulu. Miss Isabella Bird kept this description in her book, *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*:

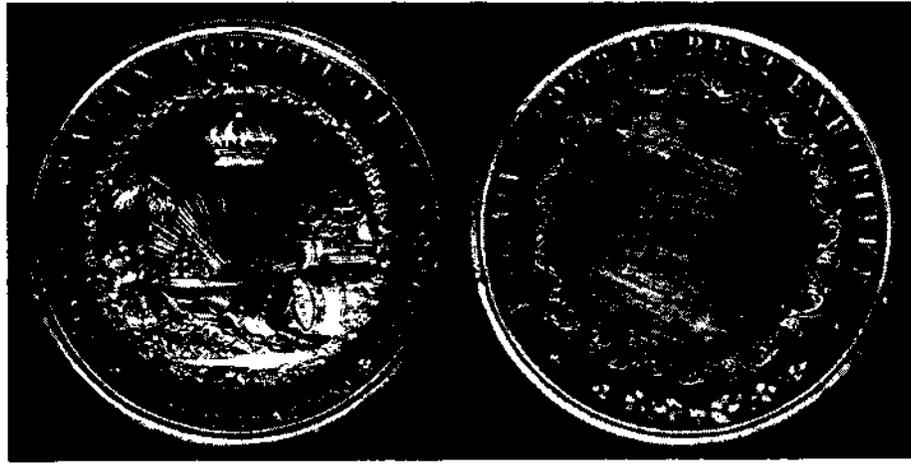
. . . . . The seamen's chaplain, on going down to the wharf one day, was surprised to find their trim barque, with this immense family party on board, with a beautiful and brilliant old lady at its head, books, pictures, work, and all that could add refinement to a floating home, about them, and cattle and sheep of valuable breeds in pens on deck.

Older members of the clan, like Mrs. Eliza Gay Welcker, still tell of this family trek. The king, Kamehameha IV, becoming interested in their project, persuaded the Sinclairs to remain, and undoubtedly sanctioned their purchase of the island of Niihau for ten thousand dollars from the government. With its area of almost one hundred square miles and its highest elevation only about 1,300 feet above sea level, this island estate afforded excellent pasturage and supplied an especially good quality of merino wool. And here, surrounded by their Hawaiian helpers, the family led the secluded life of rural shepherds. Miss Bird's picture of Mrs. Sinclair, riding up on horseback to Makaweli House, in her "large drawn silk bonnet which she rarely lays aside, as light in her figure and step as a young girl," is as delightful as her description of that typical island home which the Sinclairs built in the hills of Makaweli on the southwestern slopes of the main island of Kauai. In ancient days the spring near this spot was famed for its cool, clear water, which was often carried down to Waimea at the seaside for king and chiefs. Special runners, swinging water gourds in nets at the ends of au-amo, or shoulder poles, could cover the six-mile trail to Waimea so swiftly that when the king drank, the water had not yet lost its mountain coolness. An early, if not the earliest, book on our native flora was an outgrowth of the settlement of this family clan on Niihau and West Kauai. Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands it is called, its forty-four large folio plates being reproductions of accurate and beautiful paintings of these flowers made by Mrs. Francis Sinclair

on Kauai and Niihau several years before their publication in London in 1885. Our botanical authority, Hawaiian Flora, by Dr. William Hillebrand, the noted scientist, who spent the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 in careful research on all our larger islands, was compiled from his notes and manuscript, but not published until 1888, after the author's death.

Mrs. Knudsen, who had been the youngest Miss Sinclair, was, like her mother, an intrepid horsewoman, even at an advanced age. Her children still recall with delight the long rides with her across the sand flats of Mana to find seaweeds and shells. There were the hazards, too, of crossing the channel to Niihau in an open whaleboat to see Grandmother Sinclair. At Waiawa there was the cool grass house with its high ridgepole and crossbars under the thick thatch; and many a ride into the region of Waimea canyon, especially the mountain house at Halemanu, where Mrs. Knudsen preferred to keep the old Hawaiian name instead of Little Norway, as it had formerly been called. On this trail in the hills just above Waiawa was an ancient holua slide paved with small stones and some ten feet wide, with room for two sleds. The rocky hills did not afford smooth grass slides as in other regions, but in very early days the natives had built this famous sled-run which, when strewn thickly with pili grass, carried the holua sleds at breakneck speed. School for the Knudsen children was long conducted by their mother in music, by their father in language and science, and later also by Miss Mary Rowell from one of the two mission homes at Waimea.

During the early days at Waiawa one of Mrs. Knudsen's pleasures was to drive her little phaeton the four or five miles eastward to Waimea to call on her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Whitney, who still lived, quite alone, in the old mission house near the great coral stone church, and who could sometimes be persuaded to drive over to



*By Courtesy of Clare M. Kelley*

ONE OF MRS. WHITNEY'S MEDALS

Waiawa for lunch. Mrs. Knudsen, with her happy little ones about her, often thought of the big empty house there at Waimea, and when people said bitter, untrue things of the missionaries stealing the land, her heart would burn within her and she would reply vigorously that it was the missionaries who had made the land fit for children to live in. Mrs. Whitney would sometimes tell of her own, two daughters and two sons, all born between the years from 1820 to 1827, and all sent to New England while they were still children, the little boys at eight and five years being given into the care of a ship's captain for the six months' voyage around Cape Horn. "That day," said Mrs. Whitney, "my heart broke." And from that day the mission home no longer echoed with children's laughter. Grandchildren and others came as guests sometimes in later years, but after 1834 no children called it home. Of the four who were sent from it so early one returned as a woman, one as a man, the other two not at all. During her whole life Mrs. Whitney maintained the extremely frugal and sparing habits of early times, often subsisting for a day on one taro root and a little milk from the Rowells' cows. Never did she sit down to the

simple, wholesome meal at Waiawa without the gently protesting remark, "But you have prepared a feast for me here!" And when she died she left her home to the Hawaiian church and the sum of one thousand dollars to the American Board of Missions.

The Knudsen children loved to ride over to Waimea beside the phaeton. If a stop was made first at the Rowells' house—the one that is still in use on Waimea plantation—the horses trotted right up in the dusty road and were tied almost at the front door. But at Mrs. Whitney's one dismounted outside a little wicket gate and walked up a neat, flagged path paved with stepping-stones of white coral. Mrs. Whitney was beautiful even as an old lady, slight and small, with bright, dark eyes. Sometimes while chatting in the parlor she would say, "Now, children, you may go and rummage through the house." This was one of the greatest delights—to wander through the big old house, up and down the tiny, narrow stairs, and sometimes into the attic, but that was dark and creepy, and seldom entered. During Mrs. Whitney's early life it had become so habitual to treasure up against a rainy day every gift from natives or seamen, that even in her old age the very tiniest twigs were saved for firewood, and when she died, in 1872, her house was found to be filled with the relics of half a century. Hoarding had not been the only instinct, for in former times it had been necessary to keep a stock of articles on hand in order to have means of bartering when opportunity offered and ready money was not to be had. The treasures of the old mission house at Waimea have passed into the annals of Kauai's history. Sheriff S. W. Wilcox was the auctioneer, and no one who went to the Whitney auction ever forgot it. The few who remember it today still tell of the bolts and bolts of calico cloth, Hingham buckets filled with spools of thread, old chairs and tables, beautiful Niihau mats of makaloa reed,

Hawaiian tapas, large and small and of many colors, feather capes, and even Hawaiian idols such as modern eyes had never beheld.

Mission life was one of pioneering in civilization and led inevitably to interests in the products of the soil. Even Mother Whitney in her retired life at Waimea won premiums at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society in 1853 for the best cheese, raisins, and tamarinds. And, as far as is known, two of her silver medals are the only ones now existing. They were minted probably in China, since the society sent a sum of money thither to be thus invested. Mrs. Whitney's near neighbors and mission associates, the Rowells, were at this time and for a number of years engaged in making trial of dairying on the Waimea sand flats. But much of the land, consisting of a swamp heavily saturated with salt, was almost useless until drained and irrigated with fresh mountain water. During the early years of settlement, therefore, the swamp flats and barren hills of Waimea, notwithstanding the juxtaposition of a broad river channel, offered no inducements for experiments similar to those which were following one another with marked insistence in the fertile river valley of Hanalei, directly across the island to the north. And without plantations, earning money was a difficult thing in Waimea, as William Rowell remembered all his life. Even of work on the roads there was as yet very little and the governor always had enough prisoners to do that. Of other public work there was none except building churches. This indeed often requisitioned the population of an entire district for years at a time on work which was in part "kokua", that is, done by the congregation as a freewill offering, and in part repaid in cash for the more skilled labor in masonry and carpentry.

To summon up the energies of the easy-going children of a tropical clime, to inspire them with a desire to wor-

ship in a great edifice of stone of their own workmanship, and, moreover, to keep that inspiration at working heat for seven long years, was no mean achievement. Furthermore, this prodigious labor was accomplished at Waimea, as at Kohala on Hawaii, a full decade after the time when it was thought that such marvels could be wrought, at a time when epidemics of diseases such as influenza, measles, and smallpox had already begun to leave but a pitiful remnant of the once sturdy folk, so skilled in woodcraft and housebuilding, and at a period when the lure of gold on the California coast and the glitter of shop windows in Honolulu were drafting away hundreds from the handful of survivors in the country districts. Each island, however, built up its great church, stone by stone, and to this day every island boasts the possession of more than one. The island of Hawaii can show many, and most of them sprung from the rocky soil of the two Konas, North and South. At Kohala there is still the great monument of Kalahikiola, The Day of Life, or Salvation. At Kailua, the pioneer mission station of all, there is the oldest church building now left to us, erected in 1836 by Governor Kuakini and Father Thurston. And of all the old stone churches southward throughout the land of Kona, how shall one even begin to tell the tale? Trinity Church, or Kahikolu, the "Mother Church" at Napoopoo, Konawaena, Hookena, Helani,—some of them now standing unused, as records of days that are past and people long since gone. The island of Maui, which possessed at Lahaina the very first stone church anywhere in the islands, Wainee, built in 1828, has today as many as sixteen stone churches, most of them still in use. Among them stand out in memory Father Green's meetinghouse at Makawao, the solitary one on the Hana coast, and the old Keanae Church. Even little Molokai built two stone churches under Father Hitchcock, one at Halawa, and the great edifice at Kaluaaha, which is now supported by

massive buttresses, but in early days compared only with those at Kohala, Kawaiahao, and Kailua for its capacity and the congregations that filled it. On Oahu there are still one or two smaller ones and the great Kawaiahao, of coral stone, dedicated in 1842, whose glory is indicated, but not completely told, in its cognomen, The Westminster Abbey of Hawaii.

In looking back, one does not for a moment minimize the significance of the earlier church structures of thatch or adobe blocks, but on confronting, at Waimea, Kauai, the last of the great stone churches, one is filled anew with the marvel of divine courage and faith and sheer dogged persistence which called into being these cathedrals of native stone and timber, shaped by the toil of native hands. To Father Rowell's mission record is added the distinction of being the architect and master builder of the great sandstone church which is still Waimea's noblest landmark. Its erection, told by himself and two of his children, brings the story of Waimea through the years of 1850, those years when the new community of Lihue was taking shape. Waimea's story is a long one, with something from days both ancient and modern to tell what manner of neighborhood was growing up in that pioneer settlement on the southwest coast of the island.

An earlier stone church had been built under Mr. Whitney's leadership, but no detailed story of its erection remains. In 1847 Mr. Rowell reported the meeting-house built of stone and mud in 1834 as fallen to the ground and its foundation cleared away for another. Mr. Whitney gave the dimensions of that earlier church as 84 feet by 44. Since the present one is practically the same, 86 feet by 42, we may assume that Mr. Rowell used the greater part of the old foundation stones in almost the same dimensions. At Kealahou on Hawaii Father Paris built Kahikolu, Trinity Church, also of stone, about

1853, only a few years later than Father Rowell at Waimea, but so diminished had the congregations grown during those years of devastating disease, that the new Kona church took the width of the earlier building for the length of the new one. In 1847, however, no one anticipated the disastrous epidemics of the next few years or the opening up of gold fields by the nearest continental neighbor of the islands, and the congregations of the Waimea church still demanded an audience room equal in capacity to that of 1834.

Yet even so, and even in contemplation only, the erection of a stone church was an almost superhuman task. Appeals for help were sent out to sister churches, many of whom responded generously from their poverty, among them Kealakekua in Kona, in the sum of twenty dollars, Koloa sixty dollars, and Waioli eighty dollars. In two years' time the Waimea people themselves managed to collect forty dollars towards their own church, but beginnings were slow, since Deborah Kapule was in residence at Wailua and Waimea thus lacked native leaders. Mr. Rowell reported: "There being no chiefs in the church to set forward the work, the enterprise has stood still much of the time." Especially was this so during the necessary absence of the pastor, who on his return found, beside the small cash contribution, only "a few hundred stones cut and a little timber hewn." By the year 1851, however, more definite steps had been taken and the prospect looked brighter, for the Waimea report reads:

The church people have been engaged in collecting materials. The timber, which was 15 miles distant in the mountains, has been drawn half way to the beach. In two or three months, we hope that it will be all on the spot. The principal part of the building stone has been cut out; but it is still a mile distant. About 15 fathoms of wood for burning the lime have been cut and piled up

in the mountains, which is yet to be brought down, stick by stick probably, on men's shoulders, a distance of 7 or 8 miles. Besides the labor performed by the people for the house of worship, they have paid during the year for benevolent purposes, \$714 in cash.

Two weeks out of every month the pastor spent with the men in the mountains, hewing timber. Shelter was rare. The natives built a little hut in the forest, but always on returning to it Mr. Rowell took the precaution to send some of the men ahead of him. If their legs instantly turned black with fleas, Mr. Rowell did not enter, but "made his own bed in the ferns some distance from the shanty." The natives, however, occupied the hut without the slightest inconvenience. William Rowell, the oldest son, never lost the memory of those days and little Mary Adelaide, the youngest child, still recalls the story of those stirring events:



*Sketch probably by G. W. Bates*

WAIMEA IN 1853

*Looking westward from the wall of the Russian fort  
above the river.*

The woods were full of trees, but when any particular size was needed, trees meeting requirements were few and far between. The tall straight trunks all grew in the steep, narrow gulches and when felled, had to be snaked out by hand. The tie beams and ceiling rafters had to be at least 42 feet long, straight and free from defect, and were mighty hard to find. Hauling and snaking them up and down might almost have worn them out, and it certainly ground off the corners.

Father had a lathe at home with which he turned out four-poster beds of koa. And our front fence posts were of kauwila, the hardest kind of wood that lasted forever. Mauka in the forest he had a saw-pit where he whip-sawed the koa and kauwila timbers, the log resting on skids, with one man above it and one man below. The shingles for the church were imported, but were boiled in whale oil before being put on; they lasted a quarter of a century, until fairly worn away by exposure. Father was architect, foreman, paymaster and finance committee in this venture.

The stone was cut from a ledge of fine sandstone or limestone a mile away near the sea, the slabs 18 by 30 inches and the thickness of the ledge. Lime for mortar could be made only from coral rock obtained by divers from the sea and burned in a big kiln just makai of the church. To convey these great stones to the church site, Father built a drag for oxen, and he used to tell how Deborah Kapule, the chiefess, came over from Wailua, thirty miles away, with her two yoke of oxen, magnificent animals they were, and herself superintended the hauling of stone, riding horseback beside the drag and keeping the men at work.

The church tower was built with a pole in the middle holding a large gilded ball, 18 inches in diameter. Father did most of this finer work himself. But he found that a solid ball was too heavy for the pole and made another ball, the same size, but built up hollow. Then he covered it himself with gold leaf, very carefully, in an absolutely still room, for the slightest breath of wind stirred the gold leaf so as to render it unmanageable.

The white limestone of the church is finer than most coral brought up from below the sea, and even without plastering is so white that for many years the church made a landmark and fishermen said it could be seen from far out at sea.



*Sketch probably by G. W. Bates*

WAIMEA CHURCH  
1853

By 1853 Father Rowell reported: "The church edifice is now up, the roof on, and the work inside the house completed." To keep this labor in motion the pastor had been obliged to omit most of his visits to outstations, and Mr. Johnson of Waioli had made a visit to the island of Niihau to supply a lack of service there. By the

following year the new church edifice had been brought so near to completion that services were held in it. And in 1855 Mr. Rowell was sufficiently released from building labors to be able to attend General Meeting in Honolulu for the first time in several years. But it was not until 1858 that the joyful report was penned: "We have laid a floor in our house of worship, and are now building the seats." Even to little five-year-old Mary Adelaide this was an event never to be forgotten:

Glass for windows had to be imported. I remember when it arrived and was unpacked. Twice during my recollection storms tore the roof from the church, once lifting the whole roof and turning it upside down. It was a gala day when the seats and floor were put in. This was from sawn and planed boards.

In those days natives used to come from ten or fifteen miles away and stay all day for the Sunday services. In after years so many had died or gone away that Father started to build a vestry for smaller meetings, but that was never completed. And when the Waimea sugar mill was built, all the remaining stone from

the quarry was taken, together with the fine stones from the unfinished walls of the vestry, to help build the mill and chimney. Before he finished his work, Father seceded from the Hawaiian Board and put up a frame building for his native church farther down the valley near the beach. This was called the Independent Church and had several others affiliated with it even on the other islands. Father often went to visit them, as a sort of bishop, but was always called Brother, by his own wish. Those were hard years, with a big family looking for an education, but father never regretted the course he had taken.

And that old church! I am glad it is still in use. Seven years my father worked to build that church, and even then it was used a long time before there was any floor or seats. I can remember how it looked with the large congregation seated on the ground, and our row of chairs, brought over every Sunday from our house, with my little black chair and Ellen's blue chair bringing up the end of the row.



*Photograph by J. Senda*

THE CHURCH AT WAIMEA, KAUAI, IN 1925

After twenty years of active service this great stone church at Waimea was closed for the ensuing twenty years by Father Rowell's secession from the Hawaiian Evangelical Association in 1874. When the work of Kekaha plantation drew Paul Isenberg more often to the west side of the island during the middle years of 1880, he used sometimes to ride up past the old church. The walls of solid stone, the old floor and seats were still good, although the roof was seriously damaged by heavy rains in 1885. Mr. Isenberg started a subscription paper, with Mother Rice's name next to his own. For lack of time to carry through such a project on his biennial visits from Germany, he looked up a sprightly young Norwegian recently come to the islands. This was Christopher B. Hofgaard, who accepted the proposition with alacrity. In the same spirit he apparently met every turn of affairs during the next fifty years, during which he served Waimea as postmaster, road supervisor, auditor, and district magistrate, as well as a successful retail dealer.

Repaired thus in 1885, this west-side landmark again stood empty for almost a decade, until 1894, when a group of the white residents formed a church society. Judge Hofgaard, it will be recalled, had bought the site of the old Whitney house next to the church and made his home there. The present parsonage is the little old stone house of Governor Kaikioewa on the river bluff, southeast of the church. Supported in the main by the Waimea Foreign Church Society and the four neighboring plantations of Kekaha, Waimea, Gay and Robinson, and Makaweli, the old church has in 1931 again been restored to years of usefulness.

## On Around Kauai

In the nature of things one might almost literally pursue a journey around the little island of Kauai, for its radius of from twelve to fifteen miles may be swung with surprising uniformity toward most points of the compass from a center just west of its highest peak, Mount Waialeale. On the west coast, it is true, the broad sand flats of Mana, added to the island proper by the emergence of a coral reef, do serve to extend this radius, yet not appreciably. And it is at just this point that the circuit of the island on its beach road is abruptly terminated. One may climb northward from Waimea into the mountains and descend precipitous cliffs into Wainiha valley, which draws its waters from the pool that sparkles at the summit of Waialeale, but from Polihale on the coast the next ten or twelve miles to the northeast are barred by sheer, jagged cliffs which drop sometimes two thousand feet directly to the sea. Like green velvet their sides appear from a distance during the winter months, when cloaked with ferns and mosses, but a nearer approach brings sharp realization of how incessantly winds and surfs, whipping against them, have eaten away the gentler angles of beach and lowland so characteristic of the lee side of the island, which is less exposed to the prevailing trade wind.

Na Pali, the natives rightly call this northwestern coast, The Cliffs. One of the primitive sports there in calm weather was to hurl from their heights red firebrands which swirled out with bursts of flame and plunged hissing into the sea far below, where at a safe distance the chiefs and people had paddled their canoes out to see the spectacle. By comparison, the "civilized" fireworks of Vancouver must have seemed flat and tame, when he returned the courtesies of his hosts who had

arranged for him an unusual dance of six hundred women. Yet possibly a basis of comparison did not present itself, for the fireworks of 1794 were set off from a small ship at anchor in quiet Waimea Bay.

It was on this third and last visit to Kauai, in 1794, that Captain Vancouver finally succeeded in rounding the cliffs to the windward. During his second winter here, the year before, he had made the attempt, but found the current setting too strongly against his little sloop-of-war *Discovery*. Some ships, he reported, had made the northern shore of the island by sailing around the southern, one by virtue of "an accidental spirit of the wind from the southward" after a week's trial. And on his last voyage from Oahu in 1794 he did himself pass to the northeast of Kauai by the same means of a chance southerly wind. Hanalei Bay, to which he attached no name, he found "nearly half a league wide and of about the same depth, but, exposed to the northwesterly winds and the ocean swell, it is ineligible for shipping and therefore we did not examine it further," he adds. The circuit was continued to the westward, "where the coast of Attowai assumes a very rugged and romantic appearance, rising suddenly to lofty and abrupt cliffs." The English explorers then sailed on past the "sudden break to a low, sandy shore" and thus "completed the survey of Attowai" by anchoring again in "Whymea bay". Probably this was the first record of such a survey and perhaps also the first attempt, since the little island of Kauai was less frequently explored than the three larger ones of the group.

Twenty-seven years later, the first missionaries recorded their experiences of the arduous mountain journey from Waimea to Hanalei. In July of 1821 Mr. Whitney had been resident at Waimea for the space of a year and had long cherished "a desire to visit the western and northern shores of the island." Brother Bingham had just arrived from Oahu with Brother Ruggles, deputed by the





mission to make the journey to the Society Islands, which Kaumualii had offered in one of his brigs, to visit the English missions there and learn something of their progress in the languages so closely allied to the Hawaiian tongue. The projected visit to the south was finally abandoned, but on the Sabbath, July 22nd, the natives at Waimea were astounded at the unexpected arrival of King Liholiho from Oahu in a small open sailboat. Shortly after, according to Mr. Bingham,

Liliha, the wife of Boki, followed her husband and her king, in a single canoe, one hundred and twenty miles, from Honolulu to Waimea. As we saw her frail sea-boat come in, with its little white sail, and four rowers with broad paddles, the king exclaimed, "Aloha ino!" [Deepest love!] The broad, rough channel between Oahu and Kauai, is the most difficult of the Hawaiian channels to pass with a canoe. . . . But the ingenuity with which the Hawaiian shapes and rigs his hollowed tree trunk, and the dexterity with which he manages it, *on* or *in* the water, make these voyages, which would be hazardous to us, quite practicable to him. . . .

In two days, the five wives of Liholiho arrived from Oahu on board the Cleopatra's barge. The two kings and the principal chiefs present, soon set out on a tour round Kauai, to see the country and enjoy the fruits of the land. During their absence of more than forty days, Mr. Whitney and I crossed over the island to visit and instruct them and the people in their dark places of abode.

In this way arrived the opportunity so long desired by Mr. Whitney to make the overland journey, for as he noted in his diary on a previous visit of some high chiefess, "So much parade is necessary for royal dignitaries here, we need not expect much business while her majesty remains." Native guides and helpers were procured and the little expedition set off on foot into the Waimea mountains, each of the young tenderfoot missionaries carrying his inevitable Boston umbrella, frail

shelter indeed during the torrential thunder shower which was encountered before nightfall. One would like to quote more than a little from Mr. Whitney's record:

In the pleasant valley almost beneath our feet, we could just discern the native cultivating his taro, whilst the females' tapper beating sound added its pensive note from the adjacent cliff. The village with its straw thatched cottages brought to my mind the scene of a New-England meadow rudely covered with stacks of hay. . . . Having ascended till there appeared but few places higher on the Island than we were, we entered the woods and were charmed with the melodious singing of Birds' notes I am sure sweeter than the strains of Orpheus! . . . We were so much diverted by the scenery that our guide began to grow impatient. . . . Our path grew worse, sometimes so bad, as to oblige us to descend on our hands and feet.

Here, surely, the umbrellas must have been discarded, or folded and carried by the patient guides! The cold, wet night was passed under a low shelter left by sandalwood cutters, where fleas abounded. The next morning swamps and precipices were the order of the day.

Without much difficulty we got through the mud and came to the top of the precipice, where, had it not been for the clouds which hung below us, we might have seen the bottom of the mount. . . . At length after two hours and a half of hard labor we came to the bottom. From the height of a mountain we have since measured we judge that it cannot be less than 3,000 feet; most of the way down formed an angle of from sixty to seventy-five degrees, with the horizon. Having rested a little we came to a house whose inhabitants to all appearances had never before seen a white man. They were very kind and offered us some food. We conversed awhile and prayed with them and proceeded down the valley, called Wyneehah, to the waterside where we found the King. Tamoree and the other chiefs appeared glad to see us, but Rehoreho was so intoxicated that he could not be seen. The next morn Tamoree furnished us with a canoe to visit the next valley where we found a pleasant village called Hannah-ray. We spent the day very agreeably and returned in the eve, finished our

business with the King, and in the morn set out in a canoe for Wymaah.

Of this "Encampment of the Kings" at Wainiha Mr. Bingham's description is singularly vivid:

By the aid of a sail and fair wind, the double canoe ran briskly back from Hanalei, to the mouth of Wainiha, and passing through the surf, landed safely. Liholiho and his party we found encamped for the night in a grove of the Pandanus, or screw-pine, which was illuminated in the evening by large flaming torches of the candle-nut. . . . I sat down by the king and attempted to direct his energies and influence to the right objects. The rude lodgings of the kings, chiefs, and people, some under the trees, some in booths, and some stretching themselves to sleep on the green grass, in the open air, with no canopy over them but the starry sky, reminded me of the early missionaries, sleeping among the New Zealand warriors, who stuck their spears in the ground around them.

And many details of the return journey to Waimea by double canoe are added by Mr. Bingham. At one point along the precipitous coast, Nualolo, a landing was made through the surf near the cliff-ladder of holes for both hands and feet cut into the almost perpendicular rock, by means of which the natives were wont to climb to the top to throw off their primitive fireworks. It was not uncommon, nor apparently inconvenient, for a man to carry a child on his back up this rock ladder. At another settlement, men, women and children were engaged in placing among the stones a native plant, auhuhu, which seemed to serve as an intoxicant to the fish. These were then easily caught by hand or in scoop nets. Paddlers in the passing canoe could not resist joining in the profitable sport, diving off "first on one side, and then the other, and seizing the bewildered fish, turned on the side, swimming near the surface, and struggling in vain, like the inebriate, to avoid the destroyer."

But it is in regard to Hanalei Valley itself that Mr.

Bingham's narrative adds most to our present story. Rarely, if ever before, had the natives of this enchanted valley entertained white men. After the severity of the journey across the mountains and down the precipices of Wainiha Valley, the two weary travelers were grateful for the lomilomi, or massage, which was always one of the first offerings of hospitality. At the seashore, Mr. Whitney told of meeting the two kings. Mr. Bingham adds that the few available houses having been fully occupied by the retinue of King Liholiho, Kaumualii offered the strangers shelter for the night under his tent of green leaves. Mats were spread on the grass and each one supplied with comfortable bedclothes of "five sheets of beaten bark cloth." The next day they "visited the neighboring district of Hanalei, one of the best in the island, having a good tract of land, and a considerable river, sixty or eighty yards wide." The natives brought of their best, one climbing a cocoanut tree to throw down a nut. "Another tore off with his teeth, the thick fibrous husk, then cracked the shell with a stone," to give them drink. "A pig, baked with heated stones covered in the ground," was set before them "on a large, shallow wooden tray. Kalo, baked in the same manner, and beaten, was laid on large green leaves instead of plates, on the ground." Knives, forks and spoons were accessories not known, but water was given them in the neck of a gourd-shell and bananas were put into their hands. The grandeur of the mountains back of the winding river was awe-inspiring and recalled to the young emissaries of God the object of their visit, as they stood, where many another visitor has since been brought to a sudden halt, on the hill above the mouth of the Hanalei river. The natives, when questioned, replied they knew of no Creator of Heaven and Earth, their gods were all dead. In broken speech they were then told of Jehovah, Maker of all things, and exhorted to worship Him.



*Photograph by F. Volkmann*

NAPALI COAST



In three years' time, Mr. Bingham was again a visitor at the Waimea station and both young mission workers had acquired sufficient proficiency in the new language to make preaching tours on the island circuit. The principal objective in May of 1824 was Hanalei Bay, where the wreck of the beautiful Cleopatra's Barge, through negligence on the part of her intoxicated crew, served as a vivid text on the evils of alcoholic stimulants. Built at a cost of fifty thousand dollars in 1816, this luxurious yacht had been indeed the Pride of Salem, and was well re-christened the Pride of Hawaii after her purchase in 1820 by the young king for almost twice her original value. Her utter loss four years later was, as may well be imagined, a bitter blow to that national pride. On this second journey to Hanalei Mr. Bingham made his way, not over the mountains to the northwest of Waimea, but around the windward side of the island in an easterly and northerly and then westerly direction through the more thickly inhabited districts. Passing, as he did, on foot through hamlet after hamlet, his estimate of the population is not only conservative, but well-founded, and is therefore of greater value than similar statements made by other early travelers whose sole basis for calculation was perhaps a landing made at one or two points along the coast. Following the native trail, Mr. Bingham came after the first six miles to Hanapepe Valley, which he presents most vividly to the eye of his reader:

. . . . For the first half mile from the sea, the valley seems sterile, and is little cultivated, but has a pleasant grove of coconut trees. The rest of the valley, more fertile and more cultivated, is sprinkled with trees and shrubs, embracing a few orange trees, and being walled up on the east and west by bold, precipitous bluffs, rising higher and higher towards the mountains, from fifty feet to fifteen hundred, appears from one of the palis, like an extensive, well-watered plantation, interspersed with *kalo* beds and one hundred and forty cottages, and furnishes employment and sustenance to some seven hundred inhabitants. . . . . Near

one of these palis, about a mile from the ocean, Mr. Ruggles chose his station and built a temporary cottage, had a house of worship erected, and opened a school, with the expectation of having a preacher from America stationed there permanently. . . . His humble and now desolate cot, of the common stones of the valley, laid up in mud and stubble, and thatched with grass, . . . was surrounded by a pleasant court in which grew bananas, grapevines, pine-apples, cotton and Palma Christi shrubs, lettuce, and a variety of other plants, useful and ornamental.

Here, for a time, under Kupihea and Kiaimoku, the two chieftains of Hanapepe, Mr. Ruggles, with his wife and two children, resided as the shepherd of the valley, esteemed by many of its seven hundred inhabitants and of the ten thousand of the island.

From this point the old trail passed up the eastern pali of Hanapepe valley and "through a country of good land, mostly open, unoccupied, and covered with grass," not through Koloa and Nawiliwili as nowadays, to the valley of the Wailua River, and thence around the northeasterly coast to Hanalei. Arrived at his destination, where the *Pride of Salem* and *Hawaii* lay on her side in ten feet of water near the western horn of the crescent bay, Mr. Bingham was welcomed by some eighteen chiefs, among them Deborah Kapule, "in a neat, light chintz dress, Canton crepe shawl, and lace cap, having her young, neatly dressed husband, Kaiu, by her side."

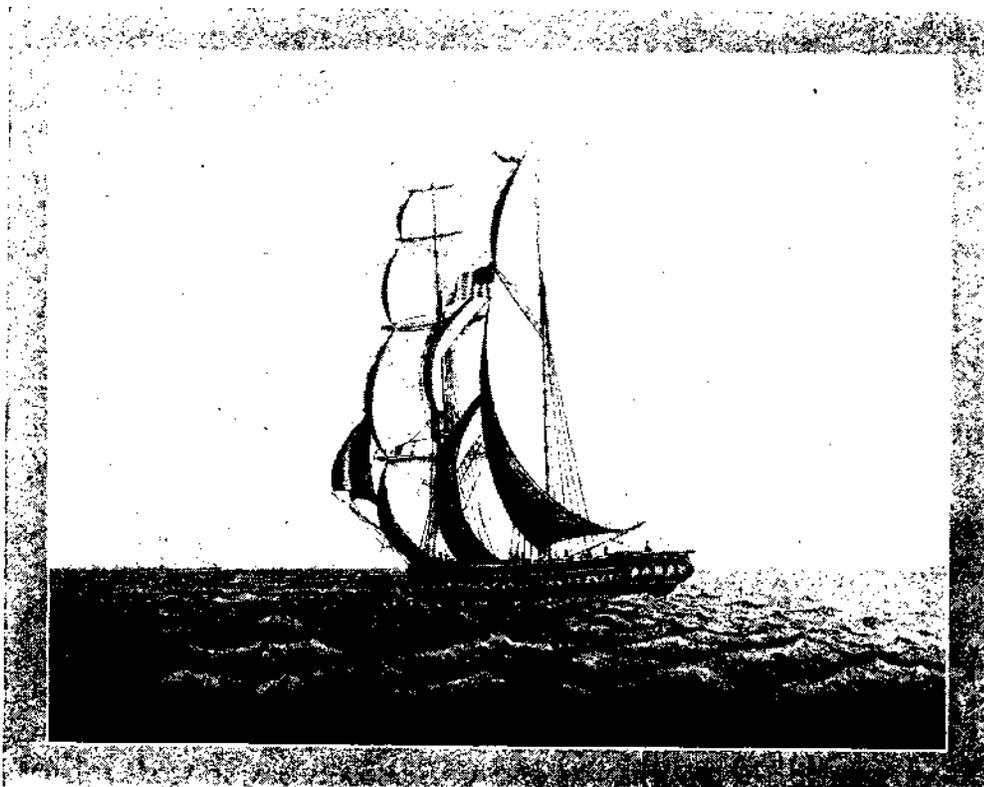
Strange new fashions for Hanalei Bay! The fancy of the chiefs in particular was quickly caught by the novelty of garments, and traders were not slow to stimulate such lucrative desires. Chance visitors, too, looked on covered brown people with distinct approval, little recking the curse of disease that clothing was to bring to those once hardy bodies. It was just at this time, during the summer of 1824, that King Liholiho and his Queen died in London of the foreign disease called measles. When the bodies of their majesties were escorted across two oceans in the British war frigate

Blonde, the author of the account of the voyage remarked as the result of observation:

Were the visit of the Sandwich Island chiefs to England to produce nothing more than the desire of clothing, the benefit to the people would be great indeed. . . . The additional incitement to industry which the desire of clothing affords is of incalculable value in a state of incipient civilization; and for the ladies, . . . we doubt not that their happiness will receive a large increase when gowns and petticoats, caps and bonnets, scarfs and reticules, become the permanent fashions at Oahu, and a weekly assortment of millinery shall find its way to Ahido [Hilo], Karakakua, Lahaina or Tauii.

Mission workers also voiced the sentiment of their day with regard to enclosing the human frame in garments, undisguised admiration marking Mr. Bingham's description of Deborah Kapule's costume on the beach at Hanalei. A greater consideration dominated his thoughts, however, for he proceeded immediately to state that he held evening worship for the various chiefs that day and preached in the open air to a large concourse of chiefs and commoners on the Sabbath. And notwithstanding the bustle and excitement of preparations for salvaging the wreck, not a little attention was paid to instruction, numerous demands for readers and primers were supplied, and four young boys were commissioned as school teachers for the windward side of the island.

The valiant attempt at salvaging the Cleopatra's Barge, a brig of some 190 tons, was a sight one would have gone far to see, reminiscent as it was of the business and ceremonies incident to the making of a canoe for which the trunk of a large tree must be felled by means of fire and stone adzes, and then chipped out hollow, before being hauled by hundreds of hands to the seashore. Quite possible is it that four thousand people were gathered there on Hanalei beach. Swimmers and divers were fetching all that was portable from the ship



*Photograph supplied by Peabody Museum of Salem, through the courtesy of Mr. Francis B. Crowninshield.*

as she lay on her side. Hundreds more were bringing from woods and river bank bundles of stripped hau bark, which others "without machinery of any kind" were working into strong ropes, several thousand yards long. Twelve strands of this were made into a cable, and three stout cables were finally attached to the mainmast of the brig, a few feet above the deck. Along each cable, standing close, and far out into the water, was ranged a great part of the multitude. The picture is inimitable. Mr. Bingham's own words describe it best:

This furnished the most striking specimen of the physical force of the people that I ever saw made by unaided human muscles. . . . They proposed first to roll the vessel over the reef of rocks. . . . An old but spirited chieftain, formerly from Oahu, called Kiimakani, Windwatcher, passed up and down through

the different ranks, and from place to place, repeatedly sung out with prolonged notes, and trumpet tongue, "*Nu - ka - hamau i ka leo*, Be quiet, shut up the voice." To which the people responded, "*Mai pane*, Say nothing." Between the trumpet notes, the old chieftain, with the natural tones and inflections, instructed them to grasp the ropes firmly, rise together at the signal, and leaning inland, to look and draw straight forward, without looking backwards toward the vessel. They being thus marshalled, remained quiet for some minutes, upon their hams.

In the days of sailing ships much of the hauling on the intricate ropes was done to the cadence of old sailor chanteys which have vanished at the approach of steam. So, also, have the ancient meles of Hawaii, prayers for divine aid and means of infusing the swing of rhythm into prolonged muscular effort, old songs of an almost vanished folk disappearing before the steam-roller, as it were, of civilization which would iron every folk out on the same model. Such a prayer of olden days was heard there at Hanalei, chanted by one trained in the art, to swing the waiting multitude into the rhythm of concerted action. It was "an ancient and popular song, used when a tree for a canoe was to be drawn from the mountains to the shore, rehearsed with great rapidity and surprising fluency." And so impressed was young Mr. Bingham by the chant and its effect that he kept a part of it in English version:

Give to me the trunk of the tree, O Lono—  
 Give me the tree's main root, O Lono—  
 Give me the ear of the tree, O Lono.

Hearken by night, and hear by day,  
 O Po-ih-ihi, O Po-aha-aha.  
 Come for the tree, and take to the seaside.

The multitude quietly listening some six or eight minutes, at a particular turn or passage in the song indicating the order to march, rose together, and as the song continued with increasing volubility and force, slowly moved forward in silence; and all

strained their huge ropes, tugging together to heave up the vessel. The brig felt their power, rolled up slowly towards the shore, upon her keel, till her side came firmly against the rock, and there instantly stopped; but the immense team moved on unchecked; and the mainmast broke and fell with its shrouds, being taken off by the cables drawn by unaided muscular strength. The hull instantly rolled back to her former place, and was considered irrecoverable. A large man by the name of Kiu, who had ascended the standing shrouds, being near the main-top when the hull began to move, was seen to come down suddenly with the mast in its fall. Numbers hastened to the wreck, to see the effects of their pull and to look after Kiu. He was found amusing himself swimming about on the seaward side of the wreck, where he had opportunely plunged unhurt, when he was in imminent danger.

For ten years longer, Hanalei remained almost in its pristine state. It was a region of many rivers and heavy rainfall, its great dark mountains crowding close to the sea. Both rivers and ocean furnished good fishing. Most of the numerous thatched houses were clustered makai, near the sea in the curve of the great bay, where less rain fell and yet where there was luxuriant growth of bana-



*Photograph by J. Senda*

EASY MODERN ROADS LEADING DOWN THE CLIFFS OF KALIHAIWAI

nas, breadfruit, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, yams, squashes and pia, or arrowroot. Chickens and pigs, of course, accompanied this domestic economy of the tropics, and cocoanuts were also to be had, but owing to the cold winds from the north and the heavy rainfall, these were very small and of very slow growth. For several of the choicest varieties of taro, the mainstay of life, conditions were excellent, but it was grown less makai near the houses than mauka, along the streams and rivers and terraced far up into the valleys. According to old residents, the natives would go into the valleys to mahiai, or farm, during the day, and return at night to their homes on the beach. Remains of these terraced taro-lands are still to be found far up in the valleys where no one now lives. The great stretch of lowland between the Hanalei and Waioli rivers, now planted to rice fields, was in the old days an undrained swamp.

The visit of a whale-ship was an event long remembered, even in later times. In earlier days such a visit gave a little outlet to trade by bartering supplies. And the arrival of the Waimea missionary on his quarterly tour of the island was anticipated so that his huge, open-air church was often thronged before he appeared. Mr. Gulick's journal records such a tour in 1829 shortly after his appointment to assist Mr. Whitney at the Waimea station. Governor Kaikioewa accompanied him in a canoe as far as Kapaa, but from there he pressed on alone save for attendants. The descent to Kalihi was almost perpendicular, he wrote, in some parts quite so, and even dismounting and leading his horse did not prevent many an abrupt slide. Arrived at Hanalei, Mr. Gulick made his first attempt at preaching in the native language to some twelve hundred hearers. The people told him that they very much wished a kumu, or teacher, to live with them on that side of the island, and so dense was the population that the young mission worker



*From U. S. Exploring Expedition*

*Father Alexander preaching to a Hawaiian congregation in the kukui grove at Koolau in 1840.*

thought three or four large congregations could be assembled along the easterly and northerly shores of Kauai, if ministers could be had to supply them.

Early in 1834 Rev. William P. Alexander, sent by the Protestant mission to survey the field in these distant

sections of the island, concluded that because of the great numbers of people and their eagerness to have a teacher living there where visitors so seldom came, a mission station should be taken in the region of Hanalei Valley. He likewise felt that the "harbor of Manolau," as he called the bay, might develop around it an important commercial center which would increase the population and its needs. Trade did increase somewhat at Hanalei, but by way of the land instead of the sea, for the harbor was too exposed to be advantageous for shipping, as the keen eye of Captain Vancouver had observed forty years before. And as at Koloa settlement, the first grant of plantation land was made the same year as that for the first mission station, at Koloa in 1835, at Hanalei the year before. The reports of Mr. Whitney at Waimea have already mentioned the station at Hanalei, or Waioli, as a branch of that at Waimea. Mr. Whitney was happy to have as his colleague young Mr. Alexander, just returned from the Marquesas Islands. The two were fast friends. After his survey of the field early in 1834, Mr. Alexander brought his wife and small son for a visit at the Whitney home during the summer, while the

Hawaiians were putting up a small thatched house for them near the Waioli river. Late in August Governor Kaikioewa sent a double canoe to Waimea for the little party, which embarked under Mr. Whitney's escort.

To the inhabitants of Hanalei and Waioli the coming of their own kahu, or leader, was a momentous occasion. As leaven from the old established station at Waimea came five members of that church to help organize the new center. Of these the best known and perhaps the most beloved was Davida Papohaku, David Stonewall, one of whose duties was to correct the Hawaiian sermons which Mr. Alexander wrote, with such difficulty at first, even though the earliest of them were "largely made up of quotations from the Bible." In the train of Papohaku alone came seventy-five people; with the other four members as many more, doubtless, in proportion, until they made a little village in themselves, following their leader as in the patriarchal days of Abraham and pitching their tents in his shadow. Near the mouth of the Waioli River they planted their new hamlet of thatched huts, calling it Bethlehem, and Kalema it remained as long as Hawaiians dwelt near the spot.

The mission center of church and school and home pitched its tent a little further mauka near the Waioli river and in the very shadow of the three mountains, Hihimanu, Namolokama and Mamalahoa, on whose precipitous sides waterfalls were almost constantly splashing out of the clouds or the deep blue of distance into the dense green of trees and ferns below. Namolokama, the middle peak, rises more than three thousand feet toward Waialeale, the center of the island, but so close did the Waioli mission houses cling to the base of the mountains that the blue ridge of Namolokama seemed to be the very summit of the island. The mission school at Waioli has long since been merged into the government public school which stands very

near the site of the original thatched schoolhouse just mauka of the church. Home and church, built in 1837 and 1841 under the indefatigable leadership of Father Alexander, look today very much as they did more than three-quarters of a century ago, standing as visible memorials of the work which Fathers and Mothers Alexander, Johnson, Rowell and Wilcox achieved in that valley of Wai-oli, Singing Water. On the occasion of the restoration of these two buildings in 1921 some detail of the history of Waioli Mission was told. Later this story was printed in *The Friend* and likewise presented before the Kauai Historical Society. Given with any measure of completeness it would fill many pages.

Waioli was such an isolated station and so populous that, in 1837, Brother and Sister Johnson, newcomers to the Sandwich Islands, joined the Alexanders at Waioli to take charge of the schools. The Johnsons' new thatched hut served them only for a year or two in that region of deluges during the winter months. Their new frame house, built in 1839 and at first of one story only, stood near the Alexanders' house, just beyond the great banyan tree which has since taken deep root in that old Waioli garden. As the Johnson family grew, so did the

house, until it had added a full second story. About 1890, long after the Johnsons had left Hanalei, the old house was moved bodily to the seaside, where until very recent years it has been a well-known landmark. In 1843 the Alexanders, by rea-

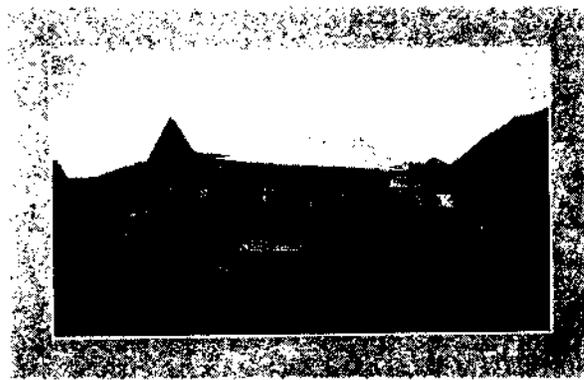


WAIOLI MISSION HOME  
1927

*Built by Father Alexander in 1836 and occupied later by the Rowell and Wilcox families.*

son of ill health, were transferred to mission work at Lahainaluna on Maui, their house and place at the Waioli station being taken by the Rev. George B. Rowell and his wife. On the death of Mr. Whitney, the Rowells, as has already been told, took up the Waimea work in 1846; and that same year the mission teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Abner Wilcox, moved from Waialua on Oahu to Waioli with their four small boys. Mr. Johnson was ordained by his brother ministers of the mission and retained the pastorate at Waioli until his death in 1867, when the first Hawaiian pastor was installed there. And until their deaths in 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox continued their mission work in the valley, Mr. Wilcox as teacher of the Select School for Hawaiian boys from Niihau and Kauai.

This brief chronicle gives nothing of the trials and achievements of that early mission center. It but serves as a reminder of the lives of some of the first white settlers in the Hanalei region. The mission at Hanalei took its name from the lesser stream to the westward, the Waioli river, but the scope of its work embraced the entire northern half of Kauai, as well as the small island of Niihau. Light, thatched structures for school and church were erected by the people in the more important villages throughout this extended parish except at Kilauea, where a beautiful grove of kukui trees formed a cathedral not made with hands. By 1834 texts in the native language were being issued by the Honolulu mission press in large editions, and



THE JOHNSON HOME AT WAIOLI

*About 1890 it was moved to the beach and occupied there for many years by the family of Mrs. Sarah Deverill.*

that very year the first Hawaiian newspaper was sent out from the small printing press at Lahainaluna School on Maui. It was in the nature of a weekly journal with news and lessons for the Sabbath, called *Ka Lama Hawaii*, *The Hawaiian Torch*, and was replaced the following year by a similar paper, *Ke Kumu Hawaii*, *The Hawaiian Teacher*, from the Honolulu press. As the dwellers in and near Hanalei learned to read, they became eager to put down their names on Mr. Alexander's subscription list and his first station report, of 1835, makes the pleased comment that seven hundred were then taking it, many of their fires gleaming out at night from the surrounding mountains, where they were encamped "for the purpose of preparing pia, or arrowroot, to purchase a copy."

Quite apart from its religious significance, the establishment of this mission station had a distinct influence on trade and the manner of trading. Money was an almost unknown commodity, although at points more frequented by whaling ships the coins of many nations were freely current, even to the sharp-cornered pieces of gold to the value of fifty dollars. If a native wished a book, a slate, or his "*Kumu Hawaii*," he brought to the missionary some pia, a bunch of bananas, some taro, sweet potatoes, or oranges, or even a small pig. Contributions on the Sabbath or at "Monthly Concert" were not wont to be deposited on the church table, as in later years, with the clear, ringing tone of metal, but were brought from near and far, Mr. Alexander wrote, "a kapa cloth, a fish, a canoe paddle, the handle for the spade used in cultivating taro, and very rarely a piece of money." A temporary, but very real embarrassment once arose at the Waioli parsonage by heaping payments in dried fish. Did the minister need labor beyond the free-will offering of the church members for the church or school buildings? Did the mission bindery send out an appeal for goatskins when the first edition of the Hawai-

ian Bible came from the press? Payment for all these needs, and many others, was made in cloth, denims and calicoes, in books, and in soap. And as early as 1837 Mr. Alexander reported to the *Missionary Herald* of Boston:



WAIOLI CHURCH  
*Built by Father Alexander in 1841*

The people in our vicinity are now planting cotton, with the governor's approbation, for the purpose of raising funds to build a permanent school house and church and get a bell. I have recently endeavored to instruct the church more particularly in their duty to support the gospel among them. But they can do very little, as they have no money and no means of getting it. . . . Until the government becomes more liberal and encourages industry by securing to the people the fruits of their labor, the people cannot do much to support the gospel.

The same cry of economic restriction goes up here at the other end of the island as was voiced both at Wai-*mea* and *Koloa*. Looking ahead to the time when the great thatched church at *Waioli* would be beyond repair, the practical mind of Mr. Alexander began as early as 1837 to brace his people against the emergency. He did not, indeed, hope for a great stone church, but laid his plans wisely and well for the framed and plastered meetinghouse which still serves the *Waioli* community after ninety years. In addition to raising cotton, seven acres of land were ploughed and planted to sugar cane, although only the crudest methods of extracting the juice existed there at the time. Earlier attempts at making sugar had been tried out, chiefly by sailors and other white men who had drifted into the

community. One of these was a certain Joel Deadman, to whom Governor Kaikioewa granted land and timber on condition that a mill be constructed and the profits divided. Little resulted from this, however, and when it came time for the church people to manufacture their first crop, their pastor was at pains to secure iron try-pots from a chance whaling vessel and to hire the two white carpenters on the island to construct a small wooden mill. Power was furnished by the pastor's horse, lent for the purpose, and the sugar, after being boiled in the try-pots, was "dried in mat bags hung up to drain." Far greater interest was manifested, however, in the erection of the church and the pastor's house than in the founding of a modern industry, perhaps because ancient and familiar methods accompanied the labors of house-building. Most of the able-bodied men spent weeks in the forests above Waioli, hewing out the great timbers. Then the women joined them for the ceremonies of hauling the timbers to the lowlands, according to the memoir of Mr. Alexander by his son James, who was born at Waioli, and great was the excitement in the valley, "when the whole population, with long ropes, with shouts and chanting, dragged the timbers into place." Lime for masonry and plastering was obtained from sea coral. Several hundred dollars were obtained from the sale of that first sugar crop, all of which "was applied to building a school house and paying the carpenters for building the church." Others contributed what they could, among them fifty dollars from Mr. Whitney at Waimea and ninety dollars in kukui nuts from his congregation, thirty-six dollars from Mr. Gulick and twenty from Mr. Titcomb of the Koloa silk enterprise and later of Hanalei.

In the course of time other white settlers were attracted to the fertile and well-watered region of Hanalei and Waioli, among whom the first to undertake a business venture systematically was this same Charles Titcomb of

Koloa. While his interests were frankly commercial, and it was of course essential that his silk worms should be fed on Sunday, as on every other day, it is not true, as has sometimes been alleged, that the missionaries of Hanalei attempted to thwart his industrial efforts. The refutation of this charge is made on the indisputable authority of Mr. G. N. Wilcox, who grew up in one of the two mission homes at Waioli and knows the history of Kauai as it is known to no other living person today. The missionaries at Hanalei, as at Koloa, rejoiced that Hawaiians had now some means of profitable labor by which they could free themselves from the restrictions of the konohiki, or overlord. And while the missionaries regretted that a certain amount of labor was necessary on the Sabbath, it came to be regarded as an inevitable accompaniment of economic change. Mr. Titcomb was a practical Yankee of considerable native ability, a watchmaker by trade, who had reached these islands as a sailor, according to a paper of the Kauai Historical Society, by Elsie H. Wilcox. This article on Hanalei in History presents the early industries and landholdings in that valley, and brings out the interesting evolution of the present rural plantation store in its natural growth from the earlier mission exchange of cloth, books, and other supplies for labor and Hawaiian produce. The valuable record made by Miss Wilcox from documents and oral tradition is a story of experiments, beginning with the pasturing of a few head of cattle there by Richard Charlton in 1831. He was the British consul in Honolulu at that time, and leased, somewhat indefinitely, the slopes between Hanalei and Kalihiwai, the next river-mouth to the eastward. For this twenty-year lease Mr. Charlton was to pay Gov. Kaikioewa 560 boards, an engagement which he never fulfilled, although he continued to occupy the land for fourteen years and then sold it. The courts allowed the lease to continue its full term,

but ruled that Mr. Charlton, having no title to the land, could not sell it, and a compromise was made, more in accordance with the modern system of land tenure, which was then coming into existence. The Charlton cattle ranch was well started, however, by 1840, when the United States Exploring Expedition reported it as having "upwards of 100 head of cattle, thought to be finer here than on any of the other islands." Butter was also exported to the Honolulu market from this first Hanalei ranch.

A variety of produce was observed in Hanalei by this official Exploring Expedition. Sugar cane grew spontaneously, had apparently been brought by the early Hawaiian navigators, since it was even in Captain Cook's time as much the accompaniment of any native habitation as taro or pigs, and, like them also, was found growing wild in many valleys. Early experiments in sugar manufacture at Waioli mission have already been mentioned, as also the raising of cotton by the church members, although this latter crop could have availed them but little in the valley of Singing Water. Indigo was also a luxuriant crop, but little used. And when on, or even perhaps before, the blighting of his mulberry trees at Koloa, Mr. Titcomb started cuttings in the Hanalei river bottom, a prodigiously rapid growth was the result, even also as ratoons. Mr. Jarves states that Mr. Titcomb had obtained his lease of Hanalei river lands from the king as early as 1838. A fairly good quality and quantity of silk was soon produced, the Hawaiian women proving skilful in the art of reeling the delicate threads from the tiny cocoons, and the first export was made in 1844, but profits were too slow to warrant the necessary outlay of capital. Securing berries from the Kona fields of Messrs. Hall and Cummings, Mr. Titcomb gradually replaced his mulberry orchards with coffee

plants, and thus opened direct competition with his immediate neighbors.

These were an Englishman, Godfrey Rhodes, and a Frenchman, John Bernard, who in 1842 had started Hanalei's third commercial enterprise and first venture in coffee. They obtained a lease from the government for fifty years, on two parcels of land, ninety acres east and sixty acres west of the river, and there started a coffee plantation. This was a new industry for Kauai, although coffee berries had been brought to Honolulu from Brazil in 1825 on the British frigate *Blonde*, and a few plants had then been started in Manoa Valley on Oahu. Four or five years later the missionaries at Hilo and other planters in Kona on the island of Hawaii had begun to grow coffee around their houses, but it was from the original source in Manoa Valley that the seed and young



*Photograph by J. Senda*

#### HANALEI MOUNTAINS AND RIVER VALLEY

*Today a graded road leads down the bluff to a modern bridge,  
and the shining river winds among broad fields of rice.*

plants were obtained for Hanalei. By 1846 the Rhodes and Company Coffee Plantation covered seven hundred and fifty acres, so that the two plantations counted over one hundred thousand trees and "a great part of the valley, at least to the extent of a thousand acres, was under cultivation in coffee at this time." For the twelve months from July, 1850, to June, 1851, according to the record of the Agricultural Society inaugurated that year in Honolulu, Hanalei exported 21,298 pounds of coffee, 39 barrels of Irish potatoes, and 20 head of cattle, at a total value of \$2,744.08. This was as manifested at Honolulu only, yet the list has considerable significance.

Mr. Rhodes' coffee mill stood a little above the present bridge, on the slope of the east bank of the river. In those days no bridge existed, beyond the old scow that ferried people across. The home built by Mr. Rhodes was a small stone house of two rooms at Kikiula, on the hill above the bridge, where its ruins may still be found. Its garden contained a rarity in those days, a tree of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, brought from England in 1846 by Mr. Thomas Brown, whose wife was a sister of Mr. Rhodes. One may still see along the river bank some of the weeping willow trees brought from Napoleon's tomb on the island of St. Helena, also by Mr. Brown, who was a professional horticulturist. From the garden of the Rhodes home on the hill, where the beds were bordered with a rare plant called the pineapple, there was a beautiful view out across this matchless valley, with the quiet river winding among acres of coffee trees, which in the early spring of the year burst into a fragrant white sea of bloom worth going far to look upon.

On the bluff of Lanihuli, overlooking the ocean, lived for forty years Captain Kellett, an Englishman, who was pilot of the port and had come to Hanalei as a sailor, probably in 1836. He built the quaint, rambling house at Lanihuli, now, alas, almost in ruins, but in the old days

quite commodious enough for two families. Captain Kellett died in 1877 and was buried there at Lanihuli. The house is still known as the old Kellett house. According to articles of the Kauai Historical Society by Mrs. Josephine Wundenberg King and Miss Elsie H. Wilcox, many Hanalei families shared this home, renting the makai, or seaward, half of it at different times. Among these were the Dudoit family, the Rhodes, the Wundenbergs, and later Mr. Wyllie. Captain Jules Dudoit was the first French consul at Honolulu, serving from 1837 to 1848. He had come out to the islands on the same ship with Mrs. Peter Corney and her two daughters from England, who were to join Mr. Corney on the Northwest Coast, now British Columbia. That veteran trader died, however, in 1836 on board the bark Columbia on his way thither. Mrs. Corney settled in Honolulu and one of her daughters became Mrs. Jules Dudoit. In 1845, three years before his retirement as consul, Mr. Dudoit purchased the Charlton lease on grazing lands in the Hanalei uplands, and in 1848 came to superintend his ranch personally. In February of 1850 the trading schooner Samuel Roberts lay in the bay of Hanalei for several days. Albert Lyman of Connecticut, part owner in her, visited most of the Hanalei families and noted in his printed account of the voyage that the beautiful valley presented an ideal spot for retirement "into entire seclusion from the noise and strife of the world." A creature comfort is likewise detailed:

. . . . . We every day procure a bucket of the most delicious rich and new milk from the estate of Mr. Dudaver [Dudoit], on which he has about 1800 head of fine cattle. Milk is a most acceptable article on board, and a rare treat for us all.

Comparing this estimate with that of 100 head of cattle in 1840 for this same ranch, a steady advance is noticeable during the first ten years. Captain Dudoit owned the John Dunlap, a brig which plied between Hanalei and



THE HAENA COAST

*Photograph by J. Senda*

Honolulu, carrying cattle and salt beef from the ranch. At the expiration of the lease Captain Dudoit secured a grant of land from the king in the Koolau district to the eastward, where he lived with his family for over ten years, employed in dairy farming. Attempts at other trades and industries were likewise made during the years of 1840 and 1850 in the valley of Hanalei. The governor of the island was interested in sheep there, and with him was associated an American named Joseph Gardner, who conducted a small woolen factory at Waioli as one of his perquisites for the care of the sheep. A good loom was in operation, with a spring shuttle, and several spinning wheels. In 1847 the king, Kamehameha III, was presented with "a plaid-figured blanket" woven from the wool of Kauai sheep. And one of the first premiums given by the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society in Honolulu was a silver medal awarded in 1851, the report states, for "twenty yards of woolen cloth, the

sheep raised, and the wool shorn and woven by Joseph Gardener of Kauai."

Tobacco was also tried commercially at Hanalei before the planters were forced out by pests. This crop had been a common one in a small way around native houses ever since it had been first sown in the islands in 1813 by Francisco de Paula Marin, the Spaniard called Manini, who had arrived before the time of Vancouver and had introduced a great number of plants and trees. At Hanalei two young planters, Messrs. Archer and Wundenberg, attempted tobacco planting in 1851, with some success, at Limunui, two miles or more up the broad windings of the river. Messrs. Bucholz and Gruben also raised several tobacco crops at Hanalei before being driven by the depredations of the cutworm to try their luck at Kekaha, on the south side of the island. For a short time prospects for tobacco were favorable. In 1852 Chief Justice William L. Lee of Honolulu, whose duties called him to nearly every part of the kingdom, reported during the course of his third presidential address to the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society that the Hanalei planters were ready to manufacture 200,000 of the best Hawaiian cigars. The following year seeds of Cuban and American grades were distributed among the various planters, but tobacco has not proven itself a crop of permanent commercial value in the islands.

In early days the broad district now known as Hanalei was designated as Halelea, the name which now covers only the mauka stretches and in particular the Forest Reserve. Mr. Alexander's first reports, for instance, mention the district consistently as Halelea. And the account of the United States Exploring Expedition which visited there in 1840 makes no use whatever of the name Hanalei, but applies *Halelea* to both the river and the district, incidentally adding its primitive and still very appropriate significance. An interesting comment is likewise made on

some of the beautiful work of the Hawaiian women, as quick, as are other daughters of Eve the world over, to sense innovations in fashions and to adapt their handiwork and matters of personal adornment to the prevailing modes. These early visitors in the valley also remarked the luxuriant growth of many vegetables and fruits, and the raising of live stock.

. . . . Goats, hogs, and poultry of all kinds are raised, but there is no market nearer than Koloa or Oahu for their sale; these, whenever possible, are resorted to. . . . The inhabitants never suffer from heat, and the rains are so frequent as to clothe the country in perpetual green. It rains nearly nine months in the year, and from the rainbows formed by these passing showers, it has obtained its name, which signifies the land or place of rainbows, Halelea. A few days of dry weather are quite unusual. . . . Our gentlemen made several excursions back of Halelea with Mr.

Alexander, and endeavoured to ascend the peaks; but the rain prevented their doing so.

On the first of November they attended Mr. Alexander's church. The congregation consisted of about four hundred. They were all much struck with the dress of the native women, its unusual neatness and becoming appearance. It seemed remarkable that so many of them should be clothed in foreign manufacture, and that apparently of an expensive kind; but on a

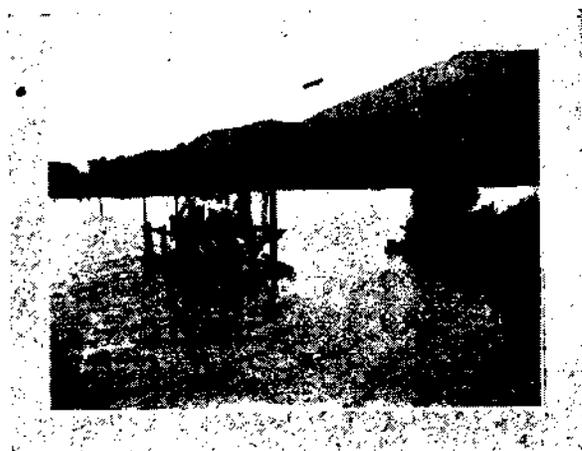


FORDING WAINIHA RIVER

*Its only crossing as late as 1900*

closer examination, the dresses proved to be tapas, printed in imitation of merino shawls, ribands and the like.

Remote as this pleasant, winding valley may seem from regular marts of trade and more favored ports of call, yet one of the first stores on the island was conducted in Hanalei on the west bank of the river near its mouth. This enterprise, undertaken during the early years of 1840 and a novelty in more ways than one, might have been lost sight of, together with many other interesting facts, but for the history of Hanalei by Elsie H. Wilcox. An Englishman named Hubertson arrived with a shipload of goods and, assisted by his Chinese wife, set up a shop which attracted purchasers from all over the island. An auction sale finally wound up the venture, which proved to be short-lived, and the building was converted into a packing house for oranges. Natives brought the luscious fruit in net bags from Hanalei and the adjoining valleys to the westward, Lumahai and Wainiha, where descendants of Vancouver's citrus trees throve and bore abundantly. Schooners practically empty would come from the California coast and return directly thither, laden with oranges packed in straw. Potatoes and Hawaiian wheat flour were likewise shipped from Maui ports to the gold-seekers who flocked to California in such numbers that luxuries like fruit and vegetables, and even such a staple as



LUMAHAI RIVER

*Until 1900 this ferry was used there and a large thatched house was still to be seen on the farther bank.*

white flour, were eagerly paid for, to the great inconvenience of their Hawaiian neighbors, "in gold Mexican slugs worth fifty dollars apiece."

On the river bank near the site of this first Hanalei trading store still stands a modest little wooden church attended by its high, slender belfry. This is the Roman Catholic chapel, built in 1864. Its quaint bell tower, however, was added as much as thirty-five years later by Father Sylvester, who more than any other of the Kauai priests made Hanalei his home and was urged on to this embellishment of the chapel by the zeal of his colleague, Father Matthias, who was disturbed to find "the parsonage much nicer than the church." These details of the little old chapel have been gleaned by Father Reginald Yzendoorn, and do not appear in his able History of the Roman Catholic Mission in Hawaii, which was published in 1927 as a contribution to the Centenary of the founding of that mission. As has already been related, the mission of Saint Raphael the Archangel was established by Father Walsh at Koloa in 1841. Hanalei was never much of a Catholic mission center, but at Moloaa, the meandering valley some twelve miles to the east of Hanalei, a school was conducted where the Hawaiian children were taught to spin while reciting their lessons. Here, at Moloaa, the stone church of St. Stephen's was built, sixty-two feet by twenty-one, as early as 1854. While no actual persecution took place, as in earlier years on Oahu, there was some determined opposition to the Catholics on Kauai and Niihau. Yet their local record for 1864, sent on to the Holy Father at Rome, reads in translation from the French:

At Moloaa, the habitual residence of Father Denis, the Faith has made consoling progress this year. Services are well attended; slothful Christians have come back to their duties, and Protestants have been converted. . . .

The blessing of a chapel at Hanalei took place on October

3rd. Hanalei is the finest bay of the Sandwich Islands. There, near a river, on a charming site, on a piece of land given by a Catholic Englishman, our new little chapel has been erected. Brother Arsene Bernat, who built this little sanctuary with much taste, has also constructed a little house for the priest. The chapel we have blessed is dedicated to Saint Maxime, the Patron Saint of M. Desnoyers, French consul at Honolulu.

This little church plot of considerably more than an acre had been owned by one of the first settlers in Hanalei, one John Brosseau, a Frenchman. In 1850 it was bought by Henry Rhodes, brother of Captain Godfrey Rhodes, and ten years later was deeded to the Catholic Mission by Godfrey Rhodes and his wife Anna Louisa "out of the love and veneration borne to their Mother the Church." Godfrey Rhodes was a sea captain who had first arrived in the islands as early, it is said, as 1830. Later he commanded the historic bark *Clementine*, owned by Jules Dudoit of Honolulu, who in 1837 became French consul there. It was doubtless this previous association on Oahu which brought these two pioneer settlers together again at Hanalei. Captain Rhodes, known affectionately among the Hawaiians as "Kapena Loke", made a number of voyages to the Northwest Coast and to South America, and, having a fluent command of French, is said to have become converted to the Roman Catholic faith on board the schooner which transported the Catholic fathers, under edict of banishment, from the Hawaiian Islands in 1837.

One of the best-known families of early days in Hanalei was that of Mr. G. F. Wundenberg. He and Judge Widemann of Lihue had been boyhood friends in the town of Hildesheim in Germany. Mr. Wundenberg came to the islands in 1843 and for a short time was the secretary of Minister Wyllie in Honolulu. With Mr. Archer he very soon went into raising coffee at Kuna on the Hanalei river, about two miles above the present bridge.



*Photograph by H. L. Chase*

HANALEI GIRLS OF 1867

*In the center Josephine Wundenberg; on her left her sister Anna; on her right Julia Johnson of Waioli Mission.*

In 1845 he married Miss Ann Moorea Henry, daughter of an English missionary in Tahiti. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Rowell of Waioli Mission and the bride and groom set off on horseback up the river trail on a dark, rainy night to pioneer life in their small thatched house. Within a year or two the Wundenbergs moved down the river nearer the ferry crossing, which was somewhat above the present bridge. Here at Limunui they built a small wooden house on the west side of the river opposite the

Rhodes coffee mill, and Mr. Wundenberg planted coffee and potatoes, subleasing land from Mr. Rhodes. Another commercial venture, somewhat farther afield, was made by Mr. Wundenberg in company with Messrs. Titcomb and Widemann late in 1848, when the three gentlemen left their families on Kauai and proceeded to join the gold rush to California. The net result seems to have been chiefly in the realm of experience, for it was not long before all three had returned to their former agricultural pursuits. One of the Wundenberg daughters, Mrs. Jose-

phine King, gave to the Kauai Historical Society her memories of girlhood days spent in that happy valley. Only a few of these vivid, pioneer pictures can be reproduced here. One which she often drew in talking to her grandchildren was that of herself and her small sister seated in big calabashes slung in nets, one on either side of a horse, going a-journeying far from home:

My earliest recollections are of gathering mulberries on the banks of the river with my sister and our old Hawaiian nurse, Poopuu. Mother used mulberries a great deal for puddings, preserves, and pies. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Rhodes lived at Kikiula while we lived at Limanui, and I remember going across the river in a canoe paddled by my mother to visit at their home. We always returned laden with red cottage roses and heliotrope. The orange-red lily, amaryllis, so common now on Kauai, was first raised in Hanalei and grew in large quantities in Mrs. Rhodes' garden with many flowers that we never see now.

We left Hanalei for Honolulu some time in 1853, but returned again in two years' time. Mr. Wyllie had bought the coffee interests there and given father the management of the place. We went down on the little sloop Sally. She was a fine sailer, but with my sister Mary only a year old, we were glad to get on shore and go up to Mr. Kellett's house at Lanihuli to stay until Mr. Rhodes was ready to give my father possession of the manager's house.

Father added a wooden clapboard structure to the stone house that the Rhodes had built, and put on a top story. The house was painted white and the roof red, as were all the shingled buildings. The red material was a clay found in the hills near by, which wore well when mixed with a little lime. Water was led into the yard by bamboo troughs from a spring in the ravine back of the house. Father had a tin-lined box placed on the roof over the bath room with a purchase for letting water down through a perforated tin for a shower. A ladder led up to the roof and it was the yard man's job to keep it filled with water by bucket. Our servants were all Hawaiians, except Koka, a Chinese steward, who was a very superior man. He afterwards married a Hawaiian wife, and kept a store on the hill at Lanihuli.

Father planted a Castilian rose hedge along the side of the garden next to the road. This, when covered with its sweet-scented pink flowers, was one of the things Hanalei was famous for, together with the white starry blossoms of the coffee trees, like snow on the drooping branches and delighting the eye for nearly a mile along the river bank. Mother raised quantities of vegetables in her gardens, among them very fine asparagus, fertilized with the pulp from the coffee mill. We had the Tahitian banana, called the Chinese banana now, because the Chinamen have cultivated it so much. We had a delicious little Tahitian pineapple, whose core is not hard as in the other varieties. We always had lots of chickens and turkeys that roosted in the trees and foraged for themselves, but fresh beef was scarce. Mother kept some in pickle most of the time, of her own corning, also hams, bacon, and sausages, of her own curing. She used the nuts of the Hala tree for burning in the smoke house which gave the hams a fine flavor.



PRINCEVILLE PLANTATION

*A pencil sketch by Josephine Wundenberg in 1867, showing her home in the foreground, surrounding cottages, and the mill beyond the river bend.*

One of the old-timers was Charley Griffiths, a seafaring man who lived at Wailua with the Browns till they left in 1852. Then he came to Kikiula as general utility man. He made a little koa rocking chair for my sister Lina. He made raincoats of oiled twilled cotton. He made horse whips from hides, and ivory handles from whales' teeth. He was a blacksmith, and although we did not shoe our horses in those days, there were plows to mend and harness to repair. Our house at Limunui was taken down, moved across the river and rebuilt into a little two-roomed cottage for Charley Griffiths on the knoll where the path passes to the sugar mill.

It was one of our delights to visit the old man in his den and hear him tell wonderful tales of his sea life. Once he gave us a colored picture of the Virgin Mary in a frame he had made. We hung it in our schoolroom and shocked the Johnson girls by having a Catholic picture in our house. Lizzie Johnson came up to Kikiula one year to give us a little book-learning. Our little world seemed to widen then, and life took on new interests for the little kua-ainas, country children. It was a gala day when we went to spend the day at the mission, either the Wilcox's or the Johnson's. We would be rowed in our boat as far as Titcomb's landing, and then walk the other mile.

Another of our friends was Mr. Archibald Archer, an engineer of Scotch-Norwegian birth, who had formerly been with father and used to come over sometimes from Pokii, Kekaha, to help with the machinery at the mill. There was always a room ready for him at our house. He was a great reader, and always gave us children books for Christmas and birthdays. Once when I had trapped some little red birds with bread-fruit gum, as the Hawaiian children did, Mr. Archer gave me a great scolding and made me let the birds go free.

Mr. Widemann was a frequent visitor at our house. He and father were old friends in Germany. One day he visited "my studio", our rainy day play room under one of the houses, where we colored pictures with brushes made of bits of stick softened at one end and colors taken from our toys which came from Sydney. After that Mr. Widemann gave me my first box of drawing pencils and water colors. Mother received many of her household goods from the colonies in those days, clothes and pre-



*By Courtesy of the Daughters of Hawaii*

*Kamehameha IV*

KAMEHAMEHA IV IN 1858

serves, and even honey in bottles, the finest I have ever eaten. Books came too from our grandparents, and shoes for dress occasions, but our every-day shoes were made by Johnnie Mitchell who lived at Moloaa and later had a tannery near the stony brook at Kilauea.

In 1859 mother took her family of children on a visit to the Widemann's in Lihue. We rode on horseback as far as Kealia, where we were met by a man with the Great Eastern, a huge covered wagon drawn by four horses. We got into the quick-

sands crossing the Kealia river, but the horses soon pulled us out safely. The Wailua river was crossed by a ferry, I think. There were ferry scows at Hanalei and Kalihiwai too, and I never liked crossing on them on horseback, because the horses were always nervous. In the very old times natives paddled people across in canoes and swam our horses over for us.

When we arrived at Mr. Widemann's place at Grove Farm in Lihue we found plenty of house room, under a thatched roof, and long verandas. It was a windy place, and very barren, with no shade trees or plants about. We visited the Hardys at Malu-malu and the Rices at Koamalu. The red and rose-scented geraniums around Mrs. Rice's house and the big kukui trees impressed us with that lovely home. I had been there once before when the Marshalls lived there, but only remember Mrs. Marshall and the little toy flat iron which she gave to my sister Anna.

How events stand out in the recollection of a child so isolated, as it seems nowadays, from groups of other children, and how clearly the camera of memory has stamped detail and outline! One very great occasion in that far-away childhood was the visit of the King, Kamehameha IV, with good Queen Emma and the little two-year-old prince, Albert Edward Kauikeaouli. The royal party were the guests of Minister Wyllie, that distinguished Scotchman who held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs under three kings, Kamehameha III, IV, and V, and lies buried with them in the Royal Mausoleum. While acting as British consul in Honolulu in 1844, Mr. Wyllie had published detailed notes on social, economic, and agricultural conditions on all the islands, in whose welfare he became at once keenly interested. In 1853 he bought the Crown lands at Hanalei which were leased by the Rhodes Coffee Plantation, and two years later Captain Rhodes sold out his financial interest in it to Mr. Wyllie. After the visit of the royal personages at Hanalei in 1860, Mr. Titcomb's plantation became known as Emmasville and Mr. Wyllie's as Princeville Plantation, in honor of the event. And Princeville is the name which persists to this day as the title of the estate.

So likewise to the day of her death did little Josephine Wundenberg, who was twelve years old at the time, retain indelible impressions of the royal visitors. Mr. Wyllie rented half of the Kelletts' house on the hill at Lanihuli as a sort of summer residence, keeping the Chinese steward, Koka, trained by Mrs. Wundenberg, to care for guests who might chance to come when Mr. Wyllie was detained by his official duties in Honolulu. But the arrival of the king and queen themselves demanded host and hostess as well, and the Wundenbergs in the old plantation house at Kikiula played the part in Mr. Wyllie's stead. Madame Namakeha, the nurse of

the little prince, was also of the royal party. She afterward came to the throne as Queen Kapiolani, consort of King Kalakaua, and Mrs. Josephine Wundenberg King, then in her own home in Honolulu, had many a happy laugh with Her Majesty over her own childish pranks, such as putting sand in Madame's special pink poi and hiding her shoes in a tree. Then there was the little Hawaiian flag she helped Josephine to make so that she could fly it on her own flagstaff at the stern of her river boat. There were the pillow fights every evening with Queen Emma, and there was the King dressing himself as a ghost. There were boating and picnic parties up the river. And, in after years, there were thoughts of how

difficult it must have been for Mother to house and feed the royal visitants, with their truly royal retinue.

The following year, 1861, another and almost royal visitor sojourned at the Kikiula home in the person of Lady Jane Franklin, who for ten years had spent freely of herself and her fortune in attempts to rescue her husband after his fatal expedition in search of the Northwest Passage. About fourteen years before Lady Frank-



*By Courtesy of H. Digby Sloggett*

*The signature of Queen Emma is taken from Maria Rice's guest book at Koamalu in 1860.*

lin's visit, Hanalei had first made contact with the Franklin expedition when Her British Majesty's ship *Enterprise*, sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, had wintered in the bay. In 1861, Lady Franklin, as Mr. Wyllie's guest, was writing and resting at Princeville, and although all hope of her husband's rescue had at length been abandoned, she used often to wander over to the brow of the hill and watch for sails from the north. Her favorite spot overlooking the bay was specially designated by Mr. Wyllie as her own, and was known as the Crow's Nest, after the sailor's lookout on the mast. She would sometimes allow the little Wundenberg girls to go walking with her, resting frequently to entertain them with tales of the Norman Kings, while the children were diligently employed in picking the kukus, sharp burrs, out of her long and trailing skirts.

In 1862 the Princeville plantation, following Mr. Titcomb's lead, was converted from coffee to sugar and the face of the river valley took on a materially different aspect. Mr. Wyllie added the two ahupuaas, land divisions, of Kalihikai and Kalihiwai, to his Princeville estate, and sent to Glasgow for his sugar mill. He re-christened his trading schooner *The Prince of Hawaii*, with the Hawaiian coat-of-arms emblazoned on the stern of the vessel and on the wall of the cabin. The



*By Courtesy of the Daughters of Hawaii*

THE LITTLE PRINCE OF HAWAII  
*In his favorite uniform as No. 4 Fire-  
 man with a red shirt.*

new sugar mill was built on the flat land of the river bank under the bluff and below the present bridge, where the old stone smokestack stood until very recent years as a familiar landmark. After harvesting the first crop of cane in 1863, Mr. Wundenberg took his family to Honolulu to live. The next year he was followed at Princeville for a short time by his friend, Mr. Widemann of Lihue, as manager, and he in turn by Mr. John Low. Prospects for sugar looked bright, and at least five others made attempts at growing cane in different sections of the valley, one of them even developing a small plantation near the little Waipa river on the western arm of the bay.

It is of not a little interest and value to trace the sources of the radical change which a few years had wrought in this valley of experiment. In 1847 torrential floods of rain had done great damage to the coffee trees. The three years following were full of difficulties owing to shortage of labor, brought on by fatal epidemics of disease and by the California gold rush. In 1851 and 1852 there occurred an unprecedented drought in the valley of Laughing Water, and upon the heels of all these disasters there followed a destructive blight which affected the coffee trees on all the islands. Never was Mr. Titcomb's thrift and foresight more in evidence than in this devastating emergency. He had already made experiments in the growing of sugar cane and now began rooting up his thousands of dead coffee trees to use as fuel. The editor of *The Friend*, who visited the Wundenbergs in the summer of 1860, remarked the sad change:

The coffee blight has entirely covered the two Hanalei plantations which in the spring of 1857 we saw in full and successful culture, yielding 200,000 pounds of excellent coffee. It was sad to witness the contrast. Then scores of women and children were busy picking the ripe berries, and depositing their gatherings

at night at the overseer's office, but now all was silent. Not a gatherer was abroad, and we saw laborers bringing in coffee trees upon their shoulders, to heat the fires under the sugar boilers of Mr. Titcomb.

This small mill at first consisted simply of rollers turned by four or five horses, a primitive system which was little by little improved. Foremost in enterprise, Mr. Titcomb was the prime mover in introducing the Tahitian variety of cane, which for so many years was the backbone of the industry. The whaling captain entrusted with the importation of this new cane chanced to make port at Lahaina, whence the samples were distributed throughout the islands. Hence the name, Lahaina cane, for that staple variety which was in reality from Tahiti.

Presentiments of the probable lack of "hands" to help plant, cultivate and harvest these various crops had begun to be felt as early as 1850 and were undoubtedly moving factors in founding the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society that year, for a committee was at once appointed to charter a vessel for the purpose of importing Chinese coolie laborers under contracts based on the indentures used in employing seamen. The loss of the vessel caused at least a year's delay, which, Mr. Rhodes thought, gave the Hawaiian laborers opportunity to ask exorbitant wages. In his Kauai report to the Agricultural Society for the year 1851, Mr. Rhodes stated that laborers were demanding one dollar a day and as much as eighteen dollars for breaking in a pair of steers. And so indifferent had the Hawaiians grown to the advantages of day labor that some had refused to work even at four dollars a day. Despite this fact, however, the coffee plantation of Mr. Titcomb at Hanalei was reported, just before the drought, as in excellent order and always a model of good management and thrift. Those of Messrs. Hunt and Rhodes, and Archer and Wundenberg should

yield seventy tons, but lack of labor would reduce the crop to one-third of that amount. An interesting comment was made also on the Kauai roads, which had been much improved under the supervision of foreigners. Government appropriation would render them tolerably good for traveling on horseback, and in a few years the whole distance between Hanalei and Waimea would be traversed, it was hoped, by a good carriage road.

By 1852 there was unfeigned satisfaction over some two hundred Chinese coolies who had arrived in January and had been apportioned out to the different planters. Mr. Titcomb's experience was that the Chinese took much more pains in cleaning the coffee and in everything they did, although the native Hawaiians were stronger for such employments as working in the water or getting timber from the mountains. In Mr. Rhodes' report for

Hanalei and vicinity in 1853 the question of labor forges distinctly toward the front of the agricultural stage.

Mr. Titcomb's Coffee Plantation is in fine order, and he expects a large crop, of perhaps 80 to 100 M. lbs. He has lately cleared more land for planting; his plantation is compact, and well managed. I believe he is satisfied with his coolies. He has a number of natives engaged, but has difficulty in making them fulfil their agreements.



THE OLD SCOW AT KALIHUWAI

Our own plantation is thriving, although a number of years must elapse before it re-attains the prosperous state it was in in 1849 and 1850, when our natives all left us, smitten with the California fever. I am very well satisfied with the coolies, and much prefer them as laborers.

Mr. Dudoit, at Kilauea, has a fine field of corn about 15 acres. He has found that it succeeds and is now going on a much larger scale; he has no coolies, and I believe experiences much annoyance from the caprices of the natives. He has packed a large quantity of Beef for the Honolulu market.

The new firm at Koolau, Messrs. Standefer and Deeren, is I believe the first of the kind on the islands. They have 600 acres of land rented, and have already in cultivation 25 acres of corn, 10 acres of sweet potatoes, 8 acres of beans. They have no difficulty in obtaining laborers at 25c per day; they have 12 men engaged by the year. Much of their corn has been destroyed by the worms. In another year they expect larger crops, and intend to enlarge their operations. Koolau is a beautiful district and there is space sufficient for several farms there, but for extensive cultivation, I feel convinced that foreign labor is necessary.

Mr. Wundenberg reported for this same year, 1853, on his attempts at raising fruits and vegetables. Orange trees do well at Hanalei, he writes, after the fruiting age, but the difficulty is to get them that far. Branches on trees a year old begin to decay, although the main stem seems healthy. The best method discovered both by Mr. Archer and himself has been to leave the young trees entirely alone, without pruning or weeding, for trees quite overgrown by grass have been found to be far more healthy than those "on which all possible care has been bestowed. Seedlings require at least ten years before bearing. The lime is hardier and bears in five years' time. The Tahitian lime has never been known to bear in Hanalei." In 1848 Mr. Wundenberg had planted the first Tahitian vi tree there. He also had the Mapee or Tahitian chestnut, growing, with peaches, loquats and figs. His attempts at starting the Chirimoya, or custard



## MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA

*The old tree at Princeville Plantation brought from England by Thomas Brown in 1846. A photograph of Manager Koelling with his family and friends about 1890.*

apple, had failed, whereas Mr. Wilcox, the mission teacher at Waioli, had succeeded by planting his Chirimoya in a spot where Hawaiians had previously had an imu, or ground oven. Mr. Wundenberg had started dates, cacao, guavas of the common, sour and white varieties, and as early as 1847 the tamarind, which had first bloomed five years later. He had also tried breadfruit, but had succeeded only by planting during a very wet season. Papaya or papaa apple do well, he writes, also bananas and plantains, pineapples, strawberries and even grapes, although better in a dry climate. Both Irish and Sweet Potatoes are found to thrive, although if not constantly cut back, they run to immense vines and bear no fruit. In the matter of vegetables, there is a great va-

riety doing well, although it takes time to keep down the weeds. Cabbages never go to seed, but are propagated from the suckers. Pumpkins, melons and squashes, especially the crook-necked, do well; also vegetable marrow, cucumbers, carrots, lettuce, endive, tomatoes, peas, peanuts, turnips, onions and shallots. For the making of sausages it has been found necessary, and quite feasible, to grow such savory herbs as sage, marjoram, thyme, parsley and celery.

It is a long list of experiments, astonishingly so when one recalls the handicaps of those early days, the lack of precedent and the difficulties in obtaining fresh seeds. Nor was competition backward in proving itself an adversary to be reckoned with. In 1852 Irish potatoes constituted the largest export from the islands to California, but two years later the Hawaiian planters "were eating potatoes from California of better quality and less price." By the process of the survival of the fittest, sugar was becoming Hawaii's staple product. Yet even that finally proved unsuited to the cool, wet climate of Hanalei. Mr. Titcomb, in the lead as usual, sold the Emmasville Plantation of over seven hundred acres to Mr. Wyllie in 1863 and moved to Kilauea, further to the eastward on the Kauai shore. Here he bought the Kilauea land grant from the king and established himself in cattle ranching. He built himself a house, which until very recently was used as the Kilauea plantation hospital; and when Mr. Widemann came to Hanalei in 1864, Mr. Titcomb secured his herd of cattle from Grove Farm. Changes took place on Princeville Plantation also. Mr. Wyllie had hoped to train in a nephew to the management and inheritance of the estate, but the young man became despondent and attempted suicide. It was on this occasion, in February of 1866, that Dr. Smith, of Koloa, made his sensational ride to Hanalei, covering the forty-five-mile trail, with relays of saddle horses, in three hours.

Medical help also had time to arrive from Honolulu, but proved of no avail. Shortly before this Mr. Wyllie himself had died, in 1865, leaving his estate heavily encumbered. Princeville Plantation changed hands many times until 1893, when C. Brewer and Company, its agents, sold the last crop of sugar, of nearly 500 tons, to a Chinese planter. Laborers from China had come to be employed



*R. C. Wyllie  
Laird of Elazellbank*

*The signature is from Maria Rice's guest book.*

almost exclusively and the story is still told of threatened mutiny among them, when rows of rifles were kept stacked for a long time in the hallway of the old Kikiula house. This military display seems to have served its purpose, however, for neither Manager Low nor Manager Conradt was ever obliged to resort to arms. After the sale of the last sugar crop, the arable land in the valley was rented out to Chinese rice planters and to this day the blowing of their old conch shell may be heard there of an early morning and at harvest season the popping of their

shotguns to frighten off rice birds. Many Japanese, and even Koreans and Filipinos, now farm the rice fields of Hanalei's broad acres. After sugar was abandoned, the uplands of the valley were converted into a cattle ranch by A. S. Wilcox, the purchaser of Princeville Plantation.

At Kilauea considerable progress was being made in farming and dairying. In 1853 a new provision firm for supplying whaling vessels was reported in the Koolau region, that of Standefer and Deeren, with six hundred acres in corn, sweet potatoes, and beans. Capt. Dudoit and Mr. Titcomb of Hanalei also met with considerable success at Kilauea, but the former moved his family to Honolulu in 1862. Both Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb lie buried at the Kilauea homestead. The ranch had been sold in 1877, as the nucleus of the Kilauea sugar plantation, to Capt. Ross and Mr. E. P. Adams of Hanalei. These two gentlemen had become discouraged with the struggles in sugar at Princeville and were attempting the somewhat drier climate to the eastward. Today as one travels along the uplands of Kilauea, Moloaa, and Anahola, neatly ridged pineapple fields stretch away for miles toward the sea and up into the foothills. Seventy or eighty years ago not even sugar had been attempted at Kilauea, and one saw only a few cattle, and passed now and then, near the streams, clusters of thatched houses, with patches of sugar cane, taro, and occasionally fields of rice about them. The grove of kukui trees at Kilauea, where Father Alexander had preached to open-air congregations, was far more extended than it now is, since the fall of many of the giants and the depredations by cattle in the young growth of trees. The steep road in those days followed the seacoast more closely, and at the shore near the mouth of the Anahola river there was a large native house kept only for foreigners who could not push through in one day from sun to sun. The stream

at Anahola is for the most part narrow, but toward its mouth the valley broadens suddenly at the last bend to enclose nowadays acres of rice fields, strung from end to end and side to side, at full harvest, with an intricate network of twine, or strips of hau bark, which, controlled from a central point, sets multitudes of old rags a-waving and tin cans a-jangling to keep off greedy rice birds. Here once were broad terraces of growing taro and here out on the sand flats still live many Hawaiian families, recalling the discovery by the few early voyagers who passed these northern shores and learned that "the rivers on the northeast side of the island are closed by sandbars and afford a plentiful harvest to the fisherman."

At Kealia, directly southward around the eastern point of the island, where waving fields of sugar cane now support busy towns and homesteads, native villages were long the only settlements. About the year 1860 Mr. Krull established a large dairy farm on the hill where now the belt road turns directly eastward toward Anahola and the road continuing to the north through the fields leads to the famous slide of Waipahee Falls. Mr. Krull was one of two Germans, Messrs. Krull and Moll, who had suffered losses of property in the Hamburg fire, and, arriving at Honolulu in their own sailing vessel, proceeded to do a profitable business in shipping and exchange. Mr. Moll afterward retired to Germany, where he later entertained the Paul Isenbergs on his country estate near Hamburg. Mr. Krull settled at Kealia and by his enterprise and thrift supplied many island families with fresh butter, maintaining, according to the editor of *The Friend*, an establishment through which a Honolulu housewife might carry her billowy silk skirts uncontaminated by so much as a wisp of straw or a speck of dust. A most fastidious gentleman of the Old World was Mr. Krull, his neat flower gardens laid out formally with prim paths leading to beautiful views,—when most



*Photograph by J. Senda*

ANAHOLA VALLEY TODAY

island gardens "just grew" in those early days. Many seeds he must have imported from the fatherland. Asparagus he had, great white stalks of it, such as no one else on the island could boast, except Mr. Lindemann near the Wailua River. Occasionally Mr. Krull was a guest at the Koamalu home in Lihue, and the Isenbergs, sometimes riding over to his Kealia dairy for lunch, always found his thatched guest rooms the very pink of neatness. Many is the time that other travelers, among them "the Wundenberg girls" of Hanalei, on the long horseback ride around the island, were grateful for a glass of milk from Mr. Krull's cool milk room. Cotton was likewise tried here at Kealia as early as 1864, when Mr. Conratt was sent out by Hoffschlaeger and Company, but the attempt was short-lived. Just south of the Kealia river lies the thriving town of Kapaa, of modern mushroom growth, dominated now by a busy pineapple cannery. Until very recently its oldest landmark was the stone smokestack near the sea, but even that suggested nothing earlier than the year 1879.

Two or three miles directly southward bring travelers to the beautiful region of the Wailua river, where kings and queens were wont to hold court in ancient fashion.

Wailua was even the birthplace of kings, for from olden times no heir might lay claim to his high heritage, had his royal mother not made her special pilgrimage to the lower Wailua river and there given birth to her child upon the time-honored birthstones, sacred to the kings of Kauai. To this day one may find these rocks on the north bank of the river somewhat above the sea. But no island kings now spring from them with royal descent unchallenged. Wai-lua, the word, does not signify Double River, as at Wai-alua, on Oahu, but probably Water Pit, or Hole, according to the folklore of Judge Dickey, from the fact that the beautiful river on East Kauai drops its waters at three different places into deep lua, or pits. Through the last two miles of its course the Wailua spreads out serene and shining, flowing through fertile lowlands. Above this point the river is fed by two main branches, which have worn their way down steep gorges cut sharply into broad and fertile uplands. The Lower Falls, not far above the meeting-point of these North and South Forks, has a sheer drop of 180 feet, as estimated in 1837 by Father Alexander in writing of it as the Kauai Niagara. Small wonder that the whole region is the rich home of folklore, almost every rock having some ancient personification. Small wonder that in barren seasons the king's court was wont to move across the southeasterly corner of the island from the dry and unfruitful district of Waimea to the more favored region of Wailua.

A century ago there were two trails from Waimea, after leaving Koloa, one passing south of Kilohana crater above Nawiliwili bay and thence by Hanamaulu along the coast to Wailua; the other passing to the north of Kilohana crater and reaching Wailua across the uplands. This latter trail, now long since abandoned, was then the more usual one on foot and horseback. The comfortable automobile road with its spacious bridges, which today covers the thirty-five miles, almost always in sight of the

sea, between Waimea and Wailua, has little to suggest that perilous mountain trail of the century which is past. Of an early mission tour around the island Mr. Gulick's journal, already cited at Hanalei, gives a most animated account. Governor Kaikioewa, having equipped the missionary with a good saddle horse, himself took to the route by sea. The season was that of January, 1829.

A hundred men on foot, 12 of them bearing muskets, go with us; part of them run before us, and the rest follow after. This parade is occasioned by the governor's moving in the same direction. He goes in a double canoe, but most of his men by land. I do not suppose he is apprehensive of danger; but is quite willing to let the people know that he has authority, and is not averse to a little pageantry.

. . . The governor reached Hanamaulu in his canoe just as we entered on horse back. We had dismounted on the way more than 10 times to descend declivities, cross brooks, and ascend steps. There being neither roads nor bridges in this country, travelling is not very pleasant. Twice at least I was mounted on a man's back, to avoid getting wet. . . .

This is the governor's custom, when he travels. A man is sent before to give notice that provision may be made, at the different stopping places, for him and his train; which frequently amounts to two hundred. . . . I with a few natives had a comfortable house at Hanamaulu. The inhabitants brought us fish fresh from the ocean, fowls, taro, potatoes, and a pig, all except the fish roasted or baked in the ground. . . . A youth who went with me for the purpose prepared my food. My bed, which was made with mats, was covered with ten tapas; these were the bed clothes which according to custom were presented to the guest for whom they were spread.

When we pursued our journey, the Governor, on a mule, preceded, his guard followed him, and the rest without regard to order, fell in the rear. Our road however, consisting generally of a foot path, we usually went Indian file.

At Wailua those on horseback made an excursion into the mountains after wild cattle. Mr. Gulick found the

stream and mountain side "mofe wild and romantick" than anything his "imagination had ever painted", and "the grandeur of the prospect from the summit greatly to excede everything" which he had before seen.

And the whole was enlivened by the musick of birds and the sporting of wild ducks, with which this Island abounds. . . . The cattle were so wild and so fierce when closely pursued, that we did not succede; though one was wounded, and afterwards killed. The sun having set, we recrossed the mountain, whilst the feathered tribes around and above us were chanting their evening songs.

After preaching at Kapaa the governor returned by sea to Waimea. Mr. Gulick examined schools at Kapaa and married a native couple. Thence he proceeded to Hanalei, as has already been related. Returning to Wailua in a few days, his experiences of the old mountain trail from Wailua to Waimea set one back a century and more.

Jan. 13. At Wailua we left our former track along the coast. Before the day star had risen several natives started for Waimea with torches of Kukui, or oil nut, in their hands. As the day was dawning we mounted our horses and directed our course South West towards the mountain. We reached the summit and descended to the plain before the sun appeared. Our ears were regaled with the musick of birds; and our eyes with the rich variety of the scenery on each side. Saw several flocks of cattle, not remarkably large, but in fine condition, and not now, as formerly, seen in one herd. Passed a few houses. . . . One of the inhabitants brought out a watermelon for the Haole. Bearing North and West again with slight variations we travelled several miles on a ridge, between two deep, narrow and densely shaded vallies. Our way seemed almost reduced to an edge. . . . I scarcely dared look down. But as my companions went on fearlessly, I followed, though I perceived my horse startled, on one occasion, by a view of the fearful gulf below. Bearing still South West we found our former path along the coast; and at half past 12 oclock we arrived at Hanapepei. From whence we

had a tolerable road and in one hour came safely to Waimea. Truly "goodness and mercy have followed us" all our journey. We traveled o'er dales and mountains, through brooks and rivers, and some times our road was crowded into the ocean. Frequently the water came half way up the horses' sides. Often our path seemed designed rather to be "a refuge for the wild goats", than a highway. . . . .

I had frequently heard the remark, that *every thing* at the Islands seemed *heathenish*; and formerly I thought it needed little if any qualification. . . . But my opinion is quite changed. I can scarcely believe that our own Western country which is so much praised . . . . exceeds either in beauty or fertility some large tracts including thousands of acres of this Island. And I doubt not that if properly cultivated, productions congenial to the climate would flourish here. Traveling will continue difficult. And good timber will probably always be scarce. . . . . But the most interesting object that came under my view is yet to be mentioned.

In every considerable village there is a school house. They are generally built with care, and large enough to afford a commodious place for religious worship. They may in a measure correspond to the Jewish Synagogues at the commencement of the Christian era. One in which I attended an examination of schools was 80 feet long, and 36 broad. These are already luminous spots whence the light from heaven is gradually dispelling the darkness.

The last chiefs to rule at Wailua were Deborah Kapule and her husband, Simeon Kaiu, who established there in 1835 the third branch of the mother church at Waimea. Simeon Kaiu soon died, and with him passed the vigor of Wailua's little mission church. But schools were continued, with all the supervision that Dr. Smith could give them from Koloa, and in a few years these were taken over by the government. For twenty years or more Chiefess Deborah Kapule lived on at Wailua, her great thatched houses giving hospitable shelter to travelers. In his *Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands*, Mr. Jarves records that Deborah had, during the Kauai rebellion of 1824, held the allegiance of the

people to King Liholiho, as had been the wish of her husband, King Kaumualii, but that Governor Kaikioewa, jealous of her popularity, had banished her to Oahu, until the Rev. William Richards, adviser to the royal family there, secured her release and the restoration of what remained of her property. Mr. Jarves was himself her guest about 1840 at the Wailua river residence, where she maintained the state of a chief, yet entertained travelers at a foreign table distinguished by such luxuries as knives and forks, and tea with sugar. Deborah's stature was likewise chiefly, her full height being nothing under six feet, and her weight, as she grew older, approaching very nearly three hundred pounds. Gentlemen of the United States Exploring Expedition, who visited Chiefess Deborah in 1840, probably near the time that Mr. Jarves made his sojourn of nine months on Kauai, write of Deborah's forty men being absent in the mountains cutting timber for the king's tax. Her fishponds were extensive, had been walled up with great labor, and were of different degrees of saltness. While these visitors were present, Deborah received payment of the poll tax in young fish fresh from the sea; these were at once placed in the saltiest pond, to be removed later into one less salt, and finally fattened in fresh-water ponds. Mr. Jarves likewise mentions the delicacies of Deborah's table, both Hawaiian and haole. There was considerable game, especially wild duck of two species; milk and butter were also served in abundance from a fine herd, beautiful creatures of great size, that would have done credit to a Brighton cattle show. Some of them were evidently of the better English breeds and altogether different from the smaller and leaner kind that ran wild in the mountains and were the only inhabitants of the broad upland plains, where the long grass was "blown to and fro, rising and sinking like the waves of the ocean." From Mr. Jarves' account of his

excursion to the Wailua Falls, these pictures and sounds must be reproduced here:

A large double-canoe was provided, and the kind old queen accompanied us, although she was inadequate to the labor of ascending the hill at the end of our journey. The paddlers shot the canoe rapidly forward, chanting the while to a tune of olden time, and at every chorus slapping the flat part of their paddles in unison against the sides of the light bark, while, ever and anon, all, at a signal from the helmsman, shifted their paddles to the opposite side. The echoes from both blow and voice, were powerful, and the effect of the whole not unmusical.

Not long after this, during the latter years of 1840, there was built, on the high bluff east of the rushing falls and just above the junction of the north and south forks of the Wailua River, the first foreign house on the east side of the island. It was quite literally an English house, in setting as in origin, surrounded as it soon was by gardens and orchards on some eighty-five acres of grazing and dairy land. The lease of these crown lands, made before the creation of the Land Commission with its more exact definitions and surveys, does indeed specify these few acres, but the phraseology is tinged with an almost regal vagueness, as though a prince had waved his hand over limitless acres of grassy upland. Just as Mr. Wylie's plantation was known as his Princeville Estate, so these holdings to the southward, said to cover a thousand acres or more, were called the Brown Estate and the Kumalu house was known as the Wailua Falls Mansion. Mr. Thomas Brown had arrived from England with his wife and four children early in 1846 and that same year had contracted with His Hawaiian Majesty's government for a ninety-nine-year lease on the Wailua lands with the purpose of building up a dairy farm and coffee plantation. At first the family lived at Kikiula, for Mrs. Brown was a sister of Mr. Godfrey Rhodes, and Mr. Brown, who was a gardener by profession, had some idea of

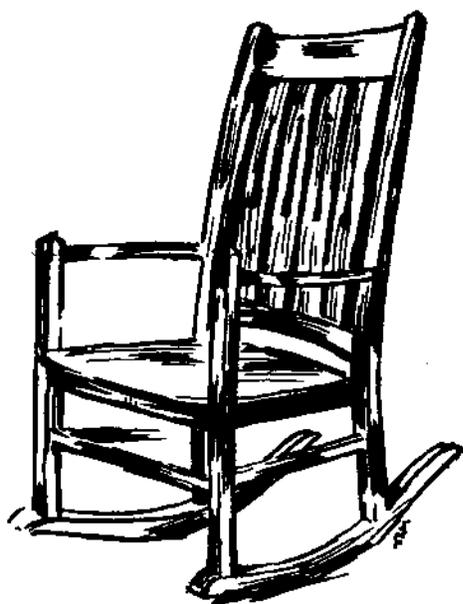
joining his brother-in-law in agricultural pursuits. It was there in the Kikiula garden on the Hanalei hillside that one of the three English magnolia trees was carefully set out. With many other plants, such as Easter lilies and heliotrope, these magnolias had been brought by Mr. Brown from England in sealed hothouses. The first, which did not long survive the voyage, was planted at the home of another brother, Henry Rhodes, in Honolulu, on the ground now occupied by the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fort Street. The second may still be found among the ruins of the old Kikiula home, and the third was long the delight of visitors at the Wailua Falls Mansion.

The sojourn of the Brown family at Hanalei can not have been very long, for they were well established at Wailua Falls, and the third magnolia tree in full bloom there, by 1848. According to family tradition, the frame of the house had been sent out from London by way of China, and, with the addition of the necessary heavy timbers from near-by Kauai forests, was soon in place. The full length of the house on the river bluff was occupied by a drawing-room, with large windows from end to end looking out upon the river valley, a more luxurious appointment, surely, than existed at that early day even under the roof of the royal palace in Honolulu. There were, beside, eight rooms with lofty ceilings, finished throughout in plaster. One would give much for pictures of this stately English home, with its hospitable entrance doorway, broadly panelled, its spacious reception parlors, and "secret chamber where the family could hide when attacked by savages," a thoughtful provision of its London architect. But the only pictures of it are occasional fragments in old letters or fugitive thoughts folded neatly away on their shelves of memory by some of our older friends. The house commanded a superb view of mountains mauka and river makai, a steep trail

leading down the bluff to the river's edge. Visitors coming up by canoe used this path; others came on horseback or by ox-cart the five rough miles across the grassy plains from Nawiliwili, fording South Fork on the flats above the falls. One can still thread one's way through upper cane fields and come out on the bluff for the same wide outlook mauka and makai, but the only records of the house are a few foundation stones, a great mango tree with several Pride of India trees, and the creek back of the house where the cool milk house stood, the stream trickling through it over mossy stones. For some thirty years this old English house crowned the river bluff there, until the latter years of 1870, when, the land having reverted to the Crown, King Kalakaua had the house taken down to the lowlands to be rebuilt as a rural mansion for himself. Nothing ever came of the plan, however, and thus the staunch old English timbers and panelled doors vanished forever from sight.

Little Frances Johnson, of the Waioli mission family, always recalled, even in her old age, the exciting adventure of visiting at the Brown mansion about the year 1848, on a journey with her family around the island, and fortunately a record of her memories was made for the Kauai Historical Society. The night was spent at Deborah's big house on the river and early next morning a single canoe came to take them all up to spend the day at the Browns'. Somehow, the canoe upset into deep water, but all, even Mother Johnson still holding the baby fast in her arms, were rescued by the native paddlers, a prompt return was made to their night's lodging and all thought of the day's pleasure was abandoned. Presently, however, Mr. Brown and his son Arthur appeared on the river in a double canoe and would not take no for an answer. This time the little family was safely conveyed to the base of the cliff, whence they

climbed to the house above. Little Frances was in ecstasy over the wealth of flowers and green grass and the feeling that it must be like the Garden of Eden. This must have been in the lovely month of May, for above all there was the marvel of the magnolia tree with its waxlike flowers and buds. There was little Alice Brown, too, with her polite little English brothers, and at last there was the return journey by moonlight in the double canoe down the river, little Frances holding fast a tiny glass-covered box filled with bright beads that gentle Mrs. Brown had put into her hand at parting. Another Hanalei child visited at Wailua Falls Mansion in those early days, little Josephine Wundenberg, who likewise met with adventure by the way, and likewise wrote out her memory for the Historical Society of Kauai:



CEDAR CHAIR FROM WAILUA

*A chair which Manager Weber of Lihue had made from cedar trees cut down on the Wailua Falls estate when cane was first planted there. Given by Dora Isenberg to Ethel Glade Robinson, granddaughter of Alice Brown.*

In 1852 I was taken with my sisters to visit the Browns. We traveled across country in home-made cots of brown cotton hung on poles between two Hawaiian men who carried them on their shoulders at a jog trot. While crossing the Wailua River at the upper ford my sister Anna and I were ducked in the water. The tide was high and the cot not waterproof, but we were not hurt. There was coffee growing at the beautiful spot where we crossed. Early every morning Alice Brown, the only daughter, took me for a cold water plunge in a big green tub in a bath room off her mother's bed room, and once we stopped for a peep at Mrs. Brown asleep in her big four-

poster bed. There was no net on the bed, for mosquitoes were scarce then. We tiptoed and climbed on a stool to get a good look, and for the first time in my four years of existence I saw a night cap and Mrs. Brown's sweet face wreathed in frills and lace.

It was at just about this time that Mr. Brown finally abandoned his coffee experiment, three successive plantings having been completely devoured by caterpillars. Every possible aid was furnished by the government to such settlers as Thomas Brown. The rental of the original lease of the Wailua lands was small and the term long, with the privilege of acquiring a fee simple title when that procedure should have become legal, as it did soon after 1846, and when Mr. Brown should have become a naturalized subject of the Hawaiian king. Dr. Judd, then Secretary of State, received a formal letter from Dr. Rufus Anderson of the American Board of Missions, at the instance of a mutual friend, introducing Mr. Thomas Brown to the "respectful consideration" of officers of the kingdom as a prospective settler. Mr. Wyllie replied to this letter with equal formality, expressing the approbation which Mr. Brown's arrival and settlement on Kauai had aroused in private as well as official circles. Mr. Brown's opinion was evidently of value, for the archives of the Foreign Office contain the copy of a letter from Mr. Wyllie in 1847 to Mr. Brown, asking his opinion and that of Mr. Rhodes of Hanalei on the advisability of introducing laborers from Germany and China. And in 1848, when Mr. Brown was forced to mortgage the Wailua estate, the indenture was made out to William L. Lee, Chief Justice of the kingdom and a man deeply concerned for the welfare of his adopted home.

The three younger sons added to the family of Thomas Brown at Wailua Falls Mansion, Louis, Cecil and Malcolm, were the first white children born on the east side

of the island. For the three older sons schooling had become a matter of paramount importance and in 1852 Mr. Brown decided to take the entire family to New York. Later he returned to live in Honolulu, where for many years he served the Hawaiian government as Registrar of Conveyances. Malcolm, his youngest son, has left a printed account of the family reminiscences, including, with many of the preceding details, the stories of the two shipwrecks experienced on this voyage to New York, one on the coast of South America and the other at the very outset near Barber's Point on Oahu. It was invariably the custom of the helmsmen on those little schooners when well offshore, he wrote, "to lash the wheel and take a snooze." On this occasion Mrs. von Pfister, Malcolm's widowed aunt, kept the man at the wheel awake by prodding him with her umbrella, but even so was apparently unable to forestall the wreck. An item in the report for 1853 from Kauai to the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society indicates something of the effect produced by the removal of a whole family in that early day of small communities.

Since our last meeting, Thomas Brown, Esq., the hospitable proprietor of the Wailua Falls Estate, has left these islands for a residence in the United States. Their loss is deeply felt by the limited society of this island. The estate, including herd, horses, sheep, etc., was sold for the very low price of \$5,000, not the cost of the mansion itself. The purchasers were Messrs. Montgomery and Turner, the latter of whom carries on the place. These gentlemen have leased some more land, and intend, I believe, to carry on the Dairy and Grazing business on a larger scale.

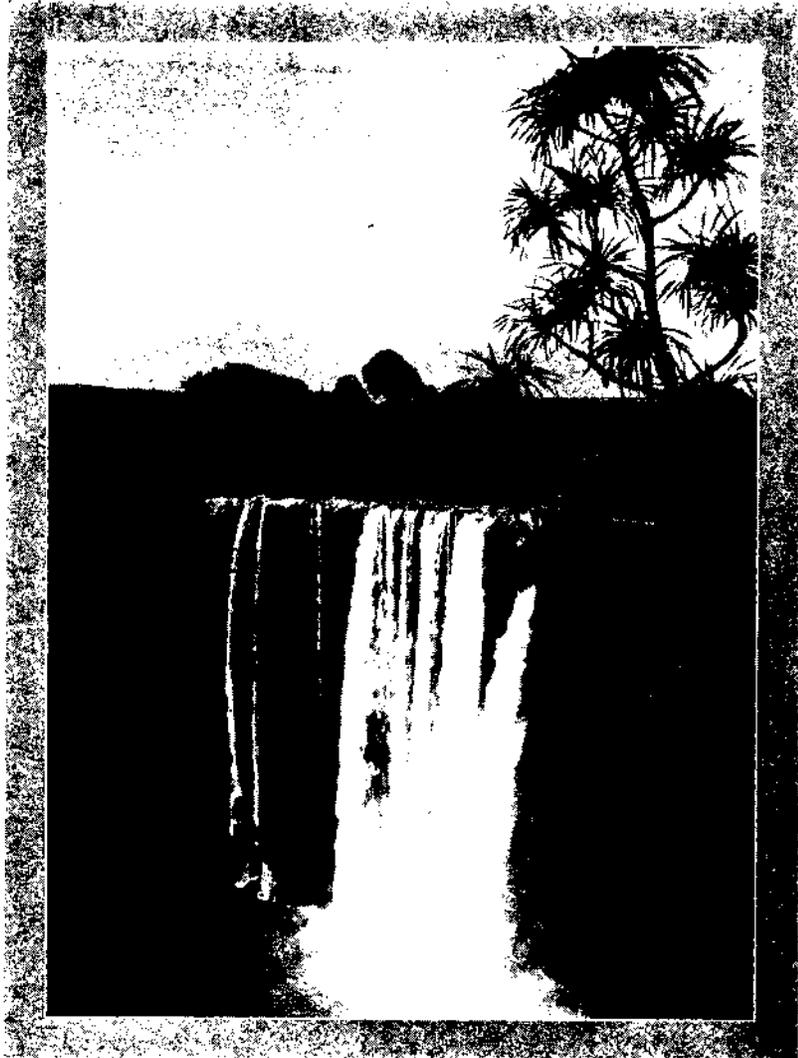
Butter from Mr. Brown's farm had taken at least one premium at the exhibitions of the Agricultural Society in Honolulu and many conditions at Wailua were favorable for dairying. A local market even nearer than Hono-

lulu had developed during the winter months, when whaling vessels put in at Koloa or Waimea for provisions, and at times anchored outside the mouth of the Wailua river itself, as Captain Vancouver had done sixty years before. One of the purchasers of Mr. Brown's lease was his nephew, Alfred F. Turner, who managed the ranch until early in 1854, when he was drowned in the Wailua river. Mr. W. H. Rice, then at Lihue to consider the proposition of becoming manager for the plantation there, was called to assist the coroner's jury in investigating this sudden death. The natives, when asked, seemed assured that "a moo [water serpent] had dragged him down," but no foul play could be proved. His solitary grave near the edge of the bluff is almost all that now remains to mark the site of the famed mansion of Wailua Falls.

It was probably shortly after the death of young Turner that the Honolulu firm of Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst, acquiring the lease of these upper Wailua lands, placed the management in the hands of a young Scotchman named Duncan McBryde. At one time there were over seven hundred milch cows on this Wailua estate. Great quantities of butter were put up in kegs, and beef was salted down in hogsheads for the whaling trade. But it was a lonely life for a young foreigner in the hospitable old English house and it is not surprising to find in *The Polynesian* of October 13, 1855 an advertisement inserted by one Duncan McBryde, to the effect that he is ready to accommodate eight or ten boarders at his Mansion on the Wailua Falls Estate where the air and scenery are unsurpassed, the falls within a few hundred yards of the house, the mansion spacious and airy, with an extensive view, a garden, flowers and vegetables of every variety, and fruits in abundance; the situation of the mansion being about four miles from the port of Nawiliwili and easily accessible, with board and lodg-

ing at moderate rates. To the hot, dusty little town of Honolulu this must have presented an alluring prospect, especially since *The Friend* of about this same date remarks editorially that it is rapidly becoming the fashion for people to leave town for the summer "after the spring whaling fleet has sailed to the Arctic and Ochotsk."

For a part of the year 1858, Mr. Widemann of Lihue was employed as agriculturist on the Wailua estate, where he had lived ten years before when acting as tutor to Mr. Brown's older sons. And during the same year, 1858, Mr. Hoffschlaeger sent from Hanover to his partner, Mr. Stapenhorst in Honolulu, another trained German farmer. This was Paul Isenberg. He brought out on the vessel with him three pairs of valuable sheep, one pair of which was destined for the Wailua Ranch. Young Isenberg arrived in October of 1858, and in December Mr. McBryde promised to take him on at the ranch the following autumn, to teach him butchering when the work should begin for the winter whaling fleet. Mr. McBryde was already planning to take a lease on Wahiawa lands west of Koloa, and to make his home there. Mr. Isenberg soon fitted into the life of the ranch, Mr. McBryde spoke well of him to his employers, and the two young men were soon good friends. It was not long before the young German began to realize the loneliness of the Wailua situation and he often urged Mr. McBryde to find himself a wife. This he did in January of 1860, bringing his English bride from Honolulu to the Wailua Falls Mansion. Young Isenberg was sent to Wahiawa to build Mr. McBryde's house there, his cattle were driven over across the island, and after the expiration of his Wailua contract in May of 1860, the young couple themselves settled in their home at Brydeswood. Judge McBryde, as he was afterwards known, thus became one of Kauai's permanent settlers. For some time



*Photograph by J. Senda*

WAILUA FALLS

*The lower falls, showing the plantation railroad bridge above.*



he was responsible for the collection of taxes; at one time he was Acting Governor of the island, and in 1866 was appointed judge of the Circuit Court, a position which he held until his death in 1877.

When the McBrydes left Wailua Falls in 1860, Mr. Isenberg then entered into a five years' contract as manager for the lessors. This, however, was dissolved the following year, and a Mr. Burgoyne placed in charge. In November of 1863, when the Wailua Falls Mansion was visited by Joseph Emerson, a missionary son who was teaching the Koloa English Day School for Hawaiians, the old house was occupied by Mr. Hermann Hillebrand, who, though in poor health, was apparently the manager of the ranch. Young Joseph Emerson, having just set out into the world to seek his fortune, and being possessed of a mule and five dollars, given him by his father at parting, wrote a letter to Albert Lyons of Hawaii, describing something of the house and its surroundings:

. . . I saw the falls when they were truly a grand sight. The mansion is in one of the most romantic yet lonely spots that I have ever visited. With a large and rapid stream on either side it is often, during heavy rains, completely shut out from all communication with the rest of the world. Five miles from any foreign residence or from the high road, nobody goes there except expressly to make a call. Nobody has ever lived there very long; it is so lonely that they can not endure it. It is however a beautiful place to spend a few days and view the wonders of nature.

Among the agricultural experiments of these early days, that in cotton was, owing to the temperature of the island climate, one of the most natural. In 1860 young Mr. August Dreier was sent by Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst to install a cotton mill at Hanamaulu, mauka, about half way between Wailua and Nawiliwili. In 1864 Mr. Conradt was stationed at Kealia, some eight miles to the north of Wailua, for the same purpose; and the

same year young Mr. Lindemann, a minor partner in the firm, which had become Hoffschlaeger and Company, was established as manager at the Wailua Ranch, with ten acres planted in cotton at Konolea in the foothills. The work on the ranch was so heavy, as many as three thousand barrels of salt beef being shipped in one season to Honolulu, that Mr. Bertelmann of Kilauea was sometimes called upon for assistance. The cotton prospered, and for some time promised well. But the absence of marked seasonal changes in the climate and the prodigal hand of Nature in this mid-ocean paradise produced a wealth of blossoms simultaneously mingled with the ripe cotton bolls themselves. Picking the mature crop involved destruction to these young blossoms, and harvesting became, therefore, an exceedingly expensive process. The southern states, moreover, were not long in recovering their position as cotton producers after the Civil War, and the market price dropped too low to make it profitable at this geographical distance.

Mr. E. Lindemann lived so many years at Wailua, mauka and makai, that to old-timers he is always associated with that region. He leased also Wailua-kai, the lowlands near the sea, and continued sheep ranching. For some years his experienced shepherd was Mr. Wiebke, who had come out in the early years of 1860 for Hoffschlaeger and Stapenhorst. Mr. Lindemann established himself at first in a grass house on the old Deborah Kapule estate, or kuleana, above the present grove of cocoanut trees, and during the latter years of 1870 planted a hundred acres of sugar cane, grinding some at the new mill at Hanamaulu and some at Captain Makee's new mill at Kapaa, where George Dole of Koloa was manager. There was no bridge across the Wailua river, makai, even in those late days, and Mr. Lindemann used often to tell that the first ferryman he knew on the scow at the river was Salem Hanchette, a sailor, whose

wooden leg, strapped beside him on horseback, was a constant wonder to the Hawaiians. Later Mr. Wiebke lived at the ford and ferried people across. The charge of ten cents a person and twenty-five cents for a carriage seemed so high in those days that many people waded over at low tide to avoid paying. These high rates also stimulated competition to the point of establishing a rival scow. A great number of valuable trees were tried out at Wailua by Mr. Lindemann, as had been done earlier by Mr. Wundenberg and others at Hanalei. At Wailua it was discovered that even olives would bear if properly treated, that is, well watered during the winter and dried off in spring, when commencing to flower. The beautiful grove of cocoanuts at Wailua-kai, the first on the island, was planted by Mr. Lindemann in 1896. The original Hawaiian nut was such a small one that the cocoanut was much less used on these islands than in the South Seas. Mr. Lindemann therefore went to the expense of sending all the way to Samoa for seed nuts and of digging down six feet through a layer of sandstone and filling in the holes with top soil and manure. The trees grew rapidly and some of them began to bear when only five years old, as told in Mr. Lydgate's account of Mr. Lindemann for the historical society of Kauai.

It is surprising to find that this cocoanut grove, which seems as if it must have grown there forever, is only a third of a century old. It seems so a part of its surroundings, its plumes waving so far above the shining river, with encircling rice and cane fields, and seeming from below almost to outtop the Nounou mountain ridge beyond. The great arches of the new concrete bridge, on the other hand, massive though they are and essential to modern speed and comfort, as they span the broad mouth of the Wailua River, do not fit so perfectly into their background of winding river and hill and distant mountain. Perhaps it is the high central peak, Waialeale,

which gives this Wailua river valley some of its peculiar characteristics. From other points of the island Mount Waialeale in clear winter weather shows dark blue in the distance, approached by successive hills and mountains which pay their homage before it. The greater part of the year all these higher ridges are cloud-wrapped by attendant trade winds, which embrace the central peak with the particular favor of the highest known rainfall in the world. As one's eye follows up the course of the Wailua river valleys, however, to the foothills at an altitude of some twelve hundred feet, Mount Waialeale springs from the highest of these uplands another four thousand feet directly into the air in jagged cliffs of sheer blue precipice. No approaching hills attend here, and even enveloping clouds never quite veil the sense of abruptly rising walls.

Is it matter for wonder that such a mountain, before whom even its kin of lesser degree bowed down, and who summoned the vapors of the air as attendant clouds, should have become to old-time Hawaiians the personification of a distant spirit? Toiling up the precipitous ascent on its eastern face, an annual pilgrimage was made in clear weather by men and women alike, to lay offerings of flowers and wreaths on the altar near its summit and to look across the channel to the neighboring island of Oahu. Those who made this pilgrimage reported, according to the account by Mr. Jarves, that near this ancient altar, almost a mile in the air, "a spring exists which casts up beach sand, and that coral and sea-shells are found about it." To one of the four or five white women who have stood at the summit of Waialeale, Mrs. Eliza Gay Welcker of Makaweli, the sight of Mount Kaala in the Waianae Range on Oahu is still vivid. As a matter of fact, Kaala is more than a thousand feet lower than Waialeale and lies a hundred miles to the southeast, but to one at the summit of Waialeale it

seemed of equal height and as close as the little island of Niihau. Mrs. Welcker climbed Waialeale from its western and less abrupt slope, the far more precipitous eastern trail having long since been abandoned.

One of the very few white men who have ascended Kauai's central peak by this steep eastern trail is Mr. G. N. Wilcox, who as a young man made the journey twice. The first time, in 1870, with native guides, Mr. Wilcox served as escort to Dr. Wawra, surgeon aboard the Austrian warship *Donau* which had anchored in Honolulu harbor for repairs. Dr. Wawra was likewise a botanist never separated long from his herbarium, and one of the first scientists to record finding the strange ape-ape plant. It was on this adventurous climb up the steep cliffs of Waialeale that it was seen near the ridge of Pohakupele at an altitude of over four thousand feet. The plant is a rare one, of a distinct species, the stem supporting its large leaves from the center, and the leaves themselves sometimes measuring three feet in diameter. Another peculiarity is that a near relative of this very rare Hawaiian species is found on Juan Fernandez Island, of Robinson Crusoe fame, in the Southern Pacific near the coast of South America. This singular plant is one of the strong clues employed by some scientists in building up the theory that the Hawaiian Islands were at some remote period connected by land with the South American continent.

Mr. Eric Knudsen, who has always lived on Kauai and who has climbed Waialeale by the western route more often, probably, than even any Hawaiians now living, reported not long since to the Kauai Historical Society that even this way is a far more dangerous trail than others to many mountains of twice the elevation. Why the Hawaiians used the more arduous eastern trail is difficult to determine, unless perhaps because greater numbers of people lived along the eastern shore. That they did climb

frequently from the easterly side is undoubted, for it was a common practice, Mr. Knudsen writes, to snare sea birds there as they swept low over the rim of the mountain. Even on the western trail deluges of rain and biting wind may at almost any moment sweep in, varied perhaps by dense and bewildering fog. With an annual rainfall of 600 inches, the highest that it has ever been possible to measure at the peak where the old rain gauge was usually found filled to overflowing, it is natural that for miles around the summit the earth is only a morass. Swift winds whip the ridges so sharply and so perpetually that lehua trees are dwarfed to a height of four inches and their brilliant red blossoms form a branching carpet on the ground. Even the surface of the little summit lake is never still, travelers say, thus lending the mountain its name, Wai-ale-ale, Rippling or Sparkling Water. William Hyde Rice used to say that in very ancient days the topmost peak was called Ka-wai-kini, Water-in-Multitudes, and survey maps still record this appropriate old name for it, although that of the summit lake is today the one more familiarly known.

In the early days of white settlers on Kauai Rev. Mr. Whitney, attempting the ascent of Waialeale from his home at Waimea with a native guide, was finally baffled by danger of starvation. And the first ascent by white men was in October of 1862. Mr. Rowell of Waimea was of the party, also young George Dole of Koloa, whose account of the journey has been kept in the invaluable archives of the Kauai Historical Society. Mr. Dole mentions the huge circular leaves of the Apeape plant in the valley of Yellow Water, Wai-lena-lena, and the violent fluttering of the aspenlike lapa-lapa leaves, first on stately trees, then at higher elevations on dwarfed bushes. This party found the summit perfectly clear, a condition which obtained for some time on the westerly side, but on the easterly clouds began to gather just after the search-

ers' eyes had made out the flashing silver of the Wailua rivers and the Wailua Falls mansion in its groves of trees. Mr. Dole mentions also the kupua, or demigod of stone, at the foot of whose stone altar all manner of beads and other small relics, even money, had been laid by Hawaiian worshippers. And sceptic though he is as to this ancient belief, Mr. Dole is the only climber who gives us even the first phrase of the ancient mele chanted by Hawaiian pilgrims as they reached the summit: *Aloha Waialeale Ke Kuahiwi o Kauai*, Greeting and Love, O Waialeale, Uppermost Mountain Ridge of all Kauai.

Many of the older sons of Hawaii doubtless heard this mele chanted, not by way of exhibiting a curiosity as might now be done, if indeed it could now be chanted at all, but actually as a prayer of worship and thanksgiving, in the days when every kama-aina, child of the soil, felt himself kin to all the forces of air and earth and sea. Of the sons of early white settlers on Kauai, four were born soon enough to touch something of this kinship in thought and speech. More there perchance have been, whom later days have not known. Of these four only one, Francis Gay, was born not in Hawaii but in New Zealand, land of the Polynesian Maori people. A second, Alexander Moxley McBryde, also of Scottish ancestry, and the oldest of Judge McBryde's children, was born in the hills of Wahiawa on the southern slopes of Waialeale, and lives now not many miles below in his enchanted valley by the sea at Lawai, that secluded valley of peace and exquisite beauty. Of the two others, both were sons of the Protestant mission, Samuel Whitney Wilcox, born at Waioli mission directly across the island from Wahiawa to the north, and William Hyde Rice, born at The New Spring, Ka Puna Hou, on Oahu, but a true child of Kauai from his earliest years. Not one of these four would lay any claim to scholarship, yet every one of them has had that instinct of language which has

kept them silent, with ears alert, while old natives chanted their songs and tales, that instinct of keen observation which has learned to lose nothing of every bird or leaf or fish or star along the Kauai trails, that instinct of kinship which has put their ears to the ground to catch the echoing rhythm of a day and a folk long gone.

Of these four sons of Kauai, only one, William Hyde Rice, has left a printed book, and he only under urgent pressure from his juniors and the director of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. His store of folklore was as great as that of Francis Gay, who, like him, could *oli*, or chant, from memory some of the ancient songs of Kauai, many of them quite different from those on adjacent islands. And then, having chanted cantos in Hawaiian, they could with equal ease render the thoughts in fitting English dress. Once, when thus employed, Mr. Rice had Padraic Colum as his guest. This chanting was a rare thing which a poet of Ireland had not thought to meet with in the far isles of the Pacific. He screwed himself up into his corner with his eyes opened wide and shining like stars. And when Mr. Rice's English version of the epic of the Menehunes was about to appear in print, Padraic Colum wrote, "Here are passages that are by long odds the finest pieces of narrative writing in English that have come out of Hawaii." There is an art in translating—the poets' art of first feeling into the meaning of word or phrase and then rendering that sense in words of another tongue. With all his understanding of Hawaiian, Mr. Rice often confessed himself at a loss for English words fitted to carry over the meaning to foreign ears, an experience common to all his fellow craftsmen. The meaning of the name *Wai-ale-ale*, for example, is variously rendered by as many translators. Mr. Rice, while taking no issue whatever with the meaning of *rippling* or *sparkling water*, always felt that the word in this use conveyed still more the sense of water-



*Photograph by J. Senda*

WAILIA UPPER FALLS



moving-and-dividing, as a wave moves and, at its crest, parts into many, this particular significance referring to the sources of several important streams which flow off from the rippling of this summit lake.

To William Hyde Rice, as to the old natives, every stone on the island had its meaning, every trail had its name. By instinct he was Hawaiian. He actually thought in Hawaiian and from early childhood could express himself more fluently in Hawaiian than in English. His mother found it difficult to teach him to read, and small wonder, since his source of impression was by way of the ear, which stored up for him images quite other than those on a printed page of English. In later years the rest and recreation of crossing by the ancient paved way over the mountain ridge below Haupu to Kipu-kai undoubtedly kept him from a fatal illness, and as he crossed over he never failed to see and to acknowledge the two stones on the trail which marked the somewhat ruthless progress of Kama-puaa, Hog-Child, who as a kupua, or demigod, could assume man's form when he wished, but must keep his spine of hog's bristles concealed beneath his ahu-ula, or feather cloak. And early in the years of 1890, when Queen Liliuokalani visited Kauai, William Rice it was who knew to send a messenger posthaste over this ancient paved way to Kipu-kai for a bottle of water from the spring sacred to royalty and the gods. He it was who could tell the hero stories of the Wailua giant, Kawelo, who rent asunder the very peaks of Anahola by casting his great spear at his opponent, Kauahoa, the giant of Hanalei. He could tell the story of the Kii, the wooden images with mother-of-pearl eyes, placed on the Niihau shore by clever Kauai men, too many of whom had been devoured unawares while they slept on the Niihau beach, exhausted after fishing. When the cruel akua, or gods, came in the dark to feast themselves, and bit into these wooden images with shining eyes, "Paakiki kanaka o

Kauai!" they cried—"Very hard are the men of Kauai!" which grew into a proverbial saying. He could tell the story of that Kauai boy, Paakaa, the Hawaiian Aeolus, the first to outwit older canoe men by making a sail of mats so that his shoulders should not ache from paddling, —Paakaa, who held the calabash of the winds and knew their every name by heart. He could tell that piercingly lovely story of Hiiaka, goddess-princess, sister of Pele, who, finding her lover lying dead in a cave at Haena, caught his spirit in a flower and worked it back into his body, beginning at an incision in the great toe and manipulating with incredible patience to slip it safely past the stiff joints of ankle and knee, until at last on the eighth day, King Lohiau again stood before her, tall and beautiful.

Many were his friends on the beloved island of Kauai. Limaloa, Long-Arm, giant of Kekaha, who in those days could still be seen there in the mirage at Kaunalewa near dawn, striding past phantom houses in yellow cloak and helmet, spear in hand. U-a, Rainbow Princess, the child who fell from the swaying ladder at Nualolo cliff and was caught up by the akua, or gods, of the rainbow. Ola, king of Waimea, who through Pi, his kahuna, or priest, caused the great water-lead to be built which is still called Kiki-a-Ola. Ka-holua-Manu, not a place name merely, but The-slide-of-Bird, the highest pali of Waimea valley, where no freshets disturbed the delights of Manu in his swift sled flight. Kaili-lau-o-ke-koa, Covering-of-the-koa-leaf, only daughter of high chief Moikeha of Kauai, who followed unerringly the call of her lover's flute. The Singing Sands of Mana and the lake mirage at Nohili, so real that strangers were wont to turn their horses to avoid riding into the shining water which they saw on the hot sand before them. All these, people and things, were close friends of William Hyde Rice, but too many by far to be recalled even within the compass of an entire book,

and far afield, it may be thought, from the growth of foreign settlements in the ancient river valleys at Hanalei and Wailua. But surely, even today, no one on the circuit of this island can be impressed solely with the changes wrought upon its face by the passage of the last one hundred and fifty years! At Wailua the very air hums with the flying spears and stones of the great battle of Nounou, from which some say the low-lying hill takes its name, although others see in the shape of the same hill, Noonoo, the thinker, a man sitting deep in meditation. In this Wailua region Judge Lyle A. Dickey has made most patient and loving search for legend and ancient custom, recalling for us the phantom beat of drums still heard on certain nights from the ancient heiaus, or temples, of which the valley still has several of the one hundred and more known for the whole island. At Poipu, on the Koloa beach, where were likewise sacred rocks and heiaus, one may also hear, on the special nights of Kane, the low rhythm of temple drums; and further mauka, in Waikomo, the main stream of Koloa not far below the bridge, one may still find the rocks bearing the impress of the gods, Kane and Kanaloa, who one night laid themselves down there to sleep. At Haena, one feels always the presence of dread Pele, of her fair sister, Hiiaka, and of King Lohiau; one hears echoes of the Song of the Dog, noted down recently by one of the latest of Hawaiian students, Helen Roberts, after many others before her had failed; and of the Hula Puaa, Dance of the Pig, obtained by a son of Kauai, William Rowell, for that distinguished Hawaiian scholar, Nathaniel Emerson, who links it unquestionably with the doings of that fantastic demigod, Kamapuaa, famed for his Kauai exploits. At Waimea one recalls that great engineer and civilizer, the good king Ola, his marvelous water-lead, Kiki-a-ola, and the romance of his youth, as told by another son of Kauai, Augustus Knudsen. At Huleia one hears in the early

dawn that hum of Menehunes, sturdy little brown work-people, coming to a sudden halt on the unfinished wall of the great fishpond; one thinks, too, of Sanford Dole's description of the old land tenure as based on water holdings, which gave rise to the ancient irrigating systems at Wahiawa, Kapaa and Kilauea, the antiquity of some of them being so great that tradition itself fails to account for their origin, as in the case of the parallel irrigation ditches at Kilauea, the digging of which is attributed by the Hawaiians to the fabled moo, or dragon. And as one now rides smoothly down the long valley of Waimea Canyon, one must inevitably recall that legend of the Conant family whose mother's childhood was spent at Koloa, partly in the mission home of Dr. and Mrs. Smith. The story is so well known among Hawaiians, even in Kona on Hawaii, that the descendants of the family are still distinguished by the proverb of the Waimea coconut trees, a saying which grew up after this manner. Mother Conant's grandfather, as others of his family had done from time immemorial, lived so far back in the Waimea valley that he and his sisters were kua-aina, those-at-the-back-of-the-land, who had never even been to the shore. Ma-ahi-lani, the younger sister, and Ka-o-nohi-ola-o-ka-lani, the elder, when they were nearly grown, finally made the journey down the valley with their father, Ka-ili-polo-ahi-lani, and at their first sight of a coconut tree, turned and exclaimed to each other, "Why, only see how high up in air the sweet potatoes grow down here on this flat land beside the sea!"

## Nawiliwili Neighborhood

In what manner the place name *Nawiliwili* took its origin is lost in the mist of legend. But somewhat as Honolulu was originally called Ke Awa o Kou, or Kou Landing, from the groves of that seaside tree known there in primitive times, so not only this southeasterly bay of Kauai, together with the stream emptying into it from its sources near Kilohana Crater, but also the land division covering this stream and its tributaries, took their name from the blossoms of the wiliwili trees which grew in great numbers on the rocky slopes above the bay. One of the first things that William Hyde Rice saw on landing in this bay in 1854, as a boy of eight, was the orange-red flash of wiliwili blossoms on trees clinging to the cliff above the beach. And one of the last things he did for his beloved home-island was to plant young wiliwili trees above the bay, that the significance of its name might be kept in fresh remembrance. The Hawaiian wiliwili is the species of *Erythrina* known as *monosperma*, or one-seeded, which is frequently met with throughout Polynesia. In former years it was very abundant in the Hawaiian Islands on dry hillsides otherwise often quite barren. Its oblong seeds of bright red, the pod seldom containing more than one, were sought by Hawaiian women for necklaces and gleamed like rubies on their fibre string. The wood, light as cork, was often carved into olo-hu, or spinning tops, and was the favorite material for the outriggers of fishing canoes, according to the folklore of William Hyde Rice. Rev. Mr. Ellis, the English missionary from the Society Islands, writes of the branches of the "Viri-viri" tree being frequently used for fence posts, on account of the readiness with which they take root when planted in the ground, and of its wood being employed for the "carved stools placed

under canoes when drawn up on the beach, and also for the best kind of surf boards, because the wood is lighter than any other which the natives possess." The odd blossom of the wiliwili, varying from red and orange to pale yellow, opens out in numbers of pointed, hook-shaped fingers around a central stem of green-brown buds, each bloom flinging back its threadlike stamens until the cluster not a little resembles a tiger's hairy claw. Such, indeed, it is often called, or in India, the coral tree. The Hawaiian proverb said of it, with the lilting balance of structure and imagery characteristic also of the ancient proverbs of Solomon himself, "When flowers the Wiliwili, then bites the shark; when flowers the young woman, then bites the law." And indeed, in the short, savage thorns imbedded in the bark of twigs and trunk, it would almost seem as though the tree had armed itself with admirable prototypes of the teeth of both the shark and the law.

The ancient land grant of Nawiliwili took its rise, not on the far blue rim of Waialeale, but on the nearer slopes of Kilohana Crater. The same is true of the adjoining land grants of Niumalu, to the south, and Kalapaki, to the north. These three lower sections were then enclosed by the greater divisions of Kipu and Haiku, centering in the southern range of hills, and of Hanamaulu and Wailua on the north, taking their origin on Mount Waialeale itself. The resulting lands, forming a great wedge-shaped section extending from Kalanipuu and the Koloa hills on the south to include the Wailua river basin on the north, and covering about an eighth of the area of the island, comprise the district known in modern times as Lihue. The irregular shapes of these ancient divisions of Kipu, Haiku, Niumalu, Nawiliwili, Kalapaki, Hanamaulu and Wailua were by no means accidental. The Hawaiians, chiefs as well as people, knew their islands. From the land and adjacent waters they drew



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THE OLD LAND DIVISIONS NOW CALLED LIHUE DISTRICT  
Heiaus and other old sites as listed by Wendell Bennett:

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|-------------------------------|--|
| 1—Keolewa Heiau               | 12—Dune Burials  |
| 2—Houses                      | 13—Malae Heiau   |
| 3—Burial and Camp Sites       | 14—Hiki-na-akala Heiau   |
| 4—House called Unu            | 15—Holo-holo-ku Heiau  |
| 5—Two-terraced house or Heiau | 16—Poliahu Heiau   |
| 6—Houses                      | 17—Ka-puu-koa Heiau  |
| 7—Alakoko Fish Pond           | 18—Kukui Heiau, far out on the point<br>and called Kaiki-haunaka, the tang,<br>or strong smell, of the sea. Names<br>for 17 and 18 have been recorded by<br>Judge L. A. Dickey |
| 8—Kuhiau Heiau                |  |
| 9—Ninini Heiau                |  |
| 10—Ahukini Heiau              |  |
| 11—Ka-lau-o-ka-manu Heiau     |  |

their entire sustenance. Their very name for land was *aina*, literally *ai-ana*, signifying food, or *eating*, that is *the enjoyment of food*. Country folk were *kua-aina*, *the-back-of-the-land*, its very marrow, primarily a term rather of dignity than of ridicule. And the designation of the large land grants, *ahu-puaa*, *collection-of-pig*, was drawn from their taxable relation to the king's revenue. The form of an *ahu-puaa*, usually that of a wedge with its point toward the mountains, or the center of the island, was determined not at all by caprice, but by the simplest demands of primitive existence. In order to live, a chief and his dependents must control three kinds of land: not only mountain stretches for forest trees, water sources and birds; but also *kula* land, that is, the more level uplands between the base of the mountains and the lowlands, where houses might be built, *pili* grass found for thatching roofs, and fields of dry-land taro cultivated; and finally *kaha-kai*, the land marked by the sea, for ocean fishing, making fish-ponds, spreading nets, building houses, and planting taro and cocoanuts and such other foods as did not thrive in the uplands. Land was vital, and water was vital, and neither one was of any avail without the other. The Hawaiian word for *law*, *Ka-na-wai*, signifies *Pertaining-to-Waters*, or *Water-Rights*, and midstream was often a recognized land boundary. Hence the peculiar and irregular outlines of these ancient *ahupuaas*, even more clearly evident on the almost circular island of Kauai with its highest elevation at the center, than on the other islands with their less uniform distribution of land masses. The *ahupuaa* of Haiku, it will be noticed from the map, does not reach the sea, and so seems to be a strange exception to the usual form of such land grants. This is due, it is said by old settlers, to an error in the first survey by a foreigner, for when this was done, the Hawaiians of the vicinity immediately remarked that in ancient times Haiku

had always had its strip of seacoast south of the Huleia River.

From the vantage point of a considerable height this southeastern section of the island, almost surrounded as it is by mountains on the north and west, and foothills on the south and east, has somewhat the conformation of a large volcanic crater in itself, its sides gradually worn down and the rim at the southeast corner entirely broken away by pressure and erosion from springs and streams. Almost at its center rises the crater of Kilohana, a tufa cone with a diameter of nearly five miles and an elevation of 1100 feet. Similar, but smaller, cones existing on other parts of the island are used as reservoirs, and it was thought by Paul Isenberg that the crater of Kilohana might some day be converted to a like use. According to the geographer, C. W. Baldwin, Kilohana acted as a vent for the main crater and threw out volcanic material which covered all the region from Haupu ridge to Wailua River and forced the streams to cut new channels around Kilohana cone to the north into Wailua and to the south into Huleia valley. Gradually the lava slopes cooled and cracked in the sun and rain and in the wind which blew over the hills almost steadily from the east and northeast; grasses and trees, thrusting roots into tiny lava cracks, did their part in crushing rocks into the fertility of soil; sea birds and land birds soon found homes and multiplied; and brown men followed wherever birds nested.

This crater of Kilohana was a favorite nesting place for the uwa'u, the gray-feathered petrel with white breast, and bill like the beak of sea gulls, that croaked out their peculiar cry, "Uwa'u!" As large as pigeons they were, and great fishers, but by night only, for the light of the sun dazzled them and dawn always found them back in their mountain burrows. William Hyde Rice used to tell the story of Lauhaka, the Bird Man of

Kilohana, who would eat nothing but uwa'u, and who by reason of craft and strength not only vanquished the four hundred soldiers sent to Kilohana to seize him, but even held the king himself in his power and finally slew him for his craven deceit. At the summit of Mauna Kahili, the peak to the west of Kilohana, is a spot once sacred to the sepulture of Hawaiian chiefs. In an age when a chief's enemies might make fishhooks of his bones, and hence expose his very memory to the jeering derision of his foes, it was essential to the dignity of caste that trusted friends and retainers should secrete these bones in the sea or in almost inaccessible caves. The precipitous cliffs of Mount Kahili, rising abruptly to an altitude of three thousand feet, concealed, indeed, no such caves; but its summit afforded at least a secluded spot guarded by almost perpendicular palis, wet and treacherous with moss and ooze. At the very top, with incredible toil, great cavities were bored in the solid rock and upright posts of kauwila wood, a foot in diameter, twelve feet long, and notched for footholds, were inserted in these rock cavities to support a platform. On this the bodies of chiefs could be safely exposed to the air until the flesh had separated from the bones. These were then wrapped reverently in tapa cloth, and the bundles, weighted with stone, were buried with the utmost secrecy at great ocean depths. Mr. Jarves saw parts of this platform in 1840 and understood that the whole had served some chieftain as a fortress. But Mr. Alexander McBryde, who remarks that the kauwila posts are still intact after all these years, is assured that the ancient ceremonies of burial and the need for secrecy occasioned the erection of this inaccessible and strangely patterned structure.

Of the men and women who first dwelt in this southeasterly corner of the island, history tells us little and legend echoes back even less. But we do know that this little stretch of hollow and hill was one of the favorite

playgrounds of the tribe of Menehune, the little brown work-people who played as hard as they worked. And again it is William Hyde Rice, who, more than any other teller of stories, has kept for us old tales of this happy playground. Work was here, too, as anyone may see who stands on the hill above the Huleia River at Niumalu and looks down upon the wall of the Alakoko fish pond, built in a single night, the little men standing in two rows all the twenty miles or more across the southern hills from Makaweli Valley, and passing the stones thus from hand to hand. Two gaps, indeed, were left in the wall of this fish pond, daylight dawning before the last stone could be laid in place, but this is almost the only task which the Menehune are known to have left unfinished, and but serves to prove them human. Doubtless their minds were intent on the fun they were to have that night in their bathing place at Ninini, a little beach enclosed by cliffs just outside the northern point of Nawiliwili Bay. Carrying rocks was so simple a matter for them that it was one of their favorite pastimes to heap up stones on a cliff, and then throwing one after another into the pool, to dive in after them one by one. One night they even brought a huge rock to Ninini from Kipukai. They carried it safely over the pass and down to the ford of the Huleia River, but, in crossing, half of it broke off and fell into the stream. Nothing daunted, the little men carried on the half they still held, and deposited it at Ninini, where those who have eyes to see it may still find it. And to those who have ears to hear, the other half is still called their Causeway, Kipapa-o-ka-Menehune, at the fording of the Huleia River below the pass.

Sometimes a Menehune, overcome with thirst, would be almost too human and, yielding to the irresistible longing for watermelon, would purloin a luscious fruit from a patch not his own. But thieving was held in the contempt of a capital crime by this sturdy folk, and when

one of them did once steal watermelons at Mahaulepu, a valley southwest of Kipu-kai toward Koloa, he was forthwith turned to stone by the verdict of his tribesmen. Boasting, too, was sometimes punished in this way. One of their favorite play places was the little hill of Po-po-pii, Rounded-for-climbing-up. This they had themselves built on the top of Kilohana and never were they more delighted than when they could climb it over and over again for the sheer fun of rolling down its sides, frolicking and laughing as they rolled. It was such sport that their gleeful shouts carried clear across the Kauai channel to the southeast and startled birds at Kahuku on the island of Oahu. Once, a Menehune called Ka-uki-uki, The-man-of-wrath, boasted that he could climb to the top of this hill at Kilohana and snare the legs of the moon. Ridiculed by his fellow tribesmen, he valiantly attempted to make good his boast, and was turned into a stone when he failed of achievement. For many years this stone was recognized by Hawaiians as a kupua, or demigod, and offerings of lehua blossoms and fragrant maile leaves were laid upon it in passing, that rain and fog might not hinder the errand which carried the people into the mountains. Nowadays the place of Po-po-pii, the Menehune hill, is known no more. Children sometimes hear the Menehune laughing and shouting, and just recently a whole school session at Waimea was broken up by the children rushing out of the room after a little brown man with a white beard, stepping along on pointed feet and nibbling at peanuts as he walked; yet, presently, even the peanut shucks stopped at a crack in the ground under some bushes, and wise government teachers duly herded the excited children back within the four square walls of learning. Some day, perhaps, even grown-ups will be clear-sighted enough, and sensitive enough, to join in the rollicking Menehune games of tug-of-war, boxing, wrestling, spinning tops, throwing maika stones, whip-

ping arrows, hiding pebbles, telling stories, sled-racing and foot-racing, all of which still go on, sometimes at dead of night, sometimes in the broad light of day, when no one is looking.

While the Menehune accomplished great feats during their work hours at night, they were not the only people who could carry stones. The comparatively small islands of Kauai and Niihau are said by Mr. Thrum to have had one hundred and twenty-four heiaus or temples, exclusive of numerous small altars to the fish god. In proportion to area and population, the number of these ancient places of worship exceeded that on any of the larger islands. Legend does, indeed, tell that the Menehune people built Poli-ahu, the great heiau above the Wailua River, and sacred to the use of gods alone, yet men, themselves, brought together the stones for most of these temples of worship. Times changed, however, and with new times came new customs and new forms of worship. In the day of Chiefess Deborah, the thirteen-foot walls of Malae heiau at Wailua-kai, also said to have been assembled by Menehune, were converted into cattle pens, and torch signals no longer gleamed by night to the sister heiau of the gods, two miles up the river at Poli-ahu. A few remnants of Holo-holo-ku heiau, farther down the river, may still be found, but little more than the sacred birthstones which its walls once enclosed; and at the mouth of the river many stones lie about which once formed the celebrated Puu-honua or Temple of Refuge. Within the ahupuaa of Hanamaulu was a large walled heiau called Ka-lau-o-ka-manu, of the pookanaka type, or one in which human sacrifices were offered; but in the almost unconscious days of transition, when popular interest in such things was still asleep, most of the stones from this enclosure were taken to make firm the foundation of the Hanamaulu sugar mill. On the bluff overlooking the bay of Nawiliwili, where the



*Photograph by J. Senda*

#### NAWILIWILI AT SUNSET

*Mount Haupu rises beyond the divide, the pier of the old wharf shows at the right, and Paukini rock stands alone in the sunlight, as it did before the new breakwater joined it.*

public High School now stands, was once the large paved heiau called Kuhiau, extending over about four acres of ground. It was in its day the largest and most far-famed temple on the island. Below it, in the bay, is still the rock called Paukini, which was said to be its companion or sister heiau, and was probably also the home of the kahuna, or priest, of Kuhiau. In ancient times this rock was connected with the shore near the site of the former boat landing. All the dredging and filling in for the modern wharves have not yet touched this old rock of Paukini, the sole remnant of the famous heiaus of Nawiliwili Bay. For almost no traces, even of the great Kuhiau temple, are now to be found; and of the three small heiaus in the neighboring ahupuaa of Kalapaki, those of Ninini, Ahukini and Pohako-eelele, little more than the names survive.

If, however, one climbs the steep slopes of Haupu, in the region of Kipu, as Hawaiians still do in search of the fragrant mokihana berries known only to Kauai-nei, one may still find something of the little heiau of Keolewa. This mountain temple, on the peak over two thousand feet above the level of the sea, was dedicated to the service of Laka, goddess of the wildwood, goddess of dance and of song. As indeed one finds reminiscence of her in all things that move and grow, the swaying of a branch, the green of a leaf, the thrill of a lehua blossom, or the sweetness of the twining maile which was sacred to her. The while her devotees, teachers and pupils of the dance, gathered flowers and wreaths for her altar, they sang at times her ancient songs, oftentimes also a spontaneous burst of delight in her service, mingled with the prayer that she would enter into them, literally, and infuse head, hands, feet, whole body with the spirit of her joy. So instinct was the wildwood with the presence of the goddess, that each leaf or blossom of lehua, or hala-pepe, or hau, or ilima, was broken off reverently in the knowledge that it was a part of her body that was being brought as an offering to grace her kuahu, or altar, within the halau, or sacred enclosure. And the while they wove the leafy framework of her shrine, the priest chanted prayers of joy and adoration, some of which Dr. Emerson has kept for us, such as the one beginning:

A ke kua-hiwi, i ke kua-lono,  
 Ku ana o Laka i ka mauna;  
 Noho ana o Laka i ke poo o ka ohu.  
 O Laka kumu hula. . . . .

In the forests, on the ridges  
 Of the mountains stands Laka;  
 Dwelling in the source of the mists.  
 Laka, mistress of the hula. . . . .

So, indeed, must she have seemed to these joyous people, an emanation of the mists themselves in the freshness and cool fragrance of the wildwood. A cloud cap on Haupu brings rain, say Lihue people even today, mindful of the mist that renews the life of the land. Another memory of olden days lies graven on the cheek of Haupu, Mount Hoary Head. Some term it a portrait of Queen Victoria, but Kauaians know it for the face of their own Queen Hina. She and Hiiaka, sister of dread Pele, once strove to outdo each other in winning the affection of the handsome Kahili, chief of Kilauea. Hiiaka's very fine pa-u or skirt of tapa, though freshly dusted with powdered olena, and spicy with the aromatic rootstock of the same wild herb, lost all power to attract the princely attentions of Kahili, when once the fragrance of Hina's pa-u was caught on the breeze. For she had gone farther into the hills, perhaps sending even to the slopes of Haupu, for roots and berries of the mokihana. These, her women ground to a fine powder, to the very essence of fragrance, which they rubbed into her royal pa-u. Is there matter for wonder that Kahili found Queen Hina irresistibly entrancing? Later, when departing from the island, Queen Hina left the imprint of her face carved in the profile rock of the Haupu ridge. And from almost every point in the length and breadth of the seven ancient ahupuaas of Kipu, Haiku, Niupalu, Nawiliwili, Kalapaki, Hanamaulu and Wailua, one may look back to the familiar presence of Haupu and Queen Hina keeping watch over the bay below.

In historical times the bay of Waimea was preferred by masters of sailing ships, and that of Nawiliwili was seldom used. Waimea, too, was the residence of king and chiefs, therefore also the better source of provisions for ships. As the king's seat, Waimea became likewise the nucleus of the mission settlements on the island, and remarkably little mention is made of the Nawiliwili

region, although many natives dwelt there. In 1824, when walking around the island from Waimea to counsel the people after the wreck of *The Cleopatra's Barge*, Rev. Hiram Bingham crossed from Hanapepe, as has been seen, over the old upland trail back of Kilohana, and wrote of it as "a country of good land, mostly open, unoccupied, and covered with grass, sprinkled with trees, and watered with lively streams that descend from forest-covered mountains and wind their way along ravines to the sea,—a much finer country than the western part of the island." He then proceeded to give some account of the Wailua region, omitting all reference to the southern angle of the island. Five years later, when the Rev. Peter J. Gulick made his first pilgrimage around the island with the governor, he spent a night at Hanamaulu, a hard day's ride from Waimea, but he, too, omits all mention of the Nawiliwili district. With the passing, however, of the little kingdom of Kauai and the coming of a new order of things, Governor Kaikioewa, companion-in-arms of Kamehameha the Great, cast his eye upon this fruitful portion of the island and there built himself a city, set upon a hill.

Kaikioewa was a wise chief, who, having seen many changes during his lifetime, realized that many more were yet to follow. By 1830 it had become clear that the hitherto fertile source of revenue in the sandalwood traffic was fast drying up. Trade with whaleships was beginning to be lucrative, but did not entirely stop the gap made by the wholesale destruction of primeval forest. Systematic tilling of the soil was the one resource left untapped. And by 1837 this course was being pursued with some hope of success at Koloa, where weather and soil conditions were more favorable than at Waimea. After the first crop of cane at Koloa, the king himself commanded that some portions of his own land there be planted to sugar cane. The shrewd old governor there-

fore moved through the gap in the Koloa hills a little further to the eastward on the island, where there was still more chance of intercepting the trade-wind showers for the crops, and began his own settlement on the hill back of Nawiliwili Bay.

Mr. Jarves, who was in Waimea in 1840 and saw the Governess Amelia there in the beautiful "straw palace" built for her by order of her late lord and master, Kaikioewa, pictures the old governor as a hard taskmaster. And such he may well have been, along with all the Hawaiian chiefs of ancient times. Autocratic he certainly was, also in keeping with the character of his peers, for when his house and church in the ahupuaa of Nawiliwili were completed, he elected to call the spot *Lihue*, a place name not of Kauai-*nei*, but one borrowed from the region of his earlier home on the Waianae plains of Oahu. This fact was once told to Thomas G. Thrum by Miss Lucy Peabody, a Hawaiian of rank revered by us all, and one deeply learned in the lore of her native country. Mr. Thrum, himself one of our foremost Hawaiian scholars, further remarks that the Hawaiian word *lihue* means *gooseflesh*, and on Oahu probably had some original association of meaning. But even in the days of Kaikioewa, this early flavor of the name had perhaps become merged in that of a place merely, and as such, in the sense of *home*, was doubtless brought across the Kauai channel by the old chieftain from Oahu. It is from this small beginning that the name, Lihue, has grown to comprise that large section of the old Puna district of the island which Hawaiians knew separately as Kipu, Haiku, Niumalu, Nawiliwili, Kalapaki, Hanamaulu and Wailua. For many decades the old names were retained, particularly among Hawaiians when speaking their own language. Oddly, the new church and house of Governor Kaikioewa in Nawiliwili stood almost on the spot now occupied by the Government Post Office, the Lihue

branch of the Bank of Hawaii and the Lihue Plantation Store, and, as it happens, not only the district and the plantation, but also the county seat itself are now designated by this old Oahu name.

In just what year this enterprising governor of Kauai built his "embryo city" of Lihue is not now known, for the little that remains of its story is largely by word of mouth from those born after his time. But it cannot have been more than a very few years before his death, which occurred in 1839. Passing to the eastward from Koloa on a journey around the island, in the year 1840 or 1841, Mr. Jarves describes the "emporium" of Kaikioewa. He does not, it is true, give the name *Lihue*, which among Hawaiians of the district he was not likely to have heard; and he locates the settlement somewhat nearer Wailua than would now be done by the modern road; but there can be no shadow of doubt as to the identity of the place, for we know that the old governor made a new home, called Lihue, in the ahupuaa of Nawiliwili above the bay on the site of the present county seat. More than one such settlement on the way from Koloa to Wailua he assuredly never could have built.

Half way to Wailua there is a fine tract of land which the late governor selected as a site for a sugar plantation, many acres of which he caused to be planted with cane, and also built a large church, and a house for himself. But death soon terminated his scheme, and his city, that was to be, still retains its original diminutiveness, while all his improvements, like his own body, are wasting away to mother earth again. Since his demise, the situation has been used for camp-meetings, at which a large concourse of natives assembled. They erected a large number of little huts around the church for their temporary quarters; in appearance and size they resemble dog-kennels, being not over four feet high, and allowing only a sitting posture. The little cove at Hanamaulu was selected by the governor as a harbor for his new emporium, entirely overlooking the fact that it opened directly to the windward. By his orders, the government

brig Becket was anchored there; the trades blowing completely in, prevented egress, as there was not sufficient room to beat out and the vessel was in danger of being blown upon the rocks. Kaikioewa immediately ordered out the population, en masse, to make cordage, and the brig soon resembled a spider entangled in its own web, in which it was obliged to remain many weeks.

Although the old chiefs could command an almost unlimited supply of labor, not many of them were so far-seeing as to undergo the risks of a new enterprise even with the hope of increased revenue. At Kohala, on Hawaii, Governor Kuakini leased land to Chinese, who had quite an establishment there in 1841. And Governor Boki's little sugar plantation at Manoa on Oahu was in the very early days only too successful, at least in the manufacture of rum, a commercial adventure which speedily brought down upon itself the ban of Kaahumanu, the sagacious Queen Regent. Here, at this little Lihue settlement, if indeed proceedings advanced as far as grinding, the mill must have resembled the primitive one of Chinese manufacture used as early as 1837 at Waimea. Koloa is mentioned as the only market for Lihue produce, but it cannot be that the first little Koloa mill ground cane from Nawiliwili, for even if there had been wagons, there were no oxen trained to draw them, and no road broader than a horse trail over the ten miles through the gap in the Koloa hills. With the death of Kaikioewa, the governorship of the island was transferred for a short time to his widow, Keaweamahi, who was called Governess Amelia. But from 1840 to 1845 the authority was held by Chiefess Kekauonohi, probably in joint authority with her husband, Kealiihonui, son of Kaumualii. This is according to the list of Kauai governors compiled by Judge Dickey. In 1846 the governor's office passed into the capable hands of Paulo Kanoa, who performed its functions ably for over thirty years.

Almost the first travelers to use the name *Lihue* were gentlemen of the United States Exploring Expedition in 1840, and in reports of the Protestant Mission it appears for the first time in 1841, the following year. The death of Governor Kaikioewa, in 1839, and the consequent removal of his stimulating influence from the Nawiliwili district seem to have been causes contributing to the establishment there of a mission station. This was under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Lafon, the assistants of Rev. and Mrs. Peter Gulick at Koloa. Dr. Lafon was the first physician ever to make his home on the island, and about two years after his arrival in 1837 he is found in residence in the new mission district, which comprised the somewhat extensive eastern section of the island from Koloa to Waioli. Dr. and Mrs. Lafon left the islands in 1841, only two years later, and details of their work are very scant in reports of the mission. An interesting view of their labors and of the settlement itself is given by gentlemen of the United States Exploring Expedition who passed through "Lihui" in October of the year 1840 and described it as

a settlement lately undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Lafon, for the purpose of inducing the natives to remove from the sea-coast, thus abandoning their poor lands to cultivate the rich plains above. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lafon are very industrious with their large school, to which some of the children come five miles.

The principal village is Nawiliwili, ten miles east of Koloa. This district contains about forty square miles, being twenty miles long by two broad. The soil is rich: it produces sugar-cane, taro, sweet-potatoes, beans, &c. The only market is that of Koloa. The cane suffers somewhat from the high winds on the plains.

The temperature of Lihui has much the same range as that of Koloa, and the climate is pleasant: the trade-winds sweep over it uninterruptedly, and sufficient rain falls to keep the vegetation green throughout the year. No cattle are to be seen, although the pasturage is good.

As yet there is little appearance of increase in industry, or improvement in the dwellings of the natives. There are no more than about seventy pupils in this district, who are taught by natives. There are two houses of worship, and about forty communicants.

From the outset of the mission work in 1820, the growth and maintenance of each school had been dependent solely on the zeal of the local missionary and the favor of the local chiefs. The passing of a score of years had wrought changes. To the schools originally thronged by adult learners, curious to see what the new palapala might be and to obtain its benefits, and eager to follow after the example and behests of their chiefs, only children were now sent as pupils. And after death had withdrawn the powerful hand of many of the older chiefs, the payment of teachers became very irregular. The chiefs who remained, the highest in the land, were summoned by the young king to take counsel together at Lahaina, and in 1839 these, with the aid of students at Lahainaluna School, drew up in the Hawaiian language the first attempt at a national constitution, called the Declaration of Rights. New laws for the schools followed this voluntary Magna Charta of the infant nation, and the Rev. William Richards, who at the request of the chiefs had become their adviser on the thorny path of political economy, was appointed as the first Minister of Public Instruction. Missionary workers throughout the group of islands were inspired with renewed hope that the younger generation would not come to manhood and womanhood without the best training that could be had in school hours. Gradually the younger men, taught at the high school at Lahainaluna on Maui, became more efficient and many were attracted to school teaching by the promise of regular, if small, pay held out by the new school laws. True, these early salaries were often payable partly in goats, and as such were sometimes "hard

to catch," but in general the new laws were regarded by the mission with feelings of great thankfulness and relief. Extracts from the reports submitted annually at the General Meeting of the mission in Honolulu evince this satisfaction, and give details of the new Kauai station.

1840: The present number of native churches in the islands is nineteen, one at Nawiliwili, on Kauai, having been organized during the year under the pastoral care of Dr. Lafon. The whole number of members for the year is fifty-two. Three hundred is the average attendance of the congregation on the Sabbath. Schools have been got up in many places since the establishment of this station, but the numbers are not given.

1841: Schools have been revived under the late law. There are six in this district, embracing 287 children.

1842: Number of schools in Lihue district 5; teachers 7; scholars 185; of whom readers 123, writers 28, those in arithmetic 64, and in geography 8. The Catholics have succeeded in getting away 12 children from one of these schools.

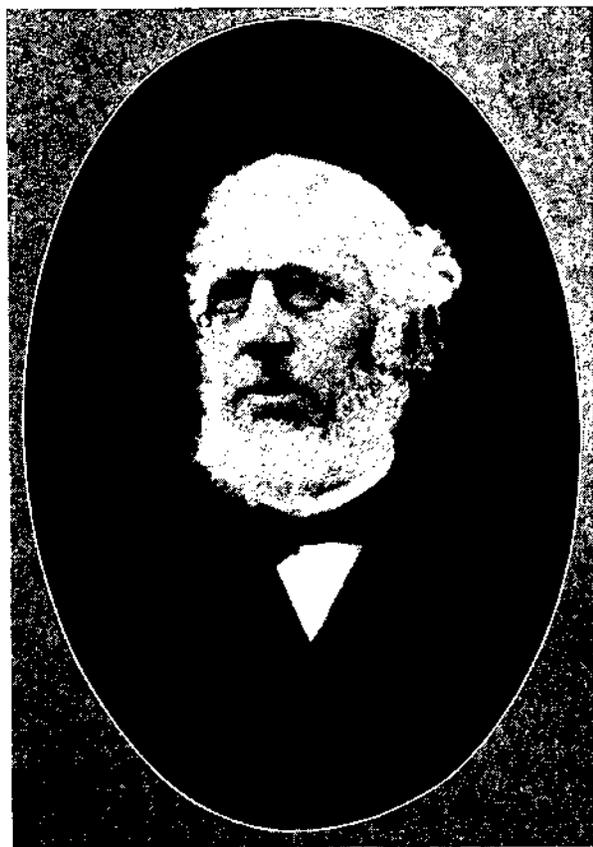
1844: Schools have been continued through the year, and have been as useful as could be expected, considering the poor qualifications of the teachers and their meager remuneration, which generally has not amounted to one half the wages of ordinary day laborers.

Church services were held in the old thatched church on Lihue hill, the building having been repaired after Governor Kaikioewa's death. Two chapels are indeed mentioned in the account by the United States Exploring Expedition, but one of these must have been in the thickly populated section of Kapaa, further to the north, and at that time included in the Lihue mission district. Whether the cultivation of sugar cane was continued by the Hawaiians at Lihue after the governor's death is not stated, but it seems more than likely, since the mission workers had encouraged the industry in Lihue as elsewhere. Rev. Mr. Pogue reports from Koloa in 1846 that

the weekly meetings were not well attended, owing to the numbers of natives in the employ of foreigners. It will be remembered, however, that not long before this the older Koloa missionaries had begged Ladd and Company to put yet more fields under cultivation in order that more Hawaiians might be regularly employed. It was clear that the old order of economy, with normal employment of the people in primitive husbandry and their virtual dependence on the chiefs, was rapidly breaking up. Equally clear was it that some new form of industry must take the place of the old, and when at last the experiments at Koloa seemed to point the way to a new order of things, no residents in the islands were

more grateful than the Protestant mission workers.

During the fall of 1849 it chanced that an experienced Pacific trader and navigator, detained at Kauai en route to China, noted the fertility of the uplands surrounding Nawiliwili Bay. This merchant was Henry Augustus Peirce of Boston, something of whose life is given by Josephine Sullivan in her authentic and very readable history of C. Brewer and Company. As a lad of sixteen,



HENRY AUGUSTUS PEIRCE

Henry Peirce had shipped before the mast and as early as 1825 had first seen the town of Honolulu. Three years later he became clerk there to the trader, James Hunnewell, who had been first mate with the brig *Thaddeus* on her arrival in 1820. In 1836 young Peirce formed the partnership of Peirce and Brewer, which in 1843 became the firm of C. Brewer and Company when Mr. Peirce retired to his home in Boston. Only the most lively of retirements, however, could well suit a man with the soul of a sailor and the nose of a trader, who said of himself that he was "always active and keen for speculation." When news of buried gold on the Pacific Coast was received in Boston, Henry Peirce departed almost at once on the *Montreal*, a vessel fitted out by his old partner, James Hunnewell, and himself with merchandise for San Francisco. Smitten at this port with the prevailing fever, the entire crew of the vessel deserted for the gold-lined coast of California, but shrewd Henry Peirce was playing a sea game and so escaped infection by a landlubber's bacillus. He bided his time until he could collect another crew and then sailed for Honolulu, where instinct and habit told him that the winter whaling fleet had just begun to appear. In a few weeks the *Montreal* was dispatched to New Bedford, Massachusetts, with a cargo of oil and whalebone. This done, and a whiff of the Orient reaching this traders' paradise set in the mid-Pacific sea, Mr. Peirce, in November of 1849, himself, according to a short account of his life by an anonymous friend,

embarked on board the *Brig Noble*, chartered by him at Honolulu, and sailed for Canton, China, for a cargo of general merchandise for the Hawaiian trade. The vessel on her voyage touched at the island of Kauai, the most western of the Hawaiian archipelago, where near the harbor of Nawiliwili, he purchased, in connection with the late William L. Lee, Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Kingdom, a sugar plantation of 3,000 acres, leaving competent parties in charge, and proceeding on to China. This sugar enterprise resulted most disastrously as a speculation.

It is of not a little interest to find that even up to the middle of the nineteenth century the island of Kauai still lay in the track of China traders. The Hawaiian Islands formed, as it were, a mid-ocean crossroads long before the invention of travel by steam. The Rev. Hiram Bingham gives a succinct view of these trade routes in the statement that in the two decades following 1824 the port of Honolulu was visited by fifty-two ships of war and over 2,000 other vessels, of which 1,712 were whaling ships, and of these latter about three-fourths of American ownership. He brings the picture to a still sharper focus by stating that the average times in which vessels direct from other parts of the world reached these islands, were in 1847: from California, 20 days; from Tahiti, the Columbia River and Northwest Coast, 25 days; China, 60 days; Sidney, 84 days; New York, 146 days; Boston, 153 days; and London, 159 days. It was on just such a sixty-day voyage to China that Henry Peirce was setting out in 1849 when he stopped en route at Kauai, and we cannot but regret the laconic brevity of his anonymous biographer, in referring to his ability to see a sugar plantation operating at Nawiliwili long before it actually existed. The work of a man in his latter years is naturally of the greater significance, and it is of the later periods that the story of Mr. Peirce's life quite properly treats. Had he been in regard to Lihue more the investor and less the promoter, this early venture would doubtless have loomed larger in the biographical perspective.

Of the original investment in Lihue Plantation Mr. Peirce contributed one-half, or eight thousand dollars, the burden of the remainder being borne in equal shares by two younger men, who like the lads in fairy tales had set sail to find their fortunes, and being blown by adverse winds to the middle of the Pacific, there set themselves to work. These were the two friends, Charles Reed Bishop and William Little Lee. They brought from their home



*By courtesy of E. Faxon Bishop*

WILLIAM LITTLE LEE AND CHARLES REED BISHOP

*Their hands clasped in the pact "till death do us part," made when they left home in quest of health for young Lee.*

state of New York just the personalities, the training and the experience needed in 1846 by the little Hawaiian Kingdom, which up to that time had scarcely conceived the significance of banking and jurisprudence. The long life of industry and prosperity led by Charles R. Bishop, who was married in 1850 to the noblest of Hawaii's alii, their uncrowned queen, Bernice Pauahi Pahi, lends itself admirably to biographical study. Still more tempting even is the career of Judge Lee, a lifetime compressed into eleven full, short years of personal and professional service to his adopted country. Moved by the profound con-

viction that Hawaii in its transition state was in danger of annihilation through industrial stagnation, and that, too, when possessed of fertile soils and a matchless climate, Judge Lee exhorted not only by precept, urging and encouraging planters throughout the length and breadth of the land, but by example as well, for the first warranty deed of Lihue Plantation bears his name. Under the name of the senior partner these three men organized the firm of Henry A. Peirce and Company "to buy lands, cultivate cane and manufacture sugar at Nawiliwili, on the island of Kauai."

The first deed of land conveyed to the new plantation is dated December 4, 1849, and covers an area of 1,870 acres more or less in Huleia, district of Puna, Kauai, for a consideration of \$9,350, excepting within that acreage the governor's kalo patches and any kuleanas, or small grants of land occupied by individual Hawaiian tenants. This name *Huleia* for the district was very ancient. It comprised the six ahupuaa from Kipu to Hanamaulu and might more properly be applied today to the modern division known as Lihue, which has added to those six ahupuaa "the king's land of Wailua." According to experts in the Territorial Land Office, Huleia was probably an *okana*, one of the very old land divisions of Kamehameha I, although now applied only to the little Huleia River. In the Great Mahele of 1848 Huleia was given to Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Kama-malu on condition that the king, Kamehameha III, should retain rights to it as his Aina Bipi, or pasturage for cattle at his pleasure. In the final settlement of the Mahele it was agreed that chiefs might obtain exclusive rights, or fee simple titles, to such lands by deeding a third of the area to the government. Hence, the confirmation of this first Lihue Plantation deed, by one of the earliest Royal Patents, No. 188, dated December 21, 1849, provides that Mataio Kekuanaoa and his wife as guardians of the

owner, Princess Victoria Kamamalu, shall give to the government 625 acres "wherever else they may choose in Huleia, Puna, island of Kauai."

An additional acre on Nawiliwili Bay was bought by the three partners in order to have access to a landing, and even this purchase bore the stipulation that others should have free right of way across it. The Nawiliwili stream formed in part the southern boundary of the large purchase, and the center of the Hanamaulu stream its northern limit. In sighting for this first survey the points used are of more than passing interest. First comes the East end of the Lihue Meeting House; then the slender sentinel peak on the eastern spur of Mount Haupu; and finally the highest point of Mount Kalepa directly to the north. To this day the old Kuleana Book, carefully guarded in the fireproof safe of the corporation, bears even in the latest surveys, those of the year 1900, the imprint of a small rectangle within the area of this original purchase, designating the location of this first sighting point, the Lihue Meeting House, which was the great thatched church of Governor Kaikioewa's embryo city.

This meager documentary record and the description already given by Mr. Jarves are in all probability the only sketches of this old thatched church that will ever be found. How strange it seems that this home of Governor Kaikioewa, with its church and dwelling place surrounded by small fields of small, indigenous sugar cane and the very name of the little settlement borrowed from the neighboring island of Oahu, should have supplied the first impetus toward the humming plantation town and county seat of this year of our Lord 1931! As nearly as can be ascertained from the original survey, the Lihue Meeting House stood about on the site of the present Lihue Plantation store, or a little to the north, on the brow of the hill, in order to be accessible from all directions, for in those days a church, and a Hawaiian church above

all others, was quite literally a meetinghouse. The year 1849, however, and its near chronological neighbors tolled the knell of disease and death throughout "the eight seas," and the face of all the land was changed. As it chanced, this same year saw the first impetus given here to the new industry which for fourteen years had been advancing slowly on the neighboring plains just beyond the gap in the Koloa hills. For a few years the old church of Kaikioewa continued to be used, but the diminishing numbers of Hawaiians soon made it impracticable to keep this up, and the smaller church was built where it still stands. It is said that the belfry and bell of the old church, probably not far from their original site, were used by the new plantation as a work bell, a new one having accompanied parts of the frame of the old church on the journey in 1854 across the valley southward to its present site. Not a little significance may be drawn from the fact that the new plantation called its work people together by the ringing of the old church bell and took its bearings from the old church as a sighting point, somewhat as a new ship might orient herself by means of a friendly mountain top in a sea of uncertainty.

The acreage about this Lihue center is estimated in the deed at something less than two thousand, but a letter from Mr. Peirce mentions it as considerably over that area. And in 1851 a lease of some five hundred acres makai of the original Lihue purchase, for a term of fifty years, brought the original area to approximately three thousand acres. Stipulations in this lease were that no alcoholic liquor should be manufactured or sold on the land and that at the expiration of the lease the land and everything on it should be returned to the owner, Princess Victoria Kamamalu or her heirs. At the end of ten years this area of 500 acres was bought by the plantation.

An additional area of four acres was during this same year, 1851, sold to the government for harbor and road near Nawiliwili Bay. The first sighting point in this deed was the north corner of Kuhiau heiau.

The site for the new mill was chosen in the valley on Nawiliwili stream, below the old church on Lihue hill, for water was the motor power during the early years. And on this same site the Lihue mill has always continued to be. Of the three thousand acres between the Nawiliwili and Hanamaulu streams, barely a tenth was put into cultivation. The greater part of the new plantation was covered with forest trees of koa, hau, kukui and ahakea, and in the days of laborious teaming with ox carts it was essential to cultivate the fields immediately about the mill as a working center. Some of this primeval forest had already been removed to satisfy the demands of whale-ships for firewood. The consumption of the plantation in the matter of firewood was equally exacting. Much was also cut by the plantation in dull seasons and sold in the Honolulu market, so that in the course of years the forests gradually receded from the plains and foothills. The first field cleared for the planting of cane at Lihue in 1850 lay to the north and east of the present post office and plantation store. It was called the field of Halo, probably from some earlier Hawaiian tenant, and is still so denominated on the survey map of the plantation. For years parts of this field of Halo were left standing in groups of old forest trees, the planting and growing and harvesting of cane going on around them with no immediate disturbance to their ancient roots.

At first, and for a number of years, the laborers on the plantation were exclusively Hawaiians, coming sometimes from a distance and living in the region known as Koamalu on the hill southwest of the mill, where a little village of thatched huts, called Pualoki, soon grew up near the old grove of trees. Mr. Lydgate's account of

Lihue states that these grass houses, cool and fragrant when new, and often rebuilt, were built in plantation time, and of poles, bamboo and cane leaf thatch belonging to the plantation. Much of the life in the islands, even in land matters apparently having no relation to the sea, was inevitably bound up with the things of the sea. For many years plantation laborers, like seamen, were shipped, not hired. In his contribution to the historical society of Kauai, Mr. W. O. Smith makes a pertinent point in this connection:

. . . . . Hawaiian sailors made good whalemén. . . . . While the pay depended upon a percentage of the catch, a certain amount of money was advanced to each sailor upon his shipping. This system was followed by the sugar planters in making contracts with laborers and the form of the contracts followed the general form of contracts made under the American shipping laws. Penalty of imprisonment for breaking contracts and for desertion was taken from the United States shipping laws. While there were abuses under this system and later there were those who denounced it, it was under the conditions then existing a wholesome system, especially so after Chinese came to the islands in large numbers. However, the system outlived its usefulness.

It is not difficult to understand that the analogy of hiring crews for sailing ships was thus naturally followed on land. The laborer's incentive to this indenture, Mr. Lydgate pointed out in his studies of Lihue history, was the prepayment of a considerable part of the wage to be worked out later. An improvident laborer would draw all the advance he could get, promptly squander it and be quite unwilling to work it out. Then he would try to ship over again, or wander off to a different place of work. If he failed to turn out to work at the ringing of the plantation bell, he was liable to a court fine for haalele hana, "laying off work," and to get him back again his master had frequently to pay the fine himself. Whipping was sometimes resorted to, but public opinion threw its weight

strongly against such forms of cruelty. This system of shipping labor was considered the only feasible method in the islands, however, until annexation to the United States automatically put an end to it.

Little information exists today as to the first years of development at Lihue. With laborers unused to foreign implements, plowing was slow work after the heavy forest trees had been cleared away. A few oxen were bought and driven over from Koloa, and gradually the Hawaiians became expert in lassoing and training work animals from among those running wild in the mountains. Seed cane was brought laboriously from the valleys, where a small, soft variety seemed to grow indigenously. Blight and drought held back the first growth of young cane, killing all but the roots of it just as it was about to mature. The mill chimney of red brick was set up in 1851, and so dated, but it was long before the mill itself reached completion. One does not marvel that from the signing of the first deed to the land in December of 1849 almost four years elapsed before Lihue began to grind its first crop. Nor is it strange that under similar difficulties fellow planters on all the islands commenced to discuss the improvement of conditions.

Coincident with the beginning of operations on Lihue Plantation was the founding of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society at Honolulu. In both of these enterprises Judge Lee was a prime mover. A man of keen perceptions and large heart, he was ever on the alert to stimulate others on behalf of the beloved country of his adoption and after eighty years his opening address as first president of the society rings true, not only in its scholarly and practical appeal, but also in its directness and sincerity. Men having these same interests at heart are gathered into this association, he says, to pool their experiences and failures, to improve breeds of cattle and poultry, to import seeds and implements, to consider the

importation of labor from China, should such a step become necessary, to exhibit local products and award premiums for them, and above all, to consider the dignity and importance of agriculture and the necessity for its encouragement as a means of national prosperity and independence. Even at the first meeting of the society, in August of 1850, the question of raising sugar comes to the fore in discussions, and selections from the reports of the next few years give in cross section an excellent view of the early development on Lihue Plantation.

One cardinal principle of the association was the establishment of high standards. This was particularly stressed by Dr. Wood, the proprietor of Koloa Plantation, who, on account of the unusually high price of sugar in California and the great demand for it there, cautioned producers not to export imperfectly cured sugar which would formerly not have been so much as offered for sale locally as an inferior grade. For it was of the first importance that the Sandwich Island producers should endeavor to secure the highest possible reputation for the produce of their estates and should not allow themselves to be tempted to export unmerchantable sugars. At this first meeting, also, Dr. Wood and Mr. Marshall of Lihue were appointed on a committee to secure two hundred coolies from China in an attempt to offset the decrease in the native population of laborers, an advance of some nine thousand dollars being met by the association for the necessary expense, which included the chartering of a vessel. In the report of the society for 1851, renewed efforts were made for securing Chinese laborers, the first attempt having failed. In the meantime, Messrs. Peirce and Company at Lihue had been trying out the experiment of bringing Hawaiians from the other islands, a fact which undoubtedly explains the heading Lahaina Prisoners in one of the oldest pay books of Lihue Plantation. Mr. Godfrey Rhodes of Hanalei, reporting for the

island of Kauai, gave his Lihue neighbors the following hearty Godspeed from the fullness of his own experience in subduing the wilderness:

The new plantation of Messrs. Peirce and Company of Lihue is flourishing and the works progressing toward completion. These enterprising gentlemen appear to be determined to overcome every obstacle by which they are beset, and it is hoped that they will ere long be amply remunerated for the care and expense they have bestowed in subduing the wilderness and rendering it subservient to the uses of civilized life.

Mr. Peirce, reporting on agricultural implements in general, states it as his belief that the mill recently imported by Messrs. Wood and Spencer for their plantation on Maui, together with the one now in process of erection at Lihue, are the two largest on the islands, although smaller than many now being brought into use



*By Courtesy of Hon. G. R. Carter*

GENERAL AND MRS. J. F. B. MARSHALL, 1865

in the West Indies. The rollers of the new Lihue mill are four and a half feet in length, twenty-six inches in diameter, and weigh about three tons each. It is said that these rollers were of granite brought from China. Mr. Marshall was wont to relate that when this first mill was being conveyed on a raft from the vessel in Nawiliwili harbor, several parts of it fell overboard, but were fortunately recovered by skilled native divers. Mr. Peirce's report of 1851 on implements continues by throwing an interesting side light on the old process of drying sugar and incidentally on his own enterprise in comparing the methods of different countries, a procedure far more tedious and difficult then than now, when we are beginning literally to fly from one distant country to another.

The machinery for manufacturing sugar is still in an exceedingly rude state, and many improvements could be pointed out.

We cannot, however, omit the mention of an invention for purging sugar, recently brought into use in the West Indies, and now about being introduced here. . . . The present process is to take the warm sugar from the granulating tables, and place it in vats or boxes, where it remains until the molasses has drained through these boxes. This process occupies from two to six weeks according to the state of the atmosphere, and is of course very uncertain and tedious and often occasions loss to the planter by a fall in the market before the sugar is fit for shipment. The planter is also tempted to pack his sugar before it is thoroughly drained, in order to take advantage of a rise in the market, and thus the reputation of the island sugars is much injured.

The machine in question obviates all these evils, and turns out sugar fit for packing and shipment in a few minutes from the time it is taken out of the granulating tables. It is called the Centrifugal Separator and consists of a perforated cask into which the sugar is thrown and by very rapid revolutions the molasses is forced out through the sides of the cask very rapidly, leaving the sugar clean and dry. The power may be given from the motive power of the mill, or independently, as is most convenient. . . . Several of these machines have been ordered of Mr. D. M.

Weston, a practical machinist, now in Honolulu, who came out from the United States for the purpose of setting up our sugar mill at Lihue, and to whom we would recommend planters to apply for information on the subject.

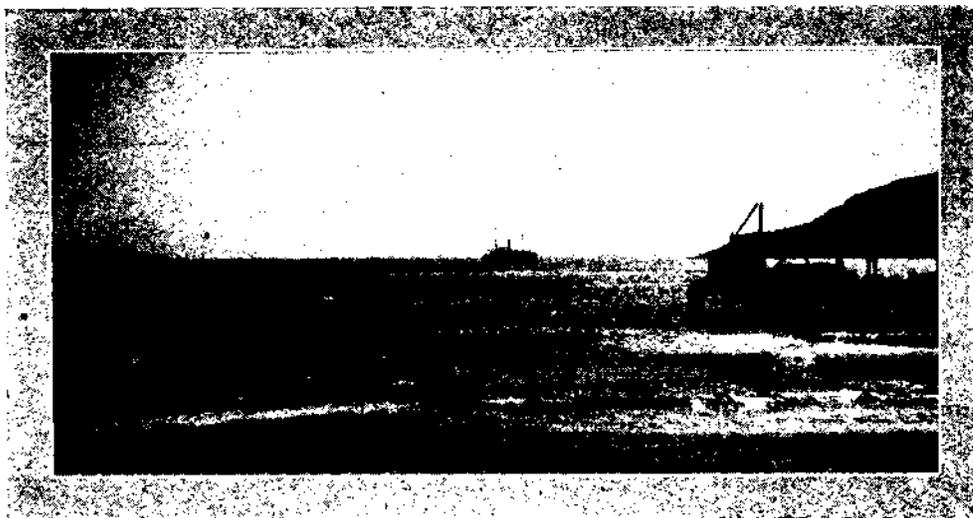
It appears that whatever Henry Peirce set out to do he did thoroughly, whether on sea or land. The following year, 1852, he returned to Boston for some time, and the report for that year mentions his having sent the society by a clipper ship a fine hive of bees, all of which, however, were drowned by the melting of the honey during sultry weather in the South Atlantic. In 1853 Mr. Peirce tried again with better success, this time packing the hive in ice and inserting two lead pipes to supply the bees with air. Judge Lee was likewise indefatigable in his zeal for better methods. His second report as president of the Agricultural Society noted many items caught by his quick eye on his judicial circuit of the entire islands. He mentioned not only the obvious, such as prevailing drought, the drop in California market prices, and the lack of capital and economy in labor, but also the poor machinery, the overstocked cattle ranches and the poor quality of salt used in curing beef for export. A committee was formed at this meeting for drafting an address to the Hawaiians regarding improvements in agriculture, the committee to be composed of Messrs. Green, Andrews and Armstrong of the Protestant mission. Another member of that body, William H. Rice of Punahou School, was appointed to a committee on agricultural implements and as chairman of the committees on grains and on salting beef.

The annual exhibition of the society was held for the first time in the new Court House in Honolulu, a building of coral stone which is still in use today on Queen Street just south of Fort. This first agricultural festival attracted great attention in the town and a special vote

of thanks was tendered to the Hawaiian Government for the courtesy of the new building. Many premiums were awarded, among them, to Rev. J. S. Green of Maui for wheat and oats; and to the following residents of Honolulu: Rev. R. Armstrong for a native heifer; Rev. S. C. Damon for a native cow; Dr. G. P. Judd for ducks, and to Mr. W. H. Rice for guinea fowls, squashes and beans. Committees of enterprising citizens on each island were appointed to form local auxiliaries, Mr. Rice and four others of the American mission being on the committee for Oahu, and that for Kauai consisting of Judge Bond, the Rev. Messrs. Rowell and Johnson, and Dr. Smith. One of the speakers observed that the transactions of the society would be creditable to far older states, here where but a few years ago no art of civilization was cultivated, and where the Anglo-Saxon, pausing for a day in his progress round the globe, makes "a garden in the sea, which should attract and cheer, and cherish all who are voyaging on its expansive waters." Minister Wyllie put forward arguments in favor of the establishment of a banking institution in order that agriculturists might have some source of borrowing capital. And the following report on coolie labor was made for the island of Kauai:

Some of the Kauai planters think four coolies equal to five natives, in amount of labor; others reverse the matter by placing three natives against four coolies. On the plantation of H. A. Peirce & Co. there was some apparent jealousy by the natives when the coolies first arrived among them. At Koloa, some little skirmishing, but peace and harmony soon produced the kindest feelings. The coolies are far more nice in doing their labor, of which they feel a pride over the natives, calling them Wahine! Wahine! [Women!] On Dr. Wood's plantations coolies are considered far superior to the natives, they perform more work, and do it handsomer.

The wages of the coolie is three dollars a month by contract for five years; passage from Amoy, China, advance wages and outfit, amount to nearly four dollars, which added to the wages



*Photograph by J. Senda*

N A W I L I W I L I L A N D I N G I N 1 9 2 0

make nearly seven dollars, this sum including their board. Natives have six dollars a month and find themselves. . . . Thus far the experiment of introducing laborers from China has exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the planters.

A significant feature of this very real and practical interest in agriculture is the frequency with which names of members of the American Protestant mission appear as committeemen. For thirty years these men had been endeavoring to feed and clothe and educate large families on small salaries, and the proposition of becoming self-supporting had recently been laid before them by the home board. Not a few of them did at this time relieve the board of their support by becoming independent citizens. Father Bond of Kohala was among the first to do so. Even earlier was Father Green of Makawao, Maui, who, for reasons of conscience, had long severed his connection with the home board, yet continued to live and work among the people in what seemed to him a rational way, building not only churches, but wheat fields as well. He never forgot how his wife spoke of the year 1829

with thankful emotions that she did not die outright of starvation during his absence in Oregon, and while admitting that this was perhaps an exceptional year, he set himself to work to solve local food problems. In reporting to the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society on grains for the year 1852, Mr. Green said:

Mr. Rice of Punahou has tried out a great variety of vegetables and fruits, and has more than once succeeded in raising fine corn at that place, although he is not yet sanguine of entire success. He is still making experiments as to the season of planting and destruction of the pelua, or caterpillar. . . . I feel that examples of practical agriculture would do more for the future temporal, political and moral state of Hawaii than whole pounds of precept. Of the latter there have been *tons* bestowed upon the Hawaiian race, to how little purpose the neglected fields around us too plainly tell. . . . My people have lately formed an Agricultural Society, and as the rage for speculation seems to have spent itself, I may be able by another year to communicate on their behalf something of importance.

With the arrival of laborers from the Orient, taro and poi no longer sufficed as the staple article of diet, and by 1853 it was estimated that from ten to twelve thousand dollars yearly was being sent out of the islands to pay for rice, a grain which might readily be raised locally. Experiments in its culture were already under way at Wailua, Kauai, and in other places, and members of the Agricultural Society were urged to follow suit. The second premium for sugar was awarded this year, 1853, to H. A. Peirce and Company of Lihue, from the exhibited sample which was designated by the judges as "a handsome article taken indiscriminately from a whole cargo." This was from the first crop of sugar on the little plantation begun in 1849. The vice-president of the society, Mr. J. F. B. Marshall, reporting for Kauai plantations, drew a picture of operations at Lihue which presents many points of interest even after the lapse of three-quarters of a century:

The plantation at Lihue is thriving as well as that at Koloa. The first crop at Lihue is nearly in, and is estimated at 125 tons, about half of what it would have been, but for the drought of last year. The Lihue sugar is of good quality and will improve as land and cane grow older. A severe drawback has been a blight of yellow, drooping leaves which has suddenly attacked our cane and prevented my leaving to attend the meeting of the Agricultural Society in Honolulu. We commenced our planting with wild cane taken from the ravines, and I presume it will require several years cultivation to equal the yield of older plantations. . . .

All our sugar, except five or six tons, has been drained by the centrifugal separator, which we consider invaluable. Ours is run by water power at present, but we have a small steam engine of five horsepower on the way out for this purpose, as it is better to have the power disconnected from that which drives the rollers. A Chinaman has charge of the machine and manages it with skill and efficiency. We find coolies answer much better in the mill and boiling house than the natives. They are quick to learn, careful and attentive. The scarcity of labor is still our greatest difficulty, and I trust measures will be taken at the present meeting of the society to import a further supply of Coolies.

The works are in admirable condition and are to be rendered still more efficient by the addition of a second train of sugar kettles and a steam engine of twenty-five horse power to run the mill through the night, since the water power is sufficient for twelve hours only. These are now on the way out and when these additions are completed, the works will be unequalled by any now in the islands, and will manufacture sugar with a rapidity before unattempted in the islands. The last year's planting was of 300 acres, and by next August about 650 acres will have been put under cultivation, besides some 60 acres cultivated off from the plantation by other parties.

I believe the best packages for sugar to be half barrels, if they can be placed here at a low rate of freight. They are more expensive than bags, but taking into consideration the loss by rats, and the risk of shipping in leaky vessels and boating through the surf, the half barrels come nearly as cheap in the end, and are a much more saleable package. Most of our present crop has been packed in half barrels, and the rest in native bags of 25

pounds each. The bags are square and sewed up, which makes a much neater package than the ordinary woven round bottom mat bags.

Other items regarding the neighborhood of Nawiliwili appear in this report for 1853. No safe vessels plied regularly between Kauai and Oahu, the best ships being drafted off to California ports and other foreign trade. Members of the society were therefore solicited to promote industry by encouraging a regular steamer for the Kauai passage. Probably in consequence of this endeavor, three old California river boats, side-wheelers, were that year brought down to the islands, rechristened from Sea Bird, West Point and S. B. Wheeler, to the local names, Kamehameha, Kalama and Akamai, and in a few months' time the first attempt was made at an interisland steam service.

Details of the report of 1853 continue. Lieutenant William Reynolds, who since the last meeting had leased



CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILLIAM REYNOLDS OF MALUMALU

a hundred acres of land at Malumalu, reported to the society that he could not recommend Indian corn as a crop to be relied upon. Caterpillars overran his first young corn, but a force of men, women and turkeys waging war on them thinned the ranks. The pelua, or caterpillar, dug into the core of the leaves where the turkey's beak could not penetrate, and it was necessary to extract the pelua by hand. With good fortune and hard work, the crop would be ready for eating in ten weeks from planting. Rev. J. S. Green, reporting on his Maui corn crop, had devised still another method of attack. Discovering that a crop of caterpillars grew overnight in freshly plowed ground, he allowed the kolea, or Hawaiian plover to eat up this pelua crop twice after two separate plowings. This seemed to exhaust the immediate supply of pelua in the soil and then it was safe to prepare for sowing the seed corn. Mr. Marshall, in a special report on labor, remarked that the number of coolies on Lihue plantation had been increased to forty-one, one of whom did the work of three natives. The Chinese often indulged in playful squabbles, he wrote, using a butcher knife lashed to a pole. They had been accustomed to such racking punishment in China that they thought lightly of the penalties of fines and imprisonment at hard labor inflicted by Hawaiian law.

This first crop of sugar at Lihue marked an event for the island of Kauai, and in the sugar industry of the islands as a whole indicated a step forward which has been lost sight of in the phenomenal progress of modern days. Beside exhibiting products from this initial harvest at the annual fair in Honolulu, Lihue presented a sample to the editor of *The Friend*, who printed this interesting notice early in 1853 in the columns of his lively periodical:

## A Beautiful Specimen of Sugar

We would acknowledge from Mr. Marshall, one of the proprietors of the Lihue plantation on Kauai. We rejoice to learn that the prospects of the plantation for the current year are highly flattering, and prospectively still more so.

The large plantations of Koloa and Lihue contrast favorably with the primitive method of making sugars and cultivating cane on Kauai, where Mr. Hooper [the first manager at Koloa] *held the plough drawn by kanakas*, yet only 15 years have passed since that time.

The few hundred acres worked at Koloa and Lihue in 1853 covered barely a field or two of the same estates under modern methods of cultivation. And today the group of men gathered each year for the Agricultural Society in Honolulu would seem but a handful. Yet competitive interest was as keen then as now and its scope not less extended. With 1854, President Lee offers congratulations on the return of the annual festival and notes in particular the great advance in wheat growing, much of which is stimulated among his Hawaiian people by the independent pastor, Rev. Jonathan S. Green on Maui. For the past three months Judge Lee has made Makawao flour his staple food, and he hopes never to eat another ounce from imported wheat. With the operation of the new steam flour mill in Honolulu, such a course is, he says, not beyond the realm of possibility. Mention is made of the second hive of honey bees packed in ice and sent to the society by H. A. Peirce from Boston. It is sold at auction to C. R. Bishop for \$13, although it cost \$150. Both H. A. Peirce and Charles Brewer are spoken of as liberal and efficient life members of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society, and even from the distance of 18,000 miles, Mr. Peirce makes the timely suggestion that a vessel be chartered and sent to Bird Island to examine the guano deposits there with an eye to fertilization of possibly depleted soils in the Hawaiian

cane fields. It is noted that the Hon. E. P. Bond of Kauai has brought in mango seeds from China and Manila. New seed cane has been imported by the society from Tahiti.

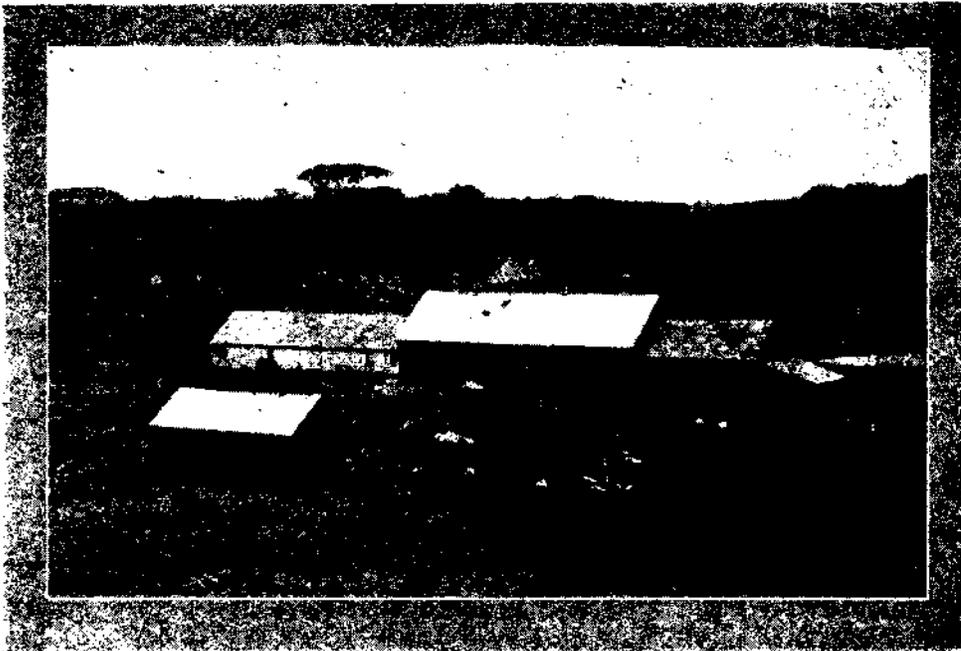
In regard to Lihue plantation, the expected harvest of 400 tons has been reduced to 50 tons by a severe January storm after which the cane rotted and died. Nothing daunted, however, the proprietors have made large investments in a new train of boilers with clarifiers, and two steam engines. The boilers, constructed by Mr. Weston, are on a new plan, sheet iron being substituted for tiles. And the capacity of production has been thereby raised to three tons per day, more than double what it was at first. The mill at Lihue has been much admired for substantial machinery and masonry; and the entire establishment, in respect to its arrangement, fitness, completeness and durability, is so creditable that it may be safely followed as a model. The proprietors of Lihue have introduced the Tahitian cane, which for many years has had so high a reputation in the West Indies, and intend to give it a thorough trial, the result of which will be made known at the next annual meeting. The devastating drought at Lihue the year before has unfortunately been extended into the current year. Great cause for rejoicing among all the citizens of Kauai, however, is found in the fact that the steamer Akamai has been introduced to island trade and is scheduled to put in a monthly appearance at Kauai ports.

In 1855 Judge Lee was commissioned by the king as a special ambassador to the United States to negotiate a treaty of reciprocal trade benefits in order to stimulate agricultural and commercial activity in the islands. According to statements in *A History of Hawaii* by R. S. Kuykendall, Judge Lee succeeded in having such a treaty drawn up and signed by the Secretary of State and himself, but the senate failed to ratify it, owing in

great measure to the opposing influence of Louisiana sugar planters. On his way to Washington, Judge Lee evidently visited the sugar fields in the south, and as had become his habit, with the interests of Hawaii uppermost in his mind, since there still exists part of a letter referring to such a visit. This paragraph appears among the papers of the Kauai Historical Society in the history of Lihue by Mary Girvin Rice. The original letter is not now known to exist, but it was written by Judge Lee, possibly to Mr. Rice, so intimately is it associated with the struggles at Lihue. It had apparently been the island custom to plant the little sticks of seed cane, not in furrows, but in hills, a custom now so long since out of date that such a relic of corn-growing farmers is more than a curiosity today. It may well be that Judge Lee's keen and intelligent interest reformed this manner of planting in the islands. He wrote in 1855:

. . . . . While passing through the large sugar plantations in Louisiana, I noticed that they planted the cane in *rows* and not in hills, about 8 feet apart, and kept the mules and ploughs going between these straight lines of cane almost constantly. Some of the fields were a mile or more long and looked beautifully, while on other plantations the cane looked as poor and sickly as any I ever saw at Lihue.

With these early reports and records on the beginnings of the plantation at Lihue are linked the few letters still extant, and preserved in the Harvard College Library, from Henry A. Peirce to his associates in the island enterprise. In the first of these, written from Boston in November of 1852, to J. F. B. Marshall, prospects as to Lihue's first crop are discussed, Mr. Peirce asserting that he will have a fit of the blues if the Fall of 1853 does not bring 300 tons of good sugar, and stating that Judge Lee hopes for a crop of 400 tons from 450 acres of cane. As a matter of fact this first harvest finally yielded but 108 tons of



LIHUE MILL IN 1865

*In the upper distance are the long thatched trash houses and roofs of Pualoki village; at the extreme right the trees surrounding the Koamalu home.*

sugar and 25,847 gallons of molasses, the net cash profits being \$15,110.50. For a capitalization of sixteen shares at one thousand dollars a share, this profit seems acceptable, but it must be recalled that it was stretched out over several lean and profitless years, both before and after this first harvest, and that the expense of starting and maintaining even a small plantation had amounted to over five times its original capitalization.

In his letter of November, 1852, Mr. Peirce continues to present matters from his distant viewpoint. For one thing, he has been talking with Mr. Weston about his embarking on a return voyage to Honolulu to establish a foundry there, an enterprise requiring financial aid to the amount of \$6,000. This Mr. Peirce was later able to raise, and the impetus thus given resulted in the establishment of the Honolulu Iron Works, a corporation

which has expanded, its history states, from Mr. Weston's "small, dingy repair shop and flour mill of 1852, to present prominence as one of the largest sugar machinery, engineering and manufacturing establishments in the world." This Mr. Weston of Boston had apparently been the first to apply the principle of a centrifugal separator to the manufacture of sugar, a mechanical development which was epoch-making in the history of Hawaiian sugar. Persuaded by Mr. Peirce to come out to the islands to put up the Lihue mill in 1851, Mr. Weston had either at that time or on his return voyage in 1852 set up the little mechanic's repair shop in Honolulu which has developed into a great modern foundry.

In December of 1852, letters received in Boston from Mr. Marshall and Judge Lee occasioned this reply from Mr. Peirce:

Boston, Dec. 3, 1852.

My dear Lee,

. . . I intend this answer for both you and Mr. Marshall. You say that our crop this year will be the 100 acres of ratoon giving us 75 to 150 tons of sugar. This is less than I expected, yet I am gratified to know particulars. You speak of needing 40 more coolies for next year's work. This will involve a heavy expense, but it is one we must meet. In a pecuniary point of view it must end in death or a glorious victory. I wrote you last mail I had purchased a steam engine and boiler and should send it out to you. I shall send another battery and about 8,000 half barrels in shooks.

I note you wish to import a Devon bull and heifers for the plantation. I should think it a difficult matter to get them out to you. I will see however what can be done. I am disposed to make another trial with the honey bee. That triangular piece of land which Mr. Marshall has appropriated to oxen and cattle is a capital arrangement. I hope much has been done in the way of growing fruit. I feel quite pleased to know that Coolies give satisfaction.

There is another matter, my dear Lee, that I wish to state to you. I wish you to promise me that in case of my decease you will not allow my interest in the plantation to be sold at a sacrifice if you can prevent it. I solemnly promise the same to each of my partners in the firm of H. A. Peirce & Co. I herein forward you my annual account current. I presume our plantation will cost us eighty or eighty-five thousand dollars by the end of the year 1853.

It was during the year 1853 that a realignment of owners in Lihue plantation took place, Mr. Peirce selling one-quarter of his original half interest to Asher B. Bates, Attorney General of the Hawaiian Kingdom. Thereafter, the interests seem to have been held in seven parts, three by Mr. Peirce and one each by Messrs. Marshall, Lee, Bates and Bishop, the latter acting for the firm of Aldrich and Bishop out of which the Bank of Bishop and Company was afterward organized. Mr. Peirce, pressed by losses in other investments and delay in the returns from Lihue, felt inclined to dispose of his entire holding, although none realized better than he the potential value of Lihue. This was the year in which excitement was at its height with regard to annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States, an angle of the situation which by no means escaped the scrutiny of Henry Peirce even at the distance of eighteen thousand miles. Extracts from letters written early in 1853 to his partners in the islands and to a San Francisco firm, which might find a suitable purchaser for his interest, bear out these statements:

. . . . In case annexation should take place, who could calculate the value of our plantation? It is a Principality in itself. . . . If you could get the Hawaiian Government to appoint me its agent [at Washington] to bring about that desired end, I could almost promise you success within a year.

. . . . I hope you will be able to dispose of the *whole* of my interest in the plantation. I think it has seen its dark days and

everything is bright for the future. . . . The next vessel that will take freight to Honolulu shall carry the articles written for by Mr. Marshall, after which I must have respite from expenditure for the plantation.

I am sending also a Bee Hive boxed in ice and another loose, or to be put in the open air under the boats overhead aft. I have promised the Captain one hundred dollars gratuity if he delivers the bees alive to Judge Lee. If the experiment is a success, I will take a share, but if it fails, I will stand the entire loss, since my interest in this matter is prompted by public spirit.

The value of this Yankee initiative, enterprise and sagacity can hardly be overestimated. The quick eye of Henry Peirce had changed the face of a whole countryside. His versatility had built a thriving village on an almost uninhabited spot, increasing greatly the value not only of Lihue lands, but of adjacent holdings. For the leasehold of 500 acres makai of the mill site at \$250 per annum he wrote in 1853 that H. A. Peirce and Company had received an offer of ten dollars per acre, but would not sell under twenty. "Our plantation is capable," he continues, "of producing 600 tons of sugar per annum; we have one hundred orange trees and the mountains afford us fire wood, plenty of cows and grazing land; our eastern boundary looks toward the ocean and is still uncultivated; the Chinese laborers give us great satisfaction, are quiet, patient, faithful and industrious, and we contemplate having our whole working force one day or other of the same people; it is conclusive that our holding is one of the best estates in the world, its actual net income estimated to become as much as thirty thousand dollars. We have access to an excellent harbor, though small, at a distance of about two miles. By having a store and keeping a fair assortment of necessary goods, we manage through its profits to reduce the expenses of labour, one-half or more. The cost of sugar, growing and manufacturing, does not exceed two cents or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per

pound." Among improvements listed by Mr. Peirce is the mill dam over Nawiliwili stream, "a solid and costly structure of stone" which did service for over forty years. Wishing to retire to New England and invest his savings in a business there, Mr. Peirce eventually found it convenient to sell out his holding in the Lihue project. Yet, in later years, under pressure of financial losses after the Civil War, he must often have regretted that action.

With all its hazards, such a thriving industry affected vitally and permanently the life of the whole land. Pictures of Lihue mill taken as late as 1865, fifteen years after it was first built, still showed thatched houses about it on the hill slopes, and for many years the majority of the laborers were Hawaiians who lived in the vicinity. Changes, however, were the order of the day. In 1850 a large tract of land of four or five hundred acres south of the mill site was bought of the government by Warren Goodale of Honolulu, a nephew of the pioneer missionary to Hawaii, Mrs. Lucy Goodale Thurston. Quite possible is it that Mr. Goodale had held and farmed this tract of land for some time previous to the acquisition of a title in fee simple, for the complete reorganization of landholding in the kingdom was a tedious process patiently and conscientiously carried out by the king's Land Commission, of which Judge Lee was president. Mr. Goodale apparently abandoned whatever plan he had for farming or planting cane at Nawiliwili and returned to Honolulu, where for a number of years he was Collector of Customs for that port. Within a month of obtaining title to the Nawiliwili lands he sold them to Mr. J. F. B. Marshall, a merchant of Honolulu.

Mr. Marshall, although more a man of the world of cities, had evidently some idea of owning a country estate. He was of a diplomatic turn of mind and, while still a young man of twenty-four, served as King

Kamehameha's secret envoy to Washington and London in connection with Ladd and Company's claims and the recognition by foreign powers of the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom. During the middle years of 1840, Mr. Marshall had become associated with Captain Brewer in the firm which was later C. Brewer and Company, and it was perhaps in this connection that he came to know Henry Peirce, then in active retirement from the same firm which he had helped to found. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were a welcome part of the little Honolulu community, Mr. Marshall even acting as guardian of Judge Lee's betrothed wife on the long voyage around Cape Horn. And doubtless he gave her away at the wedding early Sunday morning on board ship in Honolulu harbor, for the bride desiring to be married before landing, the Seamen's Chaplain of the port was duly summoned to accompany the bridegroom on board and tie a good sailor's knot.

Mr. Marshall bought Mr. C. R. Bishop's holding in Lihue Plantation and settled on his estate near Nawiliwili as Superintendent of the plantation at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, a princely one for those days. His home, somewhat south of the Lihue mill above the bay, was surrounded by forest growth and it was apparently during his ownership of the land that the appropriate name of Grove Farm became attached to it, for that name first appears in the deed of 1856 when Mr. Marshall sold the land to Mr. Widemann for \$8,000, having bought it of Mr. Goodale six years before for \$3,000. In 1850 land in the vicinity of Lihue had been of value only in prospect, and dependent entirely on future developments. For a few years the partnership of Marshall and Widemann continued in operation, even after the withdrawal of Mr. Marshall from the plantation, but after 1857 the joint name disappears from the ledger of Lihue Plantation books and it was not long

after this that Mr. Marshall returned to the United States, where he earned distinction in the Civil War, at Hampton Institute with his brother general, S. C. Armstrong, and in varied business connections. The name of J. F. B. Marshall also heads the list of ten men who during eighty years have served as sheriff on the island of Kauai. Those succeeding him were H. A. Widemann, T. H. Marshall, a brother of J. F. B. Marshall; D. K. Fyfe, who married a Johnson daughter of Waioli Mission; W. O. Smith of Koloa; S. W. Wilcox of Waioli, who held office almost twenty-five years and spoke in glowing terms of the Hawaiians serving under him; L. M. Baldwin, Fred Carter, J. H. Coney and W. H. Rice, III, who is still in office, 1931, with a record of twenty-five years' service behind him. This list of sheriffs is taken from a history of Lihue by Mary Girvin Rice in papers of the Kauai Historical Society.

The early partnership of Marshall and Widemann at Lihue was formed, without doubt, for the purpose of planting cane to be ground at the new mill of H. A. Peirce and Company. Captain George Charman also planted cane on land mauka of the manager's house during the early years, and up to about 1856, when he apparently moved over to Koloa. Another such independent planter, grinding his cane at Lihue mill, was W. H. Pease, who attempted some of the earliest surveying in the vicinity, and who took up a tract of land west of Mr. Marshall's holding. An English carpenter named John Cook worked for Mr. Pease during these early years and also for H. A. Peirce and Company. In his reminiscences, published in Honolulu in 1927, Mr. Cook tells of building a scow for George Charman, and two schooners, one at Kipu, up the Niumalu river, with a third for Governor Kanoa, who took two years to pay for it. He also built a story and a half house for the governor at Niumalu and took a contract from Dr. Judd,

Minister of Finance, to build Kauai's first courthouse on the bluff at Nawiliwili. In the intervals of waiting for lumber to finish the governor's schooner, John Cook tells of building the first wooden house in Lihue, at Mr. Widemann's request. This was in 1850 or 1851, and was probably a house for Mr. Widemann's own occupancy not long after his arrival. One cannot help wondering if John Cook, the Dorsetshire carpenter, had a hand also in setting up the Chinese panels of the Koamalu house which was doubtless one of Henry Peirce's practical importations from Canton about this time. The wages of plantation laborers, John Cook states, were then twelve and a half cents per day in paper money redeemable at par in the plantation store, but at only six and a quarter cents at other stores on the island, although the various stores exchanged accumulations of this paper money at par. John Cook's most vivid memory of Lihue, however,

was the gruesome one of waking up in his coffin, after being pronounced dead from a stroke of paralysis. His chum, Henry Kasang, a native of New York, and a ship carpenter employed on the plantation, chanced to notice a quiver of the dead man's eyelid and he was saved for sixty years of usefulness by the manipulations of Mr. Marshall, who acted also as medical man on the new plantation.

The first books of this Lihue enterprise of H. A. Peirce and Company were



*By Courtesy of Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane*

*H. A. Widemann*

ABOUT 1865

opened not long after Mr. Peirce's initial visit in 1849, by H. A. Widemann, the competent young German who had been appointed as overseer of the plantation at a salary of \$800 a year. Many pages of romance might be covered with the story of Hermann Widemann, who used to relate, when asked what his middle name was, that that letter A. stood for what it was, just that, and that it had served its purpose very well. Leaving home on a whaler as a lad of fourteen and cruising in the Pacific for several years, he had noticed that most men had two given names, or at least a second initial, whereupon he adopted one for himself without more ado. With ambition, an active mind, and the early years of a sound Continental education, he set out to find his fortune with a volume of Dickens under his arm. He taught himself English and studied navigation. Arriving on Kauai about the same time as Mr. Thomas Brown, young Widemann was employed for a time as tutor to the family of English boys at Wailua Falls Mansion. Like others on the same island, and in many other parts of the world, he felt and followed the lure of California's buried treasure in 1849, and must have been but just returned from that adventure, the richer by experience at least, when he placed his signature after this statement on the blank page of a new ledger bound in brown Holland linen: "These books were opened by me to record all



*By Courtesy of Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane*

MRS. H. A. WIDEMANN  
ABOUT 1865

the expenditure and income of the Lihue Plantation on the 16th of February A. D. 1850." It is a clear handwriting, large and firm, showing very little of its original German script. Payments are made to one or two foreigners, a carpenter and a luna, or overseer, and to one Miguel Castro, a Spaniard or Mexican, apparently, for branding and fetching from Koloa 48 oxen; but chiefly to Hawaiians for labor and for showing land boundaries. Strange now to see the repeating columns of names: Mahoe I, II, III, Wawae, Manele, Koa, Opunui I, II, Kamanu, Pila, Keoni, Nika III or IV. and so on through page after page now musty and brown with age. Whether the Widemanns lived then in the house at Koamalu and the Marshalls on Grove Farm land, cannot now be determined, but the accounts charged against both Widemann and Marshall in the old ledger include such family and familiar items as scissors, cassimeres, buckets, coffee mills, shoes or brogans, teakettles, basins and ewers, red calico, skillets, rope by the fathom, loaf sugar, spurs, ivory combs, shawls, salmon, flannel shirts, saleratus and allspice.

Mr. Thomas Brown of Wailua Falls also found the new plantation store a convenience, apparently, located as it was ten miles nearer than that of Koloa plantation. And Koloa people were not infrequent patrons of Lihue's new emporium which doubtless quite surpassed the brightest dreams of old Governor Kaikioewa when he first built on Lihue hill. Dr. Smith of Koloa occasionally appeared as a purchaser, and an account was also opened in the name of Rev. Daniel Dole of Koloa. In 1851 charges in the books of Lihue store were first made in the name of Judge E. P. Bond, for it was during that year that the circuit court first sat at Lihue in the courthouse built near the site of the old heiau of Kuhiau overlooking Nawiliwili harbor. This was also the official home of Paul Kanoa, then governor of Kauai. Judge

Bond lived in a thatched house on four acres of land at Malumalu above the Huleia River, afterward occupied by Judge Hardy, who succeeded him in 1855. And in 1852 Lieutenant William Reynolds of the United States navy took up land at Malumalu. It is said that as a young officer in the United States Exploring Expedition, which visited Hawaii in 1840, he had been so charmed with the islands that on being partially disabled by hardships on the antarctic expedition, he had returned. Knowing all the islands well, and having considered several eligible sites, he finally selected Malumalu on Kauai above all other locations as best suited to a home. He was something of a farmer, and lived most happily under his thatched roofs on the bluff above the Huleia River, until the far-off tocsin of the Civil War was sounded and he sold his property to return to active service. After the war he cruised into Hawaiian waters again in 1867 as captain of the U.S.S. Lackawanna, on which he conveyed the missionaries in great state from Kauai to their General Meeting in Honolulu.

It was during the middle years of 1850 that the little Malumalu colony kept a silk flag of stars and stripes ready in case the news of annexation to the United States should be suddenly announced by word from abroad. The patriotic ladies of Lihue had made the flag themselves, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Rice, and held it ever in readiness against such a happy emergency. To those who lived through the thrills of actual annexation at the end of the century, 1853 and 1854 seem remote dates indeed for such excitement to have been at white heat. But so it was. In 1850 the California coast had been admitted to the Union as a free state and by the following year Kamehameha III was so seriously considering annexation, owing to diplomatic difficulties with France and threats of freebooters and filibusters

from the California and Mexican Coast, that he issued a proclamation placing the Hawaiian Islands provisionally under the protection of the United States. In addition, according to our historian, R. S. Kuykendall, the king put a conditional deed of cession, signed and sealed, into the hands of Mr. Severance, United States Commissioner in Honolulu. And Marshall Parke kept the American and Hawaiian flags sewed together, that of the United States above the other, ready to hoist over the palace as a signal of the protectorate at the first hint of disturbance. After the ebbing of California's first rush for gold, many lawless and ambitious spirits emigrated to the islands and for some time the United States man-of-war *Vandalia* was stationed in Honolulu harbor, drilling Hawaiian troops on board and ready to seize any vessel suspected of bringing conspirators. The sentiment for annexation increased both within official circles and without, but with the death of the king in December of 1854 all negotiations toward such a solution were abruptly terminated, for the new sovereign, Kamehameha IV, was of very strong pro-British tendencies and doubtless realized that at that time, statehood, still a moot question today even after three-quarters of a century, was not the immediate destiny of the little mid-ocean kingdom. With all pro and con, however, one still feels a glow of warmth around the heart when one recalls that homemade flag in Lihue which today would long since have passed the span of threescore years and ten allotted to things human. Even a lad of ten or twelve was sensitive to the charm of this life in and around Malumalu—young Sanford Dole, who must often have visited there with his father, and who said of it long years afterward:

Among memories of Kauai one of those most ineffaceable is of that remarkable little colony of kindred spirits that dwelt together at or about Malumalu. One of these was General Marshall,—for

he earned this honor in our Civil War, along with Sam Armstrong who always said General Marshall had given him the best lessons in gentlemanhood he had ever had, when as a boy he was a pupil in Marshall's Sabbath School class at the old Bethel Church. Another of these congenial spirits at Malumalu was Captain Reynolds. Then there were Judge Bond and Judge Hardy. All of these, with their wives, were men and women of high ideals and large attainments, who lived together in that genial intimacy and freedom from care which found expression in the famous Brook Farm Colony of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his fellows. Indeed, quite possible is it that this earlier one in New England suggested this somewhat similar group at Malumalu.

This little colony of kindred spirits was composed, not of poets and transcendentalists who wished to shut themselves away from the world and all its wiles, but of human beings awake to other emotions than even the noble one of patriotism. Surrounding the little colony and the little plantation were several hundred thatched houses of Hawaiians for whom Dr. Smith, the nearest missionary at Koloa, could do but little. After the disastrous epidemics of the years just preceding and following 1850, it became evident that the great church on Lihue hill had served its generation and that there were now too few hands even to keep it in repair. Judge Bond and Dr. Smith therefore deemed it prudent to change the site of the church across the valley to the south and there to aid the Hawaiians in erecting a smaller house of worship. H. A. Peirce and Company donated an acre of land on the south boundary of the plantation, which was also the north boundary of Mr. Marshall's estate of Grove Farm. In consideration of one dollar, it was deeded on December 8, 1853, to Dr. Smith as trustee for the Protestant church of Lihue. And the original deed still lies in Dr. Smith's safe at Koloa. H. A. Peirce and Company also presented a new bell for the new meetinghouse in 1854, and it is thought that the old bell remained on the

hill near where the old church had been. For many years, it will be recalled, one hung there in a wooden frame for belfry and was rung to assemble the workmen. An old one still hangs in the mill, where it is rung for emergencies, but this cannot now be identified as the old church bell of 1854 and earlier.

The Hawaiian church was the only one in the district of Nawiliwili in those days, and some of the white people attended, for they all understood more or less Hawaiian. The framework of koa and kauwila timber, handhewn from nearby forests, some of it probably from the old church of Governor Kaikioewa across the valley, is the same in the little Hawaiian church at Lihue today, although repairs and additions were later made under the leadership of Father Rice. That this first little frame building was achieved by dint of the labor and sacrifice of its members is evident in this extract from a letter to the editor of *The Friend* in Honolulu. It was written by Judge Bond, in haste, he states, but obviously with a very lively sense of values.

Nawiliwili, Kauai, January 14, 1854.

. . . . Are there any people among your acquaintances anxious to give away a few dollars in a good cause, who will help the poor people of this neighborhood to finish their Meeting House? They have labored hard,—have brought the timbers from the mountains, and have twice erected their frame, it having been blown over the first time, in one of the gales of last winter. For months they have been collecting a sum, mostly in quarters and reals, for building expenses. The money was deposited for safe keeping in the Government Chest, and over one hundred dollars was lost by the robbery of that chest. The frame is now up and must be thatched for want of money to buy boards.

H. A. Peirce & Co. have given a Bell, and a tower has been erected to receive it, and above the tower is a spire, so that while within the voice of men shall utter its teachings to the Hawaiians, the outward form shall appeal to the memories and hearts of the haoles.

We want to board up this steeple and paint it, and put in doors and windows. I don't see how the people can do it all. There are very few foreigners here who feel any interest in the matter. Can't some one give the poor people a lift? They deserve it.

This robbery of the government chest was an event long talked of at Lihue, and the old strong box, found empty many years afterward, is still in the possession of Mr. G. N. Wilcox. Old Kauai settlers have many an interesting tale of buried treasure.

Judge Bond's appeal for the Hawaiian church at Lihue evidently met with response. His prophecy as to voices being raised within the sanctuary was likewise fulfilled, for during many years the earnest voices of Hawaiians were indeed lifted up in praise and exhortation within



*Photographed by J. Senda from the home of C. A. Rice*

NAWILIWILI HARBOR IN 1931

the walls of this little church at Lihue. There was Paul Kanoa, Governor of Kauai for over thirty years, from 1846 to 1877, whose prompt execution of temporal justice was even more than equalled by his eloquence in prayer. There were Hookui and Anamo, an inspired lay speaker who held his congregation for hours at a time, and Solomon Kamahalo, who lived in the big thatched house on the beach at Papalinahoa near where landings were usually made from vessels in the bay. Solomon Kamahalo later became the judge of the district and was blessed, said Mother Rice, with the attribute of wisdom. Dr. Smith conducted services in Hawaiian at Lihue as often as possible, before a Hawaiian pastor was installed during the middle years of 1860, but throughout the preceding ten or fifteen years it was the Hawaiian laymen themselves, fired with earnestness and zeal, endowed with a natural eloquence, and spurred on by an unusually close knowledge of the Scriptures, who built up and maintained the Hawaiian church in Lihue. When Mr. and Mrs. Rice came to live at Koamalu, their love of the Hawaiians was equalled only by that of the natives for them. The very first Sunday they walked over from Koamalu through the grove to the new, unfinished church, where the congregation was seated on rush mats spread on the ground. To accommodate Mrs. Rice with greater comfort and dignity, a native went out and fetched in one of the carpenter's sawhorses for her to sit on. But she begged to be allowed to remain on the ground with everyone else. Little by little, with Mr. Rice's help and encouragement, the bell tower of the church was finished, seats were supplied for the congregation, and in time the church was enlarged to almost double its original capacity. As long as he lived, Mr. Rice assisted in the Sabbath service regularly, when not detained by ill health. Mrs. Rice soon commenced a Sabbath School for the children and a weekly meeting for the mothers, visit-

ing them frequently in their homes, and kept her interest in the children of the church to the end of her long life.

And even before the Rice family came to make their home on the plantation at Lihue, their interest was centered in the Hawaiian Church there. In February of 1854 Judge Lee was evidently attending a session of the court there, and was accompanied by Mr. Rice from Punahou, who went to look into conditions on the plantation and decide whether he would undertake the managership. From items in letters to Mrs. Rice, at Punahou, and even to their oldest daughter, who had begun to receive quite grown-up news, it seems evident that the decision as to Lihue had already been made.

My very dear Maria:

Lihue, Feb. 15, 1854.

I felt sad when I rec'd your mother's letter this morning to hear that you were having another spell of that dreadful headache. I think that you would enjoy being here at Lihue, & I think too it would improve your health to live here. There are a great many Koa & Kukui trees near the house here. I think it is a delightful spot. Give my love to all at Punahou. . . . .

Mr. Marshall and Mr. Montgomery have gone to look after Mr. M's property at Wailua where Mr. Turner lived before he was drowned. I have been helping Judge Lee today, interpreting an address to the jury for Mr. Burbank, a charge to the jury for Judge Lee & one for Judge Bond, besides the testimony of 10 or 12 witnesses, & found myself quite hoarse when I got through.

. . . . . Mr. Bond paid me \$25. for five days' work at the court & I gave \$5 of it towards the meeting house in this place. Mr. Bond takes a great interest in the native meeting & is leader in building the new house.

Dearest Wife—

One week has elapsed since we parted for a season. The time seems long. I have engaged in the work of interpreting for Judge Lee at his own solicitation, to relieve him, as he is not able really to do it. The natives praised my interpreting, said it was all pololei loa.

I have this moment received your little note per steamer via Hanalei. I wrote you per schooner Chance from Koloa. Opunui left last eve per Kinoole. The body of Mr. Turner was found yesterday at Wailua & I with 7 others were a jury of inquest, giving the verdict of death by accidental drowning. Funeral at 4 P. M.

Dr. Smith was over yesterday to see the Chinaman who was scalded with boiling juice. He is getting better. Have just come from the boiling house, all going on well. I enjoy quite good health. Kiss all the children for Papa. Too much in a hurry, as this must go to Hanalei to reach the steamer. I wrote by previous steamer, the letter went with Judge Lee's. I do not intend to let an opportunity pass without writing.

Love to all

Harrison

Already the little settlement around the mill at Lihue was beginning to be a busy one. Even the "new church" had its account at the plantation store for such necessities as cut nails, spikes and a pit-saw file. In ledgers of later years the account is listed under its New England name of "meetinghouse," and for the Sabbath it surely was the village meetinghouse. Even the annual plantation feast was held there in August, so that it became a festival spot as well. But on week days the entire neighborhood often congregated at the plantation store which stood not far from the manager's house on Koamalu ground and, like it, was originally in the shade of koa and kukui trees. As one whirs up the Koloa road today, one sees, if one's eye is quick enough, a cool, green lawn there in front of Koamalu, and can almost make out the shadows of the old store there under the trees where the people are gathering from all over the district, riding in on horseback and tying their horses while they chat and wait for their letters to be distributed. A modern edition of the same picture is issued every mail day over on the Lihue hill today, near where the old church stood and where the present store and post office have been built in recent

years. Citizens of many races foregather now, nosing and backing their automobiles into line, where Hawaiians were wont to tie their horses under the trees and sit around for long talks before and after the church service. So, in the old days, the plantation store on the Koloa road, near the manager's house at Koamalu, was pre-eminently the gathering place for the entire neighborhood on week days during the early years of 1850, and, indeed, for many years thereafter. Johnny Stubblebean was at one time storekeeper for Lihue Plantation, having been preceded in office, among others, by two sons of Hawaii who became prominent in her later commercial development, G. N. Wilcox and S. T. Alexander. The duties of postmaster devolved also upon the storekeeper and on days when a ship was in port those eager for letters must wait their turn with other customers in the store, unless possessed of a key to one of the few wooden pigeonhole boxes near the desk.

As at Koloa, the plantation store and its vicinity were not only the meeting place for news and letters by the weekly schooner, but on Saturdays they became the scene of lively chaffering over market values. Hawaiians would begin to arrive early from far and near with any and every salable article, food wrapped in cool green ti leaves, fish, fresh and salt, paiai or hard poi, hau-pia or arrowroot pudding, watermelons, ti root, breadfruit. According to the interesting history of Lihue presented to the Kauai Historical Society several years ago by Mary Girvin Rice, mullet could be had for twenty-five cents a dozen and a sucking pig for the same amount; horses cost perhaps ten dollars apiece, and strays at the government pound only twenty-five cents. With no cold storage of any kind, it was often difficult to dispose of a whole slaughtered bipi or bullock, even at two cents a pound, for although a penny purchased much more than it does today, there were by no means as many pennies

in circulation as there are now. Mats were brought for sale, with tapa cloths, rush hats, hau rope and oranges in net bags of olona fibre, swaying at either end of the auamo, or slender shoulder pole still seen frequently even on Honolulu streets as late as thirty years ago, carried by patient Chinese peddlers. All Saturday morning the open space in front of the old Lihue Store was a busy market place, for labor on the plantation was suspended on that day as well as on Sunday, in order that the Hawaiians could prepare their food for the Sabbath. At times the zest of an auction at the store would add to the Saturday morning market, horses sometimes being auctioned off, and goods from the store to make room for new. Then in the afternoon all turned their horses' heads mauka toward Kipu, every woman's gaily colored pa-u, or long skirt of figured cambric, blowing out in the wind as they galloped up for horse races and games. This day of market exchange and play was an appropriate end to the week's work, far more so in this warm island climate than our strenuous modern program. And the Sabbath, the seventh day, or often called the first day of the week, had also its own fitness as a day of rest and meditation.



*Photograph by J. Senda*

NAWILIWILI HARBOR

*As it appeared just before its formal opening in 1930.*

## The Plantation Home at Koamalu

Scarce a stone's throw from this little plantation store was the manager's home, a small, low-gabled house brought from China and said to be of teakwood. Thinking of teak as Chinese ebony, this sounds incredible, yet in light of fact the supposition not only becomes possible, but the possibility quite easily enters the realm of the probable. For, long ago, teakwood was one of the usual hard woods of the Orient, and such it remains to this day, when teak logs are still floated down the rivers of Siam and Indo-China to be made into houses and furniture and carried away even to the far coast of America to be fitted into decks of ships, the color of the wood being as light as that of pine until it is stained in imitation of ebony or black marble. On one of the very latest ships of the interisland fleet, the Kauai boat named for Kauai's central peak, Waialeale, one paces a teakwood deck and finds the fittings of the smoking room made of teak in its natural finish. The Chinese house at Lihue must have been quite the best foreign house on the east side of the island, barring only the splendor of its English contemporary, the Wailua Falls Mansion, which could not have preceded it on the journey across the sea by more than three or four years. Because the little panelled house from China stood in a grove of trees and was shaded by the sickle-shaped leaves of the silvery koa, it was called Koamalu. It is said that Koamalu was the name likewise of the land immediately surrounding the house, the store and a little further to the east down to Pualoki village, where is now the public grammar school. None of the oldest maps now extant give this name for the land, but one can well imagine that the soft shade of old koa trees, growing thick alongside giant kukuis, had imprinted its

name upon the land long years before white men had planted there a house from across the China sea. How the little family of Rice sprouts from Punahou had arrived and begun to take root under the twisted branches of the old koa and kukui trees some of their letters have already told. Why they came was a grown-up matter and must be told in a grown-up manner.

Among monarchs of the last century, Kauikeaouli, Kamehameha III, ranks high in his voluntary renunciation of ancient land rights for the benefit of his whole people. Up to this time no one but the king owned land. It was not a commodity that could be bought or sold. All held it, commoner and chief alike, at the pleasure of the king, who might be as capricious as he pleased, or, even when capable himself, might leave his power in the hands of inefficient successors. Foreigners, as well as natives, might receive grants of land from king or chief, but on a like insecurity of tenure. Little incentive existed, therefore, toward the improvement of land until the great Mahele, or Division. This Mahele, beginning in January of 1848, occupied forty days. The king first divided with the chiefs. The portion which remained to him he again divided into two shares, reserving half as government lands, for public use, and half as crown lands for himself. All of the common people were allowed to take fee simple titles to their house lots and lands cultivated for themselves. And in 1850 most of the chiefs relinquished a third of their lands to the government in order to obtain recorded titles to what remained. Mr. Lydgate has estimated that 937 kuleanas, or special land grants, were originally issued to holders on Kauai in 1850. People of both Hawaiian and alien races were allowed to purchase land of the government at a low figure, and those already in possession of earlier grants were permitted to retain them. This latter clause was of great importance to the American Protestant Mission, for although the

king had expressed a wish that those who had done so much for his people should remain and make their homes in the islands, without land to live upon this would have been impossible.

About this same time, as has already been related, the board of missions sent out a question from Boston as to how many could and would become self-supporting. Mr. and Mrs. Rice, then living at Punahou, he often in feeble health, long remembered the session of General Meeting in 1852 in the old mission schoolhouse near Kawaiahao Church. Up to this time all lands and houses had been held in common as mission grants to the American Board, even also cattle and horses, individual allotments being made as necessity required, for those were primitive days when dairies and butcher shops were things unknown. The General Meeting of 1852 was a long one, wrote Mother Rice in later years, for now, "with one dash of the pen in Boston we were changed from foreign missionaries to home missionaries, to hold property which was to be divided, houses and lands and herds." Fresh impressions of this event, written at the time by Father Rice, are strikingly similar. After getting part of his family off on vacation, he was "staying by the stuff" at Punahou and had set himself to fill out the last half of a sheet which Mrs. Rice had commenced writing to her father, Rev. Jabez Hyde, but in the hurry of departure had been forced to leave unfinished.

Punahou, June 10, 1852.

Mary, Emily Dole & Willie Hyde left us two days since for a short visit to the Island of Hawaii. Mary exacted from me the promise to finish & forward this by the first mail which is to go in two days from this time. Hannah Maria & Mary stay with me. After four or five weeks I shall probably leave them with Mrs. Dole & Miss Smith while I go after those who are at Hawaii. Visiting from one Island to another here costs so much time & money that we can not afford to indulge the luxury very

often. Two of the more important Islands of the group I have never yet visited.

We have just closed our annual meeting which was in session nearly five weeks, a long meeting made more so by the unusual amount of business growing out of our "transition state", as Dr. Anderson of the American Board calls it, & which he is labouring hard to bring about, but which some of us "slow bellies" here are not quite so anxious for as the Dr. is himself. His plan is to make us *all Home missionaries*, whether we consent or not, & to this we have some *slight* objections. Perhaps we should be much improved in character by such a change, but we are too far off from rail roads, steam engines and magnetic telegraphs to be so metamorphosed by a single dash of the D. D.'s pen. No doubt we are in danger of falling behind the spirit of the times & need to be jogged a little occasionally. We can only commit our way unto the Lord, beseeching him to direct us.

We are to send an expedition to the Caroline Islands in about 3 weeks from this time with a view to commence a mission there. This will be a link in the chain to connect us with China and the East Indies. Should the plan prove successful, we shall see what kind of missionaries our Hawaiian Christians will make. It is expected that this new mission will be supported in part at least by the churches in these Islands.

While the plan of the American Board to render the Sandwich Islands Mission self-supporting may now seem admirable, such a procedure did, in effect, work considerable hardship in many cases. It will be recalled that at that time the land about the mission stations was almost valueless save as pasture, and that, with the falling off of the whaling industry, ranches were becoming overstocked and unprofitable. Where the mission family was a large one of small children, to present the father with a herd and the land immediately around his homestead was almost akin to setting him adrift, particularly when he wished, and was expected, to continue his mission work among the Hawaiians. Some few of these families had a small patrimony which they invested in govern-

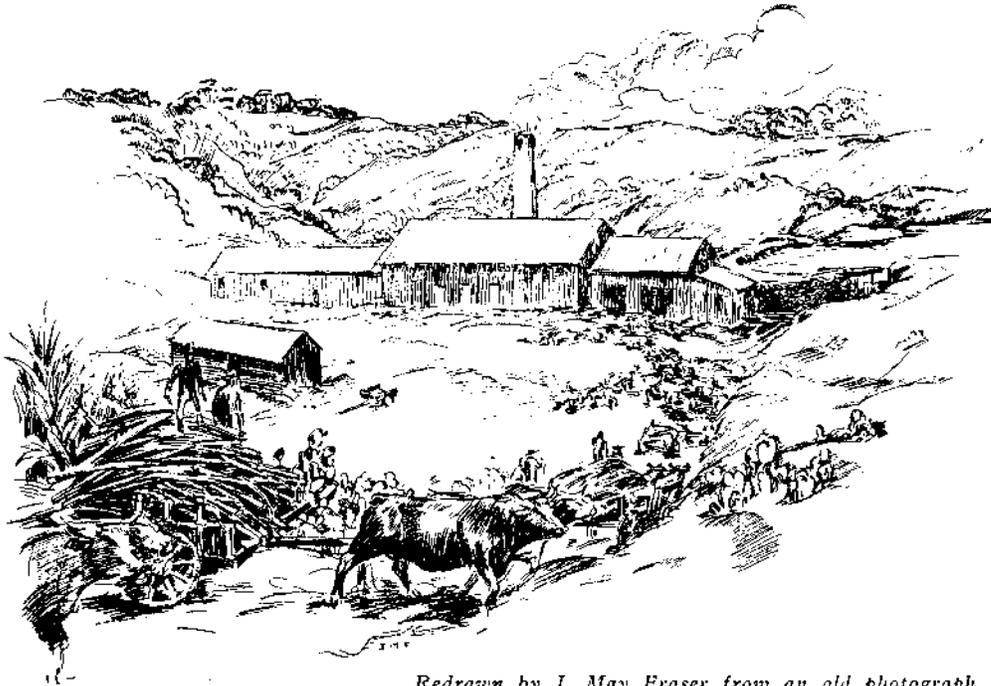
ment lands made purchasable at a low rate by the action of the king and his land commission. But to borrow money at the current rate of nine or ten (and it was often not to be had even at twelve) per cent per annum, was in most cases prohibitive. And in the case of several families in residence at a single station, the division of homesteads presented many nice points for settlement. Is it any wonder that the sons of mission families growing to manhood during the years of 1850 and 1860, and admonished to make their way by their wits, made use of every available foothold in the uphill work of carving out a livelihood in their pioneer home country? The timeliness of such an association as that of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society during the years from 1850 to 1856 is again made evident. The membership of many of the mission fathers in this organization is thus explained, as also its continuance by the mission sons and others in the Planters' Association and Board of Agriculture and Forestry of later times.

In the case of missionaries resident at Punahou School, where the land must continue to be used for the school and in the possession of the Hawaiian Mission, as it came to be called, the new plan produced absolute inequalities. If the teachers remained there, they would, of course, continue on their small salaries and would receive a home. But they were not free to own their homes and to develop them as they saw fit and as most of their brother missionaries were beginning to do. Mr. Dole, who was essentially a teacher, finally migrated to Koloa, where with some help from the American Board he established a small school for white children. Undoubtedly he had some recompense in the division of the Punahou herds and upper pastures which then extended far up into the almost uninhabited region of Manoa valley. Mr. Rice received a portion of the Manoa valley pasture which he later sold for one hundred dol-

lars. For several years Mr. Rice kept a few cattle there and also at Waialua, on Oahu, where in 1851, he bought a tract of some forty-five acres near the seashore. On this land he evidently shared with Mr. Emerson their dairy produce sent in to Honolulu for sale. But this piece of land had apparently nothing to do with the distribution of lands at Punahou, which brought him nothing at all commensurate with the homesteads and pastures received by others of the mission. Mr. Rice was essentially an agriculturist, and finally followed the urging of Judge Lee to become manager of the plantation of H. A. Peirce and Company at Lihue at a salary of four hundred dollars a year, together with the perquisites of a house and firewood and ground for pasture, garden and orchard. Mr. Marshall had grown discouraged by the continual droughts, and Mr. Widemann was ready to go into planting for himself. There was also great difficulty with the boiling of the juice so as to crystallize properly. Without trained chemists, the process must, indeed, have been a mystery. The strikes or boilings were so often ruined by being overdone that pigs were kept in their sty near the mill to consume the spoiled strikes that had been scraped out of the kettles. Surely, it was not an easy job offered by Judge Lee, but Mr. Rice felt that with even a moderate supply of health he could give his family the necessities of life and could relieve his wife of the increasing responsibilities of the boarding school. Ten years of loving care they had given to Punahou, and the health of both needed a complete change.

Thus the die was cast. William and Mary Rice, with their five children, had now thrown in their lot with the new enterprise. In March of 1854 they bought one-sixth of Mr. Peirce's holding, or one-sixteenth of the plantation, giving in exchange their mortgage on the property, to be paid off annually by dividends. It was what today would be called a sporting chance. To put their heads

into the noose of debt was no easy decision, for even with good crops and good prices, the act foreshadowed years of persistent economy and quiet patience before the burden of six thousand dollars at nine per cent could be worked off. Four new proprietors had been admitted the previous year, namely, A. B. Bates, E. O. Hall, W. C. Parke and J. W. Austin; and on November 18, 1854, articles of the new copartnership were drawn up to continue for five years. In 1859, when this term had expired, the firm name was changed to Lihue Plantation Company. And shortly thereafter the sugar chemist, Victor Prevost, was admitted to the copartnership, by the purchase of half the remaining interest of Henry Peirce, or one-seventh of the whole. This, at the figure of \$2,100, was a considerable sacrifice on the original investments. The remainder of his interest, also one-seventh of the whole, Mr. Peirce sold at the same time to W. H. Rice at the



*Redrawn by J. May Fraser from an old photograph*  
LIHUE MILL IN EARLY DAYS

same low figure, in order to close out his entire holding. For over ten years Henry Peirce had maintained an unflagging interest in the Lihue venture, and even on his withdrawal, showed his public spirit in being more than ready to give other men opportunities to get ahead.

That this was an opportunity fraught with heavy risks was a fact well known to all of the partners in the enterprise. Drougths were sometimes so severe as to necessitate cutting the young cane back to its roots and allowing a second growth to take its chances in turn. Rain was at times so eagerly looked for that even in her very old age Mother Rice often said in a storm lasting days at a time, "We used to long so for water while the cane shriveled into yellow parchment, that even when we have too much nowadays, I never can bring myself to pray for it to cease." Similar conditions must have been experienced on other plantations. At Lihue, however, Mr. Rice little by little conceived the possibility of saving the quantities of water from streams on the mauka lands before it descended too rapidly into the ravines to levels below the point where it could be used on the fields. The problem was to dig a long ditch with connecting tunnels. An engineer of today would have worked it out on paper in a few minutes. But the engineers of today stand on the foundations of experience laid by just such pioneers as William Harrison Rice in days when irrigation was a word not as yet included in dictionaries of plantation terms. Today, this seems inconceivable, for some of our large plantations are built on irrigation, and without it would speedily return to the desert wastes whence they came. But in 1856, although the early planters had before their eyes the object lessons of irrigated taro patches, some of them most ingeniously terraced to catch the fall of water, and this by the hand of primitive man, the possibility of irrigating sugar cane fields seems to have existed only as most remote, if it

existed at all. The feasibility of it was another matter, and this Mr. Rice set himself to work to demonstrate, the first planter in the islands, so far as is known, to make the attempt. Even his partners had little hope of success, but they had given him the responsibility, and the problems were his to work out to the best of his ability. Riding on horseback was then the only method of seeing and studying a plantation and, of course, still is in the mountains, where such engineering constructions have their origin. On these expeditions Mr. Rice had noted that the steady flow of the long Hanamaulu stream, which took its source in the swampy bottom of Kilohana Crater, and formed the northern boundary of the fields, might be diverted in the uplands to serve almost the entire plantation on its way to the sea. Even the digging of ditches was new business and tunneling was still more difficult, for to this sort of labor the Hawaiians were quite unused. Yet, a year later, the editor of *The Friend* wrote, after visiting all the settlements on Kauai:

One enterprise on the island is specially worthy of notice. We refer to the effort of introducing a stream of water from the mountains to flow over the Lihue plantation. A trench ten miles long, about two-and-one-half feet wide and the same deep, has been dug. It has been an immense work; and whether it answers the purpose or not it shows what labor will accomplish. This summer will test the experiment, and most confidently we hope the enterprise will succeed.

The *Polynesian*, a contemporary of *The Friend*, commenting on this Kauai project six months later, in September of 1857, viewed the enterprise with an even more enthusiastic eye.

As an offset in some degree to the bad reports just received of the probable yield of the coffee plantations on Kauai, it is gratifying to learn that the crop of sugar on the Lihue plantation promises to exceed the hopes that the proprietors had formed.

Between two and three hundred tons are spoken of as what they may expect to make this year. Nobody who has heard of the perseverance and outlay which has been expended on the plantation in question but will rejoice to hear this. The system of irrigation introduced with vast labor and great expense is the cause of this happy effect. The water, although derived from a source only removed from the fields the distance of about a mile and a quarter is conducted by a circuitous course for the distance of eleven miles before it reaches its destined point. It is said that the distribution of the water, which it was thought would prove a difficult and expensive task, does not turn out to be anything of the kind. Almost as far as the eye can reach, the difference in color and condition of the cane subjected to irrigation and that beyond its reach is perceptible. Let us *rejoice* with the owners of Lihue Plantation and wish them as much success in future as their patient efforts deserve.

But these are the dispassionate, if interested and cordial, words of outsiders. For the thrills of shifting from plans to hopes and from discouragement to fulfillment, one must open the personal letters of the family itself. This ditch was no everyday event. How many months it was in the digging, the letters do not state, but it must have occupied a good part of the summer of 1856. A letter from one of the children, dated April 30, 1856, mentions the fact that Father has been surveying up in the woods and the digging must have been begun shortly thereafter, if not, indeed, even before that date. The tunnels were, perhaps, the most difficult part, for Hawaiians found it almost impossible to dig a tunnel straight; but the excavations were well arched and are still doing active service after more than seventy years. It chanced that Hannah Maria was on a visit to the Emersons on Oahu that summer, and owing to her meticulous care of all letters from Mother or the children, a little sheaf of excitement now stands garnered. Father was under too great a strain to write much during tired evenings.

Aug. 2, 1856.

. . . . It is very hot. Many of the men have been sick & the ditch is not finished & the streams are too low after 6 months drought to hope much from it when it is done.

Aug. 4.

. . . . F a t h e r has been on the water ditch for hours although it is but 10 A. M. He hopes to get through this week. I am sorry to write that we are again having very dry weather. But God is a sovereign Good, — when he gives, supremely good, nor less when he denies.



*After 75 years Mr. Rice's ditch, now greatly enlarged, runs quietly through the part of Lihue Plantation known as the German Forest.*

Aug. 8.

Father went to the water ditch yesterday, but was too unwell to stay. Has gone again today. So many of the men have been sick that the work goes slowly. It is dry weather, yet with a light shower about every other day.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

It is again dry, although we had nice showers from Monday until Friday. The ditch is at last done & a little water running into the cane, but there cannot be much until there is rain enough to raise the streams. After the ditch was dug the men tramped

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it all over to make the bottom hard. The natives seemed to feel quite an interest in the work & gave four loud cheers when the water entered the cane. Father is well, but very tired. He went to his work this morn as soon as he could see, taking breakfast alone & leaving us in bed.

Aug. 19.

Father and I went to see the King & Queen at Mr. Widemann's for we thought they had come. We went at Eve, but turned back near the meeting house, seeing no one around Mr. Widemann's, & went to see the ditch. It was right pleasant to hear the murmur of the water & to see it running into the cane. There has been less rain this month than last. The streams are very low & there is not more than 2 or 3 inches in the ditch.

[From Molly, undated]

. . . . We are going up to the tunnel to see the water run through. It will be down to the cane fields today. It is raining now, great big drops.

Our bathing place in the valley is made wider. The taros & grass & weeds are all cleared away, but it is very muddy at the bottom. Emily & I have not bathed for a great while because we have colds. Yesterday there was a house full of sick persons, it was our house.

Emily & I have just been see sawing at the iron fence. Father has come back for breakfast, so I must stop.

[From Emily]

Aug. 16

Yesterday we went to the water ditch. The water has got down to Father's young cane, a good lot of it for this dry weather.

In reply, Hannah Maria, at Honolulu, takes her pen to see if she can provoke even one letter from her father, who is probably quite unable to meet the emergency. The ditch is done at last. But even so, the exigencies are many. For one thing, Judge Lee, suffering from a more advanced case of consumption, the same disease which kept Mr. Rice himself in the greatest uncertainty, was

beginning to feel that his end was near, even though for a few months longer he kept up his work in the circuit courts. Mr. Rice, going to Honolulu on business the month after finishing the ditch, was obliged to go to Kahuku to discuss matters with Judge Lee. Two letters from Mr. Rice give some little idea of the anxiety felt about the plantation. Incidentally, too, they show something of Hannah Maria's homesickness on her long summer visit, and give an interesting cross section of Honolulu's history. Its first banking house of Bishop and Company did not come into existence until 1858, but the two partners, Aldrich and Bishop, conducted a mercantile business for some years previous to that. The establishment of the bank was an outgrowth of the opportunities readily appreciated by their keen business minds, and was based on the confidence reposed in them, and in Mr. Bishop especially, by the entire island community.

Honolulu, Sept. 1856.

Dearest wife,

We arrived here safely just at dusk. We were all very sea sick. Capt. Taber was as kind and attentive as he could be, made chicken soup for us & waited on us himself. Mr. Hardy suffered severely. Emily & I landed without changing our clothes. There was such a crowd on board it was impossible to change. I however took a clean shirt out of my trunk and put it on after we reached the Cookes. Mrs. C. got us some tea & then I went to meeting, so that I secured a small end of the Sabbath. The frame of the new Fort Street church is up.

I think Maria has been thoroughly homesick. She heard of our arrival, & came up & spent the night with Emily. After talking over the whole matter with Mrs. Cooke & Mrs. Hall I decided to let Emily go & stop with Maria at the Halls', for which act I suppose I must expect your displeasure, but I hope you will not demand a divorce on that account.

Monday after breakfast I went down town to look after our baggage. This done I went in to A. & B., [Aldrich and Bishop]

where Marshall & Parke very soon tracked me. We of course had a long talk about Plantation affairs. They all feel *poor*, very *poor*, still they feel that the thing must at all events be thoroughly tested for another year. Dined with C. R. Bishop at 2 P. M. & with the Halls at 4 P. M. so that the *hakahaka* [vacancy] made by the demands of Neptune on the inner man was pretty well filled up & I feel better than usual after such a voyage.

Tuesday after breakfast I ran about town here & there & at an auction, but did not make many purchases. After dinner with Mr. Whitney I had another talk with Aldrich & Bishop about how the Plantation wants are to be met for the coming year. They will call a meeting of the proprietors some time to talk over the subject. They would like to have Mr. Bates get back first, but I *cannot* stop here for a month or more.

Towards eve I walked along up the valley, intending to go as far as Judge Andrews, but when I got to the Halls I found they had just gone up there, so I took Maria & Emily & walked up to the Marshalls. Made a pleasant call, took tea & returned by moonlight. Left the girls & walked on to Mr. Armstrongs where I had been invited to dinner, but I had fared pretty well.

Wed. morn I breakfast with Bro. Castle ma [and family], leave my dinner to be picked somewhere—may get one, two or three, or *none*. However, I have three or four standing invitations, in case others fail. So you see my stomach is likely to be provided for.

I shall go to Kahuku to see Judge Lee on Friday, I think, & spend the Sabbath at Waialua. I cannot say whether I shall be able to get away next week for Kauai or not. Cheer up, be in good spirits & look on the bright side.

Dearest Wife: Sept. 12th, 1856.

I understand the Excel goes to Kauai tomorrow, but I shall then be over to Kahuku. I shall start about 2 P. M. this day.

Marshall tells me that Lee is empowered to make such arrangements for our interest in the Plantation as he may judge proper, & Marshall thinks I had best see Lee now, for should any thing befall Lee, it might not be so easy to have the matter righted with Peirce's new agent. I purchased goods at auction day before

yesterday to the amount of about \$700. on credit, so that I have no occasion for attending any more auctions.

Mr. & Mrs. Thrum have taken charge of the Sailors Home. The ladies societies met there yesterday P.M. & in the evening the gentlemen came in, paying one dollar each admittance. The tables were spread and all seemed to enjoy themselves much. Our two daughters were there & for aught I could see appeared as well as others of their age.

I have made arrangements to sell our interest in the pasture at Manoa to Brother Damon for \$100. I breakfasted at Judge Andrews yesterday & dined at Mr. Aldrich. They have a bright little girl which they seem as proud of as other parents of their children, *wonderful things*.

It is now nearly 12 o'clock & I wish to write a word to Willie.

Your ever affectionate

Harrison

Today very few of us would think of walking comfortably up Nuuanu Avenue as far as the Royal Mausoleum and making leisurely calls among friends along the way. In 1856 the site of the Mausoleum was terraced in taro patches opposite which stood Judge Andrews' high frame house. A little below, the Nuuanu cemetery had been set apart, but contained only a very few graves and occupied only the upper half of its present extent. The lower half held Sweet Home, Dr. Judd's low coral house. Further down the valley, for to Honolulu Nuuanu was "the valley" in those days, not far above School Street, stood, and still stands, the frame house of Mr. E. O. Hall, who had been the mission printer, but like others had entered mercantile pursuits in order to relieve the mission board of his support. Ties of friendship and religious belief continued to bind the mission families in which the heads were Brother and Sister, and their children, in consequence, Cousins. The town was so small that hotels were happily a thing of the future, friends were always welcome and strangers were not yet regarded as com-

mercial assets. Two letters from Mrs. Rice take their place beside these from her husband, giving by contrast of situation and closeness of association the other side of the family picture. The first was in reply to the last from Mr. Rice in Honolulu, and is at times so tender that it belongs only to the one for whom it was originally written and who usually signs himself by his second name, or simply "Harri," her own intimate name for him. The second, several months later, was a message to her sister in Tennessee who had lately married a widower with a grown family.

Lihue, Sabbath 14th, 1856.

My own dear husband,

It has been a long quiet day, no one about, & I have been reading of men of faith & works for God. Oh that that spirit were ours! I sometimes feel as if the ministrations of the spirit had ceased. What coldness & stupidity every where abound. I hope you will find light & life in mingling with the great assemblies of those who worship God.

Monday 15th. Dearest, I have written you twice before & sent one letter to Hanalei & one to Koloa. The Sally is now in port, to leave today. We are all well this morn. I begin to feel better since I have taken up going to bed with the children at 8 o'clock. For four nights after you left I slept little, would get to thinking after all was still, but now I fall asleep with their prattle sounding in my ear. Mary is very good, thoughtful but not excitable. Willie is manly, feels his responsibility. I said he could go over & spend the night with the Doles. "No," said he, "Father would not like it, & if he would, you would be lonely." Anna talks more about Maria's absence than yours & Emily's, says she has two dalas for you, thinks you will bring Maria. The Smiths & Doles are very neighborly. But the Widemanns all go to Hanalei today. He returns, leaving his family there while he re-thatches his house here.

We had considerable showery weather last week, but it is bright & clear today. The rain has refreshed the grass some. The mdse. sales at the store were \$49. last week & \$36. the week

before. Mr. W. has paid the men & there is still \$37. remaining in the desk so you see we are in no trouble on that score. The natives are very good, & I am as comfortable in all respects as I can be in your absence. Had no interruption to my school with the children last week, although I had considerable company. I let Kanui have one of the charcoal irons at the store for \$3. because it was injured, the damper was gone when it came, & it ought to be allowed on the bill.

I keep your dear letter near me all the time, it is so pleasant to see your handwriting. My love to any who have not forgotten me. I have been reading Physiology of Marriage, a queer book. If it is not too expensive, suppose you buy it, although I think it is  $\frac{1}{2}$  humbug.

I have written before, sending measures for a pair of shoes for Mary & Anna, but lest you have not rec'd the letter, I will enclose the measures again.

Mary.

Lihue, Dec. 19, 1856.

My dear Lucy,

Yours of August has been welcomed. I hope you have mine of September in answer to yours of June. I rejoice in your new home. . . . In one great question let me ask all about Mrs. Reeves. You have told me of Winchester. Tell me of yourself, your husband, children, grandchildren, employments. Do you ride in a Coach & 4, or like myself in a little buggy drawn by the old family horse?—when William does not try a new one.

Our prospects are now rather fair. We have a good salary & a better prospect for crops than formerly. It is astonishing how my William has improved in health since we came to this place. He can endure a drenching in the rain every day & seems to have no tendency to cough. He went through the withering of our crops last year without one complaining word, although I know he had to struggle some for submission. Such a happy temperament I never knew. His face is a sunbeam. Our crop may wither, but at least we have one advantage, no frosts, so that our cane is not killed. It may wither, but grows again when rain comes. They will cut much of it down & let it grow from the root. The cane fields are now beautifully green.



"GLEAMING THROUGH THE GROVES"  
*As Mother Rice wrote lovingly of the little Hawaiian church at Lihue.*

We have been improving our house of worship. It was a thatched building, but we have had it boarded, floored & painted. It has a steeple bell & looks nicely gleaming through the groves. The natives have contributed the funds & William has attended to the work. I enjoy the services, even if they are in native & I have lately started a Sabbath School. I have been thinking for a long time of it, but as *I* must have the superintendence—William cannot in addition to the Sabbath service,—I have shrunk from it, but concluded in the circumstances it was duty. Maria has a class. The school is in native.

I believe I am growing less American in my feelings since coming in contact with so many from other countries. It some times appears that the Americans have more than their share of faults. The lower class that float this way are miserable enough. Formerly Mr. Rice employed several as mechanics, but he has now only Germans & has gained greatly by the change. Are the others degenerating, or is human nature so poor an article that it needs more restraint? We sympathized with the Vigilance Committee during those trying times in California. A revolution was,

we think, necessary. There are such numbers of the lawless that it is a question which will finally rule. Amidst all the strife & evil of our world is it not a glorious hope that we may & do belong to a kingdom which is righteousness & peace?

Dec. 23. We are all engaged in preparing for New Years & Christmas. For Christmas we want all the Sabbath School children at our house to have singing & refreshment. New Years is to be a gathering of foreigners at our house & I provide sandwiches, cake, tea & coffee, etc.

Maria sits across the table sewing, & laughingly enquires about her new Uncle Reeves, wishes his daguerreotype with yours. I enclose a bit of the dress I am wearing this eve.

Salutations to your household & love to my sister Lucy.

Mary.

While Christmas Day was not a festival in the eyes of many of the early missionaries, it had been marked at Punahou, at least while the Rices were there, by the arrival of most of the mission families for a picnic dinner in rooms decked with fragrant maile from the Manoa mountains. And on New Year's Day the children of the school received little gifts of raisins and sugar plums and books, all a great treat. At Koamalu Christmas Day was kept for all the Hawaiians of the Sabbath School, and New Year's meant open house for all the neighbors and their friends. The great and glorious Fourth of July was likewise celebrated with a picnic, and the annual harvest feast, after the crop was in in August, brought the entire neighborhood to the Hawaiian church for a luau and its attendant delights. Another feast for those who read English was the Kauai Magazine Club, which included the whole island circuit of neighbors. Single subscriptions for the Harper's Monthly, Littell's Living Age, The Eclectic, The Edinburgh Review, Blackwood's and the North American Review were sent for to go the rounds of the joint subscribers, each family being entitled to retain a definite magazine when it had completed the cir-

cuit. A list of members was pasted on the back of the cover of every magazine, with space for dates of receiving and forwarding. Without newspapers or large private book collections and long before the days of public libraries, one can well imagine the eagerness with which the monthly was welcomed. As might be expected, it is Miss Mary Burbank, Hawaii's veteran librarian, who now recalls this early club with the keenest zest and has even supplied the list of subscribers: at Hanalei the families of Johnson, Rhodes and Wilcox; at Wailua, McBryde; at Lihue, Bond, Hardy, Reynolds, Rice and Widemann; at Koloa, Burbank, Dole, McGregor (the sugar boiler at the mill), and Smith; and at Waimea, Rowell and Knudsen. These, of course, shared with neighbors. And children of those days still recall getting out the old copies of a Sunday or a rainy day to look at the familiar pictures and old jokes. Years later, when Mary Burbank went away to school, sailing on the Ceylon around Cape Horn to New Bedford, she found some of those same old Harpers on board the vessel, having been sent for the seamen to read. The older Rice children watched eagerly for the monthly mail bag, Emily writing to her sister Maria from Lihue:

Father has gone to the Book Club Meeting at Mr. Hardy's. Our book this year is Littell's Living Age. Mr. Mac-Bride has the Harpers. This is all I know. When I know the rest I will tell you. Are you glad that Father has the Littell's Living Age this year?

In April of 1857 it was again necessary for Mr. Rice to go to Honolulu on plantation business. And this time he took with him his only son, Willie, a lad of almost eleven, for a visit with the Cookes in the old mission house on King Street, which stands there to this day, after well over a century of years. After the departure of husband and son, Mrs. Rice wrote from Koamalu:

Dearest,

I am so glad that more than a week of your absence is past. Oh what music there would be in your step! Still I have no wish that you should return until you have seen Mr. Marshall & if possible settled the affair about Plantation.

There have not been but 2 days since you left that I have not had from 2 to 5 guests & one of those days I had one. All have been friends that it was very pleasant to see. Still I am weary & long for a little quiet now.

Mr. Marshall has been here considerable. I have talked with him about the books. He intends taking them with him to Honolulu, says that it should be worth about \$150. to do the writing & that what I have done is more labor than the other. He speaks of your having accomplished so much work.

Yesterday a very heavy shower came up just at meeting time & prevented any one's coming. I think the native meetings were interesting, but I was too tired to enjoy anything.

Tell Mrs. Cooke she has my warmest sympathy in the care of Willy. And do give the Cooke children money equal to \$8. a week for your board & Willy's. It is going to be so much to have a home in Honolulu.

Good night, Love.

April 7. We are all in health this morn. It is a great comfort to have Mrs. Cox & George here. I am not so lonely & George does very well. Opunui is sick & has not been at work for a week. I am all in haste getting food cooked for the Marshalls who hope to sail today for Oahu, & so I hope too, as it will I trust hasten your return. The children all miss you much.

Lovingly your

Wife.

Those were days when food must be taken on board the vessels for journeys to Oahu, and not food for a day only, since the steamer service was very irregular, and sailing vessels were often out three and four days in the Kauai channel. One cooked up food, therefore, not only for arriving, but for departing guests, and when this service was added to that of keeping the books in the plan-

tation store, as well as caring for children and taking leisure to entertain guests, days and hands were alike full. George Wilcox of Waioli was "keeping store" that year at Lihue, having his room above the store and boarding with the Rices. Other odd jobs there were aplenty during the mornings when the people were all at work and there was no need to open the store until late in the afternoon.

Shortly after his return from Oahu, Mr. Rice heard that Judge Burbank of Koloa, a young man in his prime, had been stricken with erysipelas, a dread disease for which no antitoxin had then been discovered. Neighborliness was in those days not a matter of miles. On the Sabbath, at his first spare moment, Mr. Rice saddled his horse for Koloa. On his way over, a messenger met him with word that death had come suddenly in four days. Mr. Rice turned his horse back and rode to Koamalu for his wife, that they might both do what they could. At ten in the evening they reached the old stone house of the Koloa manager. And little Mary Burbank, sleeping, as was not her wont, in the guest cottage, awoke to see Mrs. Rice crossing the room shading the flame of a little lamp with her hand. And to this day, Miss Burbank says, after more than threescore years and ten, that vision comes back to her as she thinks of dear Mother Rice on her mission of mercy. Judge Burbank was buried at his wife's request on a hilltop back of the manager's home, where his wife could see the grave from her bedroom, the large mauka room of the old stone house. Today, the white marble stone still marks that lonely grave, surrounded now by a grove of towering ironwood trees that wave and sing when swept by the wings of the wind. Not three weeks after Judge Burbank's death, Judge Lee was laid to rest in Honolulu, mourned by the entire nation. The dignitaries of the court, with the King and

all his ministers, attended the state funeral in the Stone Church at Kawaiahao, and laid the casket reverently in the Royal Tomb, near the king's palace, until such time as a vessel could offer Mrs. Lee passage to the land of her birth.

Household cares at Lihue finally wore upon Mrs. Rice's strength so severely that she was forced to go to Hanalei for a few days' rest. This was an adventure in those days, even with good horses and the "little family buggy," but Mrs. Rice appreciated the relaxation of even "two days mostly spent in a carriage riding away from care." At another time such a journey was made with Mr. Rice as far as Anahola, where a note was written back to the children:

We have had a very pleasant ride & found a comfortable native house. Anna has enjoyed it very much. Father has gone on & I am soon to have a meeting with the native women, & about noon start back with Kamanu & Keniho, expecting Father to overtake us before we get to the worst streams.

Not the streams only, but the steep grades on the hills, over rough, narrow roads, required skilful driving, and always one or two paniolas, or cowboys, were a part of the expedition. The end of the pole between the span of horses was furnished with a stout hook to which the cowboys tied their lariats when the little cavalcade came to a steep hill, to ride on ahead and help pull up the grade, with many a shout and cracking of whips in encouragement. When the grade was down hill, the cowboys were ready at the back of the carriage, tying their ropes to the axles and helping to hold back with all their might. Anahola was a distant valley half way to Hanalei, where the sound of tapa beating could still be heard. Very likely it was on some such expedition as this that young Willie Rice, riding with natives on horseback, heard an unusual rhythm in the beats of the women's tapa mallets.



WAIMEA CHURCH OF CORAL STONE  
1922

He listened for a moment, seeming to hear it answered, but not echoed, from one side of the valley to the other. Seeing the puzzled look on his face, the Hawaiian with him said, "They are talking." And sure enough, there was a definite, though irregular, rhythm which betrayed the

sending of code messages. Mrs. Rice undoubtedly made another journey about this time to the west side of the island and there enjoyed the sight of Mr. Rowell's great stone church at Waimea. This was being occupied in 1857, and was quite the pride of the island. Even the new frame church on Fort Street in Honolulu, when seen by Mrs. Rice a few months later, held no point of superiority. She had been forced in the fall of 1857 to take a complete change in one of her very rare visits to the metropolis.

Honolulu.

Dear Husband & children,

After a passage of 4 days & 5 nights we reached Mr. Cooke's safely this morn. He met Molly & me on the ship & they are very kind indeed. I saw Mr. Marshall on the way to the carriage, but beside him have had no calls except from the missionaries. It is pleasant to see their faces again, & they seem very cordial.

Nov. 2, Sabbath eve  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8. I have just returned from the Fort Street church, the first time I have seen it. To my eye it does by no means equal in simple elegance Brother Rowell's meeting house at Waimea. It was a treat to hear Mr. Strong

from the pulpit & to worship in the great congregation. This A.M. I went to the native church here at Kawaiahaeo, was not quite smart enough to go down town twice.

Monday eve. A list of callers today: Mr. & Mrs. C. R. Bishop & Lydia Paki [later Queen Liliuokalani], Mrs. Spooner from Punahou, Miss Ogden, Bella, Mrs. Ladd, Marshall, Burbank, Hoffman, & Bates, Mrs. A. Clark & Sarah, & Capt. Cox. All so cordial & kind. But this evening my thoughts turn to Lihue & I long to know how it is with you all. May God be your keeper. I have not begun to visit, but have promised to make the first visit at Punahou.

Tuesday eve. I am at last a little better, but have not been out today. Mr. & Mrs. Damon called, & Mr. Emerson. He says there will be no money at present from Waialua.

Wed. eve. No news from Lihue. I have been down town today & am very much better. Mrs. Judd & Gussy have just called, Mrs. Armstrong also. Tomorrow I expect to go to the Gulicks & stay there & at Punahou until Sat. eve. Have made some purchases, a bonnet & trimming, a facsimile of Madame Prevost's new one.

Dear Ones, I have just rec'd your letters. How good God is! I am much better, am just on the wing & cannot write much. Love to dear Willie & a great many thanks for his letter, & to my Anna also. Maria, your letters are very precious to me, and my Emily also. I will write you each next time.

Lovingly, Mother



*Photograph by J. J. Williams*

FORT STREET CHURCH IN HONOLULU  
ABOUT 1885

To have Mother away for so long was unusual. Maria's letters to her, filled with her manifold duties at Koamalu, have already given glimpses into the children's world. All through that month of November Mr. Rice wrote from his angle of vision. Mrs. Rice had evidently been told that there would be no conveyance to meet her ship, if she returned before she had recovered. But her letters are read with avidity even on the Sabbath, regardless of the prohibition of pleasures on that day, an observance strictly held to by some of the mission fathers.

Dear Wife *Mary*.

Nov. 2, 1857.

I suppose it was still the Magnolia in sight from here about noon the next day after you left. Mr. Bishop writes me that you were five days. Our house seems quite lonely, still we get on very well, Maria has scrubbed & cleaned till we look as clean as can be. We have plenty to eat & that which is good enough. Anna is happy, does not cry for Mama, but says she wants her to come back some time, & I think we shall all go for that. I have been having rheumatism in my back, so that it is difficult to straighten up & hard work to get about.

Do not hurry yourself about Honolulu, but take the world a little easy & make just so long a stay as seems best. *The waggon is not yet mended* to go to the beach for you.

Your Harri.

Dear Wife:

Nov. 12, 1857.

We received your letter on Sunday & read it too on Sunday. Why did you not scold me for not sending the sugar by the Excel? I shall send it this time, a very small keg. It is not very good. We are getting along very slowly in grinding. Have finished all the Kukui groves & down to the Hanamaulu road. Commence today to haul from below the road. The girls will write you all family news. I am better of my rheumatism.

If Castle & Cooke have Patrige's Leather Preservative at the Depository please ask them to send me 2 doz. & bill of same. Also remember the spectacles, 2 Doz.

Mr. Widemann is going up & will stay over one trip. I think I shall get the waggon mended by that time & a horse trained to draw it.

Nov. 23d. The waggon is mended & we shall look for you by the next Excel. But if you wish to stay over another trip, we shall try to get along as well as we can.

Get some good tea & enough of it. Also, if you need more money, go & get it at Castle & Cookes. It is late & I am afraid the vessel will leave from Koloa, so I hurry off a scrawl.

Nov. 24th. I wrote yesterday by way of Koloa, but as the Excel is in here to sail this evening, I write again. Did Mr. Emerson not assign any reason for there being no money from Waialua at present? There ought to have been at least \$180. Samuel Emerson wrote me some time since that a part or all of it had been paid over to him, & I wrote him that he might have the use of it till you went to Honolulu, when I should wish him to pay it over to you.

We are grinding the new cane today opposite Prevost's. It goes pretty well. I have taken off Weston's wheels & have put on the old ones again, so that we now grind by water. We have made something over 30 tons of sugar & have about 40 acres of the old cane left.

I think you had better get  $\frac{1}{2}$  Doz. or a Doz. of Ketchup like that you send down. Also 1 bbl. Irish potatoes.

Your own  
Harrison

The story of Koamalu consists largely, it would appear, of voyages! But it is the fact of someone's being away from home that has left letters as a record of that home and of the little town of Honolulu which had for ten years been home to them and now still seemed so. Perhaps the most famous voyage ever taken from Kauai was in April of 1858. Governor Kanoa was on board, and Molly Rice, going with some one probably for dentistry in Honolulu. The little schooner Excel, which had often crossed the Kauai channel, was somehow blown out of

her course by adverse winds and currents, and wandered helplessly for days, out of sight of land. The crossing was usually so simple that instruments for ocean navigation were not often carried on the little island vessels. Finally the situation became serious, for although all passengers had of course supplied themselves with food and water for four or five days, the time had already stretched beyond a week. A conference was called. When no very conclusive advice was offered, Governor Kanoa arose and with great dignity declared his manao or thought, namely, to sail back to Nawiliwili and start the voyage all over again.

Strange as it may seem, this is precisely what transpired. For, sailing about in quest of Nawiliwili, the lookout actually did sight the peak of Haupu beyond Nawiliwili Bay. With this sighting point, the prow of the little Excel was turned afresh for the port of Honolulu, which was reached after thirteen days at sea. The voyage aroused considerable comment, as might be expected. And the brief account of it in *The Friend* for April of 1858 stated that the Excel, heading for California, was finally sighted by the brig *Victoria*. Since *The Friend* made a special point of accuracy, especially with regard to shipping news, it seems likely that the two vessels hove to or spoke each other long enough for the Excel to get her bearings, and that since she was then in the vicinity of Nawiliwili, she sailed so as to sight Haupu in order to right her course with greater precision.

A month or so after this famous voyage, Emily Rice went on a visit to the Cookes in Honolulu. Her letter from there gives side lights, which one would enjoy quoting in full, not only on the mission at General Meeting time, but on her own loyalty to Mr. Dole as the first principal of Punahou School. It seems a childish vehemence, but was matched by the feeling of many a

grown-up partisan that Mr. Beckwith was too young for the responsibility of the school, and that Mr. Dole should have been continued at its head. "Mr. Beckwith's new house" at Punahou can only have been the famous Octagon built by him to obtain the maximum of sunshine and circulation of air. Its unusual shape obtained for it likewise a large share of derision, as well as favorable comment.

Dear Maria

Honolulu, May 19, 1858.

I expect the Excel up every day so I am going to get my letters ready. Almost all of the missionaries have come except the Doles & the Smiths. Mr. Alexander, wife, & Charles & Lottie are staying at Mr. Clarks. Yesterday Jule Cooke & I went over there & Mr. Alexander knew Jule, but he did not know who I was. When he found out he gave me a "thundering big Smack", saying he thought I was some sage old lady.

Yesterday we went up to a Sabbath School picnic at Punahou. Everybody was there & we stayed in the evening & played.

The Baldwins have come. Abbie is a beautiful girl. She has brown hair, very wavy & wears curls behind, & she dresses so pretty, not expensively but neat. Mr. Lyons kissed Mrs. Baldwin, & Mr. Coan and Dr. Baldwin kissed each other. They looked so funny we could not help laughing.

I shall be so delighted when the Doles come. Then I shall not want to go home till Father comes up in June. O, I am so disgusted with all the scholars at Punahou. I hear nothing from morning till night except about Mr. Beckwith & his new house. You need not think I ever say anything. I suffer like a martyr.

Mary Paris is quite a lady. Both she and Anna have their hair cut short & wear short dresses & pantaletts.

Mr. Bishop told me that Mr. Prevost had been up here. Did Madame Prevost stay at our house while he was gone? I went to see Mrs. Emerson today. Of course she inquired after You.

The Queen's baby was born Yesterday. It is a boy & they fired guns like Fury & hoisted flags. The Day after the King's Baby was born the gentlemen Missionaries & foreign gentlemen

went to congratulate him. We girls went up in the Steeple of the Native Church at Kawaiahao & looked at them. They all went in procession & looked real nice.

May 24th.

Last Saturday was the Annual Meeting of the Cousins Society. It was real interesting. Wm. Alexander was elected President. Pattie Cooke, Vice-President. Recording Secatary Sam Alexander. Corresponding Secatary, Sophy Hall & Treasurer Henry Dimond.

Tomorrow Mrs. Lorrin Andrews is going to give a great tea party to all the missionaries.

Some one you know invited me to spend the night at her house next Wednesday. Of course I will have to go. I dread it like every thing.

The Morning Star brought up lots of Cocoanuts from Micronesia. They sell for a sixpence apiece. The Captain invited all the little boys to go & help unload her.

They have General Meeting every day this week. I help Jule do up our room, then her mothers, and then we practise or go to General Meeting. Mary & I went up the valley to take our singing lesson this afternoon. Mary got huhu [angry] with me coming down, but I guess I can make up with her.

From Your aff. Sister

Emily D. Rice

The families of Rice and Alexander were close friends, although perhaps not more so than many others of the mission. The Alexanders had long been Kauai residents at Waioli, but had left for Lahainaluna before the Rices had even begun their Punahou work. It was without doubt during these ten years at Punahou that the intimacy began, while the older Alexander children were pupils there. A little diary by "Prof." W. D. Alexander in his boyhood often speaks of the treat of being allowed in Mrs. Rice's room and of sometimes spending the evening there with the girls. When W. D. Alexander was himself a teacher at Punahou, years later, he wrote his

father that he wished they could get Mr. Rice back again for the outside work, and his tribute to Mrs. Rice was never-failing in its appreciation of her gentleness, her courtesy, and her teaching them so many things that could not be learned from books. Father and Mother Alexander had always a deep love for Punahou and in 1859 went to "the States" to solicit subscriptions for its endowment. They were gone a year and left their youngest son Charles, a lad just the age of Willy Rice, at the Koamalu home on Kauai. In the Alexander family archives there still exists a letter from Charlie to his older sister, Ann, written down for him in the fine hand of Maria Rice, with a very characteristic postscript by the amanuensis. This letter, with others, has been very kindly loaned by Mary Charlotte Alexander.

Lihue, Feb. 15, 1859.

My dear Ann:

I received your letter a good while ago, and I was glad to get it. How are you getting along?

The natives killed a Bullock today. Emily Rice says she will write to you by and bye. I am making a little quilt. I sewed ten squares today. It is red and white.

It is raining all the time so I have to stay in the house some, and the girls are staying over here, because it is so rainy they can't go over to Koloa to school.

I am studying Arithmetic, reading, spelling and Geography. Mary Rice is with me in Arithmetic (Colburn's), and I am alone in the rest. I like my lessons about the same, only I can't remember the names in Geography. We recite our lessons in the afternoon to Aunt Mary. How are Samuel, Henry and William getting along?

Willie Rice has a boat, it is in the Mill pond. One time I was sailing in it, with clean clothes on and I tipped over.

The leaves drop off the Kukui trees a great deal now. I drove in a new Cow today. She has a young calf. The calf is red and white and the cow is white with a speckled neck.

It is very cold now and they have a tin box with fire in it in the Parlor.

Willie and I have been planting Peanuts. We have the steers plow the land. The Chickens came and scratched up almost all the Peanuts, and the corn we planted too. There are some Peach trees growing amongst the Peanuts and corn, and Mr. Rice is trimming them.

I got thirty five eggs one day and twenty another. Now we hardly get any because a dog eats them up.

There is a cat here, and two kittens. One of the kittens is mine. Its name is "Dr. Barefooted Joe", and Emily's kittie's name is "Jacket John", and the old cat's name is "Mamma Dole." The little kittens are very scampish things. They go and pull down my net and Willie's too.

You must answer this letter, and I would like to have Emily write me a letter.

From Charlie.  
per H.M.R.

(Charlie seems very happy and we all love him very much. He tries to be a good boy too (I think) and please my parents. He has lessons nearly every day, and progresses somewhat in them. He is active, brave, generous and very polite to us girls, which wins him golden opinions, while his ever ready wit and queer original speeches provoke many a hearty laugh.

Maria )

It was an outstanding event in missionary life to make the journey "back East," even after the shorter route across the Isthmus of Panama had become established. Mother Rice, writing in July of this same year, 1859, to Mother Alexander, to send her some news of her boy Charlie, gives expression also to something of her own yearning for the home land.

I anticipate resuming lessons with Charlie as soon as we have quiet. Your daughter Ann is now making us a short visit in company with Isabella Holden, Abbie Johnson & Edward Wilcox.

George Dole has also been with us six or seven weeks, & tonight we expect Sarah Clark & Julia Gulick, with the others.

I trust you are enjoying much in the Fatherland. My relatives in Tennessee you will hardly see, but should you find yourselves in that State, do not fail to enquire in Winchester for A. A. Hyde or Mrs. Lucy Reeves.

Like other boys, Charlie had to be provided with shoes, and these had to come from Honolulu, as did most things in those days. Mention of this among other errands is made in a home letter from Mrs. Rice to her husband about this same time. In all probability, Mr. Rice had gone to Honolulu for the reorganization of H. A. Peirce and Company, which took place this year at the expiration of the partnership agreement made in 1854. As it turned out, the plantation was continued under its new name and with some change of partnership, but this was probably unknown to Mr. Rice before the meeting, for he had apparently left home in some doubt as to the outcome of negotiations. As always, his wife's loving thought was his closest companion on the voyage.

Dearest,

Monday eve.

I cannot tell how lonely the house seems, but there is hope that you are having a speedy passage. I have thought of you a great deal today. I think you may have some trials of feeling, & wish I could share them with you. But Courage, you know there are loving hearts that would rather share a crust with you than wealth with others. Do not forget to bring me some native catechisms, some flour also, & corn for coffee, & a little allspice & cinnamon, & a few papers of pins. But perhaps you will think these are not crusts. Oh, you need not bring anything you can not afford. Some boys' shoes for Charlie, too. He is just out.

Wednesday Eve.

Your dear letter came today & diffused joy through the house. . . . . Opunui was as glad as could be. . . . . I got the Parlor mats up today & can't get them down till Monday or Tuesday. Am so

glad you are saved the discomfort of all this topsy turvy. It is wearisome to me, although all do their part, and the children are of course thoughtful for Mother.

When are we to have the pleasure of Sister Cooke's company? Can't she come down with you?

I do not seem to have any special pilikia in your absence, just that loneliness, the feeling as if there was only half of myself. . . . The new books are valuable. The Land and the Book is in 2 quite large volumes, excellent Sabbath reading for Willie. He got off quite a composition Saturday for school, altho it was no pleasure to him.

But good night.

A very real part of the home at Koamalu was the mill in the valley below. One of the treats was to ride down there on horseback, along the roadway from the house, under the Pride of India trees and past the store, which was the center of the village then. Beyond that was the village of native houses called Pualoki, near where the long thatched sheds or trash houses stood. Here on the hill above the mill, from which the oxcarts had brought loads of trash from the grinding, the Hawaiian women of the plantation were almost always at work turning over the damp trash to dry it for fuel. Sometimes the Rice children went on foot down through the pasture, past the little cemetery, where were then only Uncle Hubbell's grave and one of a native, and so down to the big mill pond which Mr. Marshall had had made in the valley just above the mill. Sometimes there was a swim in the mill pond and always there was the hope that the strikes of sugar would be shared with little girls, if the strikes weren't so burned that they had to be given to the pigs. Mr. Rice, too, went often to the mill, even though the work of the new sugar boiler, Mr. Prevost, removed some of the anxiety of the earlier years, when "it took three months to make 300 tons of sugar," as William Hyde Rice used to tell in after years. He said also that the first

mill rollers at Lihue were of granite imported from China and propelled by oxen. Mr. Marshall, however, soon had the big mill dam under construction in 1851 and water power must have been used to grind Lihue's first crop. In searching for facts regarding the first mill at Lihue, Mr. J. M. Lydgate discovered much of interest as well as of fact:

The mill was doubtless the outcome of Marshall's initiative and was built and probably designed in Boston from specifications furnished from the Islands, and showed an originality surprising for those times. It has been the uniform tradition of all the water driven mills on the Islands to use the simple, old-fashioned bucket overshot wheel for the generation of the power required for the crushing plant. It was the cheapest to build and the simplest to run. It could as a rule be connected up directly with the rollers, since a slow motion was required. And it was generally much easier to secure the necessary fall and volume of water for such a wheel than for any other type.

New England factories, however, were more commonly driven by large volumes of water, with a low head, and for these conditions a large turbine was the customary thing. What engineering advice Marshall secured we have no means of knowing, but at all events they discarded the uniform practice and experience of the other mills



LIHUE MILL TODAY

*Looking down along the old steep road.*

and put in a turbine with a low head. In order to provide the amount of water which such a wheel would require Marshall put in a mill dam, which would impound the water during the night so that a double amount might be available during the day. As the supply in the mill pond ran short and the head was reduced, the mill gate was opened up, and increased quantity made up for decreased head.

The wheel was some eight or ten feet in diameter and operated at the bottom of a penstock or well, which like a great barrel impounded the water and delivered it to the wheel at the bottom. Such a wheel of course involved gearing to convert the motion from upright to horizontal and from a comparatively high speed to the very low one required by the crushing plant. This was a new departure in mill construction which has not been adopted elsewhere, and which probably was not a conspicuous success.

The boiling plant consisted of the old fashioned open train of four or five pots, five or six feet in diameter, diminishing in size somewhat to the final one of the series. These pots were shaped somewhat like the Chinese rice pots, comparatively shallow and wide flaring, and were coupled, lip to lip, by bolts through the intervening flanges, the whole forming a range, set in brick walls, within which and under the pots, a fierce fire was kept going. For this purpose the bagasse or trash was insufficient and had to be reinforced with wood to the extent of about a cord of wood to a ton of sugar. The hot fire kept the liquid in these pots in a state of violent ebullition, while one or more natives or Chinese, nearly naked, stood by with long sweeps to skim off the refuse.

As the density was somewhat increased by rapid evaporation, the liquid was bailed over into the next pot, where further cleaning and further evaporation went on, until finally, in the last pot it was boiled to "proof", the density necessary for graining. This point in the process was determined by the professional sugar boiler, who, with a long thin stick dipped into the pot, took out a proof, and trailed off a slender little stream into a cup or another container to cool it. Then taking the sample between thumb and finger and holding it up to the light, he judged of its fitness for strike. When that stage was reached, the mass in this last pot was bailed out and delivered into a spout that conveyed it away to the coolers, large, square, shallow vats, where it was allowed

to remain for weeks, or until it had grained up from the bottom, leaving, however, a lake of molasses over the shallows of grained-up sugar below.

In due time the grained-up mass, black and sticky, and most uninviting, was dug out with spades, and shovelled into tubs, and slid along on skids to the centrifugal. This was practically a tub with an inner lining of fine screen, which revolving rapidly in the outer case, threw the molasses through the screen while the sugar crystals were retained by the mesh. This simple centrifugal was attached to the end of the upright shaft of the turbine water wheel by which it was driven. The charge that such a machine would dry was small, probably between 25 and 50 pounds, and the time was unduly protracted by the slow starting of a direct driven wheel.

The sugar resulting was packed in kegs, well-made containers, about half way in size between a nail keg and a cement or lime barrel. These came to the Plantation in the knocked-down condition of shooks and were set up on the place. This involved a cooper for every mill, generally a white man, who counted as an important factor in the enterprise, along with the engineer and sugar boiler. Into these kegs was put some 125 pounds of sugar, packed down with a heavy ohia pounder, then headed up and stenciled with the plantation mark, grade and weight. For every purpose except perhaps refining, this keg package was very much superior to our modern bag package. It was cleaner, more secure against waste and wet, against rats and pilfering hands, and against all the wear and tear of transportation. The one thing against the keg was its cost,—that and perhaps its inconvenience in transportation. Of course, those were the days when all our sugar went in to the open market, and must be sold on its merit as grocery grades. The looks of it went a long way.

Of all the family so keenly interested in the progress of this mill work, only "little Nana" now tells us of it and of the home at Koamalu, taking out now and again her sheaf of memories bound by the tenuous thread of almost fourscore years. Even one of those journeys to Anahola she remembers, and the horses objecting to the steep hills, especially hills that were rough and slippery:

The store was about at the end of our pasture in front of the house. Mauka of that was our cow-pen and from there the slope on the road to Koloa was so gradual for a long way that the horses never objected. We didn't have a carriage for years, but rode in an express wagon, and always horseback when we were older. I can just remember going to Koloa once with my mother in a manele, a rough chair hanging by ropes from a stout pole carried on the shoulders of two native men. We didn't go traveling much in those days around the island or even to our nearer neighbors.

At home Mother used to read a great deal to us. She loved poetry especially and in later years, when she was with us in Honolulu, she would read and recite to my little children. Those mission mothers, what a noble band of clever, well-read women

they were! When I was first married we lived for a year with Mother Cooke, as all her sons did, one after the other, as they married. Yes, in the old mission house on King Street. And every afternoon the buggy would be harnessed up and I would drive Mother Cooke out to make visits. We would go way up the valley and call on Mother Andrews first. She was full of fun, like Mother Wilcox at Waioli, who used to shake all over when she laughed. Mother Andrews and Mother Cooke giggled a great deal, I can tell you, before the visit was over. Then on down the



*Photograph by J. Senda*

#### EVOLUTION IN ROADWAYS

*Steep climbs the old trail to the right. Below it the old dirt road. Below them both the broad, graded macadam for automobiles. At Puhi on the belt road leading through Grove Farm cane lands toward Koloa.*

valley was Mother Thurston, very stern and serious. She lived a little above what is now Kuakini Street. Then further down was Mother Hall, also on the north side of the street, and across from her, in their coral cottage, was Mother Dimond. Mother Cooke was a brilliant woman, and never lost a moment in idleness, always with some work in her hands, even when just sitting visiting. My mother sewed too, of course, because there were so many small bodies to be covered, and we girls were all taught to sew, but she was never clever at it. And I never could sew like Jule Cooke, Mrs. Atherton.

Of my father I have very few recollections. But I do remember about the first ditch, and I was only three years old that summer. He was the first to work out irrigation for the cane, you know. The ditch was not so long at first, but was later extended to nine or ten miles, to reach a permanent spring of water. Father Cooke came down and rode up with my father to see the first water flow into that first ditch. I was only a little thing, but I recall it vividly. It was a great event. It had taken a long time and great patience to dig that ditch with Hawaiian workmen, and the opening of it was an event long spoken of among us. Father was always ready to try out new things. I remember that for a long time before Lahaina cane was much used anywhere he kept two rows of it growing across the valley on the ridge of Molokoa near where Dora's house is now. He had a native man living there to take care of the orchard in the valley and he could look out for this little experiment station without much additional trouble.

Sometimes Mother would let us go down to the mill, and how we loved that! They used to tell of the excitement with the old mill when so much cane was fed into the rollers at once that the big fly wheel would stop and ten men would have to jump on it to start it again. But I have no recollection of that myself. The best fun to us girls was to be in time for some of the candy when they were taking off the strike. They boiled the sugar in huge iron pots—there is one at Grove Farm still—ladling it with long flat wooden paddles into the next pot, and when it was sufficiently boiled it had to be ladled very rapidly into the coolers and then on into the centrifugals. It took very strong men to ladle that heavy, boiling syrup from the hot kettles, and they worked fast.

dripping with sweat. It was much more interesting to watch than the complicated machinery nowadays. And it was an event to go down to the mill, down the path past the big rock where we always hunted for lizard eggs. We were afraid of the Frenchman, Mr. Prevost, who was a stern man, but we were usually allowed to go up on to a little platform in the boiling house where we could see the kettles and usually we could have a little of the strike to eat.

Mr. Prevost could boil sugar, but he had no interest in the people about him. After a while his wife came out from France, and they kept house just as if they had been in France, with their garden of vegetables grown from seeds that they had sent out to them from home. But they never invited anyone to enter their house, even when Mother had French people as guests. "Surely," she thought, "the Prevosts will invite their own countrymen." But no. They came to call on them at our house, but never asked

them to their house. And they never showed any interest in the luaus that Mother used to have every year for the Hawaiians after the harvest was in. Hundreds would come, to a great feast in the trash houses on the hill where the school is now. Those huge trash houses were three hundred feet long. The people would come riding from every direction, in bright holokus and long, gay pa-us, and each one with a big bandanna handkerchief in which to take home a little puolo, or bundle of food, for at a good luau there is always more than you can eat, and therefore some to take home with you.



THE OLD ORCHARD VALLEY

*Bananas ripen under giant mango trees,  
ginger blossoms fleck white like orchids  
against dark green of cool leaves and  
stems along the stream.*

Mother had no love for music. I remember she often said it meant as little to her as color to a blind man. But she did love poetry, so she must have had rhythm, but not harmony, is that it? I remember she used to tell us about Joseph Backus, a relative of her grandmother. He was a minstrel, perhaps in England, but I think in New England. Groups of minstrels would go about the country, singing and amusing people, and enjoying it themselves, too. So she told us we must have inherited our fun from him. My sister Emily would often start off with some funny story. I remember once in Colorado she dressed up in Mother's clothes, then went out and came back to call, ringing the door bell and being admitted as a stranger. Mother talked with her in the parlor for a long time without knowing it was her own daughter. When we got very giggly, Mother would say, "Why, *Children!*" She was more serious, but she would often laugh with us, yet never as much as we careless children did. Perhaps it was from my father, that we had that trait, for he was never troubled about things. But him I remember so little.

Did you say that Oliver Emerson has made a book about his father and mother? She was a very lovely woman, but he was more stern and severe, or so it appeared to a small girl. Our families used to visit back and forth a good deal between Lihue and Waialua on Oahu. Once I was very ill at home with typhoid fever. Of course Mother and my sisters took care of me because there were no nurses to be had then. It must have been when I was getting well, for I had seen no one but Mother and my sisters

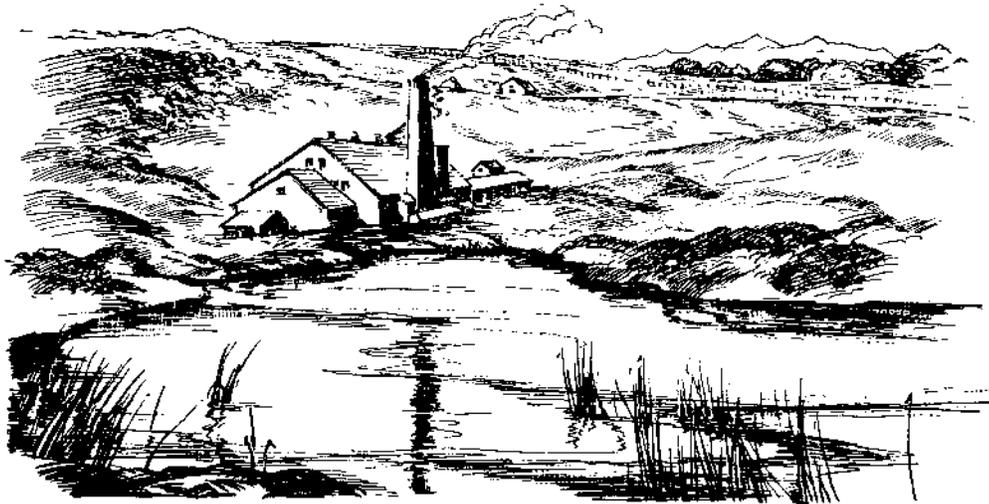


MOLOKOA VALLEY TODAY  
*Traveler's palms, towering bamboo, trickle  
of stream and haunting fragrance of  
awapuhi, Hawaiian ginger.*

for a long time. I remember Mr. Emerson came into my room and I was so frightened. I thought he was God, with his bristling white hair and beard. I was sure he must be God coming for me then and there.

How sensitive children are! Sometimes I think they suffer more intensely in their way than we do. One of my little grandsons used to be so afraid when the dark came at night. But he would come into my room early in the morning before it was light and sit in my lap by the window. Then we would both watch the light come in the East. And I told him it was just the same. It came in the morning and went away at night, and there was nothing to fear. I used to be so afraid in the dark too, to go out to the water jug for a dipper full of water. And I remember being so ashamed because my pantalettes were made of the same materials as my dresses, when the little girls who came from Honolulu all wore white pantalettes. I think it was one of Mother's economies. My sisters' dresses had to be cut down, or up, for me, always, when I was little, and the pantalettes could just as well be made out of the pieces, you see.

We girls made our own dresses and did a good deal of the work around the house. I used to help mother make candles. No, we had no mutton tallow. I suppose it was beef fat. Then I used



*Redrawn from old pictures and memories*

THE MILL POND BELOW KOAMALU

to clean the pewter lamps too, the little ones with two wicks. Sometimes I would forget to pick up the wicks with a pin and then the lamp would smoke in the evening. Later we had little glass lamps with chimneys, after kerosene came to be used. I have looked and looked for some of those old pewter lamps with double wicks, but most of them have had the new burners put in with only one wick for kerosene. It makes a much brighter light, you know, than the old whale oil did, so thick and sticky and smelling so strong. I saw some of those little pewter lamps over in the old Waioli house the other day when we were there, and they did so put me in mind of home.

I remember once we made the journey to Hanalei in a wagon, just the plain old express wagon with seats put in. It was a two days' journey then. The first night we stayed at a Hawaiian house way down on the beach at Anahola where we all slept on a punei of Hawaiian mats. The next day we drove on, crossing in scows at Kalihiwai and Hanalei. We stayed at the Wilcoxes at Waioli for a week, and rode on to Haena one day on horseback. It was exciting riding then, because there were no bridges and we never knew when we might strike quicksands crossing the streams at the mouth. We went to all the caves, climbing way up to the high one where the water was covered with scum. When we threw stones in, they just sank to the bottom without leaving a sign behind, but if we laid a handkerchief on the surface of the water, it sent out rings rippling on far into the cave.

How it was that mother ever let us go swimming in the mill pond I do not know. I loved that, but I never cared much for swimming in the sea. The mill pond was very deep, but Mother let us go, and swimming straight across it was great fun. We used to go swimming in pools, too, in the valleys. And on the way down to the mill pond we *always* caught shrimps in the mill stream, holding out our skirts or aprons in the water to catch them, and goldfish too. Then we took them home and cooked them ourselves.

END OF VOLUME 1